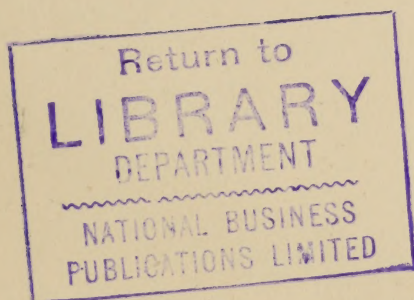




ROD and GUN *IN-CANADA*

JUNE, 1915

FIFTEEN CENTS



"VACATION DAYS"

The
Glittering Lure
Honest Weight
Three Swedes
There Were
Sport in and
around the
Rocky Moun-
tains
Carefree Days
in Colonial
Newfoundland

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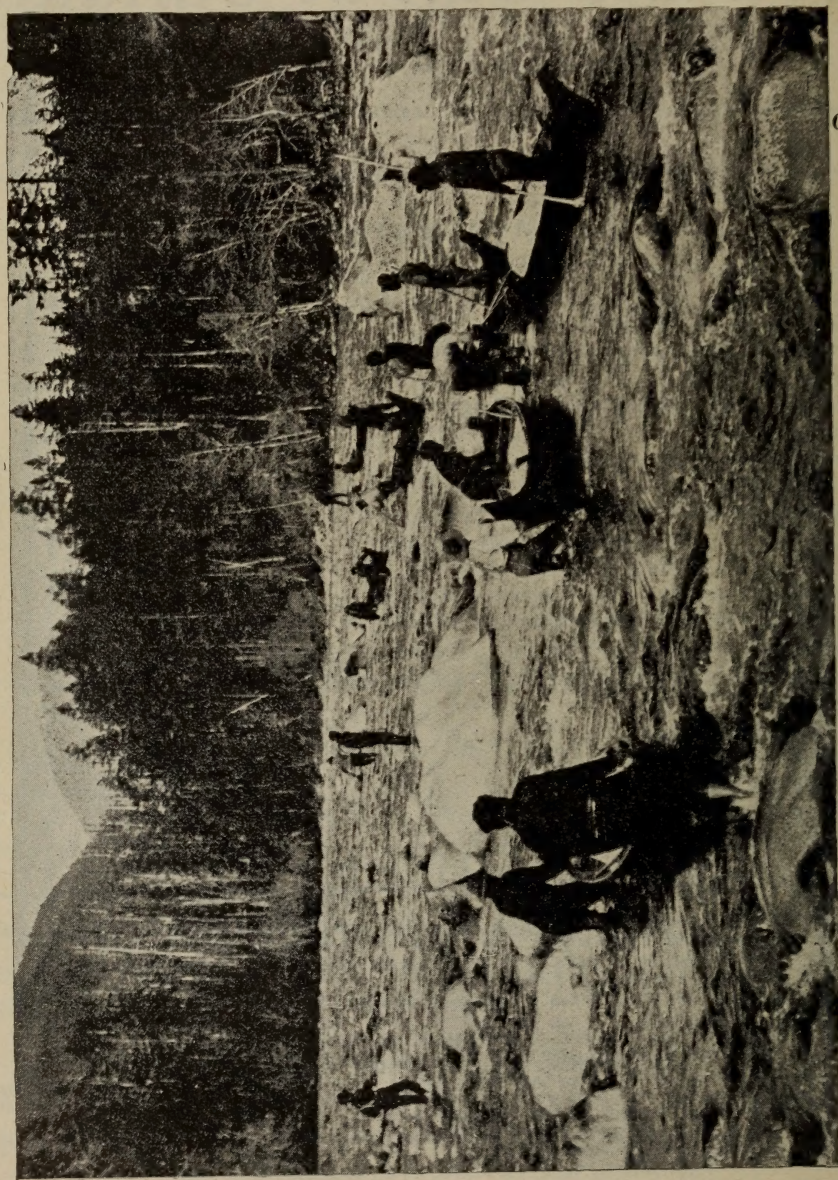
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COAST INDIANS WORKING UP A RIVER—"THE PORTAGE."



THE GLITTERING LURE

BONNYCASTLE DALE

I wonder if, when the spirits of the disciples of old Izaak Walton leave this sphere, will they sigh in vain for the delights of rippling brook, rushing rapid and tumbling wave?

How anxiously we awaited the opening day many years ago, how boylike we wanted to try the new bait in the calm waters, just to see if it spins well. Now I want to confess that in this case I was the boy; and from a neighbouring town had arrived some new tackle; among it one bait in particular appealed to me, a double spinner made by Heron of Peterboro, silver above and copper below. The silver had been originally the outer case of a watch, but now it revolved cleverly around the shank. I took the shiny thing down to the wharf and trolled it along in the water. Yes! it seemed to spin all right. I guessed I would just step into the canoe and see how it worked. Now, I want to warn you, my fellow fishermen, against temptation. Here we were, a Natural History camp that of all others should and did keep the law carefully. Well! you know, a fellow never intended to troll. In fact I only went until the line was well straightened out, about 100 yards distance—and then! Oh then! it was straightened out all right and to my astonishment I was fast in an immense maskinonge. My heart gave the right flutter, my nerves were a-kindle with delight—and just then I remembered—I was out of season

and the huge thing tugging behind me was *not* my lawful prey. Now how to get rid of it without injuring it was a problem.

"Fritz!" I called to the camp up on the bank. "Fritz, come and help me to lose a fish".

Now had it been open season that fish would have risen and shaken the bait out of his mouth like a flash. As it was not he worked low, low down, and just tugged and pulled the canoe along with him. I well knew it was the largest "lunge" of my fishing life and I longed to see it before it broke away. Broke away? It had no intention of it. Plainly it intended to keep fast onto that hook until an inspector came along and nabbed me. Fritz came running down the path and I paddled the canoe towards him. Now the great silvery thing felt the pull. Up! up! he went, out into the air in a shower of spray, fully a twenty-five pounder and unlawful at that. Up! he went again in a mass of foam and sparkling waterdrops.

"Take care! you'll lose him" screamed Fritz.

"I'm trying my best to," I laughed back, but such obstinacy! That fish was bound to convict me of illegal fishing and let go he would not.

"Run the canoe ashore 'til I see him," called the lad and I pulled and paddled and pushed in until the bow grated on the rocks. Then I stepped out and very carefully pulled the big tugging thing in hand over hand until it was in three feet of water and only

a canoe length away from us. Do you think the bally thing would shake loose—not a bit of it. Just backed as a horse on the end of a line and tugged for all it was worth. Backwards and forwards it swung at the end of a long circle. Suddenly the line and that bait came in—spinning. Why it spun like fury all the way in—we stood and watched the big dark body of the once captive fish swim out into deeper water—and many a good fish have we taken since on that double bait, but never one nearly as large as that unlawful fish.

Thirty-seven Maskinonge was our score for 1914. Now just a word about the selling of these fish. White men should keep the law and do pretty well but how about our treaty brother the Mississaugas? It takes fully twenty-five miles trolling to capture a Maskinonge which will average about six pounds and is worth ten cents a pound. Now we all know that like us, who are lovers of the rod and reel and gun, all Indians dearly love the sports of fishing and shooting, I think, according to a strict interpretation of the treaties, they have a wee bit more right than we have to the fish and fowl, so why not close an eye if you see, or an ear if you hear, that one of these men did take a fish. Remember they live very strictly and carefully under the game law all the year. Why I know of valuable beaver feeding within three miles of a large Indian village, and living quite unmolested. I would hate to be that beaver and live within three miles of some white villages I could name. I tell you gentlemen these men are law abiding citizens (notwithstanding I think we often make a bit too much law for them.) I know of hundreds of black ducks raising their broods within a five mile circle about a village without being shot at before the first of September. Give our Indian brother a good fair show.

What an accommodating thing the black bass is in many Ontario lakes. When I was a boy we had to break our backs digging for worms and now we find the bass so full of them that we cannot eat the bass. This is a fact for the small mouth black bass in certain waters is literally full of a

parasitical worm, while the big mouth bass that lives in the muddy marshes is almost, if not altogether, free of them. We are very sorry to say that this parasite is to be found now in a few of the maskinonge. Pity 'tis 'tis true as what finer fish is there to catch than the hard fighting black bass if we except the Steelhead Trout. We have not yet to report the capture of



1. ASLEEP AT HIS POST.
2. A GOODLY MASKINONGE AND A HAPPY LAD.

a Carp in Rice Lake but a Pickerel evidently No. 94, Yellow Pickerel or Pike-perch was taken here. As I have never fished for these I would be glad if some one acquainted with them can tell us if the pupil of the eye is usually glassy and colourless. In fact the pupil and the iris of the one caught here blended into one another like a "glassy marble" of boyhood days, one of the lightly clouded ones.

We regret to say that maskinonge are still afflicted with that open sore on the flanks. This cannot often be a spear wound, for spearing is almost never done here. Nor can it often be a fish bite, as the wound is too far up in the fleshy parts. The fish bites are inflicted during spawning time. I have often seen a male salmon savagely bite its unoffending mate, a female, and I have seen these maskinonge attack one another in the marshes during spawning time but the sediment stirred up prevented the bite being seen.

Oh, those gladsome days when the "lunge" were biting well and we fell asleep in the canoe and let it drift ashore, even though the fish frizzled in the heat. We just couldn't keep our eyes open any longer. But there was an eye waiting on the shore—a camera eye—and look at what it saw.

Change the scene to Campbell River Falls, three thousand miles west. I spoke a moment ago of the Steelhead Trout, that fighter of fighters. One day, one of those dull weepy fall days when the raindrops hang like tears upon the foliage, when the air is still and the current of the river only shown by drifting yellow leaves, we were paddling up Campbell River below the Falls on Vancouver Island. We had passed safely through the estuary—I say safely as regards fish, as there were ten or twenty thousand coho salmon swimming at the mouth of the river and we feared they might take our bait. No, these fish, starving though they were were not feeding, but merely awaiting the first flood to ascend the river and spawn on the upper bars, living meanwhile on the fatty portions of the body by absorption. We dipped our heads here as a native log bridge spanned the stream—spanned it so

low that "Daisy" our Gordon setter sat upon it with her tail dipping into the water. Now was the time and this the spot for a Cut-throat trout, as we had often dislodged one from under this old logbridge and hooked it further up the river.

"Say"! yelled Fritz "I've got a Blackfish!—or bottom!—or—something!—that—pulls—awful—hard!"

I watched my long salmon rod bending until it made almost a capital U.

"Give him line" I shouted fearing a break, and "Bur-r-r-r" sang the reel.

"I've got to stand up," panted the boy. He really was working hard as the fish was now downstream and pulling very heavily.

"Kneel up, don't stand" I urged and slowly he got upon his knees. I had taken my watch out and noted the time, as I fancied it was a Steelhead—just 4 P. M. and the October sun was even now dropping behind the mountains. Back up the river the noble prey swam keeping closely along the bottom. Up river and down the fish went, never once showing. At 4.30 I asked Fritz what he had on.

"I caught a snapping turtle once on a lake trout line?" he laughed back and instantly gained five yards on the turning fish. In and out went that line. Backwards and forwards went the canoe. The reel sang in spiteful snaps and again purred warmly like a kitten on the hearth and thirty feet below us fought that unseen fish.

"Better take it"! Fritz burst out at last. "See it's getting dark."

So I faced about and took the rod and squatted on the middle thwart and Fritz seized the paddle. Now you would think that after forty minutes' struggle I should have been able to reel that fish right in. It was fully ten minutes before I got it to the top and then it started to circle that canoe until I was tired passing my rod over my head.

"A fifteen pound Steelhead"? I queried?

"Grab the line and pull it in," said the weary boy, but I valued my tip too much for that. Five minutes later the noble fish turned over on its

side and Fritz stuck his fingers in its gills and hoisted it into the canoe—almost a full hour had elapsed since it snapped up my delicate Tacoma bait which was strong enough for a three pounder. This fish, the Real Salmon of the Pacific is classified *Salmo Gairdneri*, Richardson, and called The Steelhead Trout. It closely resembles *Salmo Salar* of the Atlantic, although the caudal fin is more truncate and forked in the latter. Personally I cannot see the resemblance to a salmon of the five varieties of the so-called Pacific Salmon, a fish that matures in a short time, say four years, and dies, over ripe, while spawning, at that age.

dark spots on his coat showing indistinctly in the rapidly gathering dusk. We lay close by the shore with only our eyes peering over the gunwale. We both knew enough to always close the eyes save just a glimmer between the lashes, for we find that most animals and birds mistake our heads and bright eyes for some bird or animal of prey, completely ignoring the motionless body. The seal flopped into the pool and swam swiftly towards the retreating salmon, its skull-like face and big protruding eyes plainly visible at fifty feet. The fish crowded about our loglike craft in dozens. Now the seal caught the first salmon and took



A WESTERN SALMON STREAM

Well! we turned the nose of the craft downstream and passed through the now shallowing pools, as the tide was going out. The water was literally alive with fish. In a pool one hundred feet long by fifty wide many hundred fully grown Cohoes, weighing as much as five to seven pounds apiece started circling as our canoe entered the pool, until the surface was as white as cream with their plunging and leaping. Fully fifty fish were in the air all the time.

"Stop!" whispered Fritz from the bow, as he gently drew the craft on to the pebbles and laid his head down on the front deck combing. "See, a seal"! Flopping over the shallow water on the pebbles that led to the pool came a big Harbour Seal, the

a bite out of the fat part of the shoulders and tossed the maimed fish aside, biting the next and next in quick succession.

"Oh! the hog!" cried Fritz, starting up. The seal drew back to dive, but as the water was scarce two feet deep he simply sat down on the bottom and stared at the fat brown looking animal in the bow.

"Wish I had my gun old fellow," quoth the lad.

"Try the rod at him." I laughed back, and before I could tell him I was joking Fritz was air trolling for seal. This was too much for the inquisitive animal's patience and it flopped and swam off down the pool. After it we went full speed and it led us swiftly down stream, portaging the pebbly

stretches with many a flop and wriggle laughable to see. At last it struck the deeper water of the river and was lost to sight in the gloom of the fast fading light. We passed a native tribe portaging their canoes up the rocky shallows of this island stream. As it was impossible to picture them I send you a photograph taken in daylight on another stream. This is not our work.

If any of the readers of Rod and Gun wish to know where the best salmon trolling, in any waters, is to be found, it is off the Queen Charlotte Islands in May and June. Take the C. P. R. Steamers from Vancouver. It seems as if the Spring salmon first strike these outer exposed coasts, and as this is the outermost group of islands in the Canadian waters of the Northern Pacific it is well to get native Haidas to paddle you, or row you, as the sentiment against the motor boat here makes it unwelcome, if fishing, in these waters. Many Indians of other tribes, as well as white fishermen will be found here. It was the third week in May when we arrived there and, after seeing many things of interest in Masset, the Haida village, we set out for Virago Sound. All the way from Naden to Shag Rocks the fairly smooth sea was spattered with rowboats, rude looking things of native Indian manufacture, highprowed Indian canoes and white mens' boats of many designs; and everyone was busily engaged in pulling in FISH—and such struggling silvery monsters as they were. We were getting our lines ready when a native rowed slowly past. We noticed him baiting with herring so we beckoned him over to us.

"Say he's got a regular fishmarket" burst out the irrepressible Fritz. No wonder the boy said so. In the bottom of that rude craft lay nine great Spring salmon, one of the lower ones fully sixty pounds in weight. The boat was stern down with the

weight of fish. I should estimate the total at over three hundred pounds. These men had been fishing but four hours. We interviewed many a boatman. Nearly every boat had over five fish. One old, very old, native had a single fish that must have gone fully eighty pounds. How this ancient one ever slipped that silvery giant over the gunwale is a mystery to me. I should estimate the number of fishing boats and canoes off the northern part of Graham Island at three hundred, and the weight of fish in them at sixty thousand pounds. We could always tell where the greatest number of salmon were by the gulls hovering over the schools of finny feed they were living on. We passed motor boats with so many lines drawing hard on lashed poles that they reminded us of a great spider with a long net out. The day was Saturday and the close hours of the week—all Sunday—prompted many of the boats to head for home about twelve o'clock. In fact the only ones to break the Sunday close season were the white men. All through the immense fleet motor boats "put-putted" buying the catch. Today the price was five cents a pound. And at this early season the fish were larger than the run in June. We caught three big hard fighting chaps on the run homeward, and over three hundred pounds in a two days trip, so if any of my readers want Indian lore and magnificent sport with huge salmon, and a chance to see, and perhaps buy, or take up a bit of land on these northern Pacific islands, and also try a hand at deep sea cod and halibut fishing I advise them to go to the Queen Charlotte Islands and if they should wish to fish for the sport alone they can choose from anyone of the hundreds of bays which intersect and cut into Graham Island and there be Monarch of all they survey with not another fishing boat in sight.



HONEST WEIGHT

E. RUSSELL PATTERSON

“OVER dere, m’sieu, on nodder side dat beeg log, dat’s good for de gros—de beeg wan.

“Dat’s it: jus’ leetle more farder in shore, m’sieu. We stop here two t’ree meen-ute. Hah! Dat was beeg rise. Try heem again—dere, you got heem! Doucement, doucement—go. h’easy! Let heem run, m’sieu; dat’s good for hees healt’. Now bring heem in. Easy easy! Hah! I got heem! Que c’est un gros!” and he ran off into French too rapid for my feeble comprehension.

It was indeed a beauty, and needed all the skill of my old French-Canadian guide in that crafty scoop of the landing net that seldom failed to imprison its victim. It was not often that he indulged in undue compliments, having landed fish of all sizes for many mighty sportsmen during his long life, and the fact that this capture caused him to lapse into his native tongue to give adequate expression to his admiration I took as the highest praise that could be bestowed on it.

“M’sieu wait few meen-ute, an’ den try dat hole encore. Dat tak leetle w’ile for de odder beeg wans to forget ’bout all dat splash. Dis be good hole: we offen catch de beeg-es’ wans right dere.

“I ’member wan tam, dat’s feefteen year ago. Dere be two m’sieurs in campe, an’ Emile Leroux he be guide for wan m’sieu, an’ I be guide for de odder. I never see so fonny man, me; dey have moche good tam, an’ dey mak de fonne alway. Dat’s lak de small boy come home from school—alway dey play de joke on de odder wan so offen dey can.

“Me an’ Emile Leroux we have hard tam for unnerstan’ dem de firs’ day we be see dem wit’ deir joke. Dat’s come din-ner w’en de m’sieu of Emile he commence for put du sel—dat’s salt you call heem?—in de tea of ma m’sieu w’en he’s don’ be look, an’ w’en ma m’sieu he’s commence for drink de tea, he’s mak de bad face

an’ he’s t’row dat tea h’all over de pork an’ bean of de m’sieu of Emile, an’ den dey commence for fight wit’ each odder jus’ lak small boy w’ile de din-ner come all col’. But dey jus’ laugh all de tam, dem m’sieurs, an’ me an’ Emile fin’ out de bes’ t’ing for be laugh al-so, an’ we h’all mak moche de noise dere in dat campe.

“Dat’s sam t’ing all de tam, m’sieu—mak de fonne an’ play de joke. Dere be wan night ma m’sieu he’s get out of hees blan-quette so easy he can, an’ get de black steeck from de fire. an’ he’s draw all over de face of de odder m’sieu w’ile he’s be sleep dere. Oh que c’est drole—dat’s fonny—in de mornin’, m’sieu, w’en he’s get up! So we laugh—maudit, dat’s terrible! An’ nex’ day of de m’sieu Emile he’s fin’ de bottes sauvages—de beeg boot for hunt—he’s of ma m’sieu an’ put water in dem, so w’en ma m’sieu he’s put dem on, he’s come all wet on hees feet an’ he’s yell lak diab—pardon, m’sieu, he’s yell so loud he can, an’ den we laugh some more. Oh dey be de fonny man for sure!

“But dey be de good man for feesh. Dat’s not manny trout come on deir fly dat get off again! An’ we have so moche feesh we can eat, all de tam. Me an’ Emile Leroux we have good tam wit’ dem, ’cause we lak for go wit’ man dat know how to feesh good.

“Dem two m’sieurs dey talk lot ’bout w’ich wan be go for catch de beeg-es’ trout. Dey mak arrangement dat de m’sieu w’at don’ catch de beeg-es’ feesh he have for eat piece of soap before dey leave de campe. Me an’ Emile we t’ink dey mus’ be craz-ay man w’en dey say dat, but dey be jus’ lak small boy an’ mus’ have deir fonne, s’pose.

“De m’sieu of Emile he have caught de beeg-es’ feesh up to las’ day—dat’s t’ree poun’ an’ half in Lac Croche—but ma m’sieu he say for sure he be go for beat dat. So ma m’sieu he mak arrangement wit’

me for mak portage wit' can-oe over here to dis Lac for las' day, for see if he can get more beeg trout dan dat.

"I 'member dat day she's kin' of dark an' fine for de feesh. We go 'long de shore verra quiet an' easy, an' ma m'sieu he's t'row hees line jus' in de good place lak dat, an' he's catch de manny. But he's don' be get de beeg wan lak he want. So we commence for come near de tam for go back to de campe.

"Den we come doucement—easy—up on dis place, an' ma m'sieu he's t'row on nodder side dat log jus' lak you t'row, m'sieu, an' swish! up come beeg rise. Ma m'sieu he's come scare leetle bit dat rise she's so beeg, an' he's not strike good, so he's miss. Den he's say bad word in Eng-leesh queeck, an' he's t'row again. Den dere's beeg swish! encore, an' dis tam she's tak de fly an' ma m'sieu he's strike jus' right, an' he's hook heem.

"Den he's commence for play de feesh, an' maudit, but he's have hard fight! Dat trout she's run an' run an' run, an' try hard for get dat line aroun' de branch of dat log dere. But ma m'sieu he's know how for use hees rod, an' affer wile he's bring heem in to de can-oe, an' I catch heem in net. Ba gosh she's beeg trout, an' I tell dat to ma m'sieu jus' lak I tell dat to you!

"I see ma m'sieu he's verra glad for catch dat beeg wan, but he's only say wan t'ing, he's say, 'Poleon, dat feesh she's mean soap for me or soap for de odder m'sieu?' Den I 'member dat craz-ay arrangement dem two m'sieurs mak wit' each odder. But I'm not sure, me, dat feesh she's weigh more dan t'ree poun' an' half, an' I tell ma m'sieu I'm scare p'rap she mean soap for heem encore—I can' say for sure. He say, 'Poleon, dat feesh mus' weigh more dan t'ree poun' an' half, you hear?' So I say, 'Oui, m'sieu', but I don' unnerstan'.

"Den he's tol' me go on in can-oe ontill we come to leetle place on shore w're dey's lot of sand, an' he's get out of can-oe an' tak dat feesh an' get leetle steeck, an' he's commence for put de sand in she's mout' an' push dat down wit' de steeck. An' he's put in more sand an' more sand

ontill dat feesh she's belly steeck out lak belly of grenouille—boul-frog you call heem.

"Den ma m'sieu he say to me, 'Poleon, you t'ink dat feesh mean soap for me now?' An' I say, 'Non, m'sieu, I t'ink dat trout weigh four poun' an' half.' So he say, 'Correc', Poleon, wash off de sand from hees mout'.

"We don' feesh no more dat day, an' 'bout five o'clock we commence for mak portage back to de campe. Ma m'sieu he's tak moche care of dat beeg feesh, an' carry heem on steeck so de sand she's don' fall out. He's laugh wit' heemse'f all de way back, al-so.

"Wal, so soon de m'sieu of Emile he see us come to de campe he say, 'W'at luck?' An' ma m'sieu he's hol' up de beeg feesh on steeck an' say not'ing. Den de odder m'sieu he say, 'Ba George!' an' he's ronne over an' tak de steeck an' say again lak dat, 'Ba George!' Den he's fetch de t'ing for weigh de feesh—w'at you call heem, scale!—an' ma m'sieu he's put de feesh, an' maudit, but he's weigh four poun' an' t'ree quar-ter!

"Den de m'sieu of Emile he say again, 'Ba George!' an' ma m'sieu he say, 'Ow 'bout de soap now?' an' de odder m'sieu he's look lak he can' unnerstan'. Den he say, 'But dat feesh she ain't so long?' an' ma m'sieu he say, 'Oh no, but dey grow verra fat in dat odder Lac!' an' he tak de feesh off de scale queeck for fear de sand she come out.

"Den ma m'sieu he say, 'W'at luck wit' you?' an' de odder m'sieu he call, 'Emile, fetch ma beeg feesh!' So Emile Leroux he's come wit' nodder trout, an' w'en ma m'sieu see heem he say lak de odder, 'Ba George!' he say. Dat feesh she look jus' sam lak de wan we bring, jus' 'bout long de sam an' verra fat. So de odder m'sieu he place heem on scale, an' 'ow moche you t'ink he's weigh, m'sieu? Dat jus' five poun'!

"So ma m'sieu he say again lak dat, 'Ba George!' an' he's look at de odder m'sieu an' don' say no more. But de odder m'sieu commence for mak fonne wit' ma m'sieu 'bout de soap, an' ma m'sieu he's look not so hap-py. So we place de two feesh in

de water on steeck for clean dem affer sup-per.

"So ma m'sieu he walk over to de place for fire. An' den he's ben' down an' peek up some shell of ca'tridge, an' he say to de m'sieu of Emile, 'W'at you be shoot?' An' de odder m'sieu he say, 'Oh I jus' mak de practice wit' de gun?' But ma m'sieu he look at de shell again, an' he say, 'But dem shell dey don' be fire!' Den he look at de odder m'sieu queeck, an' he's turn roun' an' ronne so fas' he can to de shore of de Lac, an' de odder m'sieu he's ronne affer heem. So ma m'sieu grab up de steeck wit' de feesh of de m'sieu of Emile, an' he's catch hol' of de belly an' squeeze hard, an' w'at you t'ink happen? Out de mout' of dat feesh dey come whole lot of shot from de ca'tridge shell!

"De odder m'sieu he's grab de feesh of ma m'sieu at sam tam, an' he's squeeze on de belly al-so, an' de sand come out jus' de sam. Den dem two m'sieurs dey stan' an' look at each odder in eye an' hol' de trout in deir han'. An' den de m'sieu of Emile he commence for shake hees side leetle bit, an' ma m'sieu he's commence for shake leetle bit, too, an' in meen-ute dey start for mak fonny noise in de t'roat. Den dey come laugh, an' dey laugh more hard an' more loud, an' me an' Emile we

commence for laugh al-so. W'en wan of dem stop laugh for meen-ute, he squeeze de feesh leetle more, an' more shot or sand she's come out, an' dat start heem laugh encore. Ba gosh, I never laugh so moche in ma life, an' dat's long tam before we commence eat de sup-per dat night!

"De m'sieu of Emile he's tol' ma m'sieu he's scare for sure ma m'sieu he's come back wit' trout more beeg dan hees odder wan. He's catch de beeg wan dat day heemse'f w'ile we be away, but he's want for mak sure he don' have for eat de soap, so he's feex it up wit' de shot. Den ma m'sieu he's tol' heem 'bout push de sand down wit' steeck, an' dat com-mence dem for laugh encore.

"Affer sup-per we clean all de sand an' de shot out of dem feesh, an' we weigh dem encore, an' w'at you t'ink, m'sieu? Dey bot' weigh jus' t'ree poun' an' t'ree quar-ter exac'! Dat's more beeg dan de odder wan of de m'sieu of Emile. But dey bot' de sam, so no wan have to eat soap affer all.

"W'en we pack up de campe nex' day, dey tak home dem two beeg trout an' say dey be goin' have dem stuff' for souvenir. But me an' Emile Leroux we t'ink dey mus', be leetle bit craz-ay 'bout dat soap. W'at you t'ink, m'sieu?"



THREE SWEDES THERE WERE

A vulgar, rambling story of a vulgar rambling trio, showing how everything turns to ashes to those without a purpose

JEAN STEVINSON

THEY had blown in from the prairie the day before, and had put up in a rather lively bedroom in a cheap hotel at Nelson. Now, having migrated twenty miles up the Slocan Valley, they had shaken, not exactly the dust from their shoes, but any suspicions of that Nelson bedroom from their shirts, coats and trousers. To be sure, these suspicions were not a new thing to the three Swedes, but life was a little more to be desired without them. Once, indeed, they had worked in a lumber camp on the B. C. coast where there were not merely suspicions, but stern realities—thousands of them—for the naked eye to see. A man took off his shirt, soused it, and put in on again wet to get a momentary relief.

"I put my hand in my shirt, tak wan off anny time," explained Tin-Pan to an admirer later on.

"What did you do with it?" was the vacuous question.

"Ah, I put him back," was the answer, "no use to tak wan off."

Life had been varied for the three Swedes since then. Now, being out at elbows after a prodigal summer on the prairies, they had come back into B. C. to apply for work on a road construction gang which was operating along the side of the mountain above the twisted Slocan river. The boss was in need of men, and the preliminaries were short.

"Names?" he asked crisply.

The men gave them.

"Piffle!" he snorted, "they're heathen names." Then he gave them in their nearest English equivalent, according to sound, and down they went on the pay-roll—"Long-handle-shovelson," "Tin-pan-kettleson," and "Three-quart-bottleson," abbreviated to "Long-handle," "Tin-pan" and "Three-quart," since time was valuable to the construction boss.

"Long-handle" was really not appropriate to its owner, as he had the tip of his nose missing. Once he had carried "Twenty-two shorts" loose in the pocket with his tobacco, and had got one in his pipe by mistake. When he lit up, off went the cartridge, bursting the pipe to smithereens and taking off the end of his nose. He, not knowing that his chief point of beauty had been carried off, had burst into a loud guffaw of laughter. Every time he looked at himself now the laughter smote upon his ears like some never-to-be-forgotten discord.

"To be sure," he would console himself, "I could not have got dat end even if I knew, for it was novhere to be found."

Still, he resented the levity in the presence of his tragedy, Tragedy it had proved for him, for now the boot was on the other foot, and everyone else laughed on first beholding him—except the ladies. They would not even look at him.

Three-quart was perhaps better named. A number of people who used the Fraser Avenue electric cars in Vancouver remembered him and Tin-pan, and could testify to the statement with varying emotions. For three months the two had shackled on a lot running off of Twenty-fifth Avenue in South Vancouver, Twenty-fifth being then the city limits. If they allowed the conductor to take them one block past the limits each was charged an extra five cents, or bullied into giving up another white ticket. In spite of that, their interest in Vancouver real estate held out for three months, and frequently they celebrated. When they finally traded off their grounds and mansion for five acres of land in the Windermere district, they swore ever to be true to each other. They were finally to be swindled out of the land at

Windermere, since the man who sold it to them had never owned it, but this they did not know as yet. In the Fraser Avenue car, coming home at six o'clock, each sat with his arm tight round the other's waist, and each wore the look of a man who jumps to certain death to save a brother.

"S-sit up!" admonished Tin-pan, though Three-quart had not slipped down.

"S-sit down!" commanded Three-quart, though Tin-pan had made no attempt to rise.

The car stopped at Eighth Avenue, and a lady alighted.

"Go on to Twenny-fifth!" commanded Three-quart, waving his hand in a lordly manner at the conductor. The car went on, to stop at Ninth.

"I wanna get off at Twenny-fifth!" said Tin-pan indignantly to the conductor. "Go on to Twenny-fifth!" The car started again.

"S-sit up!" commanded Tin-pan, grasping Three-quart tighter.

"S-sit down!" commanded Three-quart, holding harder to Tin-pan.

Thus it went all the way out to the city limits. Every time the car stopped one of the two ordered it in an aggrieved tone on to "Twenny-fifth." When it finally arrived each took charge of the other, and went home to swear eternal fealty.

Thus between Three-quart and Tin-pan was there a special bond, and in so far as Tin-pan could accommodate three quarts was his name, too, appropriate.

Where they had picked up Long-handle, Tin-pan and Three-quart themselves did not know; suffice it to say they had come to themselves one drizzly morning out at Mission with Long-handle tacked on to them, and had never since been able to shake him off.

Together the three had acquired the Dago system of pick and shovel work, and could work from morning till night with comparatively no wear and tear on their mental or physical conditions. Lifting the pick slowly to an upright position they would let it balance as long as it would, then fall with its own weight to the clay,

gravel or hard-pan, there to rest a moment till it got its breath. On the hard-pan, it is true, their work had little effect, but as long as they went through the motions they themselves were satisfied.

Now, however, they had a boss who was worthy of the name.

"Dig!" he ordered, lurching shovels at them, "and mind, none of your 'Yaas, I bane a-coming,' when I tell you to jump, but *jump*."

"What for we bane a-yumping?" asked Three-quart.

"What for we bane a-digging?" enquired Tin-pan.

"Diamonds!" roared the boss. "Get to work!"

The Swedes started in, slowly and steadily, getting about two cupfuls of earth on their shovels at each move and swinging it slowly over to roll down the mountainside. They did not tire themselves, but went through the motions. Ahead of them was a huge boulder that would have to be removed by blasting.

"Ever done any drilling?" asked the boss.

"Ya," answered Three-quart and Tin-pan, remembering youthful years in volunteer army work.

"Double drilling?"

They looked puzzled. "Double time," Three-quart vouchsafed.

The boss snorted. "Never mind that here," he said.

The work went on.

"When bane we a-getting dinner?" asked Tin-pan of Three-quart.

"Ya, an' where bane we a-sleeping?" asked Three-quart of Tin-pan.

"If we bunk wid dose brown creepers I bane a-yumping my yob."

"An I bane a-yumping *my* yob."

At last dinner time came.

"While the gang is at dinner," said the boss, "you two, Tin-pan and Three-quart, can drill this rock here to about two feet. You can take your hour afterward. Here's your bunch of drills and two hammers. Come along."

The men came up and took the drills.

"How bane we a-using dese?" they enquired willingly. Tin-pan took the longest drill between thumb and finger, set its chisel edge on a point

of rock, and gave it a smart rap with the hammer. The drill flew out of his fingers and slipped along the rock down the side of the mountain.

"Fool!" exploded the boss, "you said you drilled."

"Drill in United States army," explained Three-quart.

"Idiots!" again exploded the boss, "now go after the drill, and make time."

Tin-pan slipped and slid down the loose earth until he discovered the drill in the middle of a three-foot thistle, then made his way as best he could up again. The men had started toward a farm house a mile away, where they had dinner, and only Three-quart awaited him.

"I vork no more for dat boss—von day," grouched Tin-pan.

"And I vork no more," grouched Three-quart.

That afternoon two drillers from Slocan City set to work. Four two-foot bores were made in record time, and the fuses laid.

"Fire!" called the boss, "fire!" and the men ran to cover behind stumps and rocks.

Four deafening reports were heard, rock flew in every direction, and the workmen returned.

Long-handle, Three-quart and Tin-pan eyed the mass of debris, then furtively stuck bits of rock in their pockets.

That night they demanded their pay, which the boss was going to give them in any case, stole a ride on an up-freight, and got off at Slocan City.

"See dat!" exulted Tin-pan, "silver!"

"See dat!" triumphed Three-quart, "rubies an' garnets."

Long-handle had cherished samples in his pockets, too. The three felt like millionaires. Stalking into the drug-store they laid their samples on the glass case. "How much you give?" they asked with shining eyes.

"Why", said the druggist, who had been through the boom days in Slocan and knew his quartz as a second-class boy knows his A B C, "I'm afraid you'll be disappointed in these." He picked up one sample. "These veins that look like silver are only mica, and these, lifting a large bit of rock

studded with broken red stones, "are garnets of a poor quality. You could get them large as marbles, and perfect in shape, for ten cents each down at the Seattle exposition. They were from Alaska, of course. These samples look like the rock down the valley. Go up into the hills and you'll have a chance at good ore."

With crestfallen faces the three went out, dropping their samples along the road as they went back toward the station. A saloon door stood open, and they went in. When they came out they saw an empty handcar on the track and climbed aboard.

"Ve go in our own car," Long-handle said haughtily as they started up the truck. It was not quite dark, and lake and river were duskiely beautiful. The grass and trees were stimulating in their fresh greenness, and the cool air on their faces revived the spirits of the disappointed Swedes. No one had come after the car, and it was getting up speed. Harder they pumped, and harder, and began to enjoy themselves hugely. Now they had sped over the level and were on the down grade, lickety-split toward Perry's. Faster they went, and faster, and the darkness fell about them steadily; past log house and farm house, past the marshy pond where a flock of wild duck rose to meet them, and on toward a cut where a sharp curve was hidden from view.

They were going about eighteen miles an hour, which, for a handcar, is a breakneck pace.

"We bane a-going some," panted Tin-pan.

They entered the cut. B-r-r-r! Crash! The handcar jerked up into the air and smashed sidewise. Long-handle, Tin-pan and Three-quart flew in all directions. Stars and sparks seemed to rain around them, and what teeth Long-handle had left were left him no more, but strewed the ties for two square yards. He sat up in a light-headed manner, straddling a rail.

"Ya," he answered, "we bane a-going some."

"Tin-pan was feeling round in the now total darkness.

"It's a cow," he whispered, "dead" I bane a-loading it on my car for Pat

Burns in de Nelson town, but not a-stopping dere all night." The three were knocked almost sober.

The cow, still warm and limp after its sudden knock on the head, was with difficulty loaded onto the car. Its body on the back part and its legs sticking forward round the support for the lever, it was finally lashed securely. Then Long-handle discovered there was no place for him to stand. Since he had worked the lever alone on the side where the cow was, and Three-quart and Tin-pan on the opposite side, the two latter decided they could manage without him. Long-handle, however, realizing that if he were left behind in the dark at Perry's he would also be left behind in the deal with Pat Burns; and feeling that the loss of his remaining teeth was worth at least a third of the cow, demurred. Far be it from him, he said in broken English, to doubt them; but he could sit on the cow and scare away anything else that ventured to come near. It was pointed out to him that if he sat on the middle of the cow the handle of the car would not work, and if he sat on either end he would slip off. There were still thirty-five miles to go, and in the dark the run was no picnic. To clinch their argument Three-quart and Tin-pan each put out a foot and pulled one of Long-handle's legs out from under him. Then while Long-handle was sprawling on the track his countrymen started up the car. It was hard work, and so slow that Long-handle had picked himself up and made a grab at them, only to be knocked down again by a backward kick in the stomach. The car then gained speed, and went buzzing down the track toward Nelson, while Long-handle, again picking himself up, emitted a few vituperative foreign words, and went shambling along in the wake of the hand-car.

Now it happened that it was Saturday night, and that a meeting of the farmers' institute was being held some twenty miles down the valley, nearly every rancher in the district being in attendance. The Saturday special, or "Hayseed Limited," as it was called by the *blase* at Slocan City, was leaving Nelson at ten o'clock to

pick them up and drop them at the various trails and ranches along the homeward way. This, of course, Three-quart and Tin-pan did not know, and for nearly an hour they pumped laboriously along, the perspiration dripping from their faces and their breath coming in heavy draughts. In the rattle and din of the old hand-car they could not hear the chug-chug of the train as it neared them, and it was not until they were within half a mile of the engine that they rounded a hill and saw its light ahead.

"Da! Olie! Olie!" gasped Tin-pan.

"Oh, Mutter Mary! What bane we a-doing?" squawked Three-quart.

"Yump!" commanded Tin-pan.

And jump they did, rolling down into the ditch over and over, while the hand-car slid a little way along the track and stopped, the red and white cow showing up clearly in the glare of the strong headlight.

Three-quart and Tin-pan scrambled up the opposite side of the ditch, through the prickly wild rose bushes, and, bending almost double, disappeared into the brush. As they entered the woods a warning whistle blew from the engine. The engineer had just caught sight of the obstruction ahead. Another shrill whistle sounded, but the red and white cow could not hear. Now the engine was on to the abandoned car, and with a concussion and a crunching slide, was brought to a dead stop.

The passengers waited five, ten minutes for the train to start up, then strung along the track to see what was up.

"Holy Jehosaphat!" gasped one, "here's blood all along the track, and pieces of flesh. Someone's killed."

They peered along the trucks. The brakeman and engineer were stooping down in front with a lantern.

"We've run over a handcar," said a rancher, paling. "The lineman, I fear. I've been afraid of this before. We couldn't very well spare 'Old Watt,' 'but those we can't spare are the ones who go.'"

"No, it can't be!" gasped another, running excitedly along to the engine, "he had a gasoline speeder."

"It's broken," said a man from

Slocan City. "He was using a handcar to-day."

Everyone remembered a good turn the lineman had done him—a letter carried down to Koch's Siding, a lift to the Junction, a present of a wild duck, or a good, earnest word at a time of need. Now they could never tell him they cared.

"Blood all along, and more flesh, but no one on the car," said a Park man, awed for once.

The brakeman and several ranchers were searching along the track and ditches with the aid of the lantern. Suddenly they stopped.

"Well, if I'm not horn-swiggled!" gasped the brakeman. They burst into loud laughter. One picked up a cow's leg, another a bloody horn.

"Here's your lineman," exulted the Park man.

The crowd joined in nervous laughter. "The coyotes'll have a fresh meal for once, then," they said, but suddenly sobered.

"Who was responsible for this car, anyway?" one asked.

"It gets me," answered another, "and how the cow and the handcar came to be so close together. The cow must have been alive, or only freshly killed, or all that blood would not be smeared along the track."

Now that they knew he was alive, they had forgotten about the lineman's good qualities, and spoke no more about them.

"Away," joined in the conductor, "you won't get home till morning. That blooming handcar is wedged so hard under the front trucks that we'll have to walk to the Junction and wire to Nelson for men to come and help get her out."

In the edge of the woods, fifty yards away, two wild-eyed men were

shivering. One, two, three hours they waited, hoping for the train to start. A handcar had come in from Nelson, and men were working at the truck under the engine. Another hour passed, and the men in the woods grew colder. Their teeth began to chatter so loud they were afraid of being heard.

"I bane a-getting sick," whispered Tin-pan miserably. "I vant a house I vish I marry my girl long time ago She fine big girl—veigh hundred and fifty pound. I tink I have to vork too hard—too many kids maybe. Now I bane a-vishing I had vife and kids. I vork all day and all night—glad to vork all day and all night if I had vife and kids."

It was the primal cry of a lonely man growing old, but it came too late.

"And I bane a-vishing dat," returned Three-quart, as miserably, "but no good now. My girl vant me vonce, but not now."

They heard a whistle from the engine, and peered through the trees in time to see the brakeman wave his lantern and shout "All aboard."

The Hayseed Limited pulled ahead, and the handcar took its burden back to town.

From the edge of the wood two wretched men crept, made their way over bits of the stolen handcar beside the track, and crawled through the window of a deserted shack. Here they got what sleep they could until the sun peered through at them in the morning. It was still early, but they thought they had better be moving.

Unkept, they shambled dejectedly to the track. In front of them, walking with head bent, as though counting the ties, they saw a familiar form.

"Hi," they called cautiously, "you vait, Long-handle, ve bane a-coming."



SPORT IN AND AROUND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

DON MATHESON

IN the Rocky Mountains National Park itself, there is only one sport allowed and that is Angling, but in close proximity, as hunting distances go, there is an abundance of all the mountain game to be found, with abundant facilities for getting there.

The angling season starts so far as Lake Trout is concerned, on the 1st of May and is open till the 31st day of August, while angling is entirely open on the streams from Dominion day, which is the big day of the whole season, until the end of October.

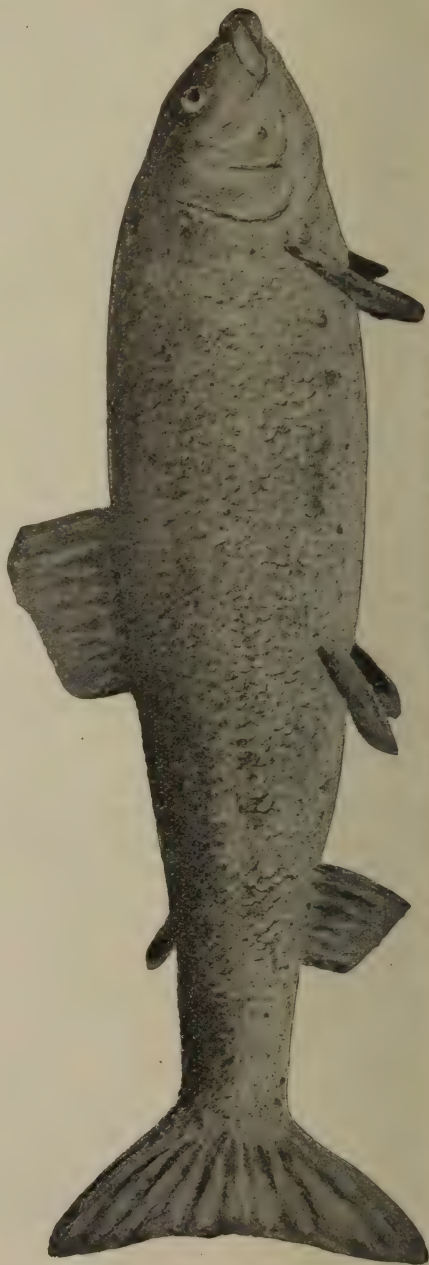
The places to go for good fishing in the Park are so numerous that it is hopeless to try to give full details of them and the routes to take, but for easy getatable places, Banff would probably be the headquarters. There are numerous hotels of the very highest class, in the Town; there are any number of concerns which will provide horses and all the paraphernalia needed, and there are experienced guides who have unsurpassed roaming knowledge of the trails, lakes and streams where the fish are the most numerous and lively.

The Bow River, itself, provides fine angling at many places, a trip which provides no difficulty except the transportation of a canoe from Banff to Castle by rail, being that from Castle down the Bow to Banff, fishing the holes on the way down. This trip was made by the Duke of Connaught and his party on his visit last year, just before the declaration of War and good catches are commonly made by the Inspector of Fisheries, (S. V. Vick).

Minnewanka, or Devil's Lake, situated about ten miles from the town and easily reached by ordinary rig over a fine road, is famed for the size of the fish got by trolling, 30 to 40 lbs, being by no means common; and there is usually to be had good fly fishing both from the edge and from boat fairly early in the season. At Minnewanka there is a comfortable Chalet and steam launches run on the big sheet, which is picturesquely situated in the heart of great mountains, and gives a straight run of about ten miles from end to end.

The Spray River, which joins the Bow at Banff, has a fine record for good catches, both at the mouth and at various camps for nearly twenty miles up its course, while the Spray Lakes, easily reached from either Banff or Canmore are famous throughout the west.

At Lake Louise (formerly Laggan) where the C. P. R. conduct a huge Chalet for the convenience of tourists, there is good fishing in almost every direction, in places where guides will take one to good sporting water in short order. In Lake Louise, a fine broad sheet lying below a string of frowning glaciers, there is very little fishing, though guests of the hotel amuse themselves on bright days after luncheon in whipping the water. Moraine



A 2-lb. GRAYLING OR ROCKY MOUNTAIN WHITE FISH

Lake ten miles further on by the tally-ho, is practically in like circumstance, but three miles over a pony train from Moraine brings one to Consolation Lake where there is a fairly large sheet of water teeming with a finely eatable speckled trout running from 1 to 1½ lbs, which readily take a bright fly, without discrimination.

There are dozens of other lakes contained in the thousands of square miles which comprise the Park, all well stocked, and those that are not so productive as they might be

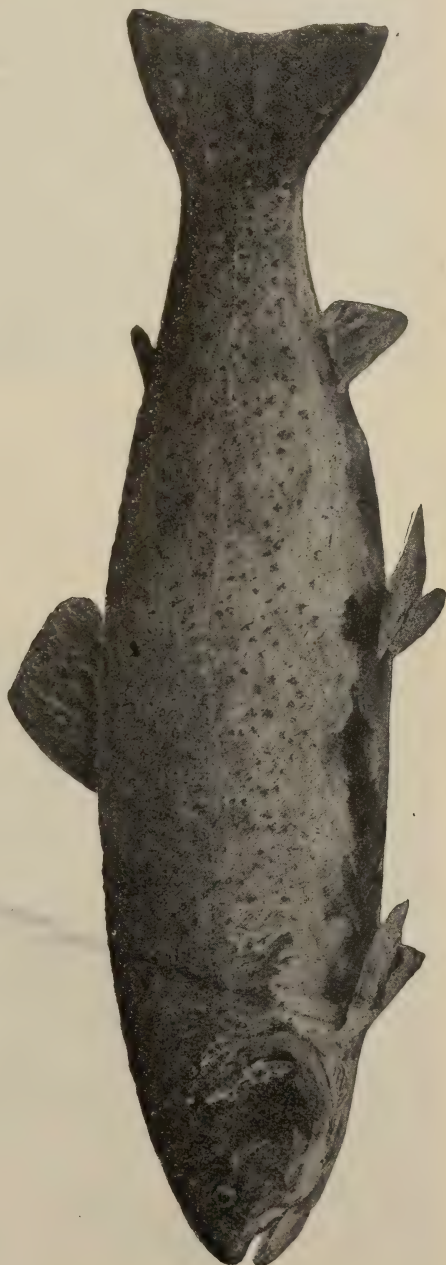
are getting attention from the Manager of the Dominion Hatchery situated at Banff, by whom experiments are to be carried out in the way of introducing species not formerly known, or rather, not natives of the district.

In any and every case the keen angler coming into the Rocky Mountains Park need never be at a loss to find new streams and lakes for his pleasure.

The regulations regarding fur and feather in the Park are extremely strict, even to the carrying of an unsealed fire-arm; but this



A REDEARTH CREEK CUT THROAT



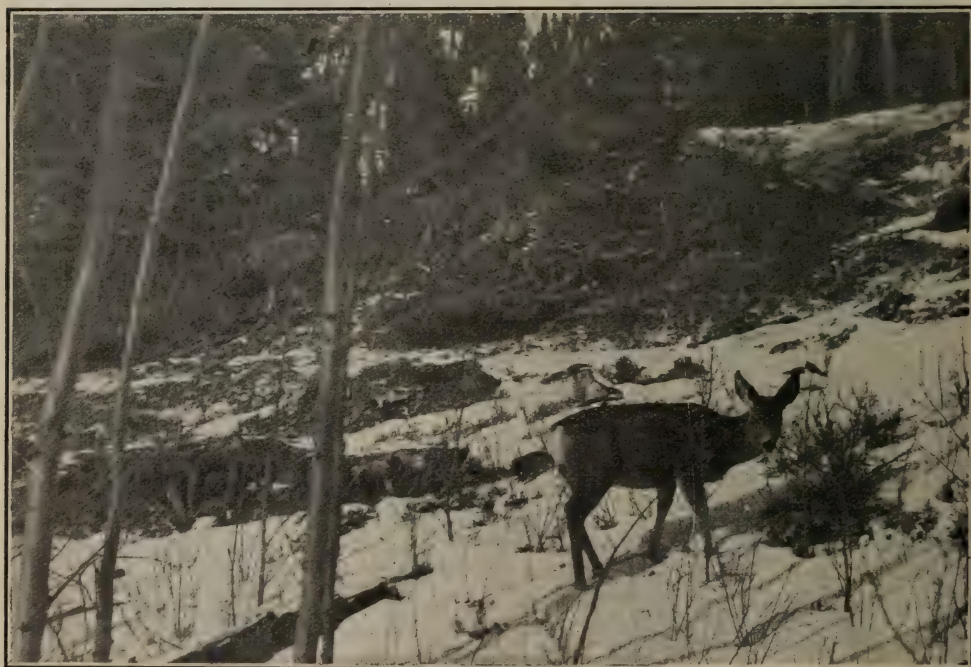
A SPRING LAKE CUT THROAT



LAKE MINNEWANKA, EIGHT MILES FROM BANFF, ROCKY MOUNTAINS PARK

very strictness in the great National preserve is the reason for the great variety and number of all kinds of game without its borders. Here too, the Packer or Guide, comes to the rescue and takes parties into the wilderness, where sheep and goat abound; where deer are to be found in thousands; where the lordly

Big-horn will perhaps present a decently trying shot after a day's stalking and where man rests at night in a dreamless slumber broken, if he be not too deeply sound, only by the grumph of the bear or the passing of a grizzly making for a fastness far from the camp.



WILD DEER NEAR BANFF

CAMPING IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

K. A. McMILLAN

WHEN holiday plans are flitting once more through people's minds, the canoe trip, a form of sport unique and diverting, which is every year becoming more national in the scope of its appeal, provides a timely subject for consideration.

There are in Northern Ontario two districts to which campers commonly resort, Algonquin National Park, the well known governmental game preserve, 175 miles north of Toronto, and the Temagami Forest Reserve, a more extensive region, situated 100 miles farther north. These stretches of country, of a type of scenery similar to the Muskoka regions, present in general the appearance of a wilderness of peculiar beauty. They are rugged, high-hilled forest-land, broken by innumerable lakes of irregular shape, which range in size from diminutive lakelets to bodies ten miles long. The geological formation is of solid rock almost to the surface. None the less evergreens, silver-birches, maples, and scrubby oaks spring up thick and hardy, nourished almost solely by the thin layer of their own leaf-mould. Large areas have more than once been swept by fire, but a second and third growth has covered the desolation with rich green, leaving as the only trace of former destruction a few gaunt, scarred, towering pine-trunks. The larger lakes are joined by rivers and creeks, whereby the camper is enabled to travel from 100 to 200 miles in a canoe, without retracing any part of his route, or being compelled to portage over-land a greater distance than three miles.

July, August and the first half of September are the camping months. Later the nights are too cool; earlier, the bush-flies are unbearable. In August there is apt to be some rain, too much of which is rather unpleasant. But September is sure to be fine.

Since all the camping paraphernalia must be carried over each portage on one's own back the outfit is selected for lightness. A party of two require one canoe with paddles; one silk tent 6' x 9' (weight about 12 pounds), together with six jointed bamboo poles for same; four tin pots which fit compactly inside one another, aluminum forks and spoons, enamel plates, and other culinary articles. Blankets are an important item. They should weigh from 8 to 12 pounds each. In August two, in September three are needed. The chief remaining things required are two waterproof ground-cloths and some simple medical supplies, such as bandages and disinfectants. With regard to wearing apparel, an old coat, grey flannel shirts, kahki trousers, and rubber soled shoes are very serviceable. Woollen sweaters and underwear are indispensable. Tump lines, maps, a lantern and camera just about complete the list. The most of these articles are packed convenient for travelling, into two dunnage bags. The tent poles, lantern, and camera are carried in the bow of the canoe; the two dunnage bags, in the middle; and a third dunnage bag containing pro-

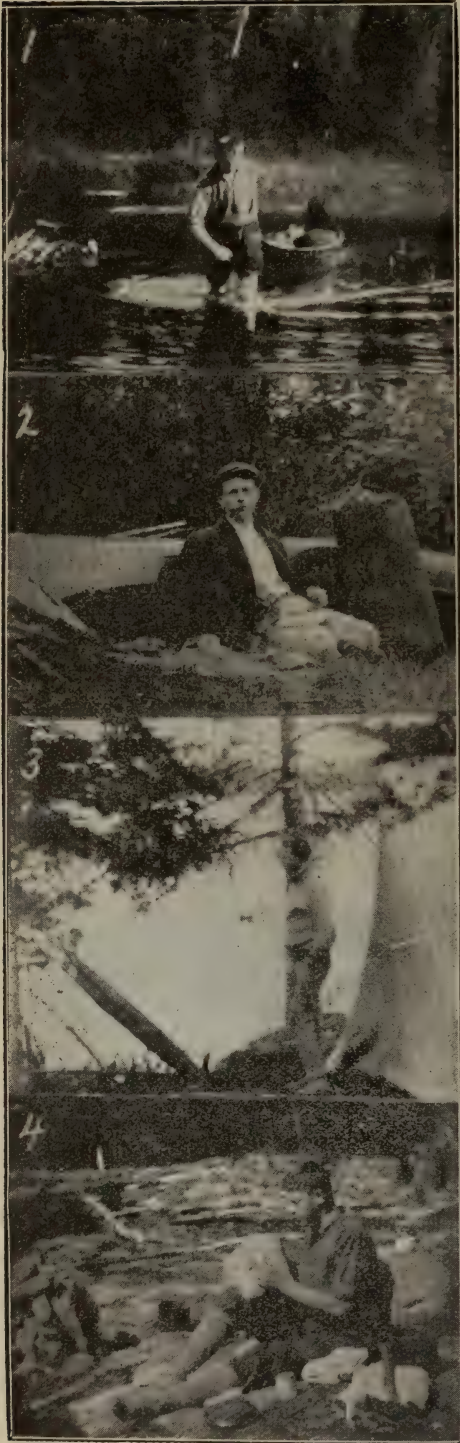
visions, lies crossways before the person who paddles in the stern. As for food, 125 pounds will meet the needs of two people for two weeks. One's diet is chiefly bacon, pork and beans, canned meats and vegetables, fresh fish, desiccated potatoes, soups made from soup squares, dried fruits, wild raspberries and blue berries, cheese, hardtack (an excellent substitute for bread, which will not keep), evaporated milk, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, jam, rice, and some milk puddings.

From two to four weeks is the usual extent of an outing. In one week a party of good paddlers can cover 100 miles without over-exertion. It is not an uncommon practice to keep headquarters all summer at some central point, and to strike out thence on numerous side-trips.

In order to give some idea of the life which one leads, I have re-constructed from the diary a fairly typical day, merely adding here and there a word of explanation, or a descriptive passage intended to make the pleasure of camping more evident. Here it is:—

Roused at 7 a.m. by the song-sparrow, we went out for an half hour's trolling, which resulted in some lake trout for breakfast. By 10 o'clock the dishes were washed, the fire was put out, the tent taken down, the dunnage bags packed, and we were paddling leisurely down the lake. At its outlet there was an old lumber shoot. This let down to a lakelet, which from a point of eminence we could see sparkling in its setting of dark firs. To portage into it took fifteen minutes. Next we paddled down a mile of creek, during the course of which we suddenly came upon a doe and fawn. Three more lakes, connected by the creek, brought us to a point on the map known as 1½ miles portage. Here we stopped and took a cool plunge, and some lunch.

Then we struck into the woods, and trotted along the trail for half an hour, carrying the canoe. Arrived at the end of the portage we went back for the dunnage bags. For us, whose muscles were not yet steeled to the game, they seemed an intolerable burden. We struggle forward for a short time; but our determination to bear the bodily discomfort with Spartan indifference soon gave way. We ignominiously lay on our backs and surrendered to the charm of the shady woodland. August is the drowsy month and it would have been easy enough for us to fall into a reverie there. But somehow we reached the end of the portage and put in at a small creek. It passed down a long, deep ravine, meandering interminably through low flat marshy ground. On all sides rose utterly bare tree trunks from the ooze, making what is known as a deadland. In many places the creek was so shallow that we were compelled to wade. Beaver dams began to obstruct the way. The creek divided, and the map gave no information for our guidance. For over an hour we went on in silence, growing thoroughly



1. WADING DOWN A CREEK.
2. TAKING LUNCH ON A PORTAGE.
3. A VIEW OF THE LAKE FROM THE FRONT DOOR.
4. THERE IS OCCASIONALLY SOME MENDING TO DO.

tired of the endless turns in the stream. Evening was approaching, and there was as yet no sign of a lake ahead. The remembrance of a previous harrowing night, once spent in a similar marsh, caused us some anxiety. We were speculating on the possibility of having taken the wrong branch farther back, when the sound of a small rapid fell upon our ears. We hurried down it and some others. To gain time was our aim, for the sun was about to set, and night falls quickly. The stream widened, and on ahead there arose an unmistakable and increasing roar of a big rapid. Soon we had come to a dam beyond which the water was pouring down between walls of rock and pine. Broken by one or two pools, it was a perfect place for trout-fishing. We promised ourselves some sport there on the morrow.

The dam and rapid apparently marked our last portage. We stepped out and rushed across the trail, a short one which ended in an open space. Before us lay a large lake, with deep bays, surrounded by lofty banks. To the west the tips of the dark pines, which crested the surrounding hills, were transfigured by livid gold. The sky shaded off through every hue from delicate pink below to rich purple high above. The gently moving water reflected the deeper colors of the sunset. The impression fell on us quite suddenly, and it will never be forgotten.

We hastily put up our tent, built a rough fire-place of stones, and cooked dinner in the dark. Later, while the fire burnt low, we lay gazing up at a brilliant firmament. The full moon cast a broad reflection on the now perfectly smooth water. Occasionally the grating yelp of wolves would break out. After a while we lit the lantern, and entered up the diary. Rolled up in our blankets we breathed the fragrance of the bed of balsam boughs, which a few minutes had sufficed for us to cut down; and listened to the many voices of the rapid—the surging, the noisy rattle, the gurgling undertones, all of which merge in one deep, constant roar. The roar softened down to a murmur, and finally died away altogether. That day had ended.

It will be seen that there is nothing exactly like a camping-trip. In comparison with it, ordinary camping is a life of monotony and ease. A closer analogy is presented by the European walking tour. There is this difference, however, that the youthful Canadian voyageur does not have the ministering comforts of the *café champêtre*. He is all for roughing it. He rather enjoys a fifteen hour paddle through rain, night, and a strange country.

Among the attractions of camping, healthy exercise, leisure, and solitude deserve mention. But above all is the close communion which one is enabled to hold with nature. The music of the rapid; the lure of the trout stream, whose unexplored mysteries are still the secret of the king fisher and heron; the impressive silence of the pines, as they stand guard over hidden lakes; these are charms which appeal strongly to all but the most insensate of men.

CAREFREE DAYS IN COLONIAL NEWFOUNDLAND

MABEL DIXON

IT is our Quiet Hour. "Far from the madding crowds' ignoble strife" and incidentally from news of the war and the high cost of living, I sit in the tent door, watching the evanescent pictures, which gleam and glisten, fade and die into shadow on the drowsy surface of the lake. Such an interesting lake it is. Creeping into surprising curves and bends and nestling close to the low bushes on its shores, it is curiously like the softly outlined clouds that reveal themselves low within its depths. Such a lovable lake it is; how coolly refreshing to our heated hands and faces, how buoyant to the boat which carries us over its foam, how charmingly receptive to the stars of evening, how full of lullabies when good-night sounds over our tents.

Camping in the heart of Newfoundland! Lazily I finger the buttons of our tent flap, watch the camp baby, cooing on the mossy stones and review the events of the past week.

We trooped off the train in the early morning. There weren't very many of us to troop after all but the hills, the woods and the barrens were so dewy, moist and silent that we felt like a German army treading ruthlessly over the fair remoteness of a Belgian village.

Noise enough we made and to spare. There were three groups of us; the chaperons, such splendid ones, "We Girls" and "Us Boys." Then last but not least there was Dad. Never mind whose Dad! He was "Dad" to the whole Camp and in "camping language," he was the real thing. It was he who caught the finest trout, picked the largest berries, piloted us to the fox traps over the hills. It was he, whose feet plainly expressed the disgusted thought, "Girls aren't a bit of good" as he trudged away to find work while "we girls" found instead a cozy spot on the berry plains and pulled out the cookie box. But it was he who outdid "us boys" in piling up our beds of fir boughs and who saw that our tent was not built upon the sand when the winds blew and the rains descended.

On that early morning by the shore, we first put up our tents. Under the direction of Dad "us boys" stuck down all the edges of the boughs so that the beds were soft and springy. "We girls" piled on the pillows and the blankets and held up the poles while the tents were being tied. Then there were rocks to be carried to keep down the nice, flappy sides and finally when those tents stood up securely they looked just like an old world gypsy camp in the wilds.

In and out the flaps we glided, sniffing the delicious "firry" smell. Down came our hair into gypsy braids off came coats and vests and out came the frying pan and the kettle. Then came other smells and we were really "camping out."

In Newfoundland every one goes into the country just to "boil the kettle" over a fireplace of stones and a fire of dried boughs. The flavor, the atmosphere and the scenery are unique and indescribable. Wild, picturesque and rugged, Newfoundland has a beauty all its own. Rocky hills, barrens covered with green moss and flowers, glassy ponds with floating lillies make a picture that dwells forever in the art gallery of our brain.

At first we could only taste, smell, touch, look and listen and enjoy to the uttermost with our five senses. But soon there were countless things that simply must be done. The important duty which lay first within our way was the taking of "snaps" that in the long days to come, with all their burdens of civilization, with all their anxieties over friends at the front, we might remember the more vividly this little flight into Arcady.

What is Camping without a Camera! How "we girls" posed! "Us boys" did likewise. many a cold and classic rock, many a waving bush, many a bushed beauty spot by the shore could tell tales of our vanity. There were snaps of us performing ablutions in the lake, snaps of us in our gaily painted boat, snaps of our entranced camp baby in the tent door, snaps of us with our first trout. In fact we never got "too much camera" and in the words of "us boys" they were "some" snaps,—those.

Then there were amusements to plan and games to invent for "shut in" times, as even in the lives of campers,

"Some rain must fall

Some days be dark and dreary."

The latter line, however, was only true of the weather for inside the tents it was always warm and cozy. Sometimes the rain and sunshine came to-gether. The wind swept the mist across the lake so that each drop was a miniature rainbow and a beautiful arch of promise spanned the entire heaven. Sun-time and shadow—both were one to us there for "every common sight was appavelled in celestial light, the glory and the freshness of a dream."

Each morning said Dad of the stern voice and twinkling eye, "No laziness in these days of war, get out now and work for your living." That meant fishing baskets and canvas bags for "us boys." How "we girls" hustled to get lunches ready and to wave Goodbyes! Girls were of little importance to "us boys" with trout in view. Girls were so sorry to hurt the little worms, you know, and so loath to kill the little trout. They were cheerful "Goodbyes" on the part of "us boys." True to them were the words:—

*"Dropping down the current in a leaky boat,
Dressed in faded flannels and an ancient coat;
Luncheon in a basket, pipe between your teeth*

Watching sun and shadow slipping underneath;

Sunfish, minnows, bullheads, redfins too in schools,

Yanking speckled beauties from the pebbled pools:

Later in the twilight frying pans of trout—

That's the fun of camping—camping out."

"Now girls," said the sweet faced chaperon, "Divide up your work and take turns." So first we chose our "Camp Queen," what romance those two little words ever bring to a youthful heart! And here we had "the time, the place and the girl" tall and dark eyed, of a slender grace and with a proud, sweet way that made the choice of her unanimous. A real sport she was—our Queen. Cook, row and fish she could, play softly on the mouth organ and the mandolin and sing funny little bits of ragtime all without losing her royal dignity. A real Queen she was—of sprightly mien and gay laughter, but a Queen of gentle voice and tender hands when cuts and bruises came or when "we girls" grew tired and weary; a Queen, who when darkness fell, gathered the curly headed Camp Baby into caressing arms and drew us all within her magic circle—a real girl—our comrade.

We could not all be "maids" at once so some of us were maids at breakfast, some at dinner and some at tea. Thus we were all of us "ladies" at certain portions of the day. Accidentally there weren't enough table napkins to go around. These were given to "the ladies" so "we girls" were sure of a napkin for at least one meal a day.

Nine o'clock, all our work done, our tents spick and span,—we were just girls then, our berry baskets on our arms. Who could describe the tang of those ramblers or the taste of those berries, fresh from those Newfoundland barrens.

We reached first the Bake Apple plain—a wide stretch of deep green moss with large curious yellow berries springing up separately from their soft bed. Then up the stony hills were berries and more berries; blueberries, plumboys, wild raspberries, cracker berries, black berries and the delicate capillaire hidden away in their feathery ferns, that cling to the hard grey stone like the vine to the oak.

By way of diversion some of us usually got lost. That was part of the day's programme. But as we scrambled from summit to summit, sinking waist deep in bramble and briar, there was always the view from the hilltop which inspired us with "the joy of elevated thought". Far away to the east lay Conception Bay and to the west the shining waters of Trinity, while below shimmered innumerable little ponds and lakes, each a bit of reflected blue sky.

What matter then, the scratches, the torn clothes, the aching feet, the weariness of evening! We knew only the joy of the seeking. And what gladness at last to spy our wind blown tents rising fairy like in the rays of setting sun, our own lake with its familiar, friendly trees in the back ground and looming up in the distance the big tired forms of "us boys" with their heavily laden trout baskets.

Then followed supper. Literally we took no thought for the morrow when we were

"Camping Out." Each one felt himself a companion to the little girl who said,

"Oh how I love good things to eat,

I hope it is not wrong,

For I could eat and eat and eat

And eat the whole day long."

The first week it was—breakfast and candy and cookies, lunch and cookies and candy, supper and candy and bedtime. How we did pay up for it afterwards! For later we subsisted mainly on trout, berries and Newfoundland hard bread, which by the way is very delectable.

"What a fine string of trout," said Dad, as after supper the remaining baskets were emptied. "We'll flag the train and throw them in to the conductor. Then up at daylight, boys, and we'll start out again with our



CAMP SCENES IN NEWFOUNDLAND

poles. The ponds are splendid at sunrise."

As we sat there, in the descending darkness, a glowing thing of fire shot down the hillside towards us.

"Glimmer, gleam" waved our feeble little lantern backward and forward across the track. But the thing of fire calmed crept slowly by, "Flash" flew the shining string of fish.

"Thanks, boys," called the conductor "Here's to you, Campers!"

The thing of fire, of power, of moving life, sped away into the night and left us alone,—a little group,—on the wide barrens of Newfoundland—England's oldest colony.

We turned backward to the warmth, the rest, the world old mystery of the camp fire—confidences, low laughter, good for the soul.

"Goodnight," rippled the slumberous lake.

"Goodnight," whispered the wind in the friendly trees.

"Goodnight," said Dad of the twinkling eyes.

Softly swing the lamps in our tents. Dew was falling over the barrens.

"Goodnight," thrilled the loved voice of our Queen. And silence, sweet as a mind at rest, falls over Camp Pastime.

"Looking through the tent-flap at the marching stars,

Getting well acquainted with Jupiter and Mars

Listening to the crickets piping from the sod,

Feeling somewhat nearer all the time to God,

Seeing how the woodlands' every growing limb

Through the storm and sunshine reaches up

to Him,

Taking time for thinking what it's all about—

That's the best of Camping—Camping out!"

VACATION DAYS

F. V. WILLIAMS

SUNBURN, mosquito bites, blistered hands and weary feet! Yep. It's all here, the season for all the above—and now for those fortunate ones who will get their two or four weeks to spend tramping, canoeing, fishing and what not all in the glorious out-of-doors, and you "folkses" who have been inside four walls doing your part in the big scheme of business the last eight or ten months, whether you think you need it or not, if you've never been you'd better get busy. Life is short and you don't realize what you're missing. No need to say "go" to the oldtimers. They've been dreaming about it for weeks past. Am I right?

Mr. Fisherman and Camper, a word wi' you. We'll admit for argument's sake that you are the best fisherman that ever tried to hook a musky or play a fighting black bass or bring to the net ye gamey trout. But did it ever occur to you that perhaps the ladies of your household might enjoy a trip camping and fishing? And did it ever occur to you to give the aforesaid ladies a chance to prove what good fishers they were and are, perhaps better than yourself?

Here is a little incident that occurred at a certain camp in the North woods. Two city "fellers" made the aforementioned camp their headquarters for vacation trips for four years. Their wives became interested and the fifth season the ladies came along. The first two days passed off quietly enough as everybody was busy putting this and that to rights in the way of tackle, etc. Then things began to happen. As regards the ladies we will call one Mrs. Angel and the other Mrs. Nonsense for purposes of identification. Mrs. Angel was a decided brunette and did not take kindly to the wood mice which delighted in scampering over the floor of the big cabin at night while Mrs. Nonsense's great objection to camp life was the fact that she had no

woods outfit, a close fitting auto cap with no brim, for the sun and a pair of street shoes, "henskins" the guide called them, for tramping through the woods being part of her unsuitable equipment. Mrs. Nonsense was of the blonde type, all of which was duly noted for discussion by the old time fishers and campers (both ladies and gentlemen) at the resort. It was lots of fun to laugh at the "greenies." Mrs. Angel even wore low shoes to start out one morning to walk across country to a certain lake. We met the party at a certain little swamp and a perspiring guide was endeavoring to carry Mrs. Angel across the bog as the low shoes had become useless. The guide was saying nothing, not a word, but oh, such eloquent looks. Honest, that guide's expression was so warm that it was wonderful to us it hadn't evaporated all the moisture from the swamp before we were half way across.

The next day the ladies stayed in camp. The day following Angel discovered a drowned wood-mouse in the water pitcher and the shrieks that issued forth from that little log cabin caused the roof to leak (the shingles cracking as a result of them).

Then a canoe trip was planned. One of the gentlemen, Mr. Nonsense decided to stay in camp to try his luck nearer headquarters, he said. The canoe trip was to last about one week, Angel and Mr. Angel taking one canoe while Nonsense was to paddle in the bow of the guide's canoe.

Poor guide! at the last minute he appeared with a heavy pair of shoes, two sizes too large and a very broad brimmed straw hat bedecked with a large pink rose that he had borrowed from the cook's daughter. You should have seen Nonsense grapple with those shoes and that hat. It did us good to see such a convert. And when the convert returned the guide cheerfully made the remark that "that ther'

gal was better'n a lot of men with a paddle."

The last day's fishing had arrived—Mr. Nonsense who had fished from headquarters had got nothing but a few small bass in a week's fishing—and all four, along with the guide, were to put in the day at a small lake a short distance from camp. Dusk came and with it four hungry and two very jubilant fishers. We went down to the landing to meet them. The guide passed us with a smile on his face that would have made the top of his head an island had it not been for the back of his neck. He jerked his thumb in the direction of the canoe and said, "Can you beat that?" "That" being the two ladies who were proudly displaying two "muskie's" twelve and fourteen pounds re-

spectively, five bass, and two pike as against two bass and one small pike secured by the men.

Fishermen's luck, hey? Take the ladies along this time Mr. Lucky Fellow with a vacation coming. Most of you have a wife or sister or sweetheart that would be delighted to go. Give them a tip what to wear, etc., a fair sportsman's chance and perhaps your head will come nearer fitting your hat about the fishing and camping stuff after you see what the ladies can do. And if they are outfitted right they will enjoy it so much that you will be thinking what a fine fellow you are until next season comes round by which time you'll not need to be advised to "give the ladies a chance."



PRAIRIE HENS

SEL. J. WIGLEY

Prairie hens are undoubtedly a most valuable asset to the settlers and without them many a time a settler would go supperless to bed. The muscles on the breast are highly developed and four of these birds would easily weigh ten pounds. In most parts of Alberta they are very plentiful and in 1913 the Government was able to extend the open season for an additional month. Like the English Grouse and Black Cock these birds have their "dancing" grounds. Here they congregate in the early mornings and the males with much clucking and chucking perform the most amazing antics in order to display their plumage and attract the eye of the watching female.

The males however take no part in the

hatching or rearing of the young but congregate during the summer months in shady bluffs.

The female will fight boldly to defend her young, springing up to meet the swoop of the lazy buzzard hawk or feigning lameness to draw wolf or dog from the tender brood.

While sitting on her eggs the female must give out no scent from her body for highly trained bird dogs often fail to locate a sitting bird. During the winter the birds become exceedingly tame and mingle with the farmer's poultry to obtain food. A little handful of wheat scattered on the snow will soon make them become tame enough to stand many "shots" from the camera.

CONCERNING FISHING

Trout Streams I Have Known

(ARTICLE 6)

NEAL BROWN

I F, happily, you have stocked a stream with trout, that stream will always seem a little different to you from other streams. Originally I stocked Plover River, and year by year added to its store. This makes me feel a proprietary interest in its population—a sense of attachment not evokable by the trout of any other stream. I regard these Plover trout as mine own—a *bon droit*. Not that I am jealous of the regard borne by others, but no others can make up the sum of my affection. It is paternal and seigniorial.

When I fish for the trout of other streams I feel as though I were accosting gentlemen without an introduction and liable to meet cool aloofness. The Embarrass was always one of these stranger streams; it is a neighboring principality and I have lately been trying to establish diplomatic relations with it. On one glorious day, although new to its mysteries, I caught a 3½ pound brook trout with a Reuben Wood fly mounted on a No. 10 hook, etc. (Here fill in descriptive details from forms found in any book of angling experiences.)

This monster was resting just above a big rock at the foot of a rapids down which the stream fell into a darksome pool below. He had doubtless refused the advances of many down-stream fishermen who came at him from above with awkward splashings. Educated to meet these frontal attacks, he did not look for danger from below.

I waded up to him from the silent pool and dropped my fly over the rock. I am sure this unlooked-for approach was his undoing, for he struck the fly like a leaping tiger, and roared down upon me with the roaring torrent that split upon the rock.

For the moment it seemed as though he was the hunter and I the hunted, and I could see nothing friendly or complaisant in his broad back.

He was as a giant that had lured me to his lair and would show me no mercy. He invoked the aid of a hundred snags and overhanging boughs and subjected me to hairbreadth escapes that chilled my blood. During this fearful struggle I thought of my own kindly Plover trout and of how old acquaintance had softened their asperities, and wished that I might have had a longer friendship with this giant, so that he could accord me more courtesy.

Such is the subconscious strangeness of new streams.

This feeling also affects me when I journey across the boundary of my own state into another—say, Illinois. I have a feeling that the inhabitants and local institutions must be a little different from those of my own state.

And I cannot be made to feel entirely at home in this new environment, even after I learn that a jury has just freed an admitted homicide, or that the county treasurer has just absconded with the county funds, or that the mayor has been arrested for graft, or that they are about to dedicate a Carnegie library—although events of this kind place a common likeness on all parts of our great country.

But even as one star differeth from another star in glory, so does one stream differ from another in trout. It may be imagination, but the trout in some streams seem to have more fight and ferocity than those in other streams. While there are goodly numbers of large trout in the Evergreen, there are myriads of small ones. The angler who takes pride in numbers can have his fill in this stream.

The Embarrass trout run larger in size than those in the Evergreen, and the same with the Plover trout. In Red River and the Wolf the trout run fairly well in size. Large streams do not always have the largest trout. Big trout seem to love a small stream—perhaps because of the colder water. The food supply of a stream has much to do with the size and number of its trout.

Trout vary in color according to their habitat. In dark waters, or on dark stream beds, the trout are apt to be darker colored, although this does not obtain as to recent arrivals from a lighter colored dwelling place. It is a mistake to suppose that trout favor swift waters, for water may be too swift for them. They don't like to be at constant effort to maintain themselves against a swift, tumultuous current. Even in a rapids the trout will be found lurking in still nooks, behind rocks, or in eddies, and not in the swiftest water. It is hard for big trout to maintain themselves in very swift waters.

Trout do not go into such water in the early spring. They wait until warm weather, and then seek swift water to some extent, because it is aerated better and is more comfortable than the still places.

I think that the trout below a rapids or fall run into the tumbling water now and then just as people on a hot day will hunt for a place where there is a breeze.

These are the habits of the brook trout, but the rainbow trout loves rapid water, and is generally found in such water.

Brook trout are at home in long, sluggish bayous of cold water, or in cold spring ponds. They like muddy beds as well as those that are clean. In fact, stream beds in places are too clean to be attractive to them.

Trout streams have a common likeness, and yet each is different from every other.

Plover River is almost on the divide between the waters that flow into the St.

Lawrence and those that reach the tropic Gulf. In places these waters are not over a mile apart.

This stream is one of big springs, some of them an acre or two in extent. These lie near the shore of the river.

Within a distance of three miles north of the east and west road to Birnamwood there are five of these springs. Four of them are in places from six to eight feet in depth. Apparently the trout run in and out of them during the entire year, but do most congregate there in the winter time. In these springs the water seems to come mostly from the bottom in many jets, but usually around the edge of each spring is also a circle of smaller oozing springs that flow into the central basin. The volume of water that proceeds from some of these springs is enough to be navigable for an ordinary skiff.

In ordinary winter weather some of these springs remain open in whole or in part, but a few inches of ice will form in the coldest weather, thawing out quickly from below when the weather moderates.

In the spring at the head of Long Bayou there is always a large school of trout lying on the bottom, the water, clear as crystal, being about seven feet deep. It is not usual to find so many large springs so close together, but there are many notable springs of the trout streams of Wisconsin and Michigan.

Some of these are almost large enough to be called lakes. There are some noted springs on Red River, on the Embarrass and on Prairie River. Sometimes one of these springs is like a cup or bowl lying in the hills, the head reservoir of a winding stream. Then again, a spring will be a deep, black gulf in a cedar swamp, overhung with century old trees.

There is a charm and fascination about one of these springs impossible of description or analysis. It has a mysterious and subtle life and vitality—"ageless and immortal."

What causes it, where does it come from, where is it born? One longs to be able to trace it to its sources in some far-off surface pond, or lake, or swamp, or under mighty hills, or high elevated plateaus.

In some of these springs you cannot see the place of the incoming waters, but in others you can look down to the bottom and see a hundred fountains pushing up from unknown depths.

Midway between the Eau Claire River and

the Plover, on the Birnamwood road, there is a range of high hills. At the foot of these hills, on the western slope, Mow Brook rushes out and flows westward to the Eau Claire, crossing and recrossing the road. Many years ago I stocked it with brook trout, and have never replenished the supply, yet they have multiplied exceedingly in this cold, abundant water, that never changes with any drought.

On the eastern slope of this dividing ridge, and only a mile distant and directly east from the sources of Mow Brook, another stream gushes out of these hills and flows into the Plover close to my shack. Somewhere under these hills is the common ancestry of these two brooks. I only wish that I could have made early intercession and had Mow Brook diverted to the eastern slope so that it could have joined its volume to my own brook. The Eau Claire would not have missed it, and it would have made my brook a little king among brooks.

In all generations springs have been loved of men. The Bible chroniclers often dwell upon them in terms of endearment, and they are worshipped in the desert places of the earth.

A land without springs is lonely indeed. In many sections of Wisconsin there is a dearth of springs, yet here in the north we have a wilderness of them. Our riches in springs becomes a commonplace with us. To appreciate springs one must cross the vast arid plains farther west, where springs are not.

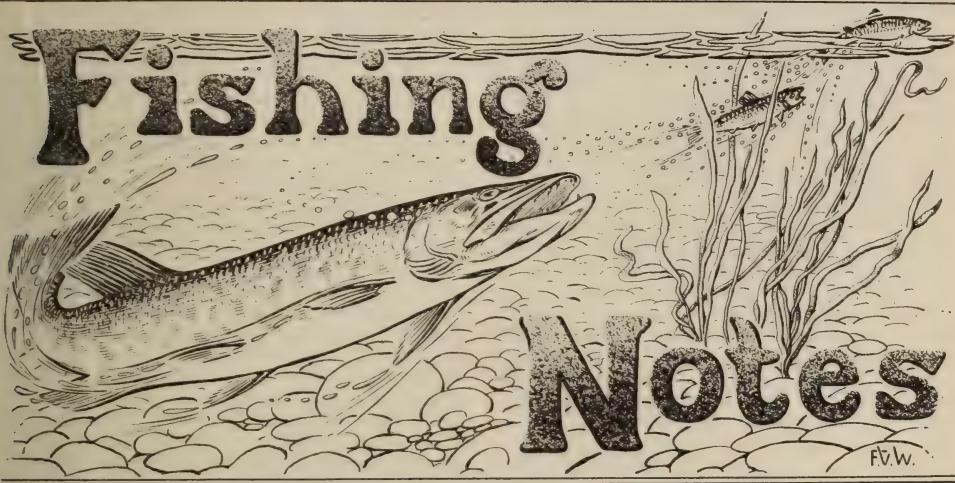
The American pioneer often built his cabin near a spring. Sometimes this was remote from a highway, being abandoned later for a more accessible site. The ruins of these ancient homes still linger around many springs.

East of Star Lake there is a wonderful spring of about two acres in extent, lying in the hills, its waters so transparent that far below can be seen enormous broad-backed trout. For the lumbermen stocked all the waters far and near with trout.

Constancy is the virtue of a spring; if it dries up, or withers to almost nothingness, it forfeits all esteem. Many of the smaller springs in the shaly rock near the Wisconsin river are of this character. With abundant rains they burst from every hillside, but when the summer droughts come they disappear.

Eastward a different formation makes every spring a perennial fountain, and where you once drank you may drink again.





THE SPECKLED BROOK TROUT

(ARTICLE 17)

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE TROUT'S BEAUTY

*You may sing of the glory of jewels,
Of the flash of the diamond's ray;
Of the lights that glow in the western sky
At the close of a perfect day;
You may sing of the splendours of daybreak,
Of the tint of the tropic skies,
Of the morning glow o'er some distant sea
Where the drift of the cloud-bank lies.
But for me there's a richer beauty
With a wealth of color more rare,
Than the play of the fairest earth-won gem,—
Or the lights of the 'luminated air.
A rich beauty, the rarest in Nature,
Or the wealth of an artist's dream—
That is found in the glory of color
Of a trout from some crystal stream.*

—Buckland.

THERE is no doubt but that the speckled trout (*salvelinus fontinalis*) is one of the most beautiful fishes that swim the waters of this world. From time immemorial the trout has been chanted of and put into meter by poets, while those writers whose penchant has been prose have made the fish immortal. Away back in the early centuries we find angling associated with the pastimes of the day, even as it is now, to a somewhat greater extent associated with the most popular pastimes of our day. Who knows not the witcheries of Walton's pen, dealing out his meed of truthfulness and sweetness of temperament, as a standard by which our own lives might well be fashioned. Four centuries ago Dame Juliana Berners wrote her immortal treatise, "*Fyssh and Fysshynge*," and who today cannot find pleasure and profit from going through her writings? This exquisite prioress

of that Benedictine nunnery of Topwell wrote: "In the beginning of Maye a good flye, the body of reddyd wull and lappid abowte wyth blacke silke; they wynges of the drake of the redde capons hakyll." The red hackle is used just as much and with just as much pleasure now as in the days of the old prioress. And the love for the trout has remained with undiminished fervor in the hearts of mankind; and who can name the day when men shall cease to love to follow the cool brook by-ways and trail their flies for *salvelinus fontinalis*? Never will that day come; not at least as long as trout live in cool brooks, sunshine-silvered and musically chattering out an endless song of enravishment. Listen to the words of De Garmo:

"Brother, did you ever think of it, the immensity, the kindness of it? The Great God said, "Let there be a Universe," and there was. In that universe He made an earth, and on that earth He caused the sun to shine by day, and the moon to shine by night. On that earth He caused mountains to be placed to relieve the monotony of the plain, and He carpeted that earth with velvety-green, into which with his own hands He scattered wild flowers. On that earth He caused the trees to grow so that they would cast their cooling shadows over the creatures which took shelter therein. He caused a river to be created to run in beautiful and graceful windings between those mountains and through the plains and under the trees of the forest. In the clear, cool and sparkling waters of that river He placed a TROUT."

When it has been said that trout live only in the purest of water a very illuminating truth has been revealed. It is a fact that any water that trout live in is good to drink

and has no harmful qualities detrimental to the system. Two thirds of the time it may be said that trout are generally discovered as habitants of streams wherein the water is very pure; the other third of the time trout may be found in water not so clear, but of a drinkable purity. It is from realizing that they live among such satisfying associations that our attention is most closely directed to their presence; and where they are found in the eternal silences of the mountain regions even more of their charming witchery and aloofness will impress itself upon the consciousness. Nor can it be said that trout are found entirely in streams for in the small wilderness and mountain lakes, tiny, transparent eyes of the earth, one will find them also. Some of these lakes are of an almost startling transparency. Journeying in the mountainous regions one is struck by their limpid clearness; their wordless beauty; and in just these waters, if in any lakes at all, will be found the trout, (*salvelinus fontinalis*.) There is some existing confusion entertained in regard to the identification of the speckled brook trout and the salmon trouts. It may be said authoritatively however that the so-called brook trout is not in reality a trout but is what may be termed a "charr." The salmon trout are the original trout; the others of the brook trout family being named "charr." There are upon this continent upwards of fifteen individuals belonging to the charr family. The mackinaw trout, the great commercial fish of the north, is more closely related to the charr than any other individual. Our Eastern Brook Trout, the western Dolly Varden Trout, the Sunapee Trout of the New Hampshire region sometimes known as the Saibling, and the Blueback Trout or Rangeley Trout of Maine are gathered under the term "charr." The brook trout is a distinguished aristocrat among its kind. Its presence is hailed with delight; it is the prime fish; the most interesting and most persistently pursued of its kind.

In the matter of the brook trout's coloration there exists considerable confusion; for it seems that one color is not rigidly adhered to, this on account of the peculiar influence of the water they live in (I refer to mineral influences) or the shifting of coloration—a process, merely, of growth, usually a darkening with age. Ordinarily the trout has however one peculiarly distinguishing coloration: the golden yellow side spots; and the scattering vermillion spots that occur both above and below on the back and sides, which are delicately traced around with blue; then also, the olive shadowed back with its easily distinguishable back and dorsal fin reticulations. These generally are the distinguishing features of the brook trout's coloring. But they cannot be said to be universal. Far from it. Says one entertaining writer upon the subject:

"Within the same variety the color and markings may vary to a considerable extent. In a certain stream supplying a pond in a certain locality every trout I caught presented the familiar yellow and golden color with crimson and blue markings, while in the pond itself the trout were of a uniform silver-like color, resembling the salmon. This

difference could not be attributed to their food, as both have access to pond and stream alike, neither could it be charged to the water or the soil underlying or surrounding it, these being exactly the same in stream and pond. On investigation I found that the change in color was coincident with the trout's growth. But I met with a more remarkable variation in color markings when on a fishing trip some years ago in the Province of Quebec. I was camped on a small lake where I caught many hundreds of trout, all presenting the well known markings of the ordinary speckled trout. The lake was connected with another about a mile distant by a large stream, which, with the exception of the ruins of an old beaver dam, offered no obstruction to the passage of a canoe, much less the migration of fish, yet in the other lake all the trout taken were of different markings from those in my lake; they were at the same time the most beautifully marked trout that I had ever seen. While their colors resembled those of the ordinary speckled trout their markings differed in a peculiar manner, the peculiarity consisting in the display of a collection of bright blue rings, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, each surrounded by a narrower ring of brilliant carmine and filled in the center with a golden yellow. These tri-colored spots were distributed along the sides of the fish, becoming smaller and less distant as they approached the median line."

Remarks O. Warren Smith of present day angling fame:

"I have noticed that slow-moving, sluggish streams, such as make their way through mucky soil are almost certain to turn out fish as black as Erebus, with brilliant red spots and highly colored under-parts. Fishing a confluent of a certain trout stream last summer I took several fish, all so dark that one might be pardoned for thinking them members of another family from those of the main stream. I have also noticed that fish from rapid streams, water-broken by many rocks, and falls, are apt to be of a washed-out color, sometimes almost silvery. The deeply colored charrs are of aldermanic proportions, short and thick-set; while usually the silvery fish are slim and attenuated."

In the following paragraph I offer the exposition of another American writer, taking into due consideration the trout's enveloping coat and its markings. Says this writer:

"One spring a farmer friend who used to receive trout fingerlings from the state fish hatchery, secretly put about fifty of them in an old deserted mine ore shaft. I angled therein, in that black hole, until I had ten fish basketed and felt that I had enough to take out of my "preserve" which was fully one and one half miles from any known trout water, or even a brook of any kind. Now these trout, reared in that old deserted mine, with its iron rusted side walls were almost black in coloration in conformity with their singular abode. Their bellies, however, were of the most brilliant gold-red shade and the spots showed out beautifully. Their flesh was deep red and they were in splendid condition."

Present day knowledge of the trout and his coloring rests on the conclusion that it is unquestionably quixotic; that its changeable

ness varies with growth, temperatures, climatic conditions and mineral influences. That the latter influence is a notable factor is demonstrated by the condition which prevails in the King's River Canon in the State of California. Here in a mountain stream, a tributary of the famous King's River, are found the most beautiful trout in the world—the golden trout. The golden trout, scientifically known to the world as *Salmo mykiss aquahonita*, and named so by David Starr Jordan, is truly, as its scientific interpretation admits, "a beautiful trout of beautiful waters." The golden trout which is not a charr but of the *salmo* species when seen in those sparkling transparent waters is a picture that will never vanish from the films of the brain. It is of a pure, molten, satiny, velvety gold; that shimmers and takes on added lights of harmonious richness as the sun searches out the depths of the pool. This singularly pleasing coloration however lasts only when the fish is in the water; taken from the water it fades and is gone forever. For a time it was thought that the golden trout was a distinct species, but this has been proven without bottom. Brought out to live in other waters the golden shade is lost and it takes on a lighter shade as distinguishable in the ordinary charr *salvelinus fontinalis*. The mineral lava substances, of volcanic origin, are the cause of the beautiful coloring of the golden trout. It is the only stream in the world holding them.

William C. Harris, author of "Salmon and Trout of America" states in his book his belief that coloration in the brook trout, or charr, is controlled by the nerves of the eyes; he states that when fish become blind their coloration invariably turns to a dingy hue, or deep black and that they may be taken without the well-known red spots upon their sides. He says in part:

"Through our eyes we receive perceptions of color, shades or tints, which are transmitted to the brain; in fishes, through the same medium, the nerve of the eye, these impressions act upon the color glands and are of course involuntarily and entirely beyond the control of the fish. Certain nerve fibres produce the red spots on the trout and the diseased condition in others results in albinos."

Whether or no the above writer is true in his estimate we leave to the imagination, and to individual experienced opinion in the matter. That the eye-nerves can have such a drastic control over the sensitive pigment cells would indeed seem well nigh impossible, and for my own part I am much inclined to doubt it. Trout, I believe, shift in coloration in accordance with the stream they abide in; I believe that trout taken out of streams where the bottom is pure, clean gravel and where constant sunshine pours down, making the fish bright and silvery in coloration—I believe if that trout were put in a stream where only stray shafts of sunlight came down and where the bottom was of a dark or clay formation, that trout would gradually change his color.

It is a well known fact that trout are very susceptible to drastic changes in this respect, the cells directly under the minute scales being the first to act; the deeper cells in the skin work slower but produce the deeper,

richer coloration. That the nature of the food of the trout has a great deal to do with the coloration of the trout, the richness, or the subdued tone of it, is granted. Go anywhere where trout are held in captivity and where food in the nature of liver and various meats of this order are served to them and you will note straightway that their color is dark, the pigments very rich in tone. Various flies and larvae such as are found close to the streams and which the trout feed upon, also the various crustacea, often serve to bring out a light coloration, but this is also governed by the nature of the streams' foundation, whether of clay, gravel, sand or muddy formation, also its environments. Many elements govern the coloration of the trout it can be seen. At the outset of the breeding season, the fish then being in a nervous, giddy state the nerves have a direct action upon the pigment cells all of which work in harmony bringing out the often intense lustre then witnessed, and which is the most beautiful seen in the charr at any season of the year. The pigment cells have then proffered up their most elaborate productions, and even those cells, ordinarily least active, are now striving in collaboration with the usual cells to produce a winning nuptial garb.

Trout it may be said shift their coloration four times in the year in keeping with the seasons. Naturally in winter when they are more or less dormant their color is the least beautiful. It is a dingy, mottled olive with sometimes the red spots hardly showing. The cells are now in an inferior state of activity; and the fact that the fish move but little and eat less serves to give them a dull coloration to match their dormant condition. The coloration in the trout naturally begins to shift and change as soon as the ice breaks up and flows out in the spring and the fish again become a-stir. And yet such a firm hold has dormancy had upon them that it is a long time before the subdued or lighter colors are brought out. It is notable, at the opening of the trout season, for instance, usually in April and May that the fish are yet lying close to the bottom, and some, as in Canada, have not yet come out of the mud bed into which they have sunk themselves during the winter. Activity becomes a rule however when the sun shines bright and penetrating; then the fish move into other waters. As long as these waters are murky and discolored, from the running into the streams of countless millions of rivulets, the coloration and the action of the pigment cells is *nil*. When the water is clear, and they again come in contact with the sun and the bright sands the veil is lifted and they gradually, very gradually, change. Then the dark becomes a lighter olive; the vermilion spots come again and gradually the blue circlings that have, in the winter, been blotted out, reappear. By early summer, say, June, we find the richer tints being brought out. The suspicion of a silvery tint takes its place. The spottings become more defined. The trout are now very active. Feeding upon minnows and crustacea, the rich pigment tones come out. The vermiculations upon the back and the dorsal fin are sharply defined. In September the fall coloration comes into its own. At first this is bright and summer-

normal. As the nervous energy assails them the action centers upon the pigment cells and the coloration becomes wonderfully brilliant. The rosy coloration along the sides is well-defined; the spottings of a rare color, and especially are the dark wormtrack reticulations of the dorsal and adipose fin prominent.

Distinctions between the salmon trout and the brook trout are marked; the brook trout having practically what one might term a skin-enveloped form, while in others of the trout, scales are noticeable. However, put under the microscope, it will be noted that the brook trout also has scales, but they are so diminutive that they pass to the naked eye as nothing at all. Brook trout are also distinguished by the so-called vermiculations upon the back, while the salmon trouts are devoid of these singular markings, their markings being *spots*. The brook trout can therefore be told, quite readily by the distinguishing vermiculations.

In weight the brook trout averages anything but an appreciable standard. Small fish abound, and nine small ones will be taken to one big one. One half pound, three quarters of a pound, and one pound and a half fish are most generally taken. Those specimens weighing as high as four pounds and up to six and even eight belong in the lists of the very exceptional. To capture a large brook trout, say of six pounds is an epoch-marking event; and such a fish should instantly be photographed, weighed and sworn to for among scoffers there is a great aggregation of those who scoff at the brook trout's weight.

Unlike other fish that spawn in the spring season the spawning time of the brook trout is in the hallowed days of autumn when the leaves are reddening, and the maples are one shimmering array of loveliness. Then it is that the strong impelling force of reproduction overcomes the poetic fish. If these fish be in the lakes they leave the lakes and make for the water-ways there to enact their duty of continuation of their kind. Like the Pacific Salmon, the male of which, in the spawning season is dressed in his brightest garb, the trout, also at this season is most scintillatingly beautiful. He swims now with force and an animated determination, as though to thus more conclusively overcome the yearning tendencies of the females with his spiritual magnetism. The fish hatcheries, when they take the eggs from the fish have their nets strung across these spawning streams, and when the fish enter they cannot get out. These fish are then successfully netted and when the time for stripping comes a female fish is seized, though with careful hands, one hand holding the tail the other the head. To hold the fish with dry fingers pressing the sides will remove the precious slime that curtains the body and when the fish is released, parasites will attack these injured spots and the death warrant of the fish is signed. However, grasped systematically as is done by the hatchery men, this injurious effect is escaped. The female is relieved of her eggs by an insistent pressing upon the stomach and the eggs come out through the vent into its pan; the female is then released and instantly a male fish is grasped and the milt is pressed from his appendage to cover

the waiting eggs. Countless thousands of inconspicuous animated mites compose this milt; they are called spermatazoa, having the same tendencies of course as the semen of the human male. The wriggling mites, worm-like are readily attracted to the expanding eggs and enter into them through what is scientifically known as the micropyle. Entering the micropyle they are communicated to the vitallus, or the protoplasm. Instantly upon forming a collaboration with the vitallus, Nature's great wonder of conception is under way, just as it happens in the human being, or any of the creatures inhabiting this planet.

The life of the fish in the egg is now enthusiastically conceived and before very many weeks can be seen faint lines, or streaks, the tiny blood veins, and time still adding to itself, there will come into view, within that egg, two black dots which are the eyes of the finny fellow we love so well. One of the most important features within this egg noted at this time, is the so-called yolk-sack. This yolk sack forms a considerable portion of the little creature within. But gradually the head and tail will remove themselves from this vital section and when this happens it is soon time for the individual to burst its shell. The little mites now depend wholly for their food supply, upon the yolk-sacks. Upon these they draw for sustenance. But they also grow fast and the yolk-sack becomes smaller and smaller until finally it shrinks and is gone. Then the fish must search out from the water its food, and this they do, sucking in parasites in the water that can only be seen by the human eye through the medium of the revealing microscope. In the hatcheries they must be fed, which is done by attendants who go from pen to pen distributing the delicate food. But in wild stream environments the fish must necessarily depend upon the parasites in the water for means of support. Also they are preyed upon by fish, from which the hatchery bred inhabitants are absolutely protected.

Wild spawning is done after the fish have ascended the stream of their choice to smooth-sanded bottoms, or gravelly places that are not detrimental to a successful breeding. Small hollows are scooped out by rubbing the belly forth and back, also aided by the tail and the fins. Thus is formed what may be termed the nest. Directly this nest is completed the female throws her spawn and the male instantly drawing in at her side covers them with the milt. The eggs, coming into the water begin to draw in through the micropyle the life-giving mites and the work of reproduction has seen its inception. The eggs, having been milted, with tail and belly and fins the hollow is covered with sand and the incubation is allowed to take its course. When the fish has reached a stage where it must search its living it rises out of the hollow and faces existence unaided, save by the ingenious resourcefulness with which Nature has endowed it. With senses skillfully sharpened they live their days, watchfully alert, coming out of their retreats only with an eye open to approaching danger. The wild bred trout and the hatchery bred trout are two different individuals. The hatchery bred denizens are

not so thoroughly imbued with caution; they have not the swiftness of flight, the animation that the wild trout has, for the simple reason that they have found these factors unnecessary as mediums conducive to keeping their places among the living. The young trout early learns to distinguish, through the medium of sight, the falling of a succulent insect upon the water; it learns through its hearing to dread any disturbance that shakes the ground; and by tasting, or mouthing an object, can tell if it is worthy to be put into the stomach. Its sense of sight is sometimes phenomenal. Flies, of midge type, are often risen for while yet they are in the air, from a stream bottom depth of three feet. By a use of all the senses the life of the trout is made what it is—one of poetic caution.

The propagation of brook trout will more and more come into favor on this continent as we realize their wonderful worth from the standpoint of the angler. There are ideal streams today where trout might be inserted with every possibility of success, only for the fact that there are no anglers enthusiastic enough to follow out a system of planting. The various fish hatcheries of the country, ascertaining your willingness and industry in this line will help you in your endeavours, and at the same time you will help them immeasurably by calling their attention to streams that have not been stocked. In such a country as this, where the streams always hold an appreciable standard of depth, stocking is an easy matter compared to streams in more arid parts of the country. Allow me to bring your attention to the fact that in the state of California, in August, there is hardly a trout waterway that can hold its own. The lower reaches, if they do not dry out, are so heightened in temperature, that the fish cannot stay in them, for if there is one thing a trout demands it is pure, cold water. Therefore we find that these trout make for the headwater pools in the mountains, and even these are so shrunken that anglers take all the fish they contain. A new stock must therefore be put in every fall. These grow to a sufficient length (?) for capture the coming season. At the end of the season none remain and the

streams have to be re-stocked. Different indeed, are our streams, in their natural system of balance and even proportion. Here heat and cold collaborate, the waters are preserved; the intricate, over-canopying foliage, close-netted, umbrageous, shuts out the absorbing sunlight and in the retreats below the trout, shielded from the revealing eyes of man, live their unobtrusive lives. Thanks to the fact that we have vine-locked, undergrowth-environed streams the protection of the fish, even with the intrusion of civilization and its unmistakable, levelling influences, will be accomplished.

Small streams present immense possibilities and probabilities to the angler with an eye out for stocking purposes. Presuming that some land-holder owns land along a certain stream, interest him and others along that same stream, and you will soon have a preserve that cannot be excelled. Anglers can get together and form associations and realize many wonderful days, unmolested, in the days of summer trouting. Funds should be subscribed by the various members, and by staying at the homes of the inhabitants along the course their good-will is gained; and at the same time comfort will be doubly assured with easy access to the course. These small streams the trout love. I have taken trout of appreciable length out of streams that were mere rivulets. There is in the very nature of the brook trout a desire to go on a quest, and passing up these tributaries, even to their source forms one of their singular pastimes. Remember this in your angling; that large, deep streams may hold their wealth of the *salvelinus fontinalis*, but also so the seemingly insignificant water routes. And if, in truth, you can stock such streams, that will not be in danger of freezing to the bottom, in winter, do so, with the trout fingerlings that may be poured from the hatcheries, and then find out for yourself the valuable point I have brought out. Such streams, covered with interlacing, interwoven branches hide the trout from those who might prove a menace and then again only one in a hundred will believe that trout are in them.

THE BASS, PISCATORIALLY SPEAKING

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

(Continued from the May issue)

IN my former article I spoke regarding the Worth, the Takapart and the Meek reels, some of the best specimens on the market by the way. But they are certainly not the only ones. A reel that I have had and used for a great many years and expect to use many more is the Standard Professional Shakespeare reel, made at Kalamazoo, Michigan. This reel at five dollars is one of the most worthy in the country. In fact at the price it cannot be equalled. It runs like a higher-priced reel, and certainly acts and

looks like a higher-priced winch. However it sells for five dollars, if I remember rightly. This reel is smooth-working and durable. It casts almost soundlessly and is wholly efficient; in fact such beautiful spinning I have never seen equalled. This is not heaping flattery upon the manufacturers but is a condensed fact. In taking this reel apart they have a very efficient system explained thus: The front and the back pillars, or cross-bars of the reels are roughly knurled. You simply twirl these around, and (the end

cap being removed), the plates come off. The reel has jewels in the end-caps, which promote superior revolving capacity. The click and drag appliances are not on the sides of the plates, another revolutionizing feature. On either edge of the two plates are inserted the upright, milled thumb-buttons, and you push them forward or backward to regulate the mechanism to either click or drag as desired. The Standard Professional reel is a very good reel.

In the five dollar class of perfectly worthy reels I would mention the Kelso Quick-apart reel, put out by the H. J. Frost company of New York City; they also make the Kelso Automatic trout reel and a beautiful reel it is. The Kelso quick-apart is a take-down reel of such mechanical simplicity that it wins favor from first glance a favor which is confirmed by experiment. I have said of this reel in a former article in Rod and Gun: "It is simplicity personified. Its utter lack of inconvenient screws, bolts, rivets, click and drag buttons put it essentially in a class by itself. A few turns of the jewelled end-cap, screw the disc plate a few times, and your reel is apart. Its mechanism is intact with the plates, and is so very simple that it is quite impossible to know how it can do the work it is put to do. It is made of German Silver of excellent grade, and is satin finished; thus the highly detested glitter, which often scares away the fish in your neighborhood, is done away with. This reel is not too highly speeded, nor is it too slow; it works at medium, and the jewels at the end-caps improve its smooth-working and its noiselessness, when spinning."

At six dollars we have also a reel in the Open Spool type that is more than worthy of consideration. That reel is the Stockford, manufactured in Chicago, Illinois. The Stockford reel solves conclusively a problem that has always beset the angling brethren: the need of a reel having no cross-bars, or pillars, or stay-rods as they are sometimes called. This feature is one of the main ones identified with the Stockford. It is an open spool reel; the supporting pillars are done away with and the line has full play right on straight from the spool. There is but one bar really, not of course counting the two underneath which are really the foundation of any winch and upon which the framework must necessarily rest. The bearings of this reel are placed two points back from the outer extremities of the axle instead of as the manufacturers allow, on the extreme end of the axle, as in other constructions. Assuredly this reel is a relief to the man who feels he will have to puzzle over backlashes; you can get at the tangles without prying in and around among the bars. I doubt if there is a fisherman whom these bars have not at some time thoroughly exasperated. There is hardly an angler who has not hoped for just this reel. To find it among us is more or less of a God-send. In construction this reel is eminently simple. The plates are solid and comparatively thin. The gearing is inclosed in a round box on the front plate, thus doing away with such fittings being inclosed between the plates. Also, to minimize backlashing, or the over-running of the

line, the flashes, or the inner plates, or sides of the spool, are rounded twice. Let me point out the value of this. Ordinarily, in reels the flanges are very steep. The line packs upon the line under it in great quantity, without any relief. Here, with a double, rounded flange the packing of the line is not so deep, and criss-crossing and snappy binding is done away with. This reel comes in nicked brass, satin-finished. It is a very good reel; one that will last a long time and will always give good service.

We have now considered those reels, unprovided with safeguarding backlash appliances; we are now to consider a class of reels so protected.

First on this list comes the Redifor reel with a reputation behind it like a Washington Monument. People will somehow or another discover the merits of the Redifor reel and they will eventually, perhaps, be persuaded to purchase it. As a non-backlasher this reel has an iron-clad reputation; and it is so very unique in automatic construction that it is worthy of more than a passing glance. The Redifor reel, as to mechanism, is internally aided to great efficiency by what is known as centrifugal governors. These governors are concealed in one of the flanges of the spool and mechanically act upon this spool, providing against an overflow of force. In other words it evens out the momentum, so that when the bait slopes to water, the energy of the cast having fulfilled its purpose, the spool slows up in accord, and finally, by an easy light pressure of the thumb to the cored line upon the spool it ceases revolving. The centrifugal force system is identified exclusively in this reel and is surprisingly efficient; needless to say it is almost impossible to get a backlash with this reel. With jewelled caps this reel will cost you seven dollars and a half. I refer to their Model F. It is a wholly efficient, durable winch, well worth the money asked. The featherlight aluminum tournament reel put out by this company at twenty and twenty-two dollars is one of the best winches I have ever cast with. First is noted its incomparable lightness, and its noiselessness when casting. Surprisingly long casts may be made with it. But the Model F reel spoken of before, embodies to a great degree all of the points identified with this winch. I trust many will look over these reels.

The second reel in this class of winches is the famous South Bend, a reel as delicate in construction as a watch and yet which has to its credit an iron durability, the quality, to be exact, of standing wear and tear without showing any signs of weakening. Its action is excellent; and it is more or less perfectly noiseless, lacking the jarring vibration identified so unpleasantly with jim-crack winches. The Anti-Backlash reel is constructed out of well-turned German Silver, and is certainly a credit to the manufacturers. The best recommendation of any reel is how consistently you use that reel. The fact that I use mine regularly is enough to recommend it. For night fishing the Redifor reel and the South Bend, Anti-Backlash reel are institutions; night fishing is quite impossible without them, and that night fishing is as prolific of

results, as day fishing is proven by the fact that more and more anglers are going out nights instead of daytimes. The use of phosphorescent baits has come to stay. The South Bend reel has over one of the front pillars, or cross-bars of the reel, a bale-wire, under which the line is inserted. This bale wire is automatically regulated internally. When the line is running out the wire lightly lifts, and when the cast has lost its force and the bait and line fall toward the water, the wire in accord lowers gradually down and finally, with the drop of the line, rests completely on the line. Thus it is made impossible for the line to over-run, a circumstance known as the—backlash. A neater reel than the South Bend it would be hard to discover. Your eye will rest long and lovingly upon it; it is a treasure. With it anyone, however inexperienced, may become proficient in bait-casting without the rigorous learning that is so often in demand. It is just the thing for the man who has not the time to learn, but desires good fishing, with the right appliance; just the thing for the wife, the boy, the girl. And as for night fishing—I have already mentioned its merits there. The South Bend costs seven dollars and a half.

I have now spoken of two varieties of reels. I shall now mention a class of reels known as free-spools. These belong undoubtedly in a class by themselves. It may be asked just what is a free-spool reel. The name is self explanatory: a reel in which the spool is free from the handle. Thus it will be noted that when a cast is made and the line is running out, the spool revolves, but the handle is stationary. But when the bait is fallen to water and you want to reel in, the handle in the Freespool Takapart reel, at least, automatically connects with the spool and the line is reeled in as in any common reel. Just what are the good points in the favor of the free-spool reel? Particularly this: the revolving handle, however well balanced, connected as it is, on the common reel, with the spool, revolves with the spool naturally slowing up its momentum. Doing away with this, as in the freespool, a double-distance cast can easily be made, while the handle remains still. The use of the freespool also promotes noiselessness, and lack of jarring vibration.

I have already spoken of the innate worth of the Freespool Takapart. But there remains one reel of great worth, in many points. That is the Thumeszky reel, put out by the Benjamin-Sellars company, in Chicago, Illinois. When I first used the Thumeszky reel I thought it was a fake and a bamboozle; and yet lo and behold, I had barely experimented thoughtfully with it before I got the knack to it, and found out that it was one of the best low-priced reels on the market. This is a freespool reel regulated by a thumbing lever, hollowed out to perfectly fit the thumb. You cast your line. The light aluminum spool revolves soundlessly. When your bait shows signs of dropping to water all you do is to press down on the handy, convenient thumb lever and the momentum of the reel is slowed down, or may be completely stopped by pressing finally down on the lever. In this way you can easily regulate your reel, and backlash is made next to impossible.

Here, you may say, you have at your finger tips a fit and perfect solution to the backlash problem.

Your bait, having fallen to water, you push in on the handle and the handle annexes with the spool and you reel in as with any other bait. When you wish to cast again, the pushing upon the thumb lever disconnects the spool from the handle and you are ready to cast it out simultaneously with the disconnecting process. This move, seeming intricate, is simplicity personified. More than that, it is wholly efficient. Here you have in one reel an anti-backlash feature, and also the freespool. This reel is constructed of German Silver as to plates and thumbing lever; the spool is of aluminum. One of the most noticeable things about this reel aside from its many new features, is its improved flanges. The flanges are the reel sides, or sides of the spool. In most reels these flanges come to an angle of ninety degrees, and make for tight quarters wherein line will pack upon line to no end. On this reel the flanges come to just about the right angle, that of sixty degrees, and pinching of the line is therefore made more or less a thing impossible.

Taken all in all this reel is a very good one. The price is seven dollars and a half; a staunch durable affair that I would never allow out of my jurisdiction for very good reasons.

PART II.

CONCERNING ARTIFICIAL BAITS.

With the practice of bait-casting becoming more and more of an institution throughout the land so also is the use of the artificial bait more and more coming into the lead as the lure par excellence. In the early days of the artificial bait, when phantom minnows, rubber frogs and whatnots were in use it looked as though the process would languish and die an early death. But such has not been the case. Every nook and cranny of artificial bait inventiveness has been scouted, and we have today, as a consequence, a modern output that defies improvement.

The artificial minnow of many hooks, or fairly bristling with hooks has been roundly condemned by some sportsmen, for the reason that it is not fair. It gives the fish no chance at freeing himself, when hung up on these barbs. The day of the many-hooked artificial minnow is passing, or minnows may be had in which one may screw out as many gangs as he likes leaving only one gang intact, if he so desires. Thus, with one gang a minnow is a more all-round sportsmanlike contrivance. Many baits are made today with two gangs of hooks on their body, with one trailer gang. This is modifying it vastly. Other baits are made with a trailer gang only, as in the small-bodied baits. These hooks are now being placed on the belly of the minnow, more and more, in all of the baits, instead of on the sides, it being proven that bass hit from up under, and amid-ships. Then there comes that equally debatable question, shall we fish with a trailer gang only or shall we discard the trailer and leave the one gang on duty—the one in question on the stomach. I have tried both ways and

I find them both good. On the small-bodied baits with one trailer gang concealed in the buckhair I have noted, in transparent water that the bass hits the tail instead of the body, especially if that hair, or tail, is dyed red. If you are thinking of cutting down on hooks, by unscrewing them from the minnow, leave a trailer gang and a belly gang, or a side-gang, if the belly gang is wanting.

An artificial minnow to be of practical usefulness must have in its make-up some absolute qualities of worth, and especially must its attractiveness be rather unusual. Just why a black bass will strike a bait is open to conjecture, as it always has been, and always will be. Sometimes it will seem curiosity, another time anger, and at other times hunger. Anger and curiosity seem to be the foremost for I have personally caught any number of bass in which a full stomach has been revealed. When a bass strikes out of curiosity he will show it, for he will follow it up, inspect it, investigate it. When a bass strikes quick, sharp, and with a rush, you may be sure his ire has been aroused. But rarely, in my opinion will a bass strike out of hunger. The two aforementioned promptings would appeal to him first.

An artificial minnow should be more or less life-like; it should swim like a minnow, or make a ripple or disturbance on the surface like a swimming frog. Those who most consistently follow these attributes have had the greatest success with their wares. Slipshod work in artificial minnow production is noted here and there in cheap outputs, which should be avoided. Poor minnows, to be had in dry-goods stores for ten and fifteen cents each, can give little or no service, and rapidly go to pieces. Good artificial minnows are enameled a great many times, and are durable and will last a long time. Remember always the leaders among the baits. They have attained their reputation only by giving the best service.

The spinners, often noted before and behind on artificials have their merits, in that they add to the conclusive attractiveness of the specimen. However, more modern productions are being made without the spinners, as noted in some of our best kinds.

Artificial minnows may be had in two distinct types, the underwater, or submerged

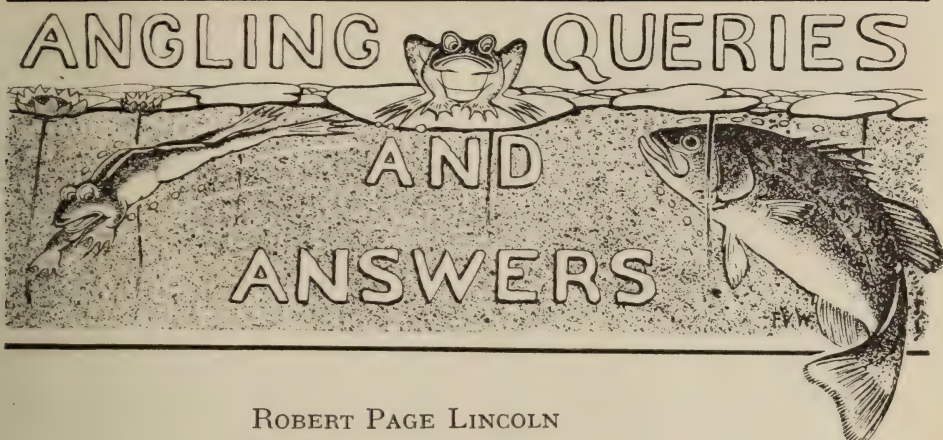
bait, which, when trolled stays under the water, being heavier than the water. Second, the surface, or top-water bait, being light, stays on the top of the water, and, making a sort of a commotion, purports to imitate some disabled creature, struggling to get out of the water to safety, as a frog, minnow, mouse, or some other thing. There is also a minnow, or plug-bait, known to some as a semi-surface bait, for half of the bait stays under the surface, while the part above creates a ripple, or commotion; such a bait however is to be judged as a surface bait, for the main part of its attraction occurs above water. Therefore, I believe there are strictly two types of baits, the surface lure and the underwater lure.

Various baits have various uses, various means of attraction, to be used at various times. Were one able to select one artificial minnow for all sorts of fishing, at all times of the day, the matter would be simple indeed. But such is not the case. One should have in his possession from six to eight variously well-recommended present-day lures to be perfectly equipped. If these minnows are used sanely, with consideration for the hour of the day, the state of the weather, and the surroundings fished, there is absolutely no reason why one should fail to have success. The one bait, used at all times, cannot prove a winner. There are baits for various times of the day, and a study of the black bass will prove this. With from six to eight good, true and tried baits in his possession, sanely constructed or denuded as to more than three gangs each (a five-ganged artificial minnow should absolutely have no place in the tackle box or on the line)—then the angler can say he has a good outlay. Caution and care must be used, as in every other sort of fishing. Row your boat silently into the especial nook you wish to fish, and then cast carefully without making a great noise. If failure has visited you, perhaps the reason lies in the fact that you made too much noise. Bass, or any fish, in civilized waters are more keenly alert than fish in wild waters. Self-preservation has taught them to be careful, and if they have a sharpened instinct (sometimes mistaken for intelligence) there is a reason for it.

To be continued.



ANGLING QUERIES AND ANSWERS



ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

The Editor of this department welcomes questions in regard to angling, tackle, baits, etc., anything practically pertaining to fishing and fish. He will answer these to the best of his ability as soon as space can be found for same under "Angling Queries and Answers."

No. 13.—Personally I am very much against the use of an artificial minnow having on its body more than one gang of hooks. I note some time ago the writer, naming himself "Fair Play" also condemned the use of them, especially where they have more than one gang of hooks. Can you suggest three or four baits having few hooks on their person and which would be sufficiently killing baits to include in the tackle box. If you will answer through your department it will be all right. Thanking you for an answer.

Harry Brown, Ontario.

Ans.—I noted the letter from "Fair Play" in the Letter Box Department, and since you have brought it up I might as well make a few points clear. Editing a department such as this one must naturally cater to the needs and whims of all anglers—if one is to be of all-around use, and an actual benefactor. Were I to suddenly become partial, cramped and narrow such a department would soon languish and die a complete death. As it is I am trying to make this the best fishing department in any magazine printed in North

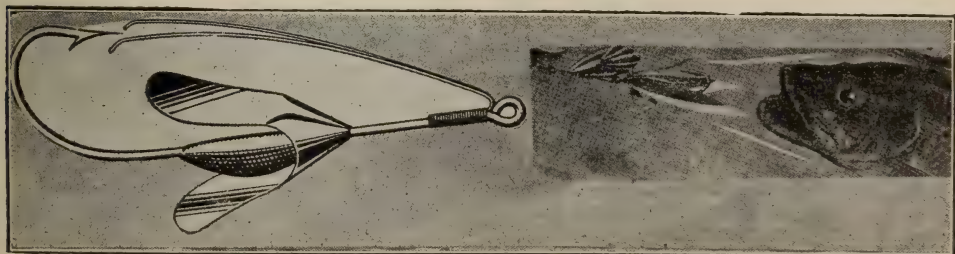
America. Try to do this and you will find out that you need experience and learning in no little measure. Now, referring to artificial baits for instance. There may be a number who are against the use of many hooks, or against artificial minnows altogether. But two thirds of the bass fishermen give them great countenance, and there you are. Now it is a pleasant fact that baits are now made so that you can unscrew most of these gangs leaving only one on duty. One leaves then upon his bait the tail gang, or even sacrifices the tail gang leaving alone a belly gang to do the good work. For this reason I cannot name any special baits in this line, for so many of them can be denuded of hooks to suit your especial needs. I have already mentioned those small-bodied baits, having alone the back gang, or trailer gang attachment. The Coaxer bait by the way is an ideal single-hook bait and is a weedless wonder. Those who have followed my writings know how I value it. In the June number I shall begin my article on artificial baits.

R. P. L.

No. 14.—I have heard much in regard to the use of pork rind, on a weedless hook for bait-casting. Now a friend of mine has caught many bass on this lure, but I am out of touch with him and so I do not know what

this bait is like, or how it is constructed. Can you give me any insight into the making and use of the pork-rind bait.

Raymond Kinsmith—Wisconsin.



Ans.—The pork rind bait is indeed a good lure, a lure that all should try out, for it is successful where other means sometimes return a no-catch. I might exhaust many words in telling just how this is done, but I can do no better than insert herewith a drawing of this process clipping from the fishing department head of the Hunter-Trader-Trapper magazine. This readily illustrates how it is done, also shows the use of the spinner spoon on the weedless bait, which, as I have afore-mentioned, increases the value of the contrivance.

A piece of pork rind with some fat adhering, is cut somewhat in the shape of a frog and is fastened to the hook shaft so that it will remain in position. Such a bait can be used a great many times without putting on a new one, and to catch a hundred fish on one bait will not damage it to any great extent. I cannot help but remark upon the great attraction you will add to your bait by putting on strips of red flannel. If anything attracts and maddens a fish it is red; it acts on him just as the waving of a red shawl acts upon a bull. By no means fail to add these red bits of cloth and surely do not fail to have pork baits along with you.

R. P. L.

No. 15.—Just what is the value of having a bait with a revolving head, as shown in the Nemo bait, by Jamison, and the Decker bait, put out by Decker. I have not yet purchased any of this sort, and thinking of you, I have decided to ask you before making my purchase to be doubly sure. An answer will be greatly appreciated.

A. F.—Ontario.

Ans.—In line with this it may be interesting to note that I found revolving head baits in use all over the north last summer. In fact natives seemed to prefer it to others. They told me great stories of catches made with these baits. The revolving head device is useful in creating a boiling disturbance in the water, thus attracting the fish. This commotion in the water by the bait means to represent the actions of some water being, frog, or mouse, etc., trying to get away, or which is wounded. A fish naturally kills anything that is hurt and is trying to get away. It is an odd fact, but nevertheless true, though they do not do it through humanitarian reasons by a long shot. Therefore is a revolving bait a bait to conjure with. I always have four or five specimens on hand. I especially like to use them at the opening of the bass season when the fish are in the shallows. Then they are exceptionally prolific of catches.

R. P. L.

No. 16.—I recently ran across a weedless-hook put out by the South Bend Bait company which looks as though it ought to be a dandy, and certainly just what I have been looking for. I have been bothered with these weedless hooks having too strong wire weed-guards, and they do not properly yield to the snap of a bass. What do you think of the South Bend Weedless hooks.

Henry Townsend, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Ans.—The hook you mention and inclose is an exceptionally good one and I may add that all of the new weedless hooks by this company are worthy of careful attention. I have also been bothered by too highly tensioned weed wire-guards on hooks; in the South Bend Baits this point has been carefully remedied by the admittance of light piano wire that will not hinder landing strikes. The nickel plated spinner is on the body of the bait. A glance at the reproduced drawing will show what I mean when saying this.

This spinner and hook make for special weedlessness. I have used it in the thickest of weeds successfully. I suggest that you try it out at your convenience. Herein it may be noted that weedless hooks should have wire guards that readily yield to the strike of a bass. I have had some hooks on which a single wire guard with a silver knob on the end of it purported to save it from getting in contact with the weeds. However it did just that. Even by thumb pressure it was quite impossible (?) to bend that wire-guard down. As a weedless hook it could not be equalled. But then it specialized in just that!

R. P. L.

No. 17.—Is it a good idea to oil your bait-casting line. I have heard of this being done and I am going to try it next year if I find it will save the line from wear and tear. That is the one trouble with our lines. They wear out so fast. Is there not some preventative for this.

Win. St. Clair—Three Rivers, Quebec

Ans.—The oiling of the line is a good idea, though I certainly would not suggest a too promiscuous oiling. Use light, good oil, such as Three in One, and others of like mixture, and worth. You speak in your letter about your lines wearing and fraying out; and I judge from what you say that you are losing good lines rather too often. Remember that the rod has a great deal to do with this wearing of the line. The tip guide and the reel guide, or the guide nearest the reel, should be lined with agate, or imitation agate, thus to safeguard against friction, and so prevent the line from fraying. This saves you many lines through the season. I cannot help but mention that you try drying your line better. Perhaps you do not always dry it. Drying the line should be an institution by the way. Simply, after your hour or day of fishing, string it up between some trees and let it remain there a short time. It is not necessary to use a great deal of real line on the reel. Make a core with linen line; or if you use all your line, in great quantity, on the reel barrel, then when you have used up one end, turn it around and use the good end. In this way you save line and expense. But by all means dry your line; never let line remain, soaked and packed, upon the reel. It means the gradual decay and end of that line.

No. 18.—I have heard of large-mouth bass being taken on artificial flies, in fly-casting. Can you tell me anything in regard to this and what flies to use, also what size hook.

MacGiven,—Ontario.

Ans.—Large-mouths will take the fly readily enough at times, especially when they are rising for insects that come to water. Hook sizes is a question of great importance in this respect. After some amount of study concerning this I have decided that size No. 4 and No. 6 are the best all-round hooks for the

purpose. Appreciable flies tied to these should register many kills. Try the Coachman, Henshall, Oriole, Silver Doctor, Ferguson, Montreal and Grizzly King. Make your cast, let the flies sink four or six inches and then draw them in the water.

R. P. L.

WHAT IS THE BEST SEASON FOR BASS

One correspondent asks me what is really the best time in which to catch bass, that is the best time of the year, in bait-casting. Personally I always try to avoid too early fishing at the opening of the season, if the fish have not spawned out. There are some years when the season is backward, and, being cold, the fish will not spawn till the water attains the right temperature. Therefore it is that I have often caught bass unspawned way up in June, and one time in the early part of July. Fishing for the bass in the shallows, along in June makes for excellent sport, and it is then that the surface baits, the wobblers, come in for special mention. Later on, in more temperate waters, the thermometer rising, the fish retire from the warmed out shores and seek the deeper, cooler places in the lakes. But in the morning and in the evening they will be found again along the shores, feeding, way up to twelve o'clock midnight. When the bass are in the deeper water they may be taken by trolling for them with an under-water bait such as the Jamison underwater Coaxer which has been excellent for this special purpose. But with the frogs you will get them in and among the pads in the middle summer. In August I care little or nothing about fishing for the bass—that is, in the warmed out waters. For my part I believe there is one black bass season that

season being the best of them all—in the autumnal months. September and October are months to conjure with. Then either muskies, pickerel, pike or bass will take the bait with avidity, and there is fish for all, who know a little something about the game. One thing I have discovered after many years of persistent using of artificial minnows and that is that the bass will take them best in these months. This is not a chance suggestion or intimation on my part; it is a discovery that has worked well in more than one variety of water. Therefore it is given at its worth. I believe much in giving the better part of my time, my available fishing time, in the early part of the season, spring and summer, to trout, and making the autumnal months the special bass months. That is the reason I am writing on reels and bass tackle during the summer so that beginners may be ready for the fall fishing. I have yet to find a season of charm to equal that of autumn. It has its gorgeous finery, tranquil days, when the waters are exceptionally possessed of the intrinsic piscatorial lure. Then it is that the fish are in the shallows again picking up the insects, fallen to water, for the early frosts begin to nip them in the bud. Take then a good artificial minnow and cast it into the pads, or around the channel mouths of some lakes, and you will be greatly rewarded.

R. P. L.

THE CANADIAN SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS

It will probably interest the readers of Rod and Gun in Canada to learn that at last an association known as "The Canadian Society for the Protection of Birds" has been formed to which a charter has been granted by the Ontario Government. The objects of the society as set forth in its constitution are "To interest the public regarding the importance of protecting bird life in the interests of the country by holding meetings, lectures and exhibitions. To publish and distribute literature relating to birds and to co-operate with the Federal and Provincial Governments and regularly organized national history societies throughout Canada in this respect, also to acquire and maintain a library. To secure legislation on behalf of bird protection in addition to existing legislation, and to assist in

enforcing the same. To forward the study of migration and all other matters relating to the nature of birds."

A large number of members have been enrolled and at the rate they are coming in the society bids fair to become of considerable importance. Lovers of birds are invited to form branches throughout Canada and those desiring to do so can either join a branch or become a member of the parent society. The annual subscription is only fifty cents. Much credit is due Miss H. M. Merrill, President and Miss Laura B. Dinard, secretary, the founders of the society, who have been most energetic in its formation. All communications should be addressed to the secretary of the society at the Royal Canadian Institute, 198 College Street, Toronto.



THE DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS ON THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLUB

The Ninth anniversary of the Club occurs at a time when the British Empire is in the midst of a life and death struggle. It is needless to say that Canada, one of the fairest of all the fair Dominions that make this wonderful British Empire of ours, is at one with the Mother-land and will fight with her to the death, if need be. Canadian loyalty and sympathy have been eagerly shown by the large contributions of men, money and supplies that are being sent to help wage war on the common enemy, and we Canadians feel proud and happy that the heart of the Empire has responded to the appeal for justice and the right of existence by the weaker states of the civilized world.

In the great wave of loyalty and patriotism that is now absorbing all our energies, the splendid work that is being done by the women stands out conspicuously. Not only have they willingly given their men for the Empire's cause but, in addition to home duties, spend all possible time in the creation of necessities for the needs of the wounded and the comfort of soldiers on active service. Many, also, are busily engaged in executive work and, when capable and the opportunity has come, have gone to the scene of activities as nurses.

The above applies to both the men and women of the Alpine Club of Canada. Of the former fifty, of the latter two, are now on military duty, a number are on active service and several have already been wounded in the Empire's cause.

Some three months ago a suggestion was submitted to the eight sections of the Club by which individual action as a body could be taken, and thereby express our wholehearted sympathy and desire for co-operation. The plan took the form of a fund to purchase and present a Motor Ambulance. It was ascertained that such an ambulance could be purchased for the sum of \$2000. The fund

closed with a net proceeds of \$2149, which amount was sent on March 15th to the Executive Chairman of the Central Committee of the Canadian Red Cross Society at Toronto, to be forwarded to the Canadian Red Cross Commissioner in London by whom the ambulance will be purchased. It was earmarked for the Canadian Expeditionary Force, but by the advice of the Toronto Red Cross Executive, this condition was not insisted upon, it being left to the war office to apply the ambulance where it was most needed. It will have placed upon it a plate bearing the inscription: "Presented by the Alpine Club of Canada" this, also, at the suggestion of the Red Cross Executive.

In the above connection, I desire to express the appreciation of Canadian members of the Club for the generous donations given by the English and American Sections; to the former because the demands upon those so close to the scene of action must, of necessity, be very much greater; and to the latter as expressing the most profound sympathy with the Empire's cause although not affected by the war to the same vital extent. I cannot leave the subject without acknowledging the many letters accompanying the donations of American members conveying sincere good wishes and hearty encouragement.

I feel sure I express the sentiments of all in wishing our brave boys at the front and on service elsewhere "God Speed" and a quick return in safety at the end of a war that is being waged for the very highest of moral principles—principles that must triumph, or else it would seem the existence of the ages has been in vain.

It is said that the game of mountaineering, where one is often face to face with death, brings out all that is best or worst in mankind; how much more will this saying apply to a war such as is now enduring. I feel certain that the mountaineering experience of our Alpine

men at the front will enable them to show a brilliant example of all that is best.

For a few moments let me touch upon the Club's activities of last summer:

The Club House at Banff opened on the 15th June, but it was well on in July before an appreciable number of guests arrived. The attendance for the season was 162; numerically the largest we have had. Notwithstanding, the Club House did not pay expenses and has not yet succeeded in doing so. It must, however, be kept going as a summer rendezvous and mountain headquarters, and as a visible sign of our existence. It will open again about 1st July and will remain open until the middle or end of September as occasion demands.

Arrangements will be made whereby small parties can be supplied with tents, outfits and provisions for camping expeditions in the vicinity, at reasonable rates. There are many beauty spots close to Banff, such as: near Mt. Edith, Healy Creek and Mt. Bourgeau, Johnston Creek, Head of Cascade Creek, Spray Lakes, Mt. Aylmer and others that can easily be reached and will furnish delightful opportunities for small mountaineering parties that can be made up at the Club House. Full particulars can be had in advance on application to the Secretary.

Last year the Club House was under the competent management of Miss E. Savatard, and it is expected that it will be this year also.

A short review of last year's annual Camp may not be amiss:

The Camp opened on 21st July and closed on 11th August. A new plan of holding it for a more extended period was tried and found to work most successfully. While the attendance was the largest we have yet had, 206 persons being placed under canvas, at no time was there a congestion of members and the accommodation was always found fully adequate.

The Camp was pitched near timber-line in the little Yoho Valley, at an altitude of 6700 feet. The beautiful park-like site, where spruce groves, alpine meadows decked with brilliant flowers and rushing glacial torrents intermingled, and towering snow-clad peaks and large bodies of ice were on all sides, presented in the prevailing sunshine most wonderful and charming contrasts of colour; while from the Camp itself, several fine waterfalls were in full view.

The high altitude made the climbs easy of performance, doing away with the tedious tramp through heavy forest that has been so great a detriment at other camps.

Camp was constructed by a group of volunteers under the efficient command of Mr. Charles A. Richardson, of Calgary. Ninety-two graduated to active membership, the exceptionally large number being due to the ease with which the summits of the accepted peaks could be reached.

Camp was in full swing when England declared war with Germany and Austria, and it can readily be imagined the intense excitement that prevailed thereafter. Daily bulletins from the C. P. R. offices at Field were brought in with the mail and were immediately read to the assembled crowd.

A number of those connected with military units had to leave Camp, and others whose business interests were affected. Of those at Camp, Capt. Fred Bell, M. D., Capt. Harold Anderson, M. D., Mrs. Anderson, Capt. J. A. Gunn, M. D., and G. R. Street are now on active service, while Col. Mitchell, who was on his way to the Camp, had to join his regiment in Toronto.

An outlying camp was placed near the Yoho Glacier, beside the Government trail about five miles from the main Camp. It was fully equipped, with a cook in charge, and was well patronized. By this means, access was given to the group of peaks, glaciers and passes of the Wapta Snowfield.

Transport was in charge of our old friend, Jimmy Simpson and, as usual, it went like clock-work.

Our thanks are again due to Mr. Hayter Reed, Manager in Chief of C. P. R. Hotels for the loan of two Swiss guides, Ernest Feuz and Christian Jorriman. Mr. Reed has always been a good friend to us.

In addition to the two Club guides, Conrad Kain and Walter Schaufelberger were in attendance.

It is with the deepest regret I have to record the death of Walter Schaufelberger, who recently lost his life on a Bernina ski-tour in Switzerland. Word to that effect reached me on the 18th instant through Dr. W. Stauffacher of Zurich. The news caused me great sorrow, for I had much more to do with Walter than merely as a guide at the Club Camps of 1913 and 1914. In 1913 he spent some time at the Banff Club House, and subsequent to the 1914 Camp he was attached to my mountain survey party until he returned to Switzerland in October. I found him a faithful, good-tempered and efficient servant from whom I have received much kindness and attention.

The thanks of the Club are also due to Mr. W. MacPherson, Passenger Traffic Manager of the Western Division of the C. P. R. for sundry transport facilities.

The Camp did not pay expenses, being short by the amount of \$98.00. When the distance from the railway is considered and the consequent great expense of transport of outfit, supplies and baggage, this is not to be wondered at.

I wish to extend the sympathy and good wishes of our members to our old comrade an original member, Mr. F. W. Freeborn, for the very regrettable attack of illness that completely spoiled his holiday in the Rockies last summer. We hope that we shall soon see him again in our midst. His splendid record is well known and his grand enthusiasm, as well as his excellent photographic ability, would be a great loss to us.

In addition to the Camp and the climbs made therefrom, the following notable climbs and expeditions were made by members of the Club, viz:

Mt. Farnham (11,075 ft.) and Mt. Farnham Tower (10,625 ft.) in the Southern Selkirks, first ascent by Mr. and Mrs. A. H. MacCarthy, of Wilmer, led by Conrad Kain.

An expedition of which Messrs. Harnden, of Boston, and Ellis, of Windermere, were members, also in the Southern Selkirks, resulting in the first ascent of Eyebrow Peak

(11,489 ft.)

An expedition by Dr. J. W. A. "Hickson," of Montreal, to the Freshfield Group, during which the ascent of Pyramid Peaks (10,700 ft.) on Mistaya Creek were made. Guide, Edward Feuz.

An expedition by Miss Mary L. Jobe, of New York, and Miss M. Springate, of Winnipeg, across country from Robson Pass to the big mountain seen in 1913 to be some 80 miles northwest of Mt. Robson. Guide, Donald Phillips. The mountain is estimated to be between 11,000 and 12,000 feet.

An expedition by J. R. Young, of Glasgow, Scotland, to the Incomappleux Valley and the ascent of Findhorn and Tomin Peak, the two peaks of Mt. McBean (9,501 ft.)..

I record with sorrow the death of Sir William Whyte and Mrs. C. J. Spence. The former was one of our first Associate Members and the latter was with us on the celebrated six-day trip around the Yoho Valley, above timber-line, in 1909.

At the Camp last summer the biennial election of officers took place and it is, I feel sure a great pleasure to all who know him, that Mr. J. D. Patterson, who has from the very start been one of the Club's most devoted members and patrons, was elected our President to replace Dr. Coleman whose term of office had expired. Mr. Patterson is our third president, the two previous having officiated for successive two-year terms, all that is consecutively allowed under our Constitution.

You will doubtless feel an interest to know what the Club proposes to do during the coming season.

It was suggested from various quarters that, owing to the great crisis that has overwhelmed the Empire, the activities of the Club should be eliminated for this year, or until the war is over. Speaking personally, I may say that I did not take that view of it. While the first shock of the "call to arms" and the many casualties caused by the battles that followed in quick succession naturally filled us with sorrow, dismay and mourning, and the fact of our dear ones being in imminent danger caused us deep and constant anxiety, yet more mature thought brought the feeling that this was not the spirit that would consummate the end in view. Life is life, although conditions may vary, and the business of living must go on.

There will, moreover, be a future after the war is over, and we pray that it will be a glorious future for the Empire. To that future, each one, in his own sphere, must look.

With the approval of the Executive, I therefore sent out a ballot to ascertain the feeling of each member of the Club with regard to holding a Camp next summer. Categorical answers were requested to the following two questions: "Are you in favour of holding a Camp" and "if so, will you attend." 180 ballots were recorded of which 55 members signified that they would attend if a Camp were held.

In view of the large proportion voting "yes," it has been decided to hold a small Camp, for the reasons that those who have to work as usual must of necessity have the

usual relaxation, and it is not fair that they should be deprived of the opportunity they desire and to which they look forward.

It will, moreover, be a distinct comfort for many who are disqualified from Active participation to meet in the comradeship of the mountains and recall, through their agency, those of our members who are fighting the Empire's battles.

In addition, there is a maxim that has been adopted by the Mother-land, where necessarily all activity centres, which reads "Business as Usual", so it is Business as Usual with the Alpine Club for those who so desire it.

It is intended to hold a camp in Ptarmigan Valley, situated a few miles from Laggan on the north side of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a locality of great beauty and interest and a visit will well repay all who see fit to take advantage of the opportunity.

A subsidiary camp will be placed in the Red Deer Valley not far from Mt. Douglas, and the two peaks of the massif, known respectively as the Black and White Douglas, can be attempted, if so desired.

While there are no other peaks of great size in the neighborhood, there are many beautiful lakes, and snow-clad mountains are all around. Mt. Richardson (10,115 ft.) and Ptarmigan Peak (10,060 ft.) will be graduating climbs. A description of the locality can be found in the 1912 Journal, page 110, in an article by James F. Porter, entitled "The Ptarmigan Lake Region." I should strongly advise a perusal of this article if at all of doubtful enthusiasm.

The Camp will be held about the middle of July, and will last for twelve days. Accommodation will be provided for seventy-five persons, but no one will be turned away, and it is hoped that members will do all in their power to make it "go" at a time when Club matters are a bit critical. Mr. J. D. Patterson and Mrs. J. W. Henshaw have promised to be present unless unforeseen circumstances prevent.

Today the Club is nine years old. There have been many doubtful moments in its career but, so far, it has weathered all storms and managed to pay its way. It has no outstanding liabilities other than its bonded indebtedness, which falls due in 1919. This indebtedness decreases yearly through the generosity of members who have donated their debentures to the Club.

Realizing the good work the organization is doing, and its value to the country, both the Dominion government and the Government of Alberta have again renewed their Annual Grants. This mark of esteem and appreciation at the present time is very gratifying and furnishes another potent reason for business as usual.

The recently issued Statement of Accounts will have shown you that we have a little in hand to go on with, and I see no reason to fear that we shall not pull through the present crisis successfully. Notwithstanding the hard times and the many patriotic calls, members have stood loyally by the Club and it is to their splendid co-operation that the measure of success we have enjoyed is due.

It is desirable that there should be a better

attendance at the Banff Club House than has been experienced heretofore, but it is readily understood how difficult the long and expensive railway journey makes it for many who would be only too glad to take advantage of it if these conditions were easier.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I hope to see many of you this year where the snows lie glistening on the mountain-tops, where fleecy clouds sail across skies of blue, where avalanches thunder day and night, where foaming torrents rush through primeval forests, and a well-earned rest is found amidst the aromatic scents of the balsam on a couch of heather.

And I trust that our old friend Jim Pong will be on hand to minister to the demands of aggrieved nature in his usual courteous and satisfying manner, beneath the wide-flowing spread of the great canopy that has seen so many happy gatherings. What a yarn that canopy could spin!

Before closing I wish to speak of the Empire's "Honour Roll". We mourn our loss, but with heads high: the loss of those who have earned this great distinction and thus have found immortal glory. Ladies and gentlemen: "The Soldiers of the King".

ALPINE CLUB NOTES

Mr. R. A. Gray, the new secretary of the Toronto section writes that at their annual dinner which was held at Lambton Mills Inn, a charming old place metamorphosed from a grist-mill of long ago, about forty were assembled and after a very sociable dinner Mr. John Watt presided over the gathering as they grouped themselves about the ample fire-place and all the club news, fresh from the facile pen of the director was talked about. Later the officers for the year were chosen (as given in last month's issue of Rod and Gun) and Professor Coleman gave a delightful address on his trip round the world while attending the meeting of the British Association in Australia, which address was illustrated by many of his own water color sketches of mountain scenery in India, Japan, New Zealand and Australia.

On February 25th Mr. Otto Frind, F. R. G. S., described the Mt. Cook region in New Zealand, which summit he scaled last year, the address being made vivid by a large number of slides made from his own photographs. On March 31st about 200 members and friends were entertained by the moving pictures and exquisite stereoptican views of Mr. Byron Harmon, photographer of the Club. The moving pictures were the first of their kind to be shown anywhere and were much appreciated by those present. Mr. Yeigh, Professors Coleman and Sissons and Mr. John Watt explained the pictures as they were thrown on the screen.

On March 31st a Musicale under the auspices of the Edmonton section of the A. C. was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McDougall, Edmonton, when a very delightful evening was spent by club members and their friends.

In Winnipeg thirty-eight ladies and gentlemen kept the birthday of the Alpine Club of Canada on Saturday evening, March 27th. Although not a dinner the function was most successful, the speeches made being of a high order. Mr. A. W. Blake, chairman of the committee presided and the guests of the Club were the Very Rev. J. J. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson. A great addition to the program was the violin playing of Mrs. Colin Taylor. Among the members who responded

to toasts were Mr. H. B. Mitchell, whose only son, 18 years old went with the first contingent. Mr. Justice Galt, Dean Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, Dr. Mary Crawford. Miss Springate gave a humorous account of her adventures last summer to the big unnamed mountain north of Mt. Robson.

The annual gathering of the Vancouver Island section of the Club took place on April 10th at the Brentwood Hotel, when about thirty-five members and especially invited guests were present. The proceedings opened with the usual banquet and were singularly enjoyable throughout. Among those present were Capt. W. W. Foster, M. P. P., Mrs. Foster, Director A. O. Wheeler, Mrs. Wheeler, W. S. Drewery and Mrs. McGaw, R. D. McCaw, Miss J. L. McCulloch, secretary, treasurer, and Misses M. Cowell and S. A. Spencer. The tables were very effectively decorated, bowls of dogwood and wild lilies forming the principal feature in this respect while a unique touch was found in the miniature Alpine scene of granite rock with its rope of debonair Alpinists armed with ice axes. Place cards were threaded with the club colors, green, silver and white, and individual menu cards were made into attractive souvenirs with photographs of grandly picturesque spots in the Canadian Rockies.

The New Zealand Alpine Club, after lying dormant for many years, has again awakened to life. The President is Mr. A. P. Harper, and the Vice-Presidents and Committee are all well known mountaineers. Mr. Malcolm Ross, the Editor of their Journal has recently published a most interesting book on his climbs in the Southern Alps and is also a member of the parent of all mountaineering Clubs, the Alpine Club of England.

Mr. H. O. Frind of Vancouver spent all last winter in the southern hemisphere and has a fine catalogue of peaks to his credit many of them being first ascents.

Conrad Kain, that brilliant professional guide, who has worked for some years for the Alpine Club of Canada, was out there this last winter and should do much to awaken the enthusiasm of young New Zealand in the same fashion as young Canada has been stirred by the work of the Alpine Club of Canada.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY BY EXPLORER IN HUDSON BAY DISTRICT

A new country of some 4,000 square miles, inhabited by people (Eskimos) who have probably never been visited by white people, is the important discovery of R. J. Flaherty, F.R.G.S. This new area is only about 1,000 miles from Toronto, in the Hudson Bay district. Mr. Flaherty has been up in this new country for upwards of two years in the interests of Mackenzie and Mann, and has had some remarkable experiences and most amazing luck, for not a member of his party died or was lost.

A most unique collection of skin coats, boats, weapons, and carved ivories depicting the history of the people has been brought out by the intrepid explorer, and through the kindness of Sir William Mackenzie has been presented to the Royal Ontario Museum, and form objects of the greatest interest. These primitive people have practically no furs, so wear costumes of eider duck skins, which are very light in weight despite their cumbersome appearance. The coats have hoods to protect the wearers' heads. Trousers are made of polar bear skins, and one pair shown had a band of some kind of dark fur around each leg, making the fashionable combination of white and black. Baby seal fur is used to make garments for the little people, being softer and more pliable.

A woman's costume of reindeer skin (these are mainland people) was remarkable in its beautiful striped appearance. The jacket is nearly three-quarter length, but the centre back piece is continued to some length, in what the fashion books would term a "postilion back." This the lady doubles under her when she sits down, forming, no doubt, a comfortable cushion. This reindeer suit was lined throughout with fur, making it very warm. It was trimmed down the sides with a two-inch band of white fur, and a fringed effect was given by slashing the fur at intervals. On this was a most capacious hood, used to carry the baby. An idea of just how it looks is given in one of the carved ivory models.

Snow-goggles made of driftwood, the only wood obtainable there, are curious-looking things, resembling automobile goggles, in that they protect the eyes all around, only there is no glass used, just long slits in the wood, through which the wearer can peep, these in turn being protected by an overhanging protection of wood that protects the eye from the glare. They are tied on with leather thongs.

Interesting is the small, shallow soap-stone lamp, when one knows the double purpose it serves, that of giving heat and light in the igloo through the long, dark Arctic days.

Suspended above this rude stone bowl is a piece of blubber on a string. It is raised or lowered according to the amount of heat wanted. This crude affair is the basis of life to the Eskimos. Around it is lived what constitutes the family life of these people.

A tremendous number of hunting weapons forms a large part of this particular collection; old harpoons are shown and also some of the big American coppers over half a century old dated 1848 were also exhibited. No doubt they were gotten from some old American whaler. A cup of hide, sewn to a circular base, the handle of wood wrapped with thongs, is also interesting. Cooking utensils were conspicuous by their absence, housekeeping there being reduced to "zero." The people eat raw meat, "hot seal" being the chief dish, eating the seal just as slaughtered.

A model of a woman's boat was shown. It is sealskin stretched over a wooden frame; the sail is of skin. The oars are long with a square piece of wood sewn by thongs of leather. A splendid model of a "caique," the long skin boat used by the men, has been obtained, and is sure to attract considerable attention. Of equal interest is a sled used by the Eskimos. The runners are made of whalebone, which are "glassed" every morning by blowing water on them, which immediately becomes ice, so it practically amounts to running on ice. The slats are lashed on to the sides, and give with the motion of the sled.

The collection of ivories is absorbingly interesting, showing as it does the history of the people. Here one sees ivory igloos, ivory needles finely polished and protected in an ivory case, with a filling that resembled seaweed. To break one of these brittle needles would be a tragedy, for they are beautifully made, considering the lack of tools. An ivory comb for combing the hair, little spoons with leather handles and other little objects are also to be seen.

The historical ivories show a man being torn by a dog, a fight between a walrus and a bear, a sled with the father and mother and the seal they have killed. A reindeer hunt, pack dogs, watching the seal hole, showing the man ready to spear the animal as soon as it appears, a group of figures joining hands forming a circle, and many pieces depicting the habits, life and legends of these people in ivory from the walrus.

It is not given to many to make such a discovery as Mr. Flaherty has made, and it is hoped to send up experts to study these people.





ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY GEORGE J. THIESSEN



A FRANK TALK WITH TRAPPERS

IN a previous issue of Rod & Gun, I announced as a future subject something concerning the methods by which fur firms cheat their shippers. On looking over the articles I have written for this magazine, I find that I have treated this topic more or less fully, and for that reason beg to substitute A FRANK TALK WITH TRAPPERS. I trust this will meet with the approval of my many readers who have helped me, by their cooperation—even though silent, in most cases—to make the trapping department one of universal interest.

All of you, I am sure, have been disappointed with the past fur season. It has been one of low prices and strict sorts—so strict, in fact, that many of you have lost confidence in your favorite buyers. You are wondering what the future has in store for you, and after considerable study I have taken it upon myself to analyze the conditions which, in my opinion, will pertain next year.

In the first place, do not expect the high prices that were paid for furs a few years ago. These values were fictitious in most cases, and due to the fact that speculation was the prominent factor. On the other hand, it is my firm belief that prices will be some higher than they were this year, for despite the fact that the European markets were destroyed, American resources have come to the rescue and there have been—and will be—much better markets at home than ever existed. Further than this, it is even hinted that the war will not be of long duration, and that even the end is now in sight. If this be true, then, to a certain extent at least, Europe will establish some kind of markets for raw furs, and notwithstanding that the countries involved in this great struggle have suffered financially, conditions will eventually adjust themselves. It will be years, perhaps, before the fur con-

ditions have fully recovered; but the building will be steady, sane and permanent.

There is one great advantage to trappers which, I am afraid, has been overlooked, in this season of low prices. And that is the effect the values will have on the protection and propagation of fur bearing animals. More effective than legislation has the loss of interest in trapping become, for the reason that prices have been so low that thousands of pelt hunters did not set out their traps. And the result—more fur when higher values pertain.

A few words in defence of your dealers—the ones who in the past have handled your goods and given you high prices only to disappoint you this year. They have worked hard to find markets for their shippers. In proportion to what they sold for, they paid you more for your catch than they ever did before. In fact many of the buyers operated at a loss—and I doubt whether any one of them made a profit on the skins they handled. Therefore, be lenient with the fur dealer. He, as much as the trapper who depends for his living upon the pelts he catches, deserves your sympathy.

When the season is over, hang away your traps with an optimistic view. Be prepared to take them down again next fall, knowing almost with a certainty that you will get good prices for what you catch. Try your old dealer again—the favorite to whom you shipped for years, and I am sure he will not fail you.

Again I want to thank my readers for the interest they have shown in my department. I appreciate it—and should I write for you again next season, as I hope I shall, I shall try to make my articles even more interesting than those in the past have been.

COMPANY

C. L. GILMAN

Somebody fired a shot just now,
Somewhere south and a little west—
Big bore rifle, I allow—
Leastways, that is what I guessed.

Rang too thick for a high-power gun,
Spoke too sharp for a scatter tube;
Wonder who's out toward the setting sun—
City sport or backwoods rube?

Sort of wish he'd wander in,
Sort of lonesome now and then,
Here away from the human din,
Far from the sight and sound of men.

Rifle shots on the woodland air,
Footprints in the sodden snow.
Such small tokens, here and there,
Are companionship, you know.

JOE: AN APPRECIATION

J. H. N.

JOE was a thoroughbred Airedale who showed his breeding in every line.

Large of frame, tawny, almost fierce looking, he had, withal, one of the kindest dispositions in the animal world.

And homely! A Seattle friend of mine could hardly keep his eyes off Joe when he came to the valley. "That dog," he would say, regarding Joe half quizzically, wholly admiringly, "is so blooming ugly that he is actually pretty." Even the minister's wife who usually had compliments for all, asked in affected despair; "Where in the wide world did you get such a homely dog?" When I called him "Beauty" she would put her hand over her eyes. But her liking for Joe was deep and lasting, notwithstanding.

Many a long ramble Joe and I took together over the big hills and through the lanes and meadows of the fertile Puyallup Valley. "Go for a walk, Joe?" That was enough; he was always ready and would lead the way. And as I walked five miles I calculated that Joe ran twenty.

In Puyallup one day a gentleman stopped us and waxed eloquent over Joe. "Airedales are the best bear dogs ever," said he, warmly. "With two or three such dogs if there is a bear around you stand a first rate chance of getting it. The dogs are wise enough to keep out of reach of his bearship's great paws and teeth but they will harass him until the hunter sees his chance and lets fire. "And," he added, with a parting pat for specimen Joe, "they are positively the only dogs that can lick a bull terrier."

Joe was such a good sport, too. No matter how cold the water he was always ready for a plunge and bringing a stick to your feet he would beseech you in his irresistible dog-language to throw it in. Back from the river he would suddenly drop a hard rubber ball at your feet (he always kept one in a special place that he guarded himself) and his eyes, looking into yours would say; "Play ball, Master!" You could not tire Joe at this game. He would catch the ball in his mouth from a distance of many yards, return it and drop it in your hand, go back to place for the second throw, and so on until you were worn out yourself.

The only way to end the game pleasantly was to lose the ball. Joe would be indefatigable in his search for it and inconsolable at failure to find it. This had happened several times when Joe and I played ball together and one day when I had returned to the steps, leaving Joe still nosing through the long grass, he suddenly turned and started straight off for the back yard, head and tail aloft. I repaired to a window to watch him and to my amazement I saw him scratch and dig at an old pile of earth and rubbish and produce, after a while, a battered half of an old rubber ball. He had put this in safe keeping for just such an emergency and he brought it to me

with such an air of pride that I had no alternative but to continue the game indefinitely.

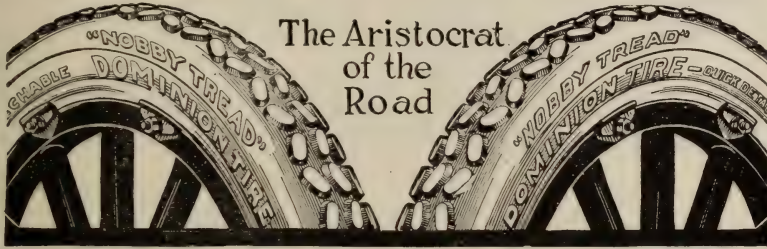
Sometimes we played with apples. Joe was fond of apples. Throw it as far as you would, Joe would always find it and bring it back and, dropping it at your feet, beg for another. At the third or fourth throw he usually decided that the apple had been well earned and ate it with a relish and it was my turn then to produce another.

In Washington moles are much larger than in Eastern Canada and throw up mounds six to ten inches high. Point your finger at one and Joe was at it at once. He would follow the burrow for some feet under the sod; but I never saw him catch a mole.



Although big and powerful Joe was of a peaceful temperament and a perfect gentleman. I have seen little, quarrelsome dogs jump at his neck and have seen Joe turn his head away and trot off dignifiedly, rarely even showing his teeth. "Some day," I would say to myself, "these little beasts will go too far and will probably repent bitterly of their foolishness;" for Joe had a magnificent set of strong, white, sharp teeth. But his eyes were fine and kind; and it was his eyes Joe's friends remembered after he was gone.

Joe was young, but something went wrong with his anatomy. We took him to the big dog hospital in Tacoma but even the skillful vets there failed to help him. And one mournful day Joe passed, leaving many behind to lament his going.



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STRETCHING THE TWENTY-TWO

EDWARD C. CROSSMAN

IT is the lowly citizen of the gun world, the humble .22. Rarely is its name found in the newspapers, it has no scandals, is charged with no weak mechanism, has no divorces nor scandalous dances, it is just plain John Jones. Lincoln is credited with having remarked that the Lord must love the common people. He made so many of them. And the parallel exists in the case of the .22 and the rifle and cartridge factory.

The row in the sportsman's magazines is about the high power sporting rifle. The factory keeps its machinery busy and pays its dividends by dint of the little .22. Somebody must use a lot of them.

Not counting in the .22 rifles owned in boyhood days in Utah, I have squibbed away some 150,000 rounds in the past ten years through three Marlin '97's and other assorted guns. Instead of growing blasé and giving the little rifle the swift kick particularly as the ten years have also been full of the military and sporting rifle and the shotgun, I believe I am more in love with it than ever.

I have pounded through the matches at Camp Perry including the hard grind of the Pan Americans in 1913, and through various state contests for the championship with the big rifle, and through various tournaments with the shotgun, and I have seen considerable big game crumple before my big rifle bullets, but at the end of the time I'm ready to hold up my right hand and say that there is more actual fun, more recreation in three or four hundred .22 cartridges and a good repeater and pleasant company than in all the nerve-racking strain of hot competition.

I am lucky in having a complete rifle club range at my disposal every day in the week but this does not blind me to the fact that the .22 is the rifle of the future for the man who likes to shoot. Lack of space, prejudice

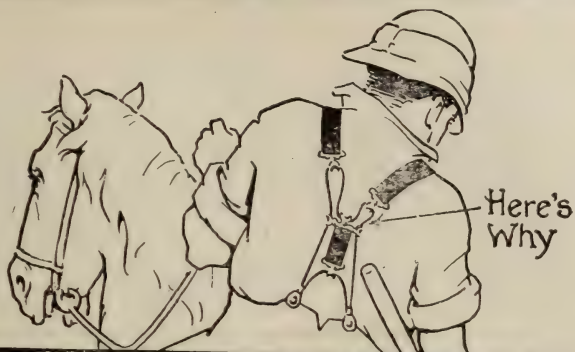
against firearms carefully nurtured by the various old grannies inhabiting peace and disarmament societies, and disappearing game, all combine to force the man who likes to shoot instead of dream, into the class of the .22 lover.

I am inclined to think that the little rifle is very much under rated by the average cursory user of the .22. The use of smokeless cartridges, of shorts in rifles chambered for Long Rifles, the bad condition of most barrels, the coarse factory sights and the actual lack of skill on the part of the man himself, have all combined to keep the .22 out of its own in the minds of most people.

With a big range at my disposal, and with some of the finest .22 caliber rifles ever made in my case, I have put in much time seeing just what a fine rifle, and modern Lesmok or Semi-smokeless ammunition of Long Rifle breed would do on unfeeling paper targets over measured ranges.

Just as a little starter my B. S. A. No. 12 single shot Martini, fired prone at 300 yards the other day, beat a good shot firing the Springfield, the little rifle putting on 45 to the other man's 44. This means that half of the shots struck in the eight inch black and the other five struck in the 26 inch four ring. Of course this is an extraordinarily fine shooting rifle but Stevens special single shots, and Winchester muskets are just as accurate if not quite so fine in finish, and neatness of breech mechanism. The wind was absent, nor would the ordinary repeater do this, but it goes to show that a proper rifle can do things most .22 users do not dream of trying.

Twenty consecutive shots have been put into a six inch circle at 200 yards, in a competition on a figure target. A good repeater will put ten shots into an eight inch circle. You'd be surprised how many of these high



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power repeating rifles will do this. Try it some day.

In itself, the Long Rifle, with Semismokeless or Lesmok powder is a most accurate little cartridge, one not inferior to any up to about 100 yards, and holding its own with most rifles at 200. The sloppy shooting of the rusty barrel repeater, chambered for the Long Rifle and fired with Shorts, smokeless, quite typical of a lot of alleged inaccurate twenty-twos, has nothing to do with the work of a well cared for rifle, and ammunition adapted to it.

The first step toward getting all there is in it, from a .22 rifle is to use the Long Rifle cartridge, with Lesmok or Semismokeless behind it. Don't use smokeless powder in the .22, both the powder used in these rim fire cartridges, and the primer residue itself in the presence of smokeless powder, is very corrosive. It is nearly impossible to keep a barrel in good shape when using this stuff. The greaseless bullets are frightfully hard on the barrel, because of their lack of lubricant, avoid them even if you are foolish enough to use smokeless.

Also don't use the W. R. F. or .22 Special or Rem. Special, as the same cartridge is variously known. In actual efficiency it is not one whit better than the Long Rifle, it has but the one virtue—that of having no grease exposed on the bullet. The bullet weighs 5 grains more than the Long Rifle, with some companies its velocity is higher than the Long Rifle, with others is lower. It is less accurate, and never is it seen in the hands of these crack riflemen who compete in the various indoor matches, both prone and offhand. Last but not least it costs far more than the Long Rifle, and is actually not so good a cartridge. It is the largest false alarm of the .22 family.

The Long is another good cartridge to let alone. It originally consisted of the short 30 gr. bullet and the 5 gr. charge of the Long Rifle, and it never has been accurate. Evidently the powder charge is too great, and the cartridge is used only by those uninformed, or those imagining that the higher velocity is superior in killing power to the heavier bullet of the Long Rifle.

The Short should be used in small doses only in the rifle chambered for the Long Rifle cartridges. The manufacturers, following the lead of the Marlin people, all turn out repeating rifles adapted to all three cartridges, that is the carriers handle all three, and the twist is such that all three shoot very well in the same barrel, but this does not mean that the Short or Long is doing its best work in a twist adapted to the Long Rifle or that the Short can leap across the gap in the Long Rifle chamber and give its best results, even though the twist were the 24 inch twist of the Short.

This is not the worst of it. We could put up with the slight fall-off in accuracy that is entailed by the use of the three in the same gun, but unhappily our rifle is eventually ruined by the use of the Short. The gases, escaping past the bullet before it gets into the rifling, erode out the chamber, literally scoop it out just ahead of the mouth of the shell. Then the Long Rifle shell, when used,

upsets or swells into this hollow, and makes extraction very difficult. The accuracy of the Short is easy to imagine after this scooping process has gone on a while.

So if we plan to make the Short the piece de resistance of our shooting, then we should get the rifle chambered and rifled especially for it. The fact that we cannot use the Long Rifle is compensated a dozen times over by the fact that the length of our rifle's life is added to about 1000 per cent.

If the Long Rifle is to be the chosen one, then the rifle may be either bored and chambered specially for this, which does not differ much from the combination boring and chambering, or it may be like most of the repeaters, adapted to all three. The Short cannot be used in such a rifle as even the common repeater without harm coming to the rifle. For even the ordinary blaze-away work of the ordinary poor shot this does harm to the arm and for this reason, in my fine Greener .22 or my B. S. A. No. 12, no man is going to fire Shorts in it to any extent *at all*, nor is anyone going to use smokeless powder in it. The "gilt edge" accuracy of a rifle is easily removed. Most of this is in the chamber and "lead," of the barrel, some of it in the finish and cut of the rifling. After this gilt edge is gone, the arm is still far better than the average man would need in the usual .22 work, but this is not good enough for the fine indoor shooting, where the rifle must put them all into a half inch circle at 75 ft.

The man behind cannot always do this, but the rifle must do its part—and does do it when it is a good one. The famous Tack Hole Lee, of the Birmingham, Ala. indoor rifle team, has up to the present writing in this winter's season, made 10 "possibles," of 20 shots each, which means that every shot of the 200 fired, has gone into the half inch bull at 75 ft. with artificial light to shoot by.

The .22 owner has been a regular attendant at the shoots of the Los Angeles Rifle Club, and some shoot days there is a regular chapter of the owners of the little guns, firing at 200 yards, offhand. Of course when the wind gets up, scores immediately suffer, but even at this, "wind doping," comes in, and this is a sport in itself. At this 200 yard offhand game, with the light Remington and Winchester and Marlin repeaters, the scores ran from 40 to 45, with a good offhand shot landing around the 44 mark quite regularly. This means 4 shots in the 8 inch bull, and the rest in the 26 inch four ring. Yet you'll see raving in print as to the inaccuracy of the .22 over 100 ft., and the all-round uselessness of the cartridge beyond 100 yards.

If the .22 owner desires the highest possible accuracy from his rifle, which must then be of the single shot to equal the accuracy of the other "best" .22 cal. rifles, he should try carefully all the different makes of cartridge in his rifle, firing two or three ten shot groups of each from a rest, and comparing the results. The range may be say 25 yards. Of course the cartridge should always be the Long Rifle, and the powder the two specified above.

By the higher accuracy of the single shot, I mean that at 100 yards on a still day, a fine single shot of the B. S. A. No. 12 sort, or such an arm as the Greener "King's Cup" or A



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Winchester Winder musket or a Stevens .404, will put the load it likes best into a 2 inch circle.

The repeater, well kept, and good in the first place, should group into about 4 inches at this range. Naturally, if the shooting is not of the slow, hard holding prone style, or of the very fine offhand work like that of the Germans, the 4 inch group at 100 is far better than is necessary.

The condition of the average repeater is a sin, and small wonder it is that they won't shoot. The .22 must get more careful attention than the big game rifle. I have seen rifles so rusted and full of dirt that the rifling hardly showed, make fairly good shooting with the metal patched service bullet, but no man ever saw a .22 in the same state, ever do even half way respectable shooting. The cleaning oil must follow the use of the rifle, the same day, and the sooner the better. After Lesmok or Semismokeless the best way is to scrub out the bore with dry rags until they come out fairly clean, then use a brass or steel brush, dripping with a nitro-oil of some sort. A dry rag follows, then a rag soaked in the nitro-oil, leaving the barrel thoroughly coated with it when it is set away.

The .22 is a dirty little brute, particularly the repeater, which is hurriedly opened before the gas is out of the barrel, allowing the mechanism to become full of fouling from the smoking shells. This is corrosive, and the metal parts should get a wiping, and then a doping with a rag moistened with nitro-oil.

It is this necessity for cleaning the parts that makes me dislike a rifle that cannot be taken apart with the fingers for cleaning after use. Preparations that are fine for taking care of the sensitive .22 barrel are Acme Nitro Solvent, Marble Oil, Hoppe No. 9, and Rem Oil.

My own favorite is a '97 Marlin barrel and receiver, which I have had Wundhammer stock to order. The barrel is heavier than usual, wonderfully accurate, and 26 inches long, instead of 24. The rifle comes out at

6¾ lbs. weight, not 5½ like most repeaters of 24 inch barrel. Two things I ask of the .22 repeater. One is that it work all the time without balking, the other that it holds lots of cartridges in the magazine. The Marlin takes in 25 Shorts or 18 Long Rifles, against 11 Long Rifles for some makes—and I never could see the sport of stopping your fun to pour down greasy cartridges into a tubular magazine. My stock is longer than usual, 13½ inches, the forestock extends farther out the barrel, and it is heavier, affording a grip for the left hand, but yet not looking clumsy. The rear sight is of course the tang, peep, I'm not boob enough to use the open sight particularly on a rifle of this type.

Unless for the specific purpose of killing game larger than the .22 will handle, I cannot see the advantage of such cartridges as the .25-20, or the .25 rimfire, with their huge prices compared to the Long Rifle. They cannot be used for the ordinary joyful blazing away of the .22 without the pocketbook of the millionaire. The Long Rifle, Lesmok or its twin, Semismokeless, costs around \$3.00 per thousand, retail. The .25 rimfire, adapted to Marlin repeaters costs about \$7.50 per thousand. The .25-20 lead bullet costs \$15.00 per thousand, and in metal patched bullet it costs \$16.00. So you see to change to the next largest size means a jump of cost from \$3.00 to \$7.50, and to the .25-20 an increase in price equal to five times the cost of the Long Rifle. The .25 rimfire hardly offers the killing advantages that should accompany its higher price even though a man desired the gun for game alone, and for the blaze-away, it is not a whit better than the Long Rifle.

The Long Rifle with hollow point, is a very deadly little cartridge, far more so than the man using the solid bullet may imagine. For rabbits, coons, partridges, etc. there is no need for more power, and the little cartridge has of course killed far larger game. It should take a very decided need for more power to drag one out of the low cost of the .22 Long Rifle.

IN DEFENCE OF THE 30-30 AND ITS KIND

J. S. HICKS

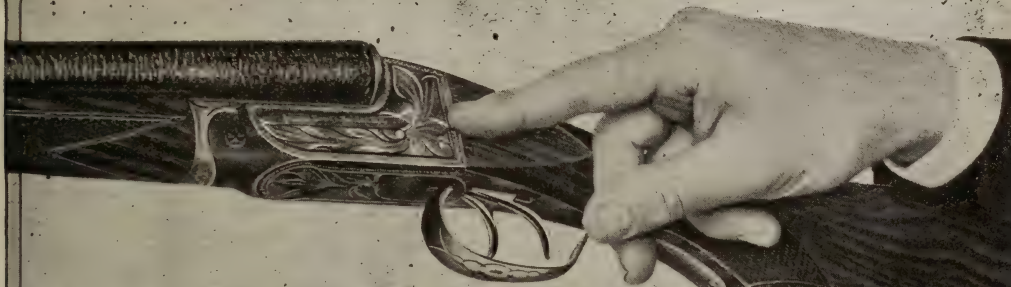
I have just read Mr. Hill's article in the March Number of "Rod and Gun," and although I am not by any means a .30-30 enthusiast, I certainly cannot agree with him in his sweeping condemnation of that popular arm and the class to which it belongs. As Mr. Hill refuses to consider any argument based on trajectory or energy figures—and in this I am inclined to agree with him—I shall confine myself to facts bearing out this subject that have come within my own experience.

Before going any farther, I wish to say that I have never owned a .30-30, nor in fact any of those arms that seem to have incurred Mr. Hill's disapproval.

When I decided to discard black for smokeless powder, I had in mind a gun that would be effective on bear—either black or grizzly—at

fairly long ranges, say up to 500 yards and after inquiring into the merits of the .30-30, .303 Savage, and others, my choice finally settled on the .30-220., (.30-220).

But although I have never owned, I have used the .30-30, also I have seen a good deal of its work in other hands, and consider it a very satisfactory arm for use on such animals as deer, caribou, goat and black bear, for moose and grizzly I prefer a more powerful gun, though I know many hunters have used it successfully on both. As indicative of its work at reasonable hunting ranges, I have seen a caribou bull dropped instantly by a breast shot at a distance of four hundred yards. I have seen other animals killed at fairly long ranges (hunting ranges I mean) but this case particularly impressed me as one



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of the cleanest kills I ever witnessed. Mr. Hill's comparison of the .30-30 and the .30 Springfield is absurd, the .30-30 is purely a sporting arm and was never intended for long range work. Moreover the man who shoots at game at those ranges—800 to 1000 yards with any rifle not fitted with a telescope deserves six months hard and the execration of his fellows. That sounds rather severe, but did you ever shoot a military rifle, over measured ranges, at a regulation target? If not try it some time, and see what showing you make at 800 to 1000 yards, then imagine yourself shooting under much more difficult conditions at a smaller bulls eye that is practically invisible, and figure out what your chances of making a clean kill would be. There is no excuse for shooting at such distance, a man who cannot get within decent range of his game, say 3 or 4 hundred yards at most is a very poor hunter indeed. Unfortunately a great deal of this long range shooting is done, especially in the West, and what makes it still more deplorable, when shot at from long range game will seldom seek cover until hit. As further proof of the ineffectiveness of the .30-30 Mr. Hill relates an instance of an elk which continued to run after being shot through the lungs. Now I have never heard the stopping power of the 45-70 questioned even by the apostles of smokeless powder and high velocity, but I have seen exactly the same thing happen with that old reliable in the leading role and the deer (it was a deer in this case and not a very large one; kept going until it reached cover, then lay down, as Mr. Hill's elk would probably have done, had it been let alone. In another instance I clipped the point of a deer's heart, at less than 20 yards with the .30-220, but the animal kept going for several hundred feet and I believe actually died in the air. This is not the only instance I have known of a deer continuing to run after receiving a heart wound, and I cite it particularly because the arm used must still be regarded as modern and 'high power'. After hunting deer with a variety of arms, ranging from the muzzle loader with round patched ball, I have come to the conclusion that only a brain or a vertebral shot can be relied on to stop a deer instantly.

Mr. Hill mentions a number of arms of which he approves, and while he does not say so, the inference is that one shot from any of those guns, passing within the body cavity

at any point is sufficient to anchor the game, in other words cripple it so that it cannot escape. Now let us see just what this means, nearly all deer that escape with mortal wounds are paunched, gut-shot or have broken legs; for a leg shattered by a modern rifle bullet is equivalent to a death wound and that of the most pitiable kind.

Let us charge the broken legs to profit and loss, for whether wounded by a .30-30 or a six inch naval gun, leave a deer three good legs to run upon, and the average sportsman, the man responsible for nine tenths of such cripples, may kiss his hopes of getting that deer good bye. There remains the paunched and gut-shot unfortunates. When a bullet, whether high or low velocity, enters the body of an animal it carries with it a certain amount of energy and its effect is governed not so much by the sum total of that energy, as by the amount expended with in the body of the animal (am I right Mr. Professor of ballistic?) Therefore it appears to me that in order to produce the effect ascribed to it, the high velocity bullet must mushroom on the soft tissues of the abdomen with almost explosive effect, and yet those arms are recommended by their manufacturers for use on our largest and most dangerous game. What do you suppose becomes of their penetrative power when directed against the muscular development of the grizzly, for my part, I'd rather paste him with a soft boiled potato, he wouldn't be half so badly peaved. But stay! Perhaps we are supposed to creep up and shoot him in the belly, sort of submarine, torpedo effect. What—now don't think that I am trying to cast discredit on our latest fire arms. I believe that in the hands of a man who can shoot, and who knows when and where to shoot they are all the makers claim, but I do maintain that even as in the days of the muzzle loader, the man behind the gun is still the most important factor in a hunt, and that this silly exaggeration of the power of modern fire arms has brought lingering agonizing death to many innocents of our wilds.

Which brings us back to the .30-30, a good reliable arm for game of medium size, when used with judgment and skill, but like any other repeating rifle, an instrument of cruelty and senseless waste in the hands of one who relies on his magazine, rather than his own skill and knowledge of woodcraft to bring home the bacon.

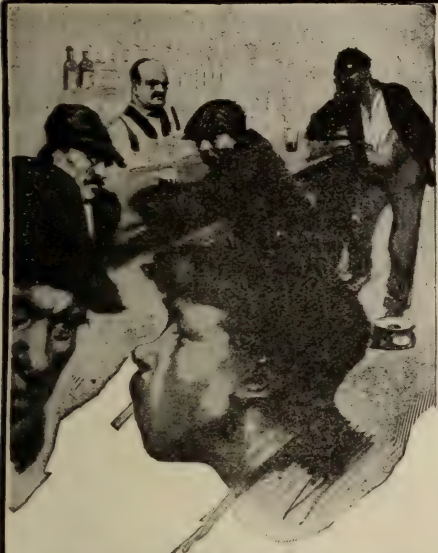
THAT GOOD LITTLE RIFLE, THE .22 CALIBER

J. W. M.

THE fine article by James Fox in the February Guns and Ammunition Dept. is practical, helpful, and strictly accurate in every respect. The owner of a .22-calibre who follows his advice as to care of rifle and choice of ammunition will get the utmost efficiency and satisfaction from its use if he keeps his cartridges in good condition and mounts an aperture rear sight of the Lyman type, ad-

justable for various distances.

The owner of a 1897 Model Marlin converted the regular buck horn sporting rear sight on that rifle into an aperture sight by removing the adjustable V-notch bar and substituting a home-made disc with a hole in the center. With the long rifle cartridge he can score well on the standard target at 200 yards. He uses his .22 in squirrel-hunting with



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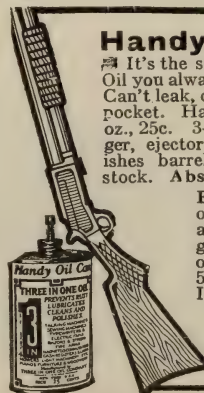
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much success and claims that it is best for that sort of work because its light report does not drive the squirrels into hiding. The roar of the 12-gauge is usually followed by a scarcity of squirrels for a considerable time.

How much careless use and neglect the .22 calibre will stand for and still do good work! Rusty, foul, leaded till the rifling is invisible, it will shoot truer than the man who let it get into such a state can hold it, if it is well cleaned out.

A good way to remove lead from a rifle barrel is to fill the barrel with ordinary table vinegar and let it stand a few hours, when it will usually be found that a snug-fitting rag on the cleaning rod will carry out the lead and powder residue and leave the barrel clear. Even a bullet stuck in the barrel will be reduced and softened so much

that it can be pushed out easily. The acetic acid of the vinegar converts the lead into its acetate or "sugar". The process need be carried only far enough to loosen up the baked-on crust of burnt powder and lead scrapings. Then wipe out the barrel thoroughly, oil it well, and in future follow the advice given by Mr. Fox.

The vinegar will not injure the rifle barrel to any visible extent; not so much as leaving it uncleaned over night after firing a dozen black powder cartridges. Anyway, the man who allows his rifle to become so foul that a bullet will stick in the barrel doesn't want to be too blamed particular. His rifle will stand the above-described treatment much better than the neglect and misuse that called for unusual measures.

THE 30-30 AS A BIG GAME GUN

TOM JACKSON

AFTER reading the article on The Shortcomings of the .30-30 as a Big Game Rifle in the March number we are almost tempted to ask if the writer of said article meant the big game of North America or Central Africa.

As to the fact of seeing deer shot in the shoulder with a .30-30 and afterward running until shot with a .45-70, well haven't we all seen red squirrels, black squirrels and hundreds of gophers here in Saskatchewan run a considerable distance after being shot with a .22 rifle. Most people however, will admit that the .22 is a good rifle for these animals. Haven't I seen a pigeon fly a quarter of a mile with a .22 through him? Haven't I seen several wild geese fly from two to three hundred yards and then fall dead. In fact a well proven case has come to my notice where a goose flew over one half mile with a .44 Winchester through his body. According to Mr. Hill then a .22 is too small for pigeon or a .44 is too small for geese.

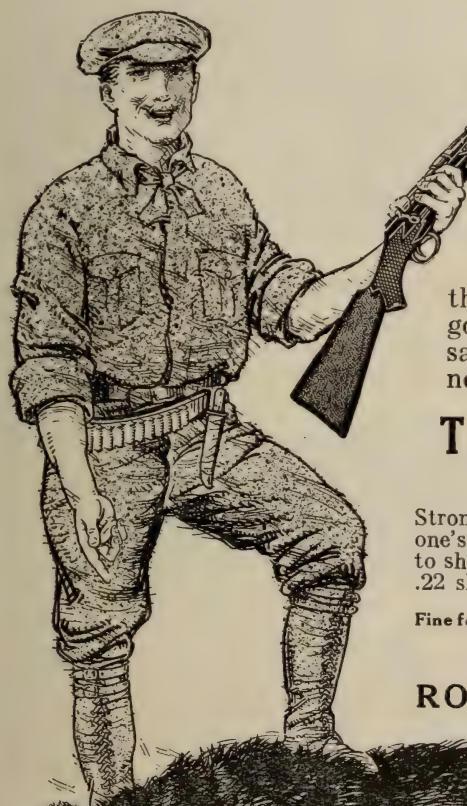
Further I have seen a coyote play out a team of horses after being shot through the bowels with a .35 Auto Remington and I have also seen a coyote lay down and die after having the front leg shot through up near the body with the same gun. Surely the .35 Auto is no toy gun and is surely big enough for coyotes. But why does one run so far and the other die with what one would naturally think was the less severe wound? If Mr. Hill can answer that I think he will know the reason why both his deer and elk ran away whereas hundreds of hunters have seen all the big game animals of America fall dead with nothing but the despised .30-30 bullet in them.

Now I notice in our big game report for this province (Sask.) there were 902 moose and 166 elk shot last fall. Am I wrong in

saying that 75 per cent. to 80 per cent. of these big game were shot with the wee .30-30 and other rifles of its class? I think not and I was there and of the rifles that I saw and examined that percentage is low. The popular rifles up there seemed to be .38-55, .38-72, .30-30, .32 Special; 35 Auto; .351 Self Loading and even the .22 Hi-Power was there and it got the moose too. Why were these men using these rifles? Because the moose is only a small animal and easy to kill? No, because these rifles are plenty big enough for the moose and he is admitted to be the daddy of all the deer tribe in the world I believe. As one half breed expressed it when I asked him as to whether the .30-30 was big enough for moose; his reply was "kill moose? Kill elephant." Now the half-breed had doubtless never shot an elephant but his reply showed his absolute faith in it for moose. Now Mr. Hill's deer may be harder to kill than moose, but one would not think so judging from size and weight. I have stood behind a .30-30 and shot a moose at 415 yards *measured* distance. Did he run away? No he never got on his feet again and that was a shoulder shot too. I have also fired this same rifle four times at a wounded moose at about 25 yards and upon quartering him afterward you would all agree that no animal of flesh and blood could stand any of the awful wounds and go very far. Didn't my partner get his moose at over 200 yards with the .22 Hi-Power and the moose didn't go far either? These moose had head measurements of 49, 53½ and 54½ inches and would weigh 1200 lbs. each I should judge. In fact the shipping weight of the three heads (cut close too) was 340 lbs. From the above isn't the .30-30 big enough for the biggest of them. I think so, don't you other fellows agree with me?

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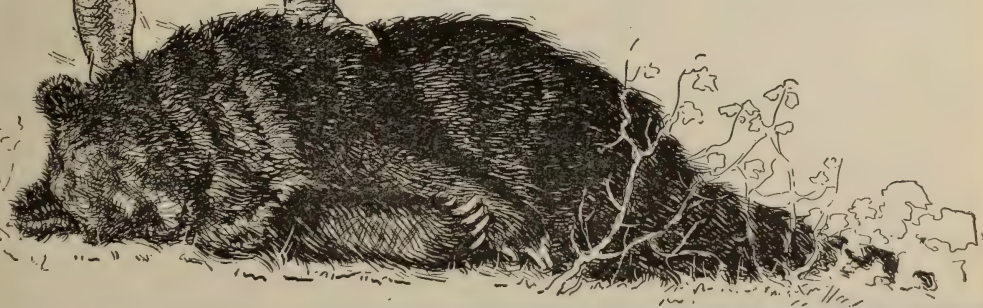
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ANOTHER BACK NUMBER

A. D. F.

MR. Hill in a recent issue of this valuable magazine has given vent to a very scathing and altogether complete denunciation of rifles of the .30-30 class when considered as a big game arm. It has occurred to the writer however that it would have been much more timely if Mr. Hill had confined his condemnation to an arm more worthy of such an outburst—the out-of-date but still largely used patriarch the .40-40, a rifle adapted to at best but a revolver cartridge and an arm which has the “punk little .30-30” referred to by Mr. Hill skinned a mile as far as inefficiency is concerned.

This former gun though but a relic of Civil War and belonging to a time when game was fifty times as plentiful as now and generally speaking hunting conditions much better than in these days of game which has learned the fear of man, is still used to a surprising extent even by those who should know better than to use a rifle so absolutely devoid of game

getting properties.

Readers, please consider the .40-40—an arm which at 100 yards has actually only 1034 ft. lbs. energy (Winchester figures) as against 1735 ft. lbs. for the .30-30 so greatly denounced by Mr. Hill. At 200 yards the former punches only something like 850 ft. lbs. to the .30-30's 1493. So you can see fond reader that if Mr. Hill's pet aversion the .30 W. C. F. is worthy of any sneers, the still much less powerful .40-40 can be safely chucked on the junk heap with a clear conscience.

In these days of real rifles it pays not to monkey with second rate deceivers like unto the .44-40 and yes, even the .30-30.

Many are the arms from which to choose and there is no excuse for hunters of 1915 going after big game (1915 game also mark you!) with weapons which saw their first hunting season somewhere in the '70's and '90's respectively.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

A RESPONSE TO THE QUERY OF R. R. M. IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: In the February issue of this Department R. R. M. who is about to purchase a shot gun asks your opinion on a make to select from but for obvious reasons you refrain from advising him and write for the expression of the views of your readers.

I have given practical tests to a number of modern shot guns, examined many and read every word of catalogues of others in forming a conclusion as to the most suitable and safest gun for all around use in Canada. After a good deal of careful thought and study I have selected a Winchester Model 1912 Trap Grade Repeater with raised matted rib.

In arriving at my conclusion I just decided what a reasonable limit of price would be and fixed it at \$55.00. This is enough to spend on a gun without ornamentation but of strength and durability. Some pay many times that price but I would prefer to keep what they would spend and with the money purchase new guns from time to time as important improvements are made and so keep up to date in all modern features. Besides if one loses his gun by accident or otherwise the loss is not so great. I do not consider guns costing less than \$40.00 when new reliable for a man who does any large amount of shooting. Their patterns are often inferior resulting in misses where aim is perfect. A sportsman must have confidence in his gun and know that it shoots right and is absolutely safe, for then if he misses he knows that the fault is in his aiming and that he has room for improvement, whereas with an unreliable gun he can only reach a certain efficiency even

if his aim is perfect and he will be excelled by a poorer shot with a better gun.

Another question is as to the style of the gun i. e. whether single or double barreled. I think the single barrel is to be preferred for the following reasons which I give with due deference to the large number of users of double barrel guns. *First:* With the raised matted rib there is a tendency to greater accuracy in sighting, the single barrel being only half the width of the double and consequently only obstructing the view half as much, thereby enabling one to find the target in trap or duck shooting or at other moving objects with greater ease. Further the end of the double barrel being of a greater width, one often believes he is aiming correctly when he sees his bird over the end of his barrels (after making due allowance for wind on the speed of the bird) but often times the gun is not pointing exactly as he thinks. This only happens when taking a quick hurried shot, and often results in a miss. With a single barrel this is not so apt to happen for he can plainly see that if he pulls the trigger he is going to miss and he therefore delays firing till the barrel is in exactly the right position. In other words the large end of a double barrel often deceives one into thinking that he is pointing at an object when really he is not and a single barrel would show him that he was not. *Second:* One of the objects of a double barrel is to have two shots. With a single barrel repeater there are six. *Third:* Reloading a double barrel in cold or wet weather in a hurry where game is close by is often a slow clumsy operation even when it is equipped with an automatic ejector. The repeater like the repeating rifle used for

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large game does this automatically upon the action being operated by a pull and a move of the left arm without removing heavy units. *Fourth:* A double barrel has been said to have the advantage of furnishing two bores namely, a full choke bore which will make a close pattern and a cylinder bore for bush shooting but the choke bore barrel using a "scatter load" shell of any size of shot will give a wide pattern sufficient for all purposes for which an open bore might be required. The ammunition therefore does what the two barrels used to do in this regard.

Then in the choice of a repeater I may say that the Remington, Stevens and Marlin people all make splendid guns but at the present time I am of the opinion that the Winchester 1912 Model Hammerless Trap grade repeating shot gun excels in quality of material compactness, ease of operation and in strength though possibly not in ornamentation which does not take my fancy in selecting a good serviceable gun that will stand hard usage. A full choke, 30 inch barrel is the best, it being the standard length and giving full efficiency to the cartridges now manufactured. If greater lengths were required or improved the shooting qualities the manufacturers would recommend longer barrels which they do not, though they do not necessarily disapprove of them. The above is my own candid opinion and you may rest assured that I am not an agent or dealer in Winchester goods or financially interested in any way whatever.—E. O. A.

(Your letter is very interesting and should give our enquirer some valuable pointers. The choice of a shotgun as with a rifle lies chiefly with the individual but the views and experiences of those who have gone through the game are always a source of help to the novice. We thank you for your very evident spirit of co-operation and trust to hear from you again.—A. B. G.;

LIKES THE BOLT ACTION.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have been a Newstand subscriber to Rod and Gun for about three years and would not miss a copy for double the price. I note with interest the addition of a Guns and Ammunition department and hope to get a lot of useful information therefrom. Now let me start something. I suppose there will be a big howl from some of the Lever Action men but I favor the Bolt Action as being the better of the two, be it the straight pull or of the Springfield or Mauser type. I have handled both lever and bolt in various makes and calibers. Not only is the latter type of arm stronger, simpler, with fewer parts, easier to clean but more accurate shooting can be done with this type of arm than with any Lever Action rifle on the market. I believe the one piece stock has a great deal to do with this feature. As for speed of fire there is not much difference—the straight pull being somewhat quicker having the box type of magazine the new spitzer bullets can be used with safety. Personally I would not care to use this type of bullet in a tubular magazine and should expect my rifle to come "unmade" somewhat. Style of caliber depends on the

game. There is no such thing as an "all round rifle." You would not drive carpet tacks with a 10 pound sledge hammer, nor would one endeavour to drive home a 6 inch spike with a tack hammer, then why go after big game with such pop guns as .32-20, .25-20 and such like?

I found the Ross .303 excellent on caribou and black bear in British Columbia. Quick, accurate and with no recoil. The same shell in my partner's Box Magazine Winchester developed considerable energy in the rear. On my last trip I used a Sauer-Mauser chambered for the '06 Springfield ammunition. It is a very fine shooting rifle and a wide range of loads can be had, from the .220 gr. soft point to the 150 gr. spitzer although the latter is somewhat light and has a tendency to deflect on striking a bone a glancing blow.

I would like to hear through these columns from someone who has used the Model E. 10 Ross, chambered to take the .35 Winchester shell. It looks good to me. For Revolvers, I like the .38 Special. Smith & Wesson have also done good work with the Colt's Army 32-20. Glad to see the Pump gun argument is closed. I get all the ducks the law allows here with a Double, although some fellows claim they can shoot better over one tube. My favorite load is 3½ drs. Dupont Powder and 1 oz. No. 6 ch. shot. It has high velocity killing results equal to No 4 and has much denser pattern. You don't have to hold so far ahead either, nor does one have to paddle all over the bay after cripples. Now if this misses the basket I may butt in again on you gun men. Let's get Mr. Geikie working overtime in this department. It would not do for all to like the same gun.

A write up about what you think of your favorite "hardware" makes good reading for the other fellow.

F. W. L.

(We are pleased to hear from you and are especially glad to learn that you admire the Ross .303. We will publish your letter in the hope that we can secure some practical information regarding the Ross chambered for the .35 Winchester from our readers who have used the arm. The Ross rifle stands in a class by itself and is an arm which has yet to be excelled in mechanical excellence, durability and finish—in all respects a rifle of which to be proud. A. B. G.

A READER'S EXPERIENCES IN SIGHT-ING RIFLES.

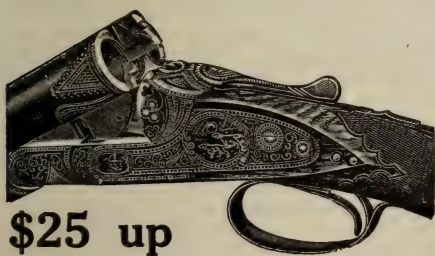
Editor Guns and Ammunition: With the modern high power rifle daily becoming more accurate and efficient the question of proper sights also increases in importance, for after all of what avail is this increased accuracy if the hunter is not able to make use of it because of improperly fitted and adjusted sights? Many a good rifle has been thrown aside as useless because the sights were not suitable to the eyes of the owner or were not properly placed. An instance of this once came under my notice where a friend of mine who had bought a Model .95 Winchester and had gone on a hunting trip and upon his return came to me with the rifle complaining that it "was no good and that he could not hit anything

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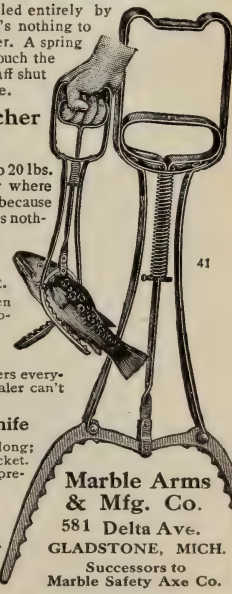
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with it." Now I knew he had always been called a fair shot so thought perhaps there was something wrong with the rifle, that it might have been damaged in some way so I asked him to leave it with me for a few days and as soon as an opportunity presented itself, tried it out and found that I could shoot very well with it so came to the conclusion that the fault was in my friends eyes instead of in the rifle. So I fitted the arm up with Lyman Receiver sights and a Semi Jack Ivory bead front sight putting a blank in the slot of the regular rear sight and then sent word to the disgusted shooter to come down and try the outfit and the results of that trial were so satisfactory that although that was some years ago, he is using that rifle to this day and has brought down some good specimens with it. On another occasion a party of us went on a hunting trip and among the number was a young fellow who had never hunted big game before and did not know very much about rifles although he was called a good shot with the "scatter gun". He had bought a high power rifle a few days before starting and had tried it a few times but could not seem to get much out of it so when we arrived at the Railway station where we were to get teams for the trip into the woods, we spent a day in trying to help him to learn to use the rifle with better results but did not seem to improve appreciably and kept complaining of not being able to see the rear sight which was of the regular sporting buckhorn type, commonly supplied on repeating rifles. At last when we were nearly in despair of ever making a rifle shot of him it suddenly struck the writer that perhaps there was some defect in his eye sight which caused the rear sight to blur badly and as I knew the farther the rear sight was from the eye the less it had a tendency to thus blur I removed it and turned the sights around so that it projected toward the muzzle of the rifle instead of toward the breech and had him try it and was pleased to find he could do much better. I afterwards fitted that rifle with a tang peep sight with large aperture and a gold bead front sight and the owner became a fair rifle shot while if he had stuck to the regular sights he would have become discouraged and probably have given it up as a bad job long ago. I could go on and mention a number of similar instances but I think these will serve to illustrate my meaning.

To my mind one of the greatest arguments against the bolt action rifle is in a number of cases the difficulty of fitting rear peep sights in a proper position and the consequent high cost of such sights when properly fitted and it has been my experience that very few sportsmen can do really fine shooting with the open sights commonly supplied by the makers on any of our well known makes of rifles and it seems a pity that an arm which is capable of doing such really fine work as some of these arms can do should be handicapped with inferior sights, personally I would prefer a cheap rifle with the proper sights correctly fitted and adjusted to a high priced rifle with factory sights.

I find that a rifle fitted with Lyman or Marble rear peep sights placed as far back as possible without endangering the eye in throwing the rifle to the shoulder, an Ivory

bead front sight and a Lyman leaf sight in rear slot suits me about as well as anything I have yet seen. For hunting, some prefer the gold and silver bead front sights and they have the advantage of being less liable to get broken when hunting but I like the Ivory bead and have carried rifles fitted with them over a great many miles of trail and have yet to experience any trouble with them, but I realize that perhaps everyone is not as careful of their rifle as the writer so have when fitting sights often recommended the use of the silver or gold beads where the weapon was likely to receive hard knocks or careless treatments.

The telescope sight is splendid and for target work cannot be surpassed but for hunting except in the case where long range shots are likely to be the rule such for instance as shooting elk in open country, in such places as the Newfoundland Barrens, I do not think it is just the thing for ordinary hunting first, because it tends to make the rifle clumsy which cuts down the speed with which it can be brought to bear for quick shots and secondly, it is in no case a very rugged instrument and is not suited to the rough usage a great many sporting rifles receive on the game trail. And my experience has been that when it comes to actual hunting especially in rough country the lighter and less incumbered the arm is with fixtures the better it will suit, provided of course that it retains such fixtures as tend to make it really efficient without adding materially to its weight, and right here let me state that this is where a lot of good rifles fall down as an ideal sporting arm they are altogether too heavy to tote around all day over rocks and logs, one only has to try *once* to climb the side of a mountain in about a foot of snow to find out that every pound counts, and personally I prefer a light rifle with sling strap even if some velocity and shocking power has to be sacrificed. This applies also to shotguns and is one of the chief reasons why I prefer the smaller gauge.

Among a number of rifles I have fitted with special sights, all of which have given good satisfaction, I will choose one of each leading make and tell how it was equipped in the hope that the information may be helpful to some of my fellow sportsmen.

First is a Remington Autoloder .35 cal. This was fitted with a Lyman No. I. A. rear sight which has a special base which adapts it to this rifle and makes a very clean and neat looking job and is easily attached as all these arms have the usual screw hole made at the factory for attaching the sight and all that is necessary is to remove the plug screw put in to fill the hole and place in the screw that is furnished with the sight. After having placed the latter in position, it is sometimes necessary to lift up one side or the other of the sight a little to get it exactly in line but this can easily be done with a small strip of paper and if carefully trimmed off around the outside will not show when the sight is tightly screwed up, for a front sight I used a Sheard gold bead and in the place of the regular rear sight I placed a Lyman Leaf sight which also has a special base made to fit this rifle. On a Marlin 32-40 Model '93 Grade A. rifle I fitted a Lyman Semi-Jack Ivory bead front sight with a No. 6 Lyman Leaf

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sight in rear sight slot and a Marlin Receiver sight placed as its name implies on the top of the receiver, this sight is also easy to attach as all late models of these rifles have screw holes in the top of receiver for attaching. On a Savage .303 was placed a Lyman No. I. A. which is made with special base to adapt it to this rifle. In the rear sight slot I placed a Lyman No. 12 slot blank and for a front sight used a Marble Improved Gold bead which is a splendid sight for quick shooting and one I can recommend to anyone who wishes to make wing or running shots. A Winchester Model '95 was fitted with a Lyman No. 38 Receiver sight which is similar to the No. 21 only that it has the additional advantage of a wind gauge which is of course more useful at the target than in hunting, yet as it adds very little to the weight and cost is I think to be desired as it makes an all around sight that is hard to beat, this sight has to be fitted and the screw holes have to be drilled and tapped so I would not advise an amateur to attempt it, but should you wish to do so the Lyman people will furnish tap and drill with the sight at a small additional cost, the front sight used was a No. 26 Lyman Ivory bead with a blank place of the regular rear sight.

All these rifles gave splendid satisfaction and I should strongly advise all hunters and would-be sportsmen to get familiar with these sights and when purchasing a new rifle see that it is properly equipped and I am sure that when you have given them a fair trial you will say with me that half the value of the rifle as a game killer lies in having it properly sighted and that a cheap rifle with good sights is better than an expensive one poorly sighted.

M. D. G.

(Your views on the superiority of the tang or receiver peep sight over the usual open rear sight are correct and it is the writer's opinion that the former type of sights are as much in advance of the latter as the breech loading system is an improvement over the muzzle-loading Hawkins.

It is true that good shooting has been done with the ordinary open or buckhorn rear sight but the shooter is always under a heavy handicap and certainly does not get all that can be obtained in the way of accuracy from his pet arm until he has had either a Lyman or Marble rear sight fitted, the ordinary open sight removed and a gold, ivory or silver medium bead front applied.—A. B. G.;

AN OLD TIME AIR RIFLE..

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have noticed in Rod and Gun at different times cuts of collections of antique firearms, but I have not seen any in the cuts like one in my possession. It is an English Air Rifle, and I think must be very old as it was the property of my grandfather who died at the age of 60, over 50 years ago. It has an octagon barrel the whole length and grooved inside. Lock-plate, trigger guard, breech etc. are beautifully engraved with virgin gold scroll inlaid on breech with makers name "Jover Jr., Bond Street, London." Takes about a .40 cal. spherical bullet. The air chamber is a

spherical ball about 3 inches in diameter and screws on underneath just in front of trigger guard. Has heavy brass pump and bullet mould, set trigger, and is in perfect working order. I should be pleased if some one of those gentlemen owning those fine collections could advise me as to the age of my rifle, as I have no doubt they are well up in antique gun lore.

D. W.

(I am publishing your interesting description of the old air rifle and trust that those of our readers who are interested in these antique arms will respond through these columns and supply you with the desired information as to age of this strange weapon.—A. B. G.

ADMIRE THE .22 CAL. BAYARD

Editor Guns and Ammunition: The Guns and Ammunition Dept., each month is chuck full of Winchester, Marlin, Remington and Stevens gun talk. I have used one model or other of all four of these makes and also the Savage models, all in .22 calibre. All these rifles seemed to weigh out about the same to me, after a fair try-out, the weak points in one, being about as many as those in the others. I think that to all lovers of the sport, all rifles (but one) have their weak points. I may say, however, that I have never yet found a rifle that was not accurate if it were sighted properly and used only with the cartridges for which it was intended. The only .22 calibre rifle for me, at the present time, is the Bayard. This rifle is made in Belgium and is very cheap considering its beauty of finish and lines, I suppose on account of the cheap labor employed in its manufacture.

An advertisement of this rifle, appeared in the past, for some time, in Rod and Gun, but the accompanying picture did not do it justice as it was not taken from a photograph.

It is an auto-ejecting semi-automatic rifle, shooting one shot at a loading, but ejecting the empty shell and cocking the rifle by the recoil of the breech-bolt. It has a pretty little taper to the barrel and a checkered pistol grip. The stock is made of a beautifully grained, foreign wood and altogether it looks like a \$15.00 weapon.

The auto-ejection does away with all ejector troubles, of which there seems to be many in all rifles subject to wear and tear of the .22 calibre.

This is not a modern "machine-gun" like some fellows use, and yet has many advantages that the ordinary single-shot has not.

My Bayard cost me \$7.50 a price even school-boys can manage to raise. I anxiously await a reply to James H. Hood's question re the .22 H. P. Savage.

Wainwright, Alta.

W. A. Yeager.

(We are publishing your short communication for the benefit of the other readers who are not as yet familiar with the Bayard Semi-Automatic .22 and thank you for writing us.

As to Mr. Hood's enquiry regarding the "Imp" am pleased to be able to state that we are receiving numerous responses a few of which appear in this issue.—A. B. G.



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SIGHTS FOR .22 CAL. RIFLE.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have a .22 cal. Standard grade Remington repeater fitted with Lyman Combination Rear and regular bead front sights. I am looking for a better front sight and would appreciate your advice on the following points very much.

1. Which is the better sight (a) For target work, (b) for all-round work the $\frac{1}{16}$ inch or $\frac{3}{32}$ inch bead and is the ivory better than the gold bead.

2. Has the Improved Marble sight any particular advantage or disadvantage over the ordinary bead for .22 shooting.

3. What sight would you advise me to get for all-round work—principally target?

4. What are the standard .22 cal. target sizes.

A. S. P.

(In reply to your several queries would state that for target work only we have always preferred the $\frac{1}{16}$ inch bead rather than the $\frac{3}{32}$ inch though of course fairly good work can be done with the larger size. As to the choice between ivory and gold bead are afraid we cannot help you greatly as this is largely a matter of personal choice, personally, however we have found the former style very fine indeed though somewhat apt to become yellow with age and discolored from oil but with care it will last for years and give good service as will also the gold bead.

The Improved Marble Front sight with either ivory or gold bead is used largely for running shots and for fancy shooting in the air at glass balls and such stunts and is really an admirable sight for these purposes. It is furnished we believe in small, medium or large bead sizes and in either ivory or gold.

As an all-round sight when one wishes to have a front sight that will do well for either target or hunting any of the ordinary ivory or gold bead front sights will be found entirely satisfactory. We would advise you trying out the different styles as in this way you will learn much more by practical experience than by any advice I can give you through these columns.

As to the size for the various standard targets the three common sizes as supplied by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and other firms are known as the Gallery, the Championship and the Interclub target.—A. B. G.

A FINE OLD TIME FOWLING PIECE.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have a specimen of the work of the old-time gun-maker, a description of which may interest your readers.

It is a light single fowling-piece made some time in the days of the Regency, (1811-1820) during the latter years of King George II. It was made to order for my grandfather, Captain Charles Charteris of Cullivait, Dumfriesshire, who in his younger days served in the 28th Light Dragoons, but retired from the service to spend middle age and his declining years as a farmer at Cullivait. There is a tradition in the family that the Captain owned and used a double-barrelled fowling-piece, and that once after he had fired one barrel, he was preparing to reload it,

when his dog romping up to him managed to fire the loaded barrel, giving him a close call and a bad scare. No more double-barrel for him. He gave an order to some Edinburgh gun-makers to send him the best they could turn out in the shape of a single-barrel, and the same tradition relates that it set the Captain back to the tune of twenty guineas.

Built as a flint-lock before the invention of the percussion system, it was later converted by removing the part of the breech carrying the priming pan, and substituting a well-fitted and well-matched steel breech one inch in length, carrying a cylinder projecting so that its nipple was in line with the light hammer which replaced the flint-bearing original. The lock-plate still bears a peculiar flange in front of the hammer which was intended to serve as a flash-guard in its flint-lock days.

The barrel is of a close-grained twist, 30 inches in length, 12-gauge, practically the same as today's standard. The stock and fore-end are in one piece, the stock proper being in length shape, etc., practically the same as the present standard. The breech is of the "patent" type, the powder chamber of less diameter than the rest of the barrel. The trigger-guard is unusually broad, about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in the center, with a narrower extension loop backward which foreshadowed the modern pistol-grip. The gun weighs 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., and still affords safe, pleasant and effective shooting at moderate range, using the old-style loading flasks set at the shorter notches.

The barrel is of the half-octagon type, the 12 inches from the breech being octagon, and the 18 inches from the muzzle end round. Strictly speaking, only the first 9 inches from the breech is octagon, the edges being gradually flattened off till at the 12-inch mark the barrel is 16-sided, where it joins the round part of the barrel less abruptly than if octagon shape had been retained. The beginning of that change is marked by gold inlays, a thistle on the top and a star on each of the sloping sides. The 16-sided tip of the "octagon" part of the barrel is finished with a narrow gold band, and a gold oak leaf on each of the nine flat faces showing above the wood of the stock. Around the breech are a number of gold "trimmings." There are 3 narrow gold bands around the breech. On the flat top are an oval plate engraved "Innes & Wallace, Edin.", the three ostrich feathers, the crest of the Prince of Wales (then Regent), and a narrow scroll, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, engraved "Makers to His Majesty." (Geo. III.) On each sloping side there is a huntsman's horn and various scrolls, etc. On the trigger-guard is a name-plate in the shape of a shield $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long. All the above-mentioned are of gold inlaid.

The beginning of the round barrel is ornamented by a circle of engraved or forged figures of acorn shape tops pointing towards the muzzle. On the tang, close to the breech is a clear-cut and life-like engraving of a grouse beside a shrub, whether gorse, whin or heather I cannot tell.

Apart from the rather profuse ornamentation, this old-time fowling-piece is of interest because of the fine workmanship evident after nearly a century of wear and tear in the still



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F. G. Charteris.

P. S.—Gun is not for sale at any figure—my boy claims it.

F. G. C.

(Your description of this rare old arm will be read with great interest by our readers especially those who make a past-time of collecting these old timers and we thank you greatly for contributing such an interesting item to these columns.

The material and workmanship embodied in your fine old fowling piece would not suffer by comparison with any of our modern shot guns, indeed the painstaking care bestowed upon the former class of guns in the process of manufacture resulted in the finished gun possessing a certain quality of individuality almost totally lacking in our modern machine-made guns.—A. B. G.

LIKES THE MODEL 1890 WINCHESTER

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have been only an occasional reader of your magazine, owing to its lack of a strictly "gun department," and was most agreeably surprised, on casually looking through a copy the other night, to find the long felt want supplied. In order to show my appreciation I am subscribing without delay.

The success of this department will surely depend on the hearty co-operation of the shooting fraternity with the editor. Canadians have not been accustomed to airing their views in print, (Why not? Editor) and a vast amount of missionary work must be done in that way, and also in organizing clubs and leagues. If the arms and ammunition companies could be induced to assist and encourage rifle and revolver shooting to the extent that trap-shooting is encouraged, mutual benefit would result. For instance, targets are often times difficult to obtain, pasters must be imported or made to order, and excepting in military-shooting, the opportunities for competition are nix, due to the fact that we have no organization.

The military shots are well taken care of also the sporting rifle men, and we have a wealth of each, but the poor fellows who are under a handicap, are the users of Schuetzen rifles, .22 cal. rifles and target revolvers. Turkey matches in the late fall and early winter are about the only chance of friendly competition open to the enthusiast with the fine single shot target rifle, and the number of such rifles in the country suggests the possibility of organizing. At a turkey match the writer attended this winter, owing to the approaching dusk all entries were bunched and the actual count was twenty-three rifles.

Among the rifles used was a real, honest to goodness Ballard .38-55 which is credited with winning more feathers than any other gun in that locality. There was also a genuine old Sharp's with a pistol grip which had evidently been built by a past master, a sprinkling of Winchester and a goodly number of Stevens. You may be sure it took only one look to get wise to the fact that some shooting would be done. I am the possessor of a Stevens No. 52

with all the war paint, and manage to hold down the rear end of our little club, which would suggest that I am surely more enthusiastic than expert.

I was greatly interested in the splendid article by Mr. James Smith, on the merits of the 1890 Winchester, and consider it is justly entitled to be called the pioneer among man-sized .22 cal. repeater, and a most efficient arm. However, he gracefully slurred over the fact that it may have some weak points, even in the eyes of its best friends. The result of some considerable experience with an 1890 model .22 W. R. F. is that in my opinion it has three features which could be improved upon. It cannot be readily cleaned from the breech, without the use of tools in dismounting the breech block. No doubt you will all agree with me that the ordinary .22 is the most abused and neglected of all rifles, owing possibly to the small bore and the lack of first class cleaning rods on our market. Any change which would allow cleaning from the breech, would be a distinct improvement. There is a splendid rod of steel, composition covered, with ball-bearing swivel handle, similar to our military rods, but I have not heard of them being stocked in our sporting goods stores. A good hickory rod is the best substitute and if used with Hoppe's No. 9 Nitro Solvent, will get results. All brother gun cranks may skip the little lecture re cleaning, it is intended for the boys, who are probably the greatest users of .22 cal. rifles, and who usually keep their barrels in a deplorable condition.

The second feature which could be improved on is the grip. I much prefer a pistol grip and shot gun butt, and consider it essential in rapid work, there being no reason why a rifle grip and stock should not have the hang and fit demanded by a trap shooter. Of course this model may be obtained with pistol grip, but the cost is almost 100 per cent, higher.

The sliding fore end also would suit me much better by being made longer, or placed further up the barrel.

The third item is the fact that it is not made to handle the best of all cartridges, the .22 long rifle. While the .22 W. R. F. is certainly superior as a strictly hunting load, and gives as good results as a larger load, the cost is considerably higher and if much shooting is done this soon amounts to quite a tidy sum. My preference for a rifle to handle shorts, longs and long rifles is no doubt open to criticism so I will hasten to say, in self defence, that most decidedly would not use any other cartridge than the one for which it is chambered, in a first class target barrel. In a repeating rifle the extra convenience of being able to handle cheap squib target loads, full range target, and hard hitting game loads in the same rifle more than offset any possible injury to the barrel. I have used a Model 1897 Marlin belonging to a shooting pal a great deal and that gun has had over forty thousand rounds fired through it,—shorts and long rifles, and still shoots closer than either of us can hold. The B. S. A. Co'y. have an interesting theory that the use of the short shell in a long rifle chamber, will cause the latter to be eaten away, or bulged just ahead of the short cartridge. Now if this were so,

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Long Distance Phones: Main 2406, St. Louis 2516

it would cause trouble in extracting long shells which I have never noticed though doubtless machine rest trials might show a different tale as to accuracy at any rate.

The sights on my 1890 Winchester are Lyman's I. A., No. 6, No. 17. The stem of the I. A. is removed and a No. 47 inserted, with large disc and screw for lateral adjustment. It suits me much better as the I. A. is very hard to locate in gallery work, and it is no trick to change stems for hunting purposes, and if required, in a bad light, the No. 6 is ready for instant use. I always use ammunition loaded with King's Semi-smokeless or Lesmok, and find it the cleanest and most accurate. No black or smokeless loads need apply.

In conclusion, let me say that I have no intention of parting with my staunch little friend, the 1890 Winchester. There are, no doubt many guns inferior and few superior to it. It never seems to wear out, never jams, the pull is just three pounds, clean and snappy, and we will try to worry along together for awhile yet.

Wishing you every success in your efforts to promote the interests of gun lovers.

Very truly yours,

A. L. K.

(We are pleased to publish your breezy communication and think it will be of interest to all.

The Model 1890 Winchester is indeed a nice little arm though as you state open to improvement in a few minor details which may in the course of time be dealt with by the makers.

As to your remarks concerning the difficulty experienced in cleaning this arm owing to the necessity of removing the breech block would advise that method of procedure is somewhat toilsome and would suggest that instead of going to all this labor in cleaning you take down the arm by unscrewing the screw situated on the left hand side of the frame as intended and then much more easily be able to clean the rifle from the breech as it always should be.—A. B. G.

ANOTHER READER FINDS .22 CAL. SMOKELESS RIM FIRE AMMUNITION UNSATISFACTORY

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I am greatly pleased to note that we are to have a real Gun and Ammunition Dept. in Rod and Gun. Long life to it!

I strongly endorse the remarks of Mr. Fox and your comments re smokeless powder in .22 caliber cartridges. Personally I regard this type of ammunition as an invention of the Evil One to ruin good rifle barrels.

It is the name "smokeless" that sells them to the average buyer as they will pay more for an inferior smokeless than for the reliable and accurate Lesmok or Semi-smokeless loaded cartridges, more's the pity.

The lubricated bullets are messy when using a single shot but that is the penalty for accurate but cheap ammunition.

In my latest .22 a Marble Game Getter, I gave the smokeless a thorough trial, cleaned thoroughly and used a high grade oil, and nearly ruined my barrel in less than two

months; never again.

I find the best way to carry the cartridges is to place the cover of the box, upright, over the end of the box and carry in the vest pocket, this way the cover keeps the box from tipping over in the pocket and it is easy to pick the cartridges out when you want one in a hurry.

A. M. Allen.

(Your opinion of rim fire smokeless ammunition is true in every respect and we are publishing your communication in the hope that an account of a rifle ruined simply through use of those cartridges may do some good to the other fellow who is still sceptical regarding the vicious nature of this ammunition. I thank you for writing and hope to hear from you again.—A. B. G.

WILL OUR READERS PLEASE ANSWER.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Would some one, who has used the New Remington U. M. C. pump-action, high power, repeating rifle kindly give me his opinion on this gun. The makers claim that the cartridges do not touch each other in the magazine. I would like to know whether the bullet is in any way deformed in passing through the magazine. In other respects, such as the lines and balance I think this gun is admirable but I would like to be advised as to its working qualities.

G. Lewis.

(We trust that those of our readers who have used this arm will come to the rescue and send in their views for publication. Do not be backward in doing so because no one will jump on you for holding your own views but all will be glad to hear what you have to say regarding this pump action rifle.—A.B.G.

ANOTHER REPLY TO R. R. M.'S QUERY IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Please advise R. R. M. who was asking for information regarding the choice of a shotgun in a recent issue to put back in those guns he has "eliminated" and if he wants a chance on pump guns to add also the Stevens, Marlin and Remington, shake the whole thing in a hat and select one at random.

In my opinion there is very little difference between the shooting qualities of any of the above but I believe your enquirer can get a better gun among the pumps than among the doubles for the same money.

But the objection to the pump is that even if he likes to use it, the various Governments are fast legislating against it. While personally I do not admire these guns every one to his own choice.

Subscriber.

(We are publishing your short communication for the benefit of R. R. M. and while we do not believe our enquirer will adopt your plan of choosing a shot gun by chance work still your suggestion certainly is unique!

We thank you for writing and trust to hear from you again.—A. B. G.)

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MR. DE ANGELIS AGREES WITH THE EDITOR REGARDING RIM FIRE SMOKELESS AMMUNITION

Editor Guns and Ammunition:—I have read with the greatest interest and approval the article entitled "The Use and Care of the Popular .22" by Mr. James Fox, and your exceedingly able editorial comment on it on page 936 of the February number, and I cannot help writing to congratulate you on it.

My experience and observation as an employee of a rifle manufacturer, as well as my own personal experience, absolutely corroborates every word you say, and the information that you have given to the public in this article will result in preventing trouble and increasing the accuracy and usefulness of .22 calibre rifles all over the country.

The situation in regard to rim-fire ammunition ought to be thoroughly understood by everybody, although as you point out, very few people understand it. No one is injured in the least by giving out this information. It doesn't discriminate against any make of cartridges, because all cartridge manufacturers supply rim-fire cartridges loaded with either Semi-Smokeless or Lesmok Powder, and the shooter can select in every case the particular make which he prefers.

In a number of cases expert riflemen in writing on this subject have approached it in a diffident and half-hearted manner, and for some reason haven't had the courage to state all the facts and to state them as absolutely and fearlessly as you have done. Permit me

to congratulate you most cordially.

Very truly yours,
Pascal De Angelis.

(I am very pleased indeed to learn that the article by Mr. Fox and my comments upon same in the February number of this Department have met with the approbation of such an acknowledged authority as yourself, and with your permission am publishing your good letter in the hope that it may do some good in an educational way and aid in the good work of saving many a luckless twenty-two from the junk heap which is usually the ultimate destination of arms of this calibre in the hands of the average shooter who knows nothing about the care of such an arm but is nevertheless open to conviction. We do not cater to the uninformed *who refuse to be told*.)

The well posted rifle lover who admires the sterling qualities of a well kept, accurate and well balanced .22 caliber single shot or repeating rifle fitted with either telescopic, Lyman, or Marble sights would as soon use dynamite in his pet rifle as the vicious rim fire smokeless ammunition so generally used by the uninformed.

It is a noteworthy fact that the greatest users of such ammunition are either those who are too poor shots to observe the falling off in accuracy thus produced by such ammunition or are those who when the increasing inaccuracy begins to be noticeable immediately condemn the rifle itself, oftentimes breaking into print in ravings against the arm.—A. B. G.



Miss Lola Barrett, Kingston, P.E.I., feeding a black fox in one of the Island ranches.



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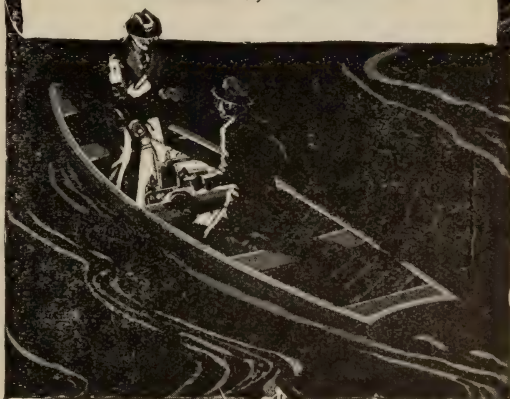
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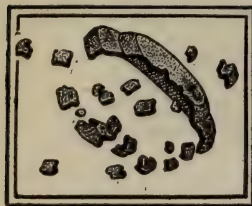
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TOURNAMENT DATES

- May 24th.—The Thousand Islands Gun Club Registered Tournament. C. A. Lewis, Mgr., Gananoque Ont.
- July 1, 2nd, 3rd.—Canadian Indians 10th Annual Pow-Wow, W. T. Ely, High Scribe, Canadian Indians, Imperial Bank Bldg., King and Sherbourne Sts., Toronto.
- June 8, 9, 10th.—Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association Tournament. W. J. Corby, Pres. Ottawa, Ont.

NOTICE TO CLUB SECRETARIES

Gun Club secretaries are reminded that scores of their shoots should be sent to the Trap Editor on or before the 1st of the month previous to the date of issue. That is to say, scores to be included in the June issue (which comes out in May) must reach us not later than May 1st.

Revelstoke Gun Club.

At the weekly shoot for the Western Cartridge Co. Medal on April 9th, the scores were:

	Shot at	Got	Broke	Total
W. A. Sturdy.....	50	9	41	50
Ed Tremble.....	50	9	30	39
A. J. Macdonell.....	50	2	41	43
Harry Cramer.....	50		41	41

W. A. Sturdy won the medal for the week. The Western Cartridge Co., who are represented by Mr. Harry Cramer have presented this club with a beautiful gold medal to be competed for by the club at their weekly shoots. It will be shot for on a target handicap based on the previous shoot.

Weekly Shoot of the Revelstoke Gun Club April 28.

	Got	Shot at	Broke	Total
Barber.....	3	50	36	39
Macdonell.....	3	50	41	44
Sturdy.....	3	50	38	41
Mulholland.....	8	50	29	37
F. G. White Scratch.....		50	46	46

Macdonell wins the Wester Cartridge Co Medal for the week.

Mr. White who shoots for the Dupont Powder Co. was the guest of the Club and after the regular shoot gave the boys a little touch of the Hand Trap.

Mr. White presented the Club with one of his Company's Silver Spoons to be competed for in the Weekly Shoots.

Greater Edmonton Gun Club.

At the annual meeting of the Greater Edmonton Gun Club the following officers were elected:

- Honorary president—P. E. Bowen.
President—D. McAfee.
First Vice-president—A. Garbe.
Second Vice-president—C. Martin.
Secretary-treasurer—J. M. McAfee.
Field Captain—C. Stanford.
Assistant Field Captain—A. Oliver.
Executive Committee—Club officers and J. Pollard, Jas. Robinson, G. Speers, A. E. McBain.
Auditor—A. Oliver.

The financial statement met with favorable comment as it showed the finances of the club to be in a good condition.

Dresden Two-Day Tournament.

The first day of the Dresden Gun Club shoot, saw a big field of high-class trap shooters in action April 7, under ideal weather conditions. There were five 15 and one 25-target events on the program totaling 100.

High gun honors were divided among H. O'Loane, of Chatham, and W. Hart, of Dresden, each breaking 94 out of the century, while H. L. Taylor, of Ridgetown, and J. W. Mallott, of Ruthven, were also tied for next highest scores with 93 out of 100.

Rowland Day, of London led the professionals with 93, while G. S. Walker, of Ottawa, was next with 87, with George M. Dunk, of Toronto, breaking 83. The scores were:

	Shot at	15	15	15	15	15	25	Broke
W. Hart.....	14	15	15	15	13	13	22	94
R. Day.....	14	14	14	14	14	13	24	93
F. Stotts.....	12	12	14	14	15	14	20	87
H. L. Taylor.....	15	14	13	14	14	14	23	93

At the club grounds on Good Friday 36 trap-shooters competed for the Alex. Martin trophy, the silverware finally being captured by the team from the Greater Edmonton Gun Club. But the N.C.G.C. did not relinquish their hold on the silverware without a struggle. After each team had shot at 125 targets, the score was tied at 114. In the shoot off, the G.E.G.C. won by one bird, the score being 116 to 115.

There was some fine scoring during the afternoon, and among those who registered "possibles" were H. J. Crabbs (2), D. McAfee, F. H. Morris, while there were numerous scores of 24. The scores:

	S.A.	Br.	Pet.
J. L. Conover.....	50	45	90
D. Currie.....	50	36	72
T. J. McNamara.....	50	41	82
A. J. Orr.....	100	80	80
H. J. Crabbs.....	100	92	92
W. Beckman (pro.).....	75	52	M
W. Beckman (pro.).....	75	52	69.2
W. C. Clark.....	50	31	62
F. E. Goode.....	25	15	60
E. Burnley.....	75	52	69.2
J. W. Holmes.....	50	40	80
Geo. Speers.....	50	39	78
W. A. Mores.....	100	88	88
D. McAfee.....	50	48	96
A. Logan.....	100	80	80
C. Stanford.....	75	55	73.3
F. Morris (pro.).....	75	72	96
D. Davies.....	50	26	52
C. J. Kirk.....	75	61	81.3
J. Pollard.....	50	44	88
Capt. Robinson.....	50	43	86
A. A. Hill.....	50	18	36
J. McDougall.....	50	33	66
A. Oliver.....	50	48	96
J. Glenister.....	50	38	76
J. M. McAfee.....	50	31	62
P. C. Kinney.....	75	50	66.6
A. H. Esch.....	100	68	68
G. M. Cowderoy.....	75	71	91.6
F. Goode, Jr.....	25	10	40
F. Fraser.....	25	15	60
W. R. Gouin.....	25	7	28
N. C. Wilson.....	50	45	90
A. Garbe.....	50	35	70
G. Gaywood.....	50	38	76
C. May.....	50	18	36
W. Blackett.....	50	25	50

Assiniboine Gun Club.

At the annual meeting of the Assiniboine Gun Club the officers elected were: President, E. M. Tuck; vice-president D. W. Law; secretary-treasurer, J. C. Wells; field captain, F. Nidd; committee, R. Patterson, A. Drut, E. M. Tuck, J. G. Martin.

Fort Garry Gun Club.

At the annual meeting of the Fort Garry Gun Club held on April 12th, officers and directors elected were as follows:

President, O. B. Smith; vice-president, Walter Barr; secretary-treasurer, Wm. Osborne; directors, J. H. Wye, Dr. F. T. Cadham, Fred Yates, C. H. Leaman, J. McL. Holiday and H. Bellevau; tournament committee, Wm. Osborne, O. B. Small and H. Wye.

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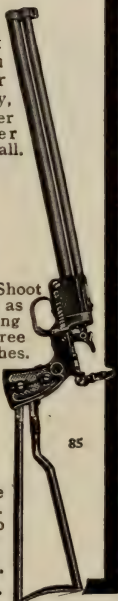
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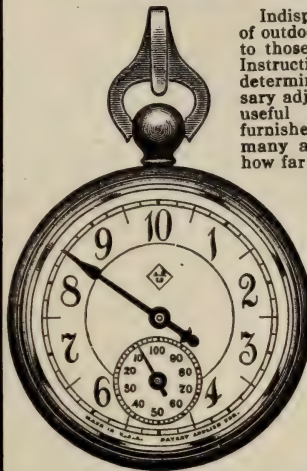
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F. Dalton.....	13	14	13	14	12	23-89
J. W. Mallott.....	15	13	14	13	15	23-93
Dr. Kelly.....	15	12	11	13	14	21-86
C. S. Kennedy.....	15	11	9	11	12	20-78
G. McGarvan.....	12	12	15	13	14	21-88
C. Compton.....	15	13	10	11	12	19-80
W. T. McCrary.....	10	9	10	12	9	15-65
W. Bilton.....	13	14	14	14	15	22-92
G. Perry.....	8	11	10	13	11	21-74
N. Sinclair.....	14	15	14	12	11	20-86
S. G. Vance.....	14	12	12	12	14	22-85
J. Payne.....	11	13	10	13	12	25-84
H. Smith.....	13	14	13	14	13	22-89
H. O'Loane.....	11	15	14	13	15	24-94
C. Smith.....	11	12	15	10	13	21-82
G. M. Dunk.....	12	15	14	13	11	18-82
G. S. Walker.....	14	14	12	13	12	22-87

W. Hart of Dresden carried off high gun honors the second day. The program, consisting of 12, 15 targets, proved fully as successful as the opening day, as the competitions were exceptionally close.

W. Hart broke 169 targets out of 180, while H. L. Taylor, of Ridgetown, captured second highest honors, getting 167 targets out of a possible of 180, with S. G. Vance, of Tillsonburg, third highest with 166.

Rowland Day, of London, again led the professionals with a high score of 169, while G. M. Dunk and G. S. Walker, of Toronto and Ottawa, were tie with 155. The scores were:

J. W. Mallott.....	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke
*G. M. Dunk.....	12	14	14	14	12	9	12	11	14	13	13	12-150
*G. S. Walker.....	12	12	15	13	11	14	14	14	12	14	11	13-155
C. Thompson.....	12	12	13	12	12	13	11	14	15	14	13	13-155
J. Bain.....	11	11	12	10	9	13	9	12	12	11	12	11-133
W. Hart.....	12	15	12	13	14	12	12	10	15	14	14	13-156
W. Hart.....	15	12	13	13	14	13	14	15	15	14	15	14-169
S. G. Vance.....	14	15	13	13	13	13	14	14	14	12	15	14-166
*R. Day.....	14	13	15	15	15	14	15	14	13	13	15	13-169
H. L. Taylor.....	13	9	15	15	15	14	14	13	14	15	14	14-167
Dr. Kelly.....	14	13	14	15	14	11	13	14	14	12	13	13-150
G. Perry.....	11	13	11	13	10	12	13	13	13	12	12	11-146
E. McNeil.....	12	14	11	13	12	12	15	14	14	12	14	14-157
F. Dalton.....	11	12	12	12	15	15	14	13	13	12	13	13-165
H. Mahler.....	..	..	..	..	12	9	13	11	15	11	9	8-88

*Professionals.

Berlin Gun Club.

At a shoot of the Berlin Gun Club on April 17th in the series for the Witte trophy Mr. Walter Dumart was the winner. The scores:

	Shot at	Broke.
W. Dumart.....	130	98
A. Hergott.....	90	69
E. F. Seagram.....	70	48
W. Player.....	70	56
J. Scully.....	65	43
F. Ferguson.....	130	68
E. Beam.....	50	35
Vogt.....	80	64
L. Courter.....	85	53
W. Stumpf.....	30	20
J. Walker.....	75	44
Oliver.....	50	39
Palmer.....	50	35
A. Dickert.....	50	32
H. A. Dietrich.....	40	19
E. Bowman.....	60	26
L. Krupp.....	45	23
D. Christner.....	10	5
T. Boehmer.....	10	5

On April 17th the 2nd and final shoot for the Witte trophy was won by Walter Dumart with 45 out of a possible 50. The long run for second prize was won by Walter Player. Considering the bad background and windy day the score was very good. The scores were:

	Shot at	Broke.
H. Dietrich.....	25	5
W. Stumpf.....	40	27
D. Dickert.....	50	35
E. Beam.....	50	35
F. Ferguson.....	50	39
L. Krupp.....	20	10
W. Dumart.....	50	45
M. Scully.....	30	24
W. Player.....	50	43
Walker.....	50	26
L. Cader.....	25	18
E. E. Bowman.....	45	38
E. Seagram.....	50	37
O. Vogt.....	75	61
A. Hergott.....	50	42

Eagle Club at Galt.

The following were the scores made at a shoot between the Eagle Club of Brantford and the Galt Gun Club at Galt on March 27th:

Total Birds shot at.		GALT	
Col. Page.....	18	Wm. Marshall.....	22
Wm. Doherty.....	19	Wm. Clark.....	19
D. Wilks.....	23	H. D. Sherwood.....	20
J. Bowden.....	10	F. Toles.....	22

H. Clark.....	18	A. B. Smith.....	22
J. Williams.....	21	E. Clark.....	21
P. Mather.....	18	W. Cowan.....	20
R. Lambden.....	18	C. F. Brigham.....	22
I. Moyer.....	10	H. Teat, Jr.....	16
H. Bowden.....	21	A. Watson.....	14
J. Robinson.....	20	T. Hounam.....	9
A. Doherty.....	20	J. Clark.....	11
J. Stevenson.....	20	R. Oliver.....	20
N. Littish.....	10	W. Pickering.....	17
B. Doherty.....	20	F. Despond.....	19
A. Woods.....	18	J. Gibson.....	18
R. Martin.....	14	H. Newlands.....	22

Total.....298 Total.....314
A. A. Tomlin was present representing the D. Pike Co. of Toronto.

Galt Gun Club at Brantford.

The Galt Gun Club on April 17 shot the return match with the Eagle Gun Club, and again proved winners. Eighteen members took in the trip. The scores:

Brantford.		Galt.	
B. Fisher.....	21	W. Marshall.....	24
W. Doherty.....	23	W. Clark.....	19
J. Stevenson.....	23	H. D. Sherwood.....	24
D. Wilks.....	19	H. Newlands.....	23
T. Doherty.....	18	A. Smith.....	24
B. Doherty.....	19	E. Clark.....	20
J. Williams.....	20	W. Cowan.....	20
H. Clark.....	14	F. Toles.....	20
A. Woods.....	20	H. Teat.....	20
H. Bowden.....	21	A. Watson.....	23
Col. Page.....	23	T. Hounam.....	19
P. Mather.....	14	J. Clark.....	15
J. Dennis.....	21	W. Pickering.....	21
R. Lambden.....	19	F. Despond.....	19
Ch. Page.....	16	J. Gibson.....	19
F. Cook.....	17	R. Oliver.....	20
C. Summerhays.....	19	W. Hancock.....	19
C. Porter.....	17	W. Fairless.....	18
Total.....	344	Total.....	366

Sea Cliffe Club Tournament.

The third annual tournament of the Seacliffe Gun Club took place April 30th, at Leamington and was successful, considering the fact that a drizzling rain prevailed throughout the shoot. Shooters were present from Flint, Detroit, Birmingham, Mich., and many points in Canada. More than 40 shooters shot the program through.

Geo. McIntosh, of Detroit, was high gun, with 169 out of 175, the second best record for the grounds. Jack Hartford, of Detroit, and W. A. Smith, of Kingsville, tied for second, with 168 each. Harvey O'Loane, of Chatham, was third, with 166. F. H. Conover and

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Dorey Wigle tied for fourth place with 164. Some of the other high scores made are:

T. Parker.....	161	A. McDonald.....	148
F. H. Conover.....	164	F. Stotts.....	160
O. C. Frank.....	157	G. McIntosh.....	169
W. Smith.....	136	H. O'Loane.....	166
*G. M. Dunk.....	146	H. Smith.....	158
Dr. Sloane.....	152	F. Dolsen.....	160
W. J. McCance.....	147	D. Smith.....	163
Geo. Orton.....	161	G. McGarvin.....	147
W. Hart.....	162	A. Thompson.....	148
F. Hartford.....	152	H. C. Wolbrock.....	136
Ed. Hartford.....	162	J. Hartford.....	168
Al Hartford.....	144	R. Porinith.....	149
W. A. Smith.....	168	F. Holznagle.....	132
D. Wigle.....	164		

*Professional.

Hamilton Gun Club.

The shoot at the Hamilton Gun Club on Good Friday afternoon, with the Canadian Indians brought out a record attendance. The Indians are rather a unique organization in trap shooting circles, inasmuch as they have a membership throughout Ontario, each member having an Indian name, and naturally they have some of the best shots to defend their laurels. The events were all very much enjoyed, and the results most gratifying to the local enthusiasts.

The first event was for fifty birds, in which the Indians put up three prizes. One prize, a cut glass set, was given for high average of Indians only, and Joe Jennings (Chief Riverdale) and W. H. Singer (Chief Big Gun) tied with 48. A similar prize for high average of all comers was won by T. W. Barnes, with 49. The third prize, a cut glass fruit dish, was won by D. Reid for the longest run and he had a nice straight of 45.

The event in which the most interest was centered was in a ten man team race between the Indians and the local club for a silk banner. This banner has been in the possession of the Indians for quite a few years, and though it has been put up in competition numerous times, yet they always succeeded in retaining it. Two years ago, when they visited Hamilton they were victorious by 8 birds, but this time the tables were turned. The selections of the H. G. C. proved worthy of the undertaking by winning out with a score of 230 out of 250, as against 224 for the Indians. The narrow margin of 6 shows how evenly they were matched, and the winners were roundly congratulated.

R. Day (Prof.) had a splendid total for the afternoon, getting 102 out of 103. George Beattie and Geo. Vivian each had 101 out of 105. McCausland and E. Harris were also tied, with 101 out of 105, and W. H. Singer got 72 out of 75, all of which goes to show that the contestants were shooting to form throughout.

At the close of the shoot, President Sturt, of the H. G. C., presented the prizes, and the members of the Indians also voiced the good feeling that pervaded, and also their future hopes to get the banner back in the fold.

J. Cline.....	—	42	80	63
Dr. Behm.....	—	43	80	69
H. W. Hunsberry.....	—	41	105	91
H. E. Hawkins.....	—	41	80	63
Dr. Hilker.....	—	—	55	45
M. Goodale.....	—	40	120	103
H. Lennon.....	—	36	105	81
P. Jones.....	—	28	80	52
W. Dillon.....	—	39	80	59
Dr. Johnson.....	—	—	55	40
W. Wark.....	—	42	80	67
A. Parmenter.....	—	—	30	27
C. Syer.....	—	44	80	69
H. Graham.....	—	—	30	25
R. Day (Prof.).....	—	50	105	102
McCausland.....	—	48	105	100
J. Smyth.....	—	—	30	17
A. Smyth.....	—	—	30	15
Bert Smyth.....	—	46	105	94
J. W. Nairn.....	—	42	105	85
D. Konkle.....	—	41	80	67
C. Graham.....	—	33	105	70
A. Bates.....	—	46	50	46
C. Lauchland.....	—	38	50	38
E. Krouse.....	—	41	50	41
C. Singer.....	—	45	50	45
T. Jenckes.....	—	38	75	56
J. McMenemy.....	—	30	50	30
A. McGee.....	—	31	75	45
H. Marsh.....	—	43	50	43
H. J. O'Neil.....	—	30	50	30
C. E. Thomson.....	—	—	25	16
J. Smyth.....	—	—	25	15
A. Hunt.....	—	—	25	15

The series for the Royal Distillery gold medal was started at the Hamilton Gun Club on April 10th, to consist of four events of 25 birds, and the members to shoot under a handicap of yards in place of the added bird handicap used before. A stiff breeze, coupled with the fact that the contestants were not used to shooting back of the 16-yard mark, resulted in the scores being below the average.

John Bowron (19) got off to a good start in the R. D. event with 23 out of 25, and also won the club spoon put up for high tally. A. Parmenter (18), J. Smith (19), and M. Carr (21) are tied in second place with 21, with M. Goodale (19) in third position, with 20.

J. Bowron turned in the best total for the day also, with 41 out of 50, and has been breaking the clays in great shape lately. M. Goodale is coming along in splendid style now, and put on 101 out of 125. M. Carr had 87 out of 110, which included 44 out of 50 in the last two extra events. E. Harris was in good form, with 60 out of 75.

The scores were:

	R.D.	Shot at	Broke.
J. Hunter.....	15	75	45
H. W. Hunsberry.....	17	75	50
J. Bowron.....	23	50	41
M. Goodale.....	20	125	101
A. Parmenter.....	21	50	39
I. Smith.....	21	50	30
J. W. Nairn.....	16	100	69
D. Konkle.....	19	50	34
T. W. Barnes.....	17	110	82
M. Carr.....	21	110	87
A. Bates.....	18	50	37
E. Harris.....	19	75	60
C. Graham.....	14	125	85
H. Lennon.....	18	125	86
J. J. Cline.....	18	40	29
W. Morris.....	—	25	13
H. Dynes.....	—	25	17

At the Hamilton Gun Club on April 24, the second event of the series for the Royal Distillery Gold Medal was the attraction.

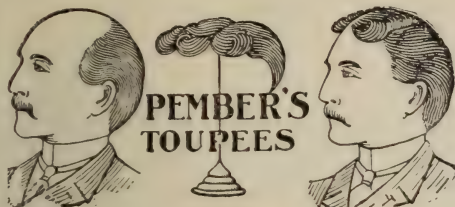
M. Carr and C. Sayer, tied for the lead in the R. Distillery with 42 out of 50. The former led in the 21-yard peg while the latter was at 19. D. Konkle, H. Lennon and A. Parmenter were all in second place with 41.

H. Lennon from 20 yards put on 23 in the R. D. event and won the club spoon given for high score. W. H. Hunsberry and D. Konkle were runners up with 22 each.

A. Parmenter from 18 yards turned in the best total for the afternoon getting 44 out of 50. H. Lennon (20) had the next best with 44 out of 50. M. Carr (21) had 63 out of 75 and D. Konkle (20) 42 out of 50. The scores were all very good when you consider that they were all made under a handicap of yards which bothered the contestants in as much as they are not used to shooting so far back.

The scores were:

	Banner Race 25 Birds	All Comers 50 Birds	Shot at	Total Broke
The scores:				
A. E. Millington.....	23	46	120	106
W. Joselyn.....	20	46	135	119
F. Kilmer.....	20	44	105	91
T. Houghton.....	20	43	120	99
G. Vivian.....	24	47	105	101
P. Wakefield.....	23	47	135	121
W. P. Thompson.....	24	46	105	97
W. T. Ely.....	21	46	120	105
W. H. Singer.....	24	48	75	72
J. Jennings.....	25	48	120	113
E. D. Marsh.....	—	41	135	110
W. Stevens.....	—	43	95	83
F. Mathews.....	—	36	95	83
Geo. Dunk (Prof.).....	—	42	120	101
W. Fenton.....	—	43	95	8
Dr. Jordan.....	—	41	95	79
F. W. Watson.....	—	44	80	69
Court Thomson.....	—	42	75	62
All Comers and H. G.				
N. Johnson.....	24	44	105	87
T. W. Barnes.....	23	49	120	113
J. Hunter.....	23	48	120	108
D. Reid.....	23	48	105	94
N. Long.....	23	48	105	96
M. Carr.....	23	47	120	111
Geo. Beattie.....	24	47	105	101
E. Harris.....	24	46	105	100
B. Smyth.....	21	46	105	94
E. Sturt.....	22	45	105	93



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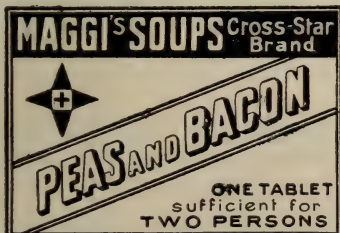
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M. Carr.....	42	75	63
H. Spratt.....	31	75	52
A. Parmenter.....	41	50	44
D. Konkle.....	41	50	42
N. Long.....	40	100	78
H. W. Hunsberry.....	39	60	49
W. Dillon.....	38	85	68
M. Goodale.....	39	100	92
J. W. Nairn.....	31	75	56
C. Graham.....	30	100	73
H. Lenon.....	41	65	56
J. Smith.....	39	50	36
C. Syer.....	42	75	57
E. Sturt.....	40	75	58
P. French.....	34	75	52
W. Wark.....	73	75	53
B. Smyth.....	32	100	68
Geo. Stroud.....	31	100	72
J. Bowron.....	39	75	56
E. Harries.....	38	75	57
J. J. Cline.....	32	50	32
H. Kretchman.....	36	50	37
L. L. Long.....	—	25	11

Trap Shooting at Jarvis.

A few of the Simcoe trap-shooting enthusiasts got together at Jarvis on Good Friday and took a few rounds at the clay pigeons. Scores were:

E. T. Carter, 24, 19; Wyatt Goodlett, 20, 21; J. P. Laing, 20, 20; F. Goodlett, 17, 20; M. F. Hewson, 18, 19; George Miller, 15; Ed. Hyde, 15; A. McArthur, 14.

Balmy Beach Club Shoot.

The regular weekly shoot was held on March 27. There was a good attendance of members present, the winner of the Dupont Spoon being D. B. Donaldson; in the sealed handicap, which was a gold watch, W. S. Lansing; and in Class 3, club spoon, W. F. Hodgson.

Scores:	Shot at Broke.
Donaldson.....	95 75
Joselin.....	80 69
W. Hodgson.....	95 74
Rosenthal.....	45 32
Bernard.....	95 72
Goodman.....	60 51
McGaw.....	60 54
Lansing.....	60 54
Nicholls.....	70 52
Pitcher.....	95 62
Wase.....	60 49
Dale.....	60 44
Rothwell.....	60 30
Bond.....	35 29
Lewis.....	50 42
Black.....	50 40
T. Hodgson.....	35 28
Francis.....	50 47
Kennedy.....	50 44

Balmy Beach Gun Club.

The Balmy Beach Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot on April 17. Some good scores were made in the 50-bird race for the J. D. Bailey Cup. P. J. Boothe made 49, with W. H. Joselin a close second with 48. In Class C for the spoon G. T. Dale was high.

Scores:	Shot at Broke.
McGaw.....	100 89
Bernard.....	90 72
Joselin.....	95 92
Fox.....	85 78
Davis.....	60 57
W. Hodgson.....	45 32
Thompson.....	30 18
Boothe.....	60 58
Lansing.....	80 62
Nicholls.....	45 38
T. Hodgson.....	70 54
Wase.....	60 53
Ingles.....	20 14
Dale.....	45 34
Rothwell.....	45 29
Black.....	35 27
Piper.....	20 13
Lewis.....	35 18
Murphy.....	50 39

The regular weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club was held April 24. In class "A" H. Wase was high with 24 out of 25, winning the spoon. The scores:

	Shot at Broke.
McGaw.....	110 98
Major Singer.....	120 110
Joselin.....	95 90
Lansing.....	90 83
Bernard.....	90 85

J. Miller.....	70	54
C. Ball.....	60	48
A. Woodruff.....	60	50
W. Elliott.....	60	51
C. Singer.....	70	64
A. Notman.....	60	49
T. Hodgson.....	70	57
Dale.....	60	49
Rothwell.....	60	39
Shaw.....	60	48
Boothe.....	60	55
Wase.....	60	56
Seager.....	50	39
Murphy.....	50	41
Nicholls.....	60	52
Brown.....	50	48
Pike.....	20	16
Davis.....	45	39

In addition to the regular shoot they had a team shoot with seven men from the Niagara Gun Club, at 50 birds each:

Beach	Niagara
Lansing.....	36 Woodruff.....
Joselin.....	49 W. Singer.....
Bernard.....	38 Elliott.....
McGaw.....	46 C. Singer.....
Dale.....	34 Ball.....
Rothwell.....	32 Millar.....
Shaw.....	38 Notman.....

273

256

The Beach winning by 17 birds.

National Gun Club.

The regular weekly shoot was held March 27th, when the members and their friends enjoyed a good afternoon's sport in the prize events. The following were successful—1st, E. Coath; 2nd, F. Fowler; 3rd, H. Usher; 4th, B. J. Pearce. The scores:

	Shot at Broke.
F. Fowler.....	50 35
B. J. Pearce.....	146 108
J. Smith.....	42 30
Major Curran.....	50 33
A. Mitchell.....	43 27
E. Coath.....	40 33
F. Peacock.....	30 18
J. Foster.....	40 25
J. Turner, jr.....	61 42
J. Monkman.....	65 41
C. Beare.....	30 15
H. Usher.....	52 36
M. Cheney.....	10 8
W. Erwood.....	30 24
G. Wallace.....	20 12
F. Coburn.....	25 13
W. McKeand.....	10 3

On April 19 the members of the National Gun Club held a reception to the ladies, when a very delightful afternoon was spent. There were five events. First event Mr. Usher won with 10 straight, Mrs. Usher receiving a handsome cut glass vase. Second event, Mr. Lawson shooting for Mrs. W. Tamblin, was first. Mrs. McKeand and Mrs. Lawson, also were among the lucky ones carrying off prizes of cut-glass. In the ladies' event there were 15 entries, each lady shooting at five targets. Mrs. J. Turner, jr., proved the winner, breaking two out of the five, and received a handsome medal, presented by J. D. Bailey.

	Shot at Broke.
F. Fowler.....	60 46
G. Vivian.....	100 80
J. Johnson.....	30 18
J. Turner, jr.....	50 38
Mr. Summerhayes.....	50 26
G. Abraham.....	50 34
Geo. Dunk.....	100 75
F. Cockburn.....	60 30
Major Curran.....	60 29
B. J. Pearce.....	50 37
R. Noble.....	40 32
F. W. Peacock.....	65 32
J. Turner, sr.....	60 42
G. Turner.....	40 21
W. Erwood.....	50 38
G. Wallace.....	65 45
H. Usher.....	50 43
J. Lawson.....	55 44
C. Moore.....	20 11
E. Coath.....	60 42
J. Monkman.....	60 46
W. McKeand, sr.....	40 26
Dr. Jordan.....	50 40
A. Mitchell.....	40 21
C. Beare.....	45 34
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W. McKeand, jr.	30	19
A. Trimmer.	10	6
Mr. Minister.	10	6
H. Usher, jr.	20	11

Stanley Gun Club.

The club held a clay bird shoot on March 20th. In the shooting at doubles W. Stevens made a good score breaking 47 out of 66. E. J. Marsh 32 out of 56. G. L. Vivian 11 out of 24. N. Norman 29 out of 66 and P. MacMartin 11 out of 20.

March 27 this club will start a big shoot for members of club starting at 2 p.m. sharp.

The prizes to be shot for will be a handsome silver cup donated by J. Douglas, one of the best trap shooters in Toronto for his age.

Also a silver spoon donated by the Dupont Powder Co.

W. Stevens.	195	154
G. L. Vivian.	105	87
N. Norman.	165	98
P. MacMartin.	75	54
E. J. Marsh.	135	92
J. Douglas.	80	51
E. Dorf.	75	56
Hobbs.	75	48
Carmicheal.	50	19
Halford.	25	18

The Stanley Gun Club commenced the 100 Bird shoot for the Dupont silver spoon, on March 27.

G. L. Vivian, W. Stevens, E. J. Marsh, W. Skey, E. F. Springer, A. Hulme and P. MacMartin all broke 25 out of 25. The Dupont handicap is used for this shoot, and it promises to be a keen contest to the end. In the shooting at Doubles, Joe Jennings made a good score 23x24. G. M. Dunk 33x50. A. Schnauffer 18x25. N. Norman 41x70. G. L. Vivian 14x25. W. Stevens 35x70. E. F. Springer 28x50.

W. Hooley.	35	26
W. Fenton.	55	47
Shepard.	35	20
W. Stevens.	100	81
N. Norman.	90	71
E. J. Marsh.	95	63
F. Hobbs.	115	47
A. Schnauffer.	60	45
Joe Jennings.	80	72
E. Dorf.	55	42
T. Thomas.	35	23
E. F. Springer.	50	37
W. Skey.	50	37
G. M. Dunk.	70	60
Bavington.	30	16
Perkins.	30	17
A. Hulme.	25	24
J. Mortimer.	50	26
Cope.	10	4
G. Minty.	25	11
P. MacMartin.	75	49
J. Goldring.	25	21

The Stanley Gun Club held a big double prize shoot on April 3rd. In the shoot for the famous Douglas Cup for the all-round championship of the club at singles, doubles and tower birds, Joe Jennings and W. Fenton were high in the first of these events by breaking 25 out of 25 at singles, while F. Hooley was a close runner for third with 24.

In the Dupont Spoon shoot W. Fenton, H. Schofield, T. Thomas, W. Skey, F. Hobbs, and Joe Jennings were all tie with 25 out of 25. W. Skey is leading in this shoot with 50 x 50, while G. Vivian, W. Stevens, E. J. Marsh are tie with 49. In shooting at doubles, when 500 birds were shot at Joe Jennings broke 57 x 72. G. Vivian 27 x 36. E. Dorf 16 x 24. N. Norman 24 x 40.

In the tower bird shoot when 250 birds were shot at A. Hulme made the best score, breaking 14 out of 20, and G. L. Vivian 7 out of 10.

	Birds Shot at	Birds Broke.
A. Hulme.	85	62
G. L. Vivian.	85	74
G. Dunk.	70	50
H. Schofield.	70	58
F. Hooley.	75	59
W. Fenton.	100	92
F. Hogarth.	75	59
G. Scheibe.	100	69
E. Springer.	75	59
W. Stevens.	110	98
E. Dorf.	75	54
A. Schnauffer.	115	53
P. MacMartin.	85	70
T. Thomas.	50	47
E. J. Marsh.	65	47
Salisbury.	65	26

Weller.	75	26
J. Mortimer.	50	37
Skey.	50	39
N. Norman.	75	57
F. Hobbs.	75	44
Joe Jennings.	50	50

The Stanley Gun Club held a double prize shoot April 10th. In the Dupont spoon shoot at 25 birds, Joe Jennings, A. Schnauffer, F. Hogarth and N. Norman were high, with 25; F. Hooley came a close second with 24.

In the shoot for the all-around championship of the club, when the second event was shot off, this being at 25 birds on the Tower trap, Joe Jennings was high, with the splendid score of 23, while F. Hogarth was second with 17. Joe Jennings is leading in the championship shoot with 48 out of 50, and F. Hogarth second with 39.

The results:

Name	Shot at	Broke.
W. Fenton.	50	40
G. Vivian.	65	52
F. Hooley.	75	59
W. Lundy.	35	24
J. Widmeyer.	75	34
T. Thomas.	50	27
E. Dorf.	60	42
A. Schnauffer.	85	49
J. Douglas.	25	20
T. Houghton.	100	86
J. Jennings.	75	72
W. Skey.	75	48
F. Hogarth.	40	33
N. Norman.	60	42
F. Hobbs.	50	30

The Stanley Gun Club held the final prize shoot for the Dupont Spoon and the Douglas Cup on April 17. Joe Jennings won the Dupont spoon with the good score of 98 out of 100. W. R. Skey was second with 94, and had an added bird handicap of seven.

In the Douglas Cup shoot for the all-around championship of the club, Joe Jennings was the victor with 67 out of 75. This was at singles, doubles and 25 birds on the wonderful Tower trap. F. Hogarth was second with 62.

In shooting at doubles Joe Jennings broke 40 out of 48, W. Stevens 35, N. Norman 34.

Here are some of the scores:

	Shot at	Broke.
W. Widmeyer.	75	59
G. Scheibe.	75	54
F. Hobbs.	65	44
N. Norman.	90	73
W. Stevens.	85	64
F. Hooley.	40	34
E. Rolph.	80	28
A. Schnauffer.	75	66
E. Dorf.	75	64
M. Salisbury.	105	70
W. Wood.	15	12
W. Hughes.	40	34
W. Lundy.	35	30
F. Hogarth.	35	29
J. Jennings.	65	61
W. Skey.	100	54
Rowland.	15	10
T. Houghton.	75	71

The Stanley Gun Club held an open practice shoot on April 24, when a pleasant afternoon was spent at single birds, doubles, tower and hand-trap shooting. W. Wood, an old-time trap shooter, after a long illness, has come back to the sport, and gave a good account of himself, breaking 30 out of 40 at singles, also 9 out of 10 at the hand trap. A. Spiller and A. Edwards were welcome visitors from the Creekside Club, and shot well. In shooting at doubles when 200 birds were shot at, W. Stevens was high, with 16 out of 24. T. Houghton was a close second, with 15. W. Hughes 12, and M. Salisbury 10. In shooting with the hand trap W. Stevens was high, with the splendid score of 22 out of 25. In shooting at the tower trap birds (the birds are thrown from 40 feet in the air) 350 were shot at. W. Skey was high, breaking 13 out of 25, and W. Weller second with 11. Scores:

	Shot at	Broke.
W. Stevens.	50	43
W. Wood.	40	30
T. Houghton.	75	63
E. Dorf.	50	43
A. Schnauffer.	50	41
F. Hobbs.	50	25
W. Skey.	25	18
Rolph.	15	10
W. Weller.	15	9
W. Hughes.	15	9
M. Salisbury.	50	38

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J. Dodds.....	50	19
A. Spiller.....	30	20
A. Edwards.....	40	29

The Stanley Gun Club held a prize shoot on Saturday May 1st. The winner of the first prize was E. Dorf, with 21 out of 25. He was tied by M. Salisbury, who had a handicap of five birds, and in shooting off the tie at 25 birds E. Dorf won, with the splendid score of 24, and M. Salisbury was second with 20. B. J. Pearce was a visitor from the Nationals, and gave a good account of himself, breaking 25 straight. In shooting at doubles W. Stevens was high, with 20 out of 24, and W. Lundy second with 13. In the tower shooting, A. Schnauffer broke 18 out of 38, and E. Dorf 12 out of 35. The scores

	Shot at	Broke.
W. Stevens.....	115	105
W. Lundy.....	85	73
B. J. Pearce.....	90	70
W. Salisbury.....	110	73
T. Sockett.....	95	78
W. Hughes.....	95	68
A. Schnauffer.....	80	63
E. Dorf.....	80	69
W. Wood.....	50	25
J. Goldring.....	25	21

Peterboro Gun Club.

The Peterborough Gun Club held a practice shoot on April 23, and again on Saturday afternoon, when several new members were out;

The scores on Friday were:

	Shot at	Broke		Broke
H. Routely.....	49		C. Graham.....	36
Dr. Frank.....	35		C. M. Moncur.....	32

Scores on Saturday:

	Shot at	Broke		Broke
S. Coon.....	44		L. Hall.....	36
W. H. Denham.....	31		C. Graham.....	31
H. Cook.....	27		A. F. Knight.....	27
E. Graham.....	22		W. Montgomery.....	22
W. M. Laing.....	18			

Shot at 25.

B. Gillespie.....	14	C. Wood.....	14
C. James.....	9		

The weekly shoot of the Peterborough Gun Club was held on May 1st.

The scores were:

	Shot at	Broke.
H. Routely.....	75	56
J. Loucks.....	75	55
C. Graham.....	50	31
C. Wood.....	25	17
J. Simmons.....	25	13

St. Hubert Gun Club.

At the shoot on April 3rd, J. B. Bunn was high gun winning the spoon with 42 out of 50. The scores:

TWO EVENTS AT 25 BIRDS.

J. B. Bunn.....	22	20-42
W. L. Cameron.....	23	17-40
Dr. I. G. Smith.....	19	20-39
C. Bethune.....	19	19-38
Geo. O'Connor.....	21	17-38
G. S. Walker.....	17	21-38
W. C. Little.....	16	21-37
Geo. White.....	16	19-35
A. W. Throop.....	15	20-35
J. H. Roberts.....	15	20-35
Geo. Easdale.....	14	21-35
N. Brownlee.....	16	15-31
R. A. Sibbitt.....	15	16-31
J. Richmond.....	16	14-30
V. V. Rogers.....	15	14-29
W. Williams.....	13	14-27
Dr. Mohr.....	9	9-18
B. Heney.....	7	10-17
A. Shepard.....	7	10-17
R. E. Harry.....	8	9-17
O. T. Ring.....	8	8-16
B. H. Baldwin.....	8	7-15

EXTRAS.

G. S. Walker.....	22	21-43
A. Shepard.....	18	12-30
B. Baldwin.....	13	13-26

R. E. Harry.....	15	11-26
Dr. Mohr.....	11	9-20
Geo. Easdale.....	23	23
Geo. O'Connor.....	23	23
V. V. Rogers.....	21	21
J. H. Roberts.....	20	20
W. J. Johnson.....	19	19
W. L. Cameron.....	15	15
N. Brownlee.....	15	15
L. Currie.....	15	15
H. A. Bonfield.....	10	10

The annual Easter shoot of the St. Hubert club took place Monday, April 5th at the traps, Westboro. Over 50 shots took part, including teams from Montreal, while Perth and other towns were also represented. The light was not of the best and at times the wind blew freshly, but the shooting under these circumstances was unusually good.

The men began the competitions at 9.30 in the morning and continued until about 5.30 in the afternoon. The St. Hubert grounds presented a busy appearance and the crack of the rifles re-echoed throughout the day. The Montreal gun men made an effort to lift the Alywin cup for ten man teams and the Montreal and Lansdowne cups for five man teams. They were successful in winning the Lansdowne cup, showing a majority of 4 birds, but the other two trophies were defended by the St. Hubert shots. The Ottawa men retained the Alywin cup, the feature event of the day, by a majority of 4 birds, the final standing of the teams being 201 to 197. Lachine carried off the Lansdowne cup 104 to 100 but the Ottawas succeeded in holding the Montreal cup by 10 birds the score being 205 to 195. Splendid shooting marked the cup competitions, Blyth Beattie breaking 24 out of 25 in the Alywin match, in which Maher of Lachine equalled his score. In the Lansdowne cup contest Ewing, Redman and Dr. Smith tied with 22 each and in the Montreal cup event, George Easdale was high gun with 23.

A great many entered for the Merchandise event in which first prize went to W. Carruthers, of Montreal \$15. W. Pueblow of Perth was second with 10 straight and Messrs. Gourley and Easdale, of Montreal and Ottawa respectively, tied for third honors with 9.

The teams and scores were as follows:

ALYWIN CUP.

(Ten Man Teams.)

St. Hubert.	Lachine.
Beattie.....	24
Smith.....	23
Heney.....	22
Corby.....	21
Throop.....	21
Easdale.....	19
Rogers.....	19
Sibbitt.....	18
Dionne.....	17
O'Connor.....	17

Total.....201

Total.....197

Majority for Ottawa, 4 birds.

EVENT FOR MONTREAL CUP.

(Five Man Team.)

St. Hubert.	Lachine.
Beattie.....	22
Easdale.....	23
Heney.....	21
Rogers.....	20
Dionne.....	19

Total.....105

Total.....95

Majority for Ottawa, 10 birds.

LANSDOWNE CUP.

(Five Man Teams.)

Lachine.	St. Hubert
Ewing.....	22
Redman.....	22
Boucher.....	20
Carruthers.....	20
Maher.....	20

Total.....104

Total.....100

Majority for Lachine, 4 birds.



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In the grand aggregate, Blyth Beattie carried off first honors, with 109 out of 120, and J. J. Heney, Jr. was second with 104.

	Event								Total
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8 shot at	
	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15—120	
Beattie.....	14	14	15	12	15	12	13	14	109
Boa (pro.).....	12	15	14	14	14	14	14	11	108
Heney.....	13	13	13	12	13	14	13	13	104
Easdale.....	12	13	14	14	11	13	13	12	102
Rogers, V. V.....	9	12	14	13	14	11	12	13	98
Dionne.....	11	11	15	10	13	13	13	11	97
O'Connor.....	11	13	11	12	10	13	11	15	96
Walker (pro.).....	12	11	14	14	12	9	12	11	95
Throop.....	11	11	12	12	12	13	14	10	95
Corby.....	10	11	13	13	11	10	13	11	92
Cameron.....	10	8	11	14	12	12	12	10	89
Roberts.....	13	10	11	8	10	11	8	12	83
Slaney.....	10	7	11	9	8	12	9	12	78
Bethune.....	10	12	8	13	7	10	8	10	78
Ewing.....	12	14	12	14	13	13	—	—	78
Carruthers.....	13	13	14	14	11	13	—	—	78
Bunn.....	9	14	11	12	9	9	13	—	77
Boucher.....	13	11	14	13	14	11	—	—	76
Lucas.....	11	13	14	13	11	12	—	—	74
Putman.....	13	12	13	12	12	11	—	—	73
Irving.....	11	14	10	11	14	13	—	—	73
Lyall.....	9	15	13	11	12	13	—	—	73
Ring.....	5	9	9	12	12	10	8	7	72
Howard.....	12	11	12	13	12	12	—	—	72
Redman.....	12	12	12	10	12	13	—	—	71
Gourley.....	11	12	13	12	10	13	—	—	71
Sibbitt.....	11	10	8	15	13	14	—	—	71
Maher.....	9	14	11	11	13	12	—	—	70
Publow.....	13	8	13	12	11	13	—	—	70
Hepburne.....	10	9	14	13	12	11	—	—	69
Kyle.....	10	10	11	11	14	11	—	—	67
Gowdy.....	11	9	12	13	9	12	—	—	66
Clarke.....	10	13	9	10	12	9	—	—	63
Smith.....	—	—	—	13	12	11	14	11	61
Robertson.....	10	13	11	13	6	7	—	—	60
White, Geo.....	12	11	10	8	9	7	—	—	57
Mrs. Boa.....	8	4	5	7	3	8	8	9	52
Cheese.....	6	9	10	9	6	9	—	—	49
Seager.....	—	—	—	—	12	12	10	11	45
Wilson.....	7	12	6	7	5	6	—	—	43
Lalonde.....	—	12	12	8	9	—	—	—	41
Mohr.....	—	—	—	—	—	4	12	10	26
McFadden.....	—	—	—	—	—	11	12	—	23
Baldwin.....	4	5	—	—	—	7	6	—	22
Shepard.....	6	6	—	—	—	5	3	—	20
Harry.....	—	—	—	—	—	5	8	7	20
Bayfield.....	—	—	—	—	11	—	—	—	11
Cameron.....	5	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	7
Rogers, C. H.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	4	7
French.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	2

A large crowd attended the weekly shoot at the Westboro traps on April 10th, and although a stiff breeze was blowing some good scores were made. J. J. Heney Jr. with 48 out of 50 was high gun.

In the spoon competition O. T. Ring with a handicap of six birds, scoring 40 which made a total of 46 was the winner. J. J. Heney Jr. although breaking 48 has a minus handicap of three birds, having won three spoons this year.

Quite a few beginners took part and the shooting on their part was very good. Following is a record of the scores in detail:

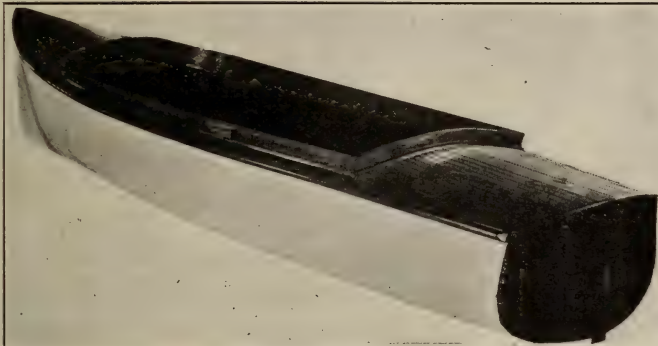
TWO EVENTS AT 25 BIRDS.			
J. J. Heney, Jr.....	24	24—48	
O. T. Ring.....	18	22—46	
Geo. Easdale.....	20	22—42	
E. G. White, pro.....	19	22—41	
Geo. O'Connor.....	20	21—41	
B. Beattie.....	21	18—39	
W. J. Corby.....	18	21—39	
J. H. Roberts.....	20	18—38	
Pearson.....	18	20—38	
W. L. Cameron.....	18	19—37	
C. H. Bayfield.....	19	18—37	
F. McLuckie.....	17	19—36	
V. V. Rogers.....	19	17—36	
J. Richmond.....	16	19—35	
A. W. Throop.....	15	18—33	
J. E. Bunn.....	18	13—31	
L. Currie.....	12	19—31	
B. Baldwin.....	15	13—28	
Dr. Mohr.....	13	14—27	
T. D. Finn.....	12	14—26	
C. J. Booth.....	10	14—24	
A. Shepard.....	14	10—24	
W. C. Little.....	15	8—23	
R. Cameron.....	9	14—23	
Dr. Watterson.....	7	11—18	
French.....	5	13—18	
E. E. Barry.....	9	5—14	

EXTRAS.			
Geo. O'Connor.....	21	19	21—61
V. V. Rogers.....	19	18	23—60
W. J. Corby.....	18	21	20—59
Geo. Easdale.....	19	18	20—57
Armstrong.....	—	—	—20
J. Richmond.....	—	—	—16
J. Ferris.....	—	—	—9

Splendid weather enabled the members of the St. Hubert Gun Club to have a most enjoyable week-end shoot at their Westboro' traps on April 17. Dr. Seager, J. J. Heney, jr., and G. S. Walker all tied in the silver spoon competition, getting 45 out of 50 birds. Dr. Seager, with a handicap, won the spoon, however. Following is a record of the afternoon's sport in detail:

TWO EVENTS AT 25 BIRDS			
Dr. Seager.....	24	21—45	
J. J. Heney, jr.....	21	24—45	
G. S. Walker, (Pro.).....	20	25—45	
A. W. Throop.....	20	21—41	
W. C. Little.....	19	21—40	
J. B. Bunn.....	20	20—40	
Geo. Easdale.....	21	19—40	
Dr. Smith.....	18	18—36	
W. Williams.....	16	19—35	
W. L. Cameron.....	14	21—35	
W. J. Corby.....	20	15—35	
N. Brownlee.....	16	17—33	
J. Richmond.....	18	14—32	
J. M. Roberts.....	17	15—32	
Dr. Mohr.....	16	16—32	
O. T. Ring.....	16	16—32	
L. Currie.....	15	15—30	
A. T. Pearson.....	17	12—29	
J. Bradley.....	13	15—28	
Geo. Bryson, jr.....	17	11—28	
A. E. Shepard.....	16	11—27	
B. H. Baldwin.....	16	11—27	
Geo. White.....	14	12—26	

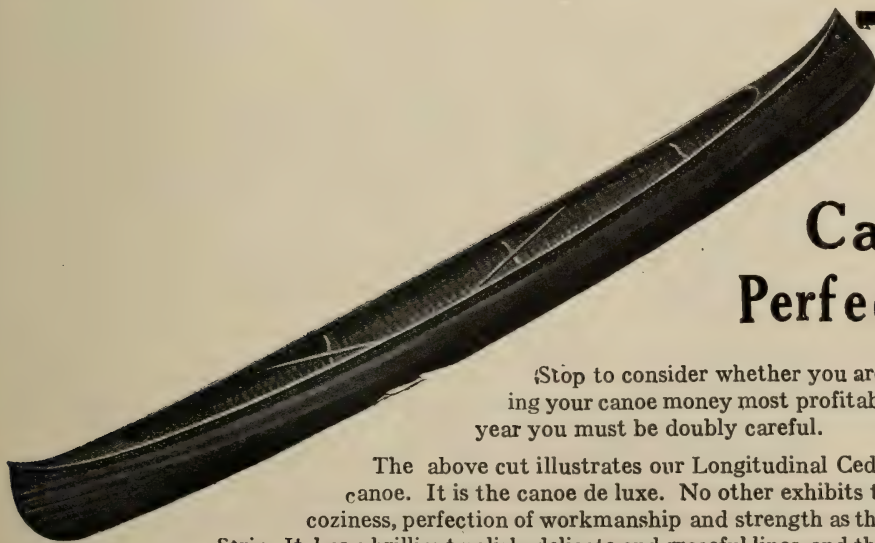
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R. L. Cameron.....	14	7—21
C. H. Rogers.....	8	10—18
Dr. Watterson.....	11	6—17
C. MacDonald.....	3	2— 5
EXTRAS.		
J. M. Roberts.....	14	14—28
Geo. Easdale.....		—21
W. J. Johnstone.....		—20
W. L. Cameron.....		—20
Dr. Watterson.....	7	12—19
J. Richmond.....		—16
J. B. Bunn.....		—13
A. Sheppard.....		—13
R. L. Cameron.....		—10
B. H. Baldwin.....		— 9
A. T. Pearson.....		— 5
A. Joanes.....		— 2

Events at 25 birds on April 24; showing handicaps added for the "G. R. White" Spoon: Tot. Hcp.			
J. J. Heney, Jr.....	24	22	46 3 49
W. C. Little.....	21	22	43 8 50
Geo. Easdale.....	22	23	45 5 50
Dr. Smith.....	19	24	43 6 49
Geo. O'Connor.....	20	22	42 5 47
J. B. Bunn.....	19	23	42 5 47
W. L. Cameron.....	18	23	41 3 44
J. Jones.....	18	23	41 2 43
Dr. Black.....	19	22	41 10 50
V. V. Rogers.....	18	22	40 6 46
A. W. Throop.....	19	21	40 6 46
G. S. Walker (pro.).....	19	19	32 x 38
W. J. Corby.....	16	21	37 4 41
G. M. Dunk (pro.).....	20	17	37 x 37
C. Bettune.....	17	19	36 9 45
Dr. Mohr.....	17	17	34 20 50
R. Cameron.....	17	16	33 12 45
C. J. Booth.....	17	15	32 8 40
R. A. Sibbett.....	18	14	32 6 38
I. Currie.....	14	18	32 10 42
W. Williams.....	16	15	31 10 41
J. M. Roberts.....	14	16	30 15 45
O. T. King.....	16	14	30 20 50
G. R. White.....	11	16	27 x 27
A. Sheppard.....	11	15	26 20 46
J. Richmond.....	10	15	25 10 35
C. H. Rogers.....	11	10	21 25 46
B. H. Baldwin.....	10	10	20 20 40
Dr. Watterson.....	9	10	19 20 39

Shoot off at (25 birds)—			Hcp. Tot.
O. T. King.....	21		10—31
Dr. Black.....	22		5—27
Dr. Mohr.....	17		10—27
W. C. Little.....	20		4—24
Geo. Easdale.....	20		3—23

Ten-man team event, 25 birds each:		
Team 1.		
J. J. Heney, Jr.....	24	J. Jones..... 21
W. J. Corby.....	21	G. M. Dunk..... 17
W. C. Little.....	21	J. B. Bunn..... 18
V. V. Rogers.....	19	Dr. Mohr..... 19
J. Richmond.....	20	D. Watterson..... 10

Total.....			190
Team 2.			
Geo. Easdale.....	19	A. W. Throop.....	20
C. J. Booth.....	20	Dr. Smith.....	21
Geo. O'Connor.....	24	Dr. Black.....	22
W. L. Cameron.....	22	O. T. King.....	20
J. M. Roberts.....	18	C. H. Rogers.....	10

Total.....			196
Extra event (25 birds)—			
R. Cameron.....	18	A. Sheppard.....	15
B. H. Baldwin.....	9	J. Roughsedge.....	8

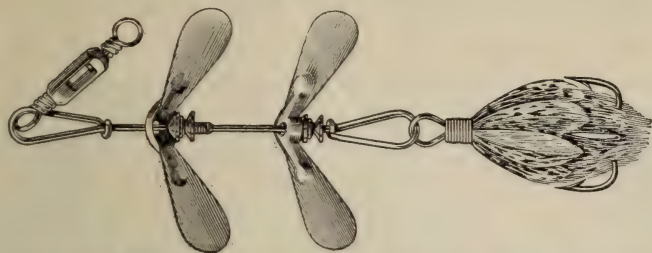
Two Events at 25 Birds for Club Spoon, May 1st:		
Geo. O'Connor.....	23	22 45
John Boa, pro.....	23	21 44
C. Bethune.....	21	20 41
Geo. Easdale.....	20	21 41
V. V. Rogers.....	19	22 41
W. L. Cameron.....	20	20 40
R. Cameron.....	21	17 38
J. B. Bunn.....	16	22 38
A. W. Throop.....	19	18 37
C. J. Booth.....	21	14 35
G. S. Walker, pro.....	16	18 34
Geo. White.....	17	16 33
Dr. Mohr.....	17	15 32
A. Sheppard.....	16	15 31
N. Brownlee.....	12	17 29
W. Williams.....	14	10 24
O. T. Ring.....	10	13 23
W. F. Forbes.....	14	9 23
Geo. Bryson, jr.....	6	10 16
B. H. Baldwin.....	7	7 14

One Event at 25 Birds for the Dupont Spoon.		
C. Bethune.....	4	22 26
C. B. Rogers.....	10	15 25
R. Cameron.....	7	17 24
C. J. Booth.....	4	20 24
Geo. Easdale.....	2	22 24
N. Brownlee.....	6	17 23
O. T. Ring.....	5	18 23
G. S. Walker Pro.....	Scr.	23 23
W. L. Cameron.....	2	21 23
Geo. O'Connor.....	2	20 22
B. H. Baldwin.....	10	11 21
A. W. Throop.....	2	19 21
John Boa, pro.....	Scr.	21 21
V. V. Rogers.....	2	19 21
A. Sheppard.....	8	12 20
Dr. Mohr.....	6	14 20
J. B. Bunn.....	2	18 20
Geo. White.....	6	14 20
Wm. Forbes.....	6	13 19
Geo. Bryson, jr.....	6	8 14
Extras—G. S. Walker (pro.), 24; John Boa (pro.), 22		
Geo. O'Connor, 20; Geo. Easdale, 19; J. B. Bunn, 17;		
Dr. Mohr, 17; Geo. Bryson, jr., 9.		

Dominion Cartridge Gun Club.
The election of officers of the above club resulted as follows:
Hon. Presidents—Sir George H. Perley, M. P.; H. Slater, M. P. P.; H. W. Brainerd, John S. Boa; John Hay, ex-M. P. P.; Rupert M. Watson, Alex. Dey.
Hon. vice-presidents—George R. Scott, John Russell, A. Samson, H. Moseley, H. Gardiner, C. Billings, F. H. Hooper.
President—E. J. Johnson.
Vice-president—R. Golphin.
Secretary—M. C. Fletcher.
Treasurer—J. R. Thomson.
Committee of management—Messrs. Wyman McGibbon, S. A. Wilson, Fred Brunelle, W. T. Davies, T. G. Pasco.
John S. Boa was present at the meeting and gave much very valuable advice in regard to the handicapping for the present season.
Following are the results of the week's shoot:

Name	Prac. 10 birds		Prac. 10 birds		Club Spoon 15 birds		Prac. 15 birds		Prac. 15 birds	
	Prac.	10 birds	Prac.	10 birds	Club	15 birds	Prac.	15 birds	Prac.	15 birds
E. Smith.....	8	7	9							24
G. Bourne.....	5	9	11							25
Mrs. Brunelle.....	4	4	6							14
W. Riley.....	7		4							11
H. Butler.....	9	8	14	11			7			49
Mrs. S. Wilson.....	8	9	9	11			7			44
M. C. Fletcher.....	10	6	14	9			10			49
E. Johnson.....	7		11	12						30
T. G. Pasco.....	8		7				6			21
Ross Fraser.....							3			3
M. Gagne.....	6		7							13
Mrs. Talbot.....			6							21
Mrs. Johnson.....	3		7				5			21
Mrs. Secker.....	4		6							10
Miss Pasco.....	3		6							9
E. J. Johnson.....			9	10			8			27
S. A. Wilson.....			14							14
C. Kennedy.....			15				8			23

Dominion Cartridge Co. scores on April 24 were:
Practice Match (10 birds)—M. C. Fletcher 7, W. Talbot 7, C. Vary 7, W. Petley 5, Mrs. Brunelle 5, T. G. Pasco 5, E. Doremus 4, Mrs. Talbot 3, R. Fraser 3, J. Seary 1.
Practice Match (10 birds)—H. Butler 9, Ed. Johnson 8, Mr. S. Wilson 6, Mrs. Secker 6, Mrs. Brunelle 5, E. Doremus 4, M. C. Fletcher 4, Mrs. Johnson 2.
Practice Match (10 birds)—Mrs. S. Wilson 10, S. A. Wilson 10, George Bourne 10, E. Doremus 7, E. Secker 7, P. Burt 7, Ed. Johnson 7, A. Dart 7, Ed. Smith 6, A. Griffin 5.
Club Spoon (15 birds)—M. C. Fletcher 13, C. Vary 12, E. Secker 12, H. Butler 12, H. Heale 12, S. A. Wilson 12, R. Golphin 12, Mrs. Brunelle 11, Mrs. S. Wilson 11, G. Bourne 11, W. Talbot 10, Miss Kennedy 10, Ed. Smith 10, T. G. Pasco 9, C. Kennedy 9, C. King 9, P. Burt 9, Mrs. Secker 8, E. Doremus 8, F. Brunelle 8, A. Griffin 7, J. Leary 6, Ed. Johnson 6, Mrs. Johnson 6, M. Gagne 6, A. Jeannotte 4, Mrs. Talbot 2.
Du Pont Challenge Spoon (25 birds)—Fred Brunelle 25, Mrs. Brunelle 23, W. Talbot 23, E. Johnson 23, H. Butler 23, A. Griffin 22, H. Heale 22, R. Golphin 22, C. Vary 21, S. A. Wilson 21, Ed. Smith 21, P. Burt 21,



The many thousand of

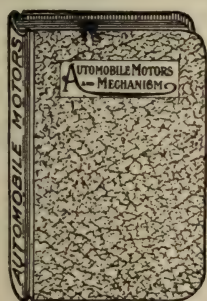
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Mrs. S. Wilson 20, M. C. Fletcher 17, A. Dart 17, G. Bourne 16, Mrs. Johnson 16, E. Doremus 14, C. Kennedy 14, C. King 14.

Practice Match (25 birds)—H. Butler 22, E. Doremus 20, Mrs. Brunelle 14.

Following are scores of May 1st:

Practice match (10 birds)—Geo. Bourne 8, M. C. Fletcher 8, E. Johnson 8, Mrs. Brunelle 7, T. G. Pasco 7, E. Smith 5, O. Legault 5, A. Jeanette 5, Mrs. Pasco 3, Mrs. Heale 3, Mrs. Secker 3, Ross Fraser 1, E. Secker 4.

Practice match (10 birds)—Geo. Bourne 6, E. Smith 6, T. G. Pasco 6, Mrs. Brunelle 5.

Du Pont Challenge Spoon (25 birds)—H. Butler 24, M. C. Fletcher 23, E. Johnson 23, T. G. Pasco 20, E. Smith 18, C. Kennedy 18, Mrs. Wilson 18, F. Brunelle 18, Mrs. Brunelle 16, C. Bourne 15, C. King 14.

Club Spoon (15 birds)—H. Butler 14, E. Smith 13, M. C. Fletcher 13, C. Kennedy 13, F. Brunelle 13, G. Bourne 12, Mrs. Brunelle 12, T. G. Pasco 12, C. King 12, A. Griffin 12, P. Burt 12, Mrs. Wilson 11, E. Secker 10, E. Johnson 10, Mrs. Johnson 10, A. Dart 8, A. Jeannette 8, Mrs. Heale 6, A. Leroux 6, Mrs. Pasco 4, Miss Kennedy 3, O. Legault 2.

Practice (15 birds)—E. Smith 11, E. Secker 11, H. Butler 11, Mrs. Secker 9, F. Brunelle 9, Mrs. Johnson 5.

Practice (10 birds)—Mrs. Brunelle 8, H. Butler 7, Miss Kennedy 2.

Practice (15 birds)—F. Brunelle 12, C. King 8.

Shooters at Lachine Traps.

Wilson won the Maher Spoon competition at the weekly shoot of the Lachine Gun Club on April 17, after a close and interesting contest. After shooting twice to break the tie, Wilson and Watson finally decided to toss a coin and fortune favored the former. The club spoon competition was won by Clarke. The results are as follows:

Practice Match, 15 Birds—R. Lucas 15, Shoemaker 14, Robertson 14, Howard 14, Laing 13, Watson 13, Clarke 12, Johnson 12, Wood 11, Black 11, Maher 11, Torrance 10, Beaubien 10, Hodgson 10, H. Lucas 10, Wilson 9.

Club Spoon, 15 Birds—Lyll 14, R. Lucas 14, Clarke 14, Howard 14, Laing 14, Shoemaker 13, Black 13, Maher 13, H. Lucas 13, Carruthers 12, Wilson 12, Torrance 12, Strachan 11, Watson 11, Robertson 11, Wood 10, E. Russell 10, V. Russell 10, Beaubien 10, Hodgson 10, Johnson 10.

Shoot-off—Clarke 15, R. Lucas 14, Lyll 13, Howard 13.

Sweepstake, 15 Birds—Clarke 15, Carruthers 14, R. Lucas 14, Laing 14, Shoemaker 14, Maher 14, H. Lucas 14, Lyll 13, Black 13, Hodgson 13, Howard 13, Strachan 12, V. Russell 12, Watson 12, Robertson 12, Faubert 12, Torrance 11, Johnson 11, E. Russell 10, Wood 10, Beaubien 10, Wilson 10.

Maher Spoon 15 birds, Handicap—Strachan 15, R. Lucas 15, Laing 15, Wood 15, Watson 15, Johnson 15, Hodgson 15, Wilson 15, Robertson 15, Maher 15, Galbraith 15, T. Lyll 14, H. Lucas 14, E. Russell 13, Beaubien 13, Carruthers 12, Shoemaker 12, Clarke 12, Faubert 12, Howard 12, V. Russell 10.

Shoot-off—(a) Wilson 15, Watson 15, Galbraith 15, Maher 15, Laing 15, Robertson 15, Strachan 14, R. Lucas 14, Hodgson 14, Wood 14, Johnson 12. (b) Wilson 15, Watson 15, Galbraith 15, Maher 14, Robertson 13, Laing 12. (c) Wilson 15, Watson 15, Galbraith 12. Wilson won toss after the first shoot-off handicaps were halved.

Lachine Gun Club.

Following were the scores at Lachine Gun Club on April 24.

Practice match (five birds)—J. Boa, (pro.), 14, R. Lucas 14, Putnam 14, T. Boa 14, Hart 13, Wood 13, Clark 9, H. Lucas 9.

Sweepstakes (15 birds)—J. Boa (pro.) 13, R. Lucas 13, Hart 13, Putnam 11, T. Boa 11, Watson 11, Clarke 10, Hodgins 9, Wood 8, H. Lucas 7.

Club spoon (15 birds)—J. Boa (pro.) 15, R. Lucas 14, Laing 13, Clark 12, Watson 12, Hodgins 12, Hart 10, H. Lucas 9, T. Boa 7, Wood 7.

Sweepstakes (15 birds)—J. Boa (pro.) 14, Putnam 14, Watson 14, Hart 13, R. Lucas 12, T. Boa 12, Clark 11, H. Lucas 8, Wood 8, Hodgins 8.

Sweepstakes (15 birds)—J. Boa (pro.) 15, Putnam 15, Hart 14, T. Lucas 13, Clark 11, Watson 10, Hodgins 10, Wood 8, T. Boa 7, H. Lucas 6.

Maher spoon (15 birds handicap)—J. Boa (pro.) 15, J. Clark 15, Hart 15, Wood 15, Watson 15, Laing 15, Hodgins 14, R. Lucas 13, H. Lucas 12, Faubert 11.

Shoot-off (tie)—Laing 15, 15, 14; Watson 15, 15, 10; Wood 15, 15, 9; Hart 14; Clark 13.

Sweepstakes (15 birds)—Hart 15, J. Boa (pro.) 14, R. Lucas 14, Clark 14, T. Boa 14, Watson 14, H. Lucas 12, Hodgins 12, Putnam 10, Laing 10, Wood 6.

Practice match, 15 birds, May 1st.—T. Boa 15, Shoemaker 14, Howard 13, Watson 13, Maher 12, Wood 12, Clark 12, Hart 11, Doremus 8.

Club spoon, 15 birds—Maher 14, Howard 13, Doremus 13, R. Lucas 13, Shoemaker 12, Hart 11, Watson 10, H. Lucas 10, Clarke 8, T. Boa 8.

Sweepstakes, 15 birds—Maher 15, R. Lucas 14, Howard 12, Watson 12, Shoemaker 12, Clarke 11, Hart 10, Doremus 10, H. Lucas 10.

Maher spoon handicap, 15 birds—Hart 15, Clarke 15, Watson 15, Shoemaker 15, Wood 14, Howard 13, Maher 13, R. Lucas 11, Doremus 11, H. Lucas 11.

Shoot-off—Hart 15, Clarke 14, Watson 14, Shoemaker 13.

Sweepstakes, 15 birds—Clarke 13, Doremus 12, Hart 12, H. Lucas 12, Maher 11, R. Lucas 11.

Lachine Locks Gun Club.

At Lachine Locks Gun Club on April 24, the scores were:

Practice match (15 birds)—R. Lucas 14, Faubert 13, Cosgrave 12, Shoemaker 12, C. Black 12, Hart 11, Meuser 14, Harvey 11, Wood 10, H. Lucas 10.

Practice match (15 birds)—R. Lucas 14, Gowdy 14, Wood 13, Hart 13, Faubaert 12, H. Lucas 11, Meuse 10.

Sweepstakes (15 birds)—R. Lucas 15, Cosgrove 14, Hart 14, C. Black 14, Harvey 14, Faubert 13, Shoemaker 13, H. Lucas 13, Gowdy 13, Wood 12, Meuser 12.

Sweepstakes (10 birds)—Faubert 10, Wood 9, Hart 9, R. Lucas 9, Goodwin 9, Cosgrove 8, C. Black 8, Meuser 8, H. Lucas 8, Gowdy 8, Harvey 8, Shoemaker 7.

Special event (15 birds)—Gowdy 15, R. Lucas 14, Faubert 13, Cosgrove 12, Shoemaker 12, Hart 12, C. Black 12, Goodwin 12, H. Lucas 12, Meuser 11, Harvey 11, Wood 10.

First prize—Military wrist watch; second prize—\$2.25; third prize—\$1.25.

Practice match, 15 birds, May 1st—Black 15, Gowdy 14, Cosgrove 14, Aquin 14, Hart 13, Brazeau 13, Trotter 13, Faubert 12, Couillard 11.

Practice match, 20 birds—Brazeau 19, Faubert 19, Henrichon 18, Aquin 18, Trotter 17.

Practice match, 15 birds—Gowdy 13, Wood 10, Couillard 10, Black 10, Cosgrove 10.

Sweepstakes, 15 birds—Black 14, Hart 13, Wood 13, Gowdy 12, Cosgrove 12, Faubert 11, Brazeau 11, Henrichon 10, Couillard 10.

Spoon shoot, 15 birds—Hart 14, Wood 14, Henrichon 13, Black 13, Faubert 11, Trotter 11, Brazeau 8.

Shoot-off—Wood 14, Hart 13.

Springwood Gun Club.

Bert Glover led the field in breaking targets at the weekly Saturday shoot on May 2nd of the Springwood Gun Club, getting 46 out of 50. Rowland Day was second high gun, with 40, while Wade broke 37. The last even was 5 pairs of doubles. The following are the scores:

Shot at	15	10	15	*10	Broke
Glover.....	13	9	15	9	46
Day.....	13	9	10	8	40
Simcox.....	12	10	10	5	27
Webb.....	9	7	10	7	33
C. S. H.....	5	4	6	4	19
Baldwin.....	7	2	..	..	9
Boucher.....	6	4	..	..	10
Coleman.....	12	7	12	5	36
Parker.....	11	9	..	6	26
T. H. B.....	4	5	7	..	17
Duffield.....	8	6	8	..	22
Waide.....	11	8	11	7	37
Clinger.....	11	7	11	4	33
Bissett.....	14	..	..	5	19

*Five pairs of doubles.

Galt Gun Club.

There was a fair attendance at the Galt traps, Saturday, May 1st, when another shoot for the watch job trophy presented to the club for competition by the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass. was held. The scores:

	Broke	Hdcap.
H. D. Sherwood.....	41	4
E. Clark.....	36	7
J. Clark.....	26	14
W. Pickering.....	30	13
F. Despond.....	39	6
W. Marshall.....	38	4
A. Watson.....	32	1
H. Newlands.....	40	4
W. Fairless.....	20x25	
W. Clark.....	20x25	
J. Fulton.....	16x25	
R. Davidge.....	12x25	
F. Toles.....	20x25	
A. J. Oliver.....	33x50	

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The Canadian Indian Shoot

An advance notice has been received of the Canadian Indians Registered shoot to be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake, June 30th, July 1, 2, 3, 1915. \$300 in cash will be given for High Average on all regular events of July 1st, 2nd and 3rd: first 10 men, \$15 each; 2nd 10 men, \$10 each; 3rd 10 men, \$5 each. The Toronto Cup value \$200 is open to all Canadian amateurs, and is offered for High Average in all regular events. A beautiful trophy will be given for making longest run of breaks in regular events. A Grand Merchandise event is also to be a feature of this Tournament and the prize list will be large and valuable. Further information and programs can be secured from W. T. Ely, High Scribe, Imperial Bank Bldg., King and Sherbourne Streets, Toronto, Ont.

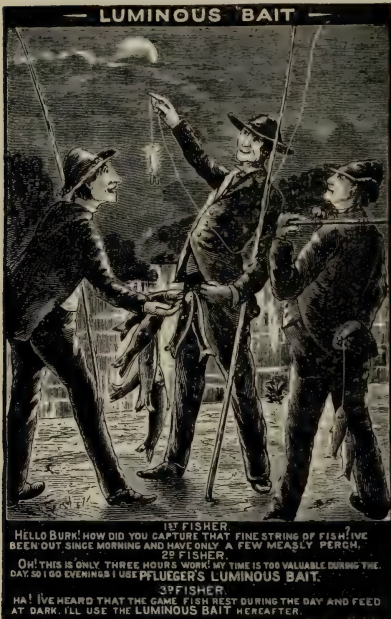
The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. are offering to gun clubs throughout Canada their 1915 trophy, a handsomely encased standard safety razor outfit. It

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The Dupont Powder Co. of Wilmington, Del. have just issued a little card showing the Dupont Smokeless Shotgun powder grains enlarged 400 times their actual size. A copy of this card will be sent to any shooter on request.

A revised Gun Club map of the United States just issued by the Du Pont Powder Company, showing the location of towns containing organized clubs, gives the total number of clubs up to November 15, 1914, as 3,221. It is estimated that the average membership of these clubs is fifty, making a total of 161,050 trapshooters belonging to clubs that shoot regularly.

TRADE NOTES



When advertising was in its infancy—A. Pflueger newspaper advertisement in 1881.

The name "Pflueger" has been associated with the fishing tackle manufactured by the Enterprise Mfg. Co. for the past thirty-four years. Their 34th Annual illustrated 200 page catalogue is now ready for mailing. Write the Enterprise Mfg. Co., Akron, Ohio, for a copy.

The Marlin Firearms Company is placing on the market a Military Model Musket, .30-30 caliber, as illustrated. It is expressly intended for Home Guard work, semi-military organizations, and clubs, for it has every requisite of power, range, accuracy and construction for efficient military service; it uses standard ammunition not excessively high in cost; and it is at the same time one of the most desirable big game hunting rifles ever invented.

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The Keeling Bait and Tackle Co., of Rockford, Ill., U.S.A., recently purchased the business and patents of the "EXPERT" Wood Minnow, the original Wooden Minnow, whose Patent Detachable Hooks are without doubt one of the handiest things ever invented for the fisherman who desires to change hooks or replace broken hooks.

Canadian readers who may have been interested in the announcement of the new type of flashlight exactly like a "banker's" fountain pen in size and appearance which appeared in our May issue, will be pleased to know that same may be secured from the Canadian Ever Ready Works, 86-90 Chestnut St., Toronto, Ont. The price being \$1.10.

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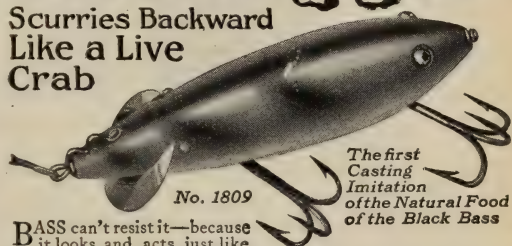
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Barn Swallows as Songsters.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

As the time for the return of our feathered friends the swallows is at hand I have thought it opportune to send you some notes of these little migrants who never fail us and seldom tarry on their way coming or going with variations of more than a few days' interval.

These notes were made last summer and relate, what is to me a quality quite new and unsuspected in the swallows, that of song. It was learned not only that swallows could sing but that they could sing sweetly. What I am about to relate must be of very uncommon occurrence for though having reached the allotted span, and having always taken an interest in bird life, it is the first occasion on which it has been my pleasureable experience to have heard barn swallows sing.

On July 26th of last year, on a beautiful bright morning, about 6 o'clock a. m. very sweet and varied bird notes were heard outside the open window of my cottage in the country—so sweet and varied and strange to me were they, that I got up to see what bird was making them. A cat bird was the only conceivable one so I noiselessly approached the window, and looked into the nearest trees, but found nothing to account for the singing which suddenly ceased.

The next morning, July 27th, the same sweet singing was again heard. It was a varied song with mostly soft guttural notes of a liquid character, the most distinctive being "whip-poor-will" which came frequently in the refrain.

The window was approached more cautiously this time and the trees and shrubbery again examined, but no bird was in sight. Suddenly two barn swallows fluttered below the window and alighted on the wide projecting coping where were already two other swallows singing in ecstatic strains and in perfect harmony, producing as sweet a concert as I ever heard. With mouths widely extended and swelling throat they sang away quite unconscious that they were being observed and that other ears than their own were enjoying the sweet strains.

They were in full view only a few feet distant and below me so that they were looked down upon while I was above their line of vision. The birds were all full plumaged cocks. The occurrence has been related in some detail so as to dispel any doubt as to its happening, which must be extremely unusual. Since a boy the twitter of the barn swallow has been familiar but never through a long life of observation of birds have I heard barn swal-

lows sing in concert with sweet and varied mimic notes.

Ottawa, Ont. Alfred J. Horsey.

A Black Swan.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

While I was out shooting to-day I found some "White Swans" and among them there was a dark one, almost black. They are going north now. Is there such a thing as a black swan and if not what is it?

Glenbow, Alta.

V. Goddard.

Edit. Note.—Several years ago we understand there were two black, or dark swans shot on Okanagan Lake, B. C. The dark swan which you saw among the white ones was doubtless a freak member of his flock.

A Proposed Pheasant Farm.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Can you give me any information as to the possibilities of a commercial pheasant farm located in the Province of Ontario. It is becoming a very rich industry in the United States where the birds are bred in very large numbers and sold to Game Preservers, etc.

Yours very truly,
Montreal, P. Q.

D. J. E.

Edit. Note.—Can any of our readers give our subscriber any information on the above subject? If so we shall be pleased to hear from them, and to forward such information.

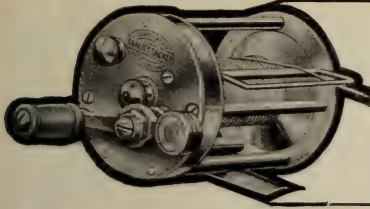
A Proposed Canoe Trip Along the Montreal River.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

As you know I have been for some time past a subscriber to Rod and Gun in Canada. I am beginning to think about planning a canoe trip for next summer and in looking at the map, I notice that, so far as location goes, the Montreal River, the one which empties into Lake Temiscaming, might fill the bill. I would like to find out something about that river. Is the scenery along it well wooded and beautiful? Are the shores clean or muddy? Is there water of a fresh clean color? What sort of fishing is one apt to find on it? Are we apt to find same rather populated, whether by settlers or tourists; or has it the attractiveness of the unpopulated solitudes? Any information that you can think of regarding the attractiveness of that river for a canoe trip, will be thankfully received.

Yours truly,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Alfred Bettman.



BEFORE YOU BUY A CASTING REEL

Investigate the merits of the South Bend Anti-Back-Lash—Ask your dealer to let you try it in comparison with any other reel on the market purported to be anti-back-lash or a minimizer of back-lashes—then decide for yourself. It is the Original and only true Anti-Back-Lash Reel made—Is Convertible—Can be used as a regular reel or anti-back-lash by a turn of adjustment screw—Thumbs itself—Automatically stops when bait lands—and has many other exclusive wonderful features which no other reel possesses. Absolutely guaranteed without time limitation—will fulfill all we claim—money back if not entirely satisfied.

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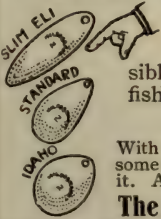
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The Illinois River Folding Decoys and the Automatic Canvas Decoys

Their movements and natural appearance will deceive the wildest ducks or geese within easy range of the hidden gunner. It's a fact that you can't equal them. They have stood the test. Thousands sold annually in many parts of the world. Good where-ever the wild fowl flies. They give good service, are compact and convenient. Sportsmen's comments of satisfaction received regularly. Ask your dealer to see them. Write to us for illustrations and prices.

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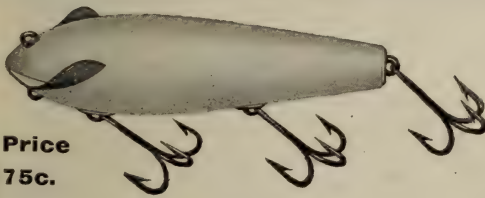
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Surface Wobbler, Near-Surface Wobbler, Deep Diving Wobbler, or Surface Splatler Bait as desired. Changes made in one minute. No tools required and no extra parts to lose. This bait answers all purposes, and is the greatest fish getter ever devised. Has all the motions of a disabled minnow. Quick detachable hooks, nickeled, cannot interlock. Enamel guaranteed to stay on. Your money back if you don't like this bait. Extra hooks, double or treble, 10c. set. Our special double hooks make bait weedless. OUR TACKLE CATALOG shows Baits, Jamison Casting Lines, Reels, Leaders, Weedless Hooks, Trout and Bass Flies, etc.

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SPINNER-WOBBLER

Of finest materials, brass, copper, or nickel and copper finished. Trout size 25c

\$2.50 doz.—bass size, 35c; \$3.50 doz. Trial spoon on receipt of price if not at dealers.
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Famous Fluted Spoon Baits

100 VARIETIES AND SIZES

Send for Catalog No. 12
describing New Baits

CLAYTON, N.Y.

A Fishing Trip Accident.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

It was during the winter of 1902 that Big Ed, the Swede, and I made our trip to Neuburn Lake, Sask. The preceding summer had been very wet. All the sloughs and lakes were full up and in mid-winter the creek was running between the upper and lower lakes. The Jackfish could be seen crowding through this open water and we promised ourselves some rare sport spearing them. They would form an agreeable change from our regular bachelor's rations of fat pork and pancakes.

Everything went along fine as a fiddle until we had got out about all we cared to pack home on our backs—a three mile hike. Suddenly Ed made a lunge, muttering as he did so something about "Gran-fadder all de fishes." Just as he nabbed the big fellow his spear handle broke and in less time than it takes to tell it the Swede disappeared from view. A moment later he emerged, dripping and spluttering and assured the finny monster as he slammed it out on the bank: "By the 'umping 'Upiter I soon be dry, but you will neffer be vet some more."

Then he scrambled out as best he could with what assistance I was able to give, which was but slight, as I was well nigh helpless with laughter. Big Ed, however, only re-

marked with a good natured grin as he crammed the fish into the sack:

"Ay bane got heem. You vood let heem get away."

Ed stayed with me that night and we ate our fill of fish, yarned away the evening and turned in. Next morning I was aroused rather early by hearing my companion groan and in answer to my sleepy enquiries I learned that it 'vas hees back' that was troubling him. "It moost be da cole vater dive" he explained. "She neffer bane lak dat before."

I advised a mustard plaster applied to the seat of the trouble and the patient agreed but insisted that it be made up without flour. After some argument I fixed it as ordered and tied it on. Then Ed, with more groans, struggled into his clothes and after eating breakfast and having a smoke seemed considerably limbered up, and struck out for his place, a half a mile away, to attend to his chores. The next day I went over to enquire after his health. I was greeted with the usual expansive grin. "Da plaster nice and varm" he assured me. "It feex me a' right. Vore heem all day but haf to look efery little yunce in a vhole to see if she's smokin'."

Saskatchewan Homesteader



A Record Load of Moose.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

The accompanying photograph may be of interest to readers of Rod and Gun.

This game was killed about one hundred miles north of Edmonton by a party of four from Edmonton composed of F. Pierce, Harvey and Dick McKenzie and L. A. Goodridge.

It might be called a record load of moose, one having a spread of fifty-three inches, one fifty-eight inches, one sixty and the other sixty-one inches.

When conditions are right it is not much trouble to get moose. The day after we landed in camp it snowed about four inches,

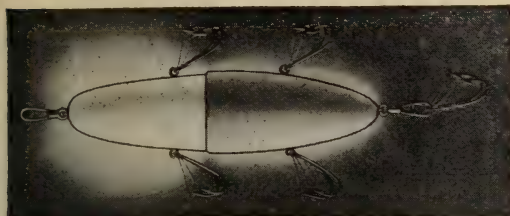
which made hunting easy and in four days we had our allowance of moose. The hunting season comes here in November and it is too late for calling so it is a case of still hunt, when there is snow you track them, but when there is no snow it is some job.

In parts of this country moose are very plentiful but deer are very scarce. Conditions do not seem to be right for their rapid increase. On two different occasions I found dead does, apparently not wounded, but thin as a rake.

Hoping you may find room for this letter,
Yours truly,

Edmonton, Alta.

L. A. Goodridge



Bait Casters Attention!

Dr. Wasweyler's Marvelous Electric Glow Casting Minnow

Each bait a complete light plant, containing a dry cell and bulb. No wires, no phosphorous. Light is positive—turned on and off—a beautiful rich glow. Any color. Absolutely weedless. Can be used as a surface or under water bait. Wonderfully efficient at dawn, twilight and at night. Has been successfully tried out by experienced and practical bait-casters. Every bait guaranteed or money refunded.

Endorsed and approved of by the Wisconsin State Game and Fish Warden.

Do Not Delay! We are now selling them as fast as we can make them. Order at once so that you get yours in time.

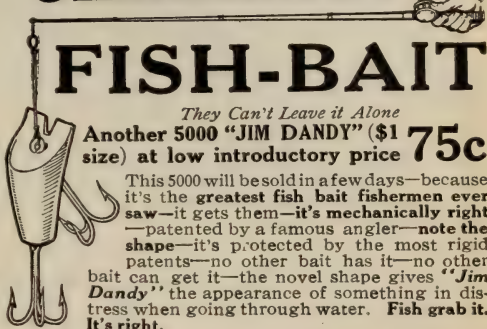
Bait with 3 batteries, postpaid \$1.50

Dr. C. S. Wasweyler

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FISH-BAIT

They Can't Leave it Alone

Another 5000 "JIM DANDY" (\$1 size) at low introductory price **75c**

This 5000 will be sold in a few days—because it's the **greatest fish bait fishermen ever saw**—it gets them—it's **mechanically right**—patented by a famous angler—**note the shape**—it's protected by the most rigid patents—no other bait has it—no other bait can get it—the novel shape gives "**Jim Dandy**" the appearance of something in distress when going through water. **Fish grab it. It's right.**

NOW DIRECT BY MAIL

Get a letter off to us **NOW** and by return mail a "**Jim Dandy**" will come back to you that will make your fishing from now on so much more pleasant that you wouldn't take \$10.00 for "**Jim Dandy**" if you couldn't replace it.

MONEY BACK—GUARANTEE

Put a half and a quarter into a letter today and mail it to us for one of these 75c specials; if it isn't the best bait you ever used **send it back**—we'll gladly return your money at once. Order two—you can't afford to run any chances of being without one. Write today and get one of these 5000—\$1 size bait at the special 75c price.

Address: Wise Sportsman's Supply Co.
Dept. F, 20 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Illinois

Keeling's "Expert" Wiggler

Attach your line—to Nose or Tail

It wiggles—either way

If you want fish—it will not fail

But if it should—just say

I'm sending back your wiggler fish

It does not fill the bill

My money back—is what I wish

Will you send it back—WE WILL.

Special Offer for June and July. 3 Minnows for \$1.00

The Wiggle and 2 Underwater Minnows sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.00. The "**EXPERT**" are the only minnows made with practical Detachable Hooks. Your money back if not satisfied or you can use all summer—return in October and get your money back less 10c, for the use of each minnow. Only 4 offers or 12 minnows sent to one party—Order now before you forget.

ORDER OFFER "R."

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KNOWLES AUTOMATIC STRIKER SPOON

A NEW SIZE The big success of the other four sizes of this No. 3 possible. It is a beauty—just the spoon for Bass, Trout and other game fishes when fish sudden stop at the hook deeply Lifelike motion. other spoon or



The length of this new size is 2½ in. Price 35c postpaid. Ask your dealer or send to us. Fully guaranteed. Catalogue free. Other Sizes: 2¼ in. 55c; 3¼ in. 65c; 4½ in. 80c; 5½ in. \$1.

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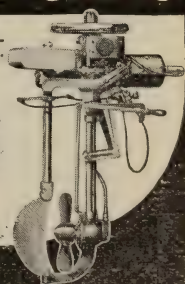
FASTEST—most dependable; best built—4 H.P.—fits any boat. Float feed carburetor—battery or mag. Reversing propeller. Write for free catalog and owners' letters. 30 Day Special Price

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1915 Model has reversing propeller, high tension magneto and unrestricted speed control. 3 H.P. Weight, 65 lbs.

Original outboard motor—tenth year—30,000 in use. Guaranteed for life. Fits any shape stern. Has automobile carburetor; removable bearings; solid bronze skeg protecting 10 1/2 x 16 in. propeller. Steers by rudder from any part of the boat. Water cooled exhaust manifold; noiseless underwater exhaust; span copper water jacket. Demand these essentials, if you want your money's worth. Write today for free book, showing both outboard and inboard engines. Our prices will surprise you.



WATERMAN MOTOR CO.
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Makes Any Boat

A Motor Boat



OUR MEDICINE BAG



Those sportsmen who have at heart the conservation of our fish and game will be disappointed that out of the various recommendations for amendments to the Ontario Game and Fisheries Act, the only amendment to be made to the Act during the session of the Ontario Legislature recently ended, was to extend the close season for beaver and otter to the 31st October, 1916, and the provision that thereafter the taking of otter and beaver should be only on terms and during periods prescribed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council. Among the proposals for amendment one of the most interesting was for the issuing of a gun license or general game license. The proposal to abolish the pump gun or repeater, or to limit its capacity to two shots, was again advocated by various sportsmen's organizations and another amendment proposed to prohibit the sale of wild ducks and put a limit of six a day or 25 a season on quail shooting. It was also proposed that the bag limit for ducks be 100 instead of 200 a season, and that the open season be from October 15th to December 31st. A number of amendments as regards the encouragement of domestic raising of game and fur bearing animals were also looked into, as well as other items. Such diverse opinions however were expressed by people whom it might be considered were qualified to have opinions on the matter of game that the Minister, it is reported, felt he should give the matter greater study before introducing a bill attempting to settle many vexed points, and so the proposed amendments which had passed the Game and Fish Committee were not enacted but left over until the next session, with the promise that during the recess they would be given careful study.

The danger of extermination comes from *sale* and its influence, from the "*game hog*," from *slaughter during the breeding season* and from the use of *destructive appliances*. It is to be hoped that these matters will be given intelligent study both by the legislators and by the individual sportsmen interested during the interval between now and the next session, and that they may then be effectively dealt with in a manner which will commend itself to the majority of those sportsmen who have the best interests of Ontario's fish and game at heart.

A truly delightful book has just reached this office. This is the "Canadian Bird Book" as it has been named. Nature lovers are familiar with the pocket guides to the

birds of North America compiled and illustrated by Chester K. Reed, but the Canadian Bird Book published by the Musson Book Co., of Toronto is an enlarged bird guide and most comprehensive. It contains descriptions of 786 birds from all parts of the country—giving size, range, description of eggs, habits and Latin names. The illustrations in this book—and every page is illustrated—are fascinating. Of these there are more than 1,000 of birds and their eggs, 500 of them being from drawings and printed in four colors showing birds in their natural colors. In addition there are hundreds of pen and ink drawings of birds in flight and in their natural haunts. Every page, indeed, contains a reproduction in color of some bird or birds and there are numerous full page illustrations in four colors as well as many in black and white. The Canadian Bird Book includes nearly every feature that would be of aid in identifying birds and to every reader who secures a copy it cannot fail to prove a reminder of the inexhaustible treasures that the woods and fields will reveal to the student who fares forth to find them.

A recent Order in Council provides that noxious, predatory or dangerous animals and noxious birds within the National Parks of Canada may be captured or killed at any time by any forest officer acting under the parks administration and that by the authority of the Minister of the Interior any animals or birds within the parks required for scientific purposes may be captured or killed at any time by any forest officer acting under the parks administration.

A recent issue of Bird Lore (D. Appleton & Co., Harrisburg, Pa.) contains a reproduction of a photograph of ten boys of the Junior Audobon Society of Wellesley School, Toronto, Ont. In the picture are shown some of the bird houses which were constructed in their manual training shop. A large number of these houses were donated to the Park Commissioners and placed in city parks. Others were erected about private homes and on the school grounds.

In the Canadian building at the Panama exposition is an exhibit of beaver. This exhibit shows the stream with the beaver dam in the foreground and the huts and sunning places of the animals further in the background. The water pours over the dam and through the top layers where the earth

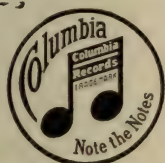
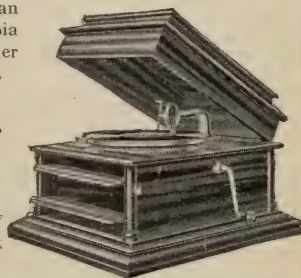
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Hear the newest records at your Columbia dealer's. Today! And hear any other particular records you like, you have a choice of more than 4000.

And while you are about it—hear the Columbia Grafonola "Favorite" at \$65 as illustrated, the model that for more than four years has been sold to more people than any other instrument—regardless of price or make. It has every Columbia tone feature, including the exclusively Columbia tone control leaves. Other Columbia Grafonolas from \$20 to \$650. And on easy terms if you wish.



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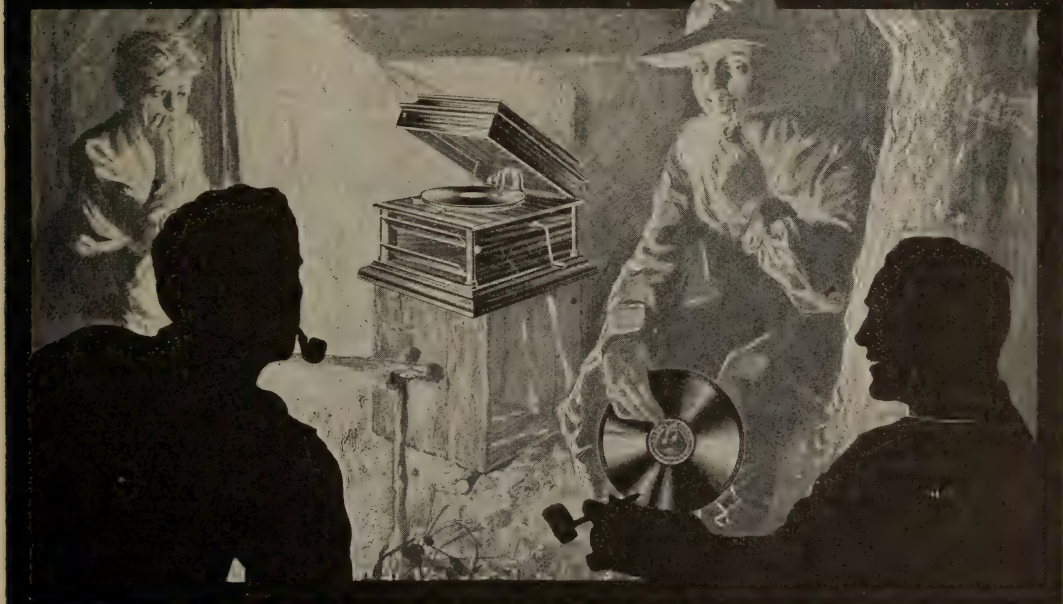
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has not as yet chinked the cracks. Every detail was carefully carried out and the whole exhibit was taken bodily from the Canadian stream one thousand miles north of the boundary between Canada and the United States and brought to the Exposition and then set up again in exactly the same relation as it had in the northern stream. The beaver were brought with their home and are of the same breed and with the wonderful skins which were so greatly prized by the France of Louis the Fourteenth. The warm water beavers do not have the same thick quality of hair as their northern brothers.

The silver salmon is the most ambitious fish alive. He is born with the instinct for making his way up-stream. He lives for that instinct. He dies with it. Frequently, on account of the ingenuity of man, he dies because of it.

In the Palace of Food at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, at San Francisco, is a hatchery operated by the United States bureau of fisheries, in which various stages of the life of the silver salmon are revealed. In all, he is about nine months reaching the maximum size shown in this exhibit.

In the course of his career the silver salmon's ambition to work himself up-stream is shown.

The exhibit contains a "fish ladder," with six steps. These steps are little basins of water, each higher than its predecessor, and with a strong current leaping down from top to bottom. As the salmon grow, they hurl themselves up this ladder, and so into the top basin. It is a device for selecting the strongest and fittest salmon.

In the Columbia river there are many water wheels which the current turns, and into which the fish work their way, to be scooped up into barges and hauled to the canneries. At this exhibit is a small water wheel. The salmon flounder into this, but merely take a ride. It is a sort of "squirrel cage," which lands them safely in the water again.

Realizing that the reserve of vacant land in that portion of the Canadian West, known as "the fertile belt" has during recent years been rapidly settled, the Department of the Interior has published a very comprehensive and elaborate compilation of all authentic information available regarding the natural resources of the unexploited regions of North-western Canada. For some time past there has been a demand for a publication of this nature, and the report, which is known, as "The Unexploited West" is designed to meet that necessity. It gives in very interesting form facts regarding the climate, soil, timber, rivers and lakes, minerals, and fish and game of the little known regions of the Peace River District and Northern Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, east from the Rocky Mountains to Hudson Bay. The report, is profusely illustrated throughout with over one hundred interesting scenes depicting the agricultural progress and possibilities of Canada's fertile northland. A copy may be procured free of charge upon application to F. C. C. Lynch, Superintendent of the Railway Lands Branch, Department of the In-

terior, Ottawa, under whose direction the publication has been prepared.

In no other place it is claimed, can the variety of fish be secured in such abundance as in the Rainy Lake region. Here, black bass, lake trout, pickerel, pike, maskalounge and whitefish abound. A little farther east of Fort Frances brook trout can be had in almost any stream. Especially do lake trout in the several small inland lakes near Fort Frances, offer to the sportsman everything that can be desired. Trout, a splendid species can be caught from two pounds to thirty pounds. One fisherman some time ago brought into town a big beauty which when cleaned tipped the scales at twenty-six pounds, enough to feed a family for nearly a week.

There are several splendid fishing spots along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway near Fort Frances, accessible in a couple of hours by rail or canoe. Launches and boats can be had and all kinds of fishing tackle at Fort Frances. A daily train from Duluth, St. Paul and Minneapolis, will bring the sportsman in a few hours to Fort Frances where the fishing grounds can easily be reached.

Away up in the Highlands of Ontario, 2000 feet above the level of the sea, Algonquin Park remains to-day unspoiled, a perfect refuge for the creature of the forest, and an ideal camping ground for the sportsman and business man. Splendid accommodation is offered at the Highland Inn and the log cabin camps, owned and operated by the Grand Trunk Railway System, in this Government reserve, at reasonable rates for all those who desire to forget the over-refinements of civilization and seek the solace of nature. Algonquin Park is a region where comfort of apparel and peace of mind are the watchwords. It is also the objective place for those who love nature, fresh air, high altitude, simple living and fellowship with kindred spirits.

The Inn and the camps are excellently kept in the good old fashioned way, which puts a personal relationship between the Innkeeper and guests. The Inn opens May 15th, the camps June 15th.

Drop a postal card to H. R. Charlton, Grand Trunk Ry. System, Montreal, for free handsome illustrated publication telling you all about this most desirable summer resort, and reserve your accommodations early.

New Brunswick, during the game season which closed last November 30, well sustained its reputation as a paradise for big game hunters. During the season, the total number of moose, deer and caribou killed and accounted for was 4,738. Probably the largest moose head taken out was one of 64¼ inches, which was secured by Otto Warman of St. John. Three other splendid heads were brought out, measuring 63 inches, 60 inches, and 59¾ inches respectively. Two of these were secured by New York sportsmen. Eight bears are reported as having been killed.



The Sporting Boot That Yields Service

Made with a leg of softest yet waterproof chrome leather, the sole of solid seasoned hide, and an oil-tanned bottom, this boot snugs to the foot, won't chafe the ankle nor ride the heel, and absolutely is guaranteed to stand more hard usage than any other boot made. It isn't cheap—but it is worth all its price. This is just one item of a big line of Sporting Boots, Moccasins, Shoepacks, etc., that every sportsman ought to know about. Write direct for facts that insure foot-ease and money saved.

Style 309
Ten Dollars A Pair

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Toronto, Can.

Going Camping ? ? ?

Any part of your outdoor outfit can be best bought right direct from us. You'll get more for your money in quality and service; and you'll be dead sure we stand back of everything we sell you—stand back of it to the limit. We've satisfied many another particular man—we certainly can satisfy you.

Trapshooters—

Please Note:

We don't specialize in Trapshooters' supplies alone; but you will think we might as well when you learn what value we can give you for your money. Ask for details.

Tents, Awnings, Canoes,
Sails, Dunnage Kits,
Duffle Packs, Grub Bags,
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Blankets, Duds, Guns,
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THAT LIVE UP TO THEIR PROMISES

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Capable, Experienced Men



Information and
Estimates Cheer-
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Bass A-Plenty!

And no wilderness travel needed to find splendid fishing!

Bass abound close to the hotel in the heart of the Rideau Lakes. High, cool, and modern. Easy to get to, and you'll rest well at

Hotel Kenney

Jones Falls, Ont.

Overnight from N. Y. City

No better fresh-water fishing on this continent—no off seasons. The owner runs the Kenney, so it is bound to be run right. It's modern, complete, and yet not high-priced. Open May 1 to November 1—good hunting in the season. Ask for Booklet giving FACTS—not mere talk



J. A. KENNEY,
Mgr. and Propr.
Jones Falls, Ont., Can.

To the Fisherman, Canoeist and Camper ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK, ONTARIO'S

2,500,000-acre Forest and Game Preserve, offers a virgin Lakeland of 2,000 lakes and streams comparatively unfished. Rare opportunities for live game photography. 2,000 feet elevation. Immune from Hay Fever. Highest and Coolest Resort in Ontario.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN

at Joe Lake Station is the Starting Point of the direct canoe routes North and South through the Park.

The hotel affords every requisite and comfort for guests within easy reach of fine Trout and Bass Fishing.

Complete Outfitting and Provisioning Store. Canoe and Boat Livery. Guides procured. Six hours from Ottawa, eight from Toronto. Pullman service.

Season—June 25th to September 25th.

A few fishing parties will be taken in May and June.

Information and Booklet of

L. E. MERRELL, 500 James Street, Syracuse, N.Y.

Canoe Cruises In Canada

The undersigned is prepared to furnish all necessary equipment and accompany party of two to eight members on a canoe trip through Northern Ontario or Quebec wilds.

If you have any particular trip in view in those districts I will supply all information as to rates and time required, on request, or I can offer you a choice of desirable routes.

R. BRAYLEY, Guide and Outfitter
969 Bloor St. W., Toronto.

Fishing and Big Game Hunting in the Canadian Rockies

H. G. LOW, Sportsman and Tourist Guide
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fish in the French and Pickerel rivers. Good board, comfortable quarters at Wanikewin Hotel. Fine canoe trips, daily mail, camping parties outfitted. House boat, cruiser, launches, boats and canoes for rent. Get your ticket for Pickerel Landing on the Canadian Pacific Ry. We meet you there. Write for further particulars

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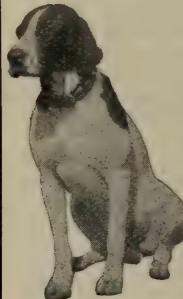
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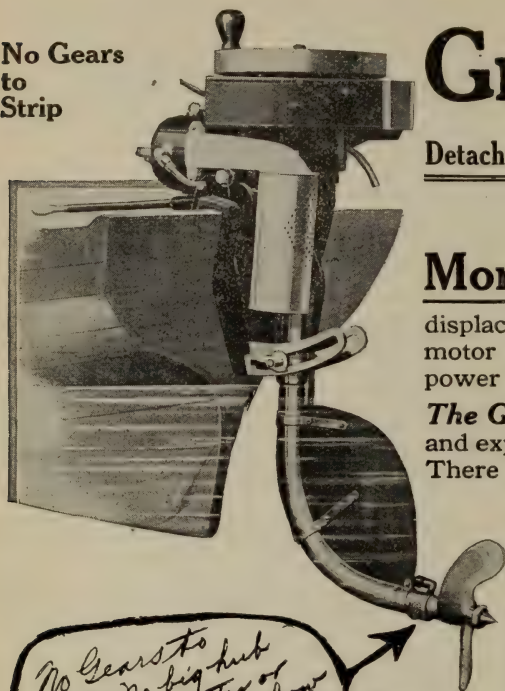
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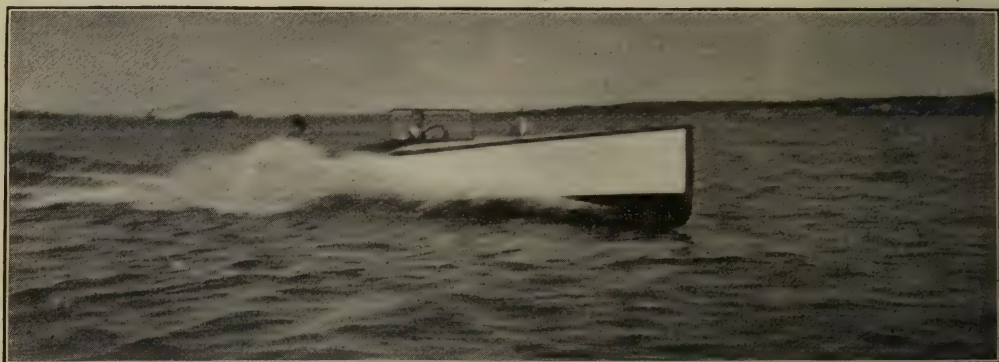
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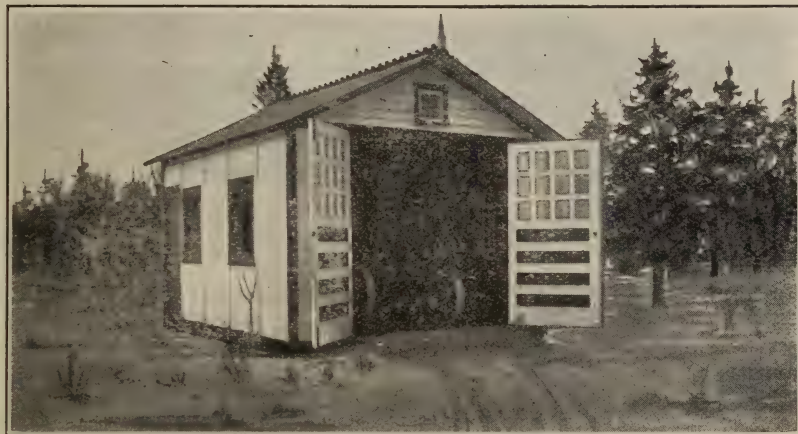
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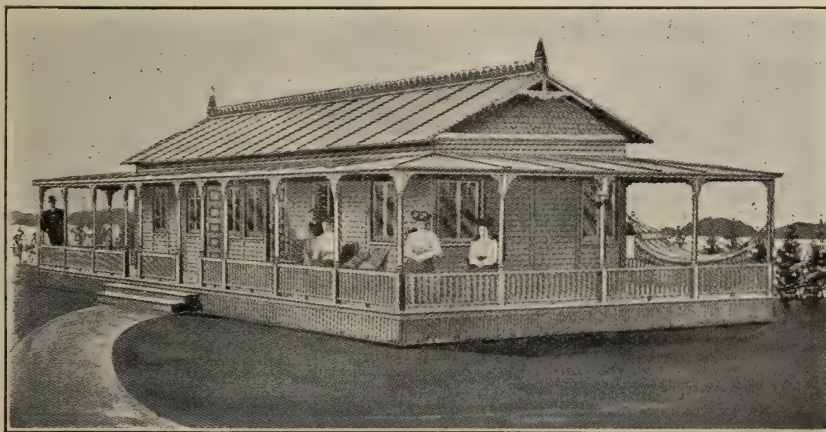
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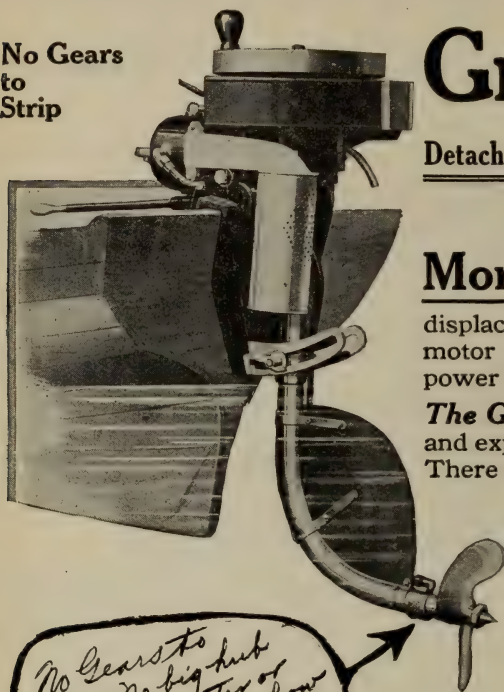
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No Gears
to
Strip



Gray Gearless

Detachable Row Boat Motor

FITS ANY ROWBOAT

More Power $2\frac{1}{2}$ H. P. — because it has greater cylinder displacement than any other portable marine motor of the same rating, and because less power is wasted between motor and the wheel.

The Gray Gearless is made by a **responsible** and experienced Marine Engine building concern. There is service and responsibility behind it.

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\$55.00

This price includes the complete motor, ready to attach and operate; also ignition equipment, including high-grade spark plug and spark plug protector, battery box, battery set, spark coil and switch. Magneto, if desired, \$10.00 extra.

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3 to 50 H. P. 1 to 6 Cylinder.

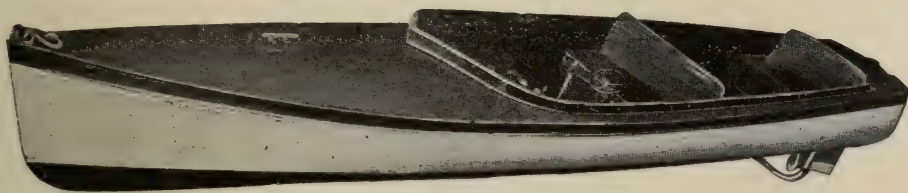
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Gray's are cheapest in the long run. Write for catalog.

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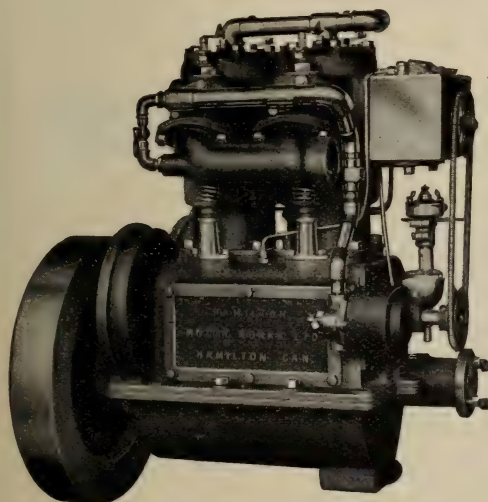


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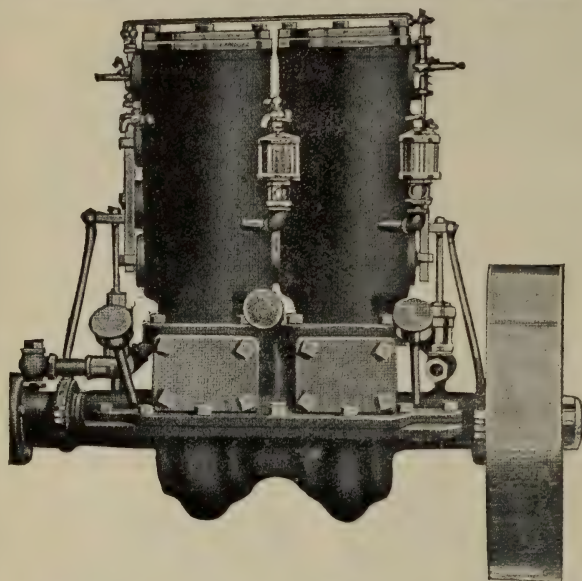
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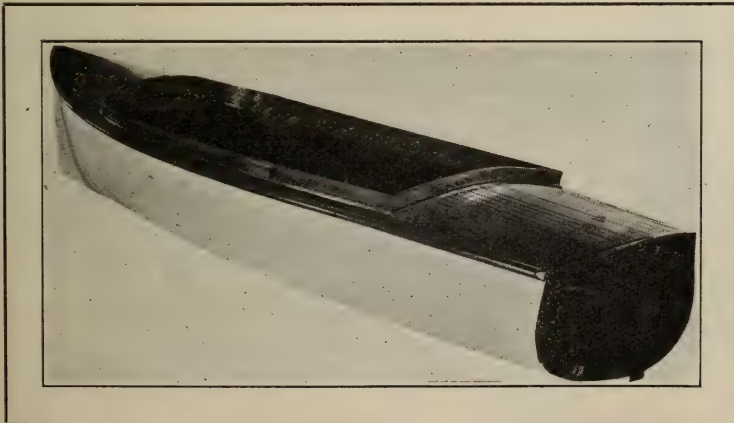
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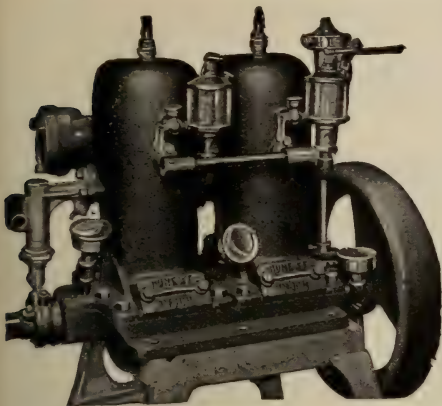


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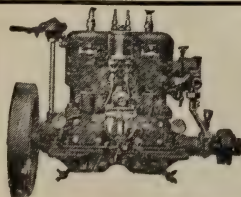
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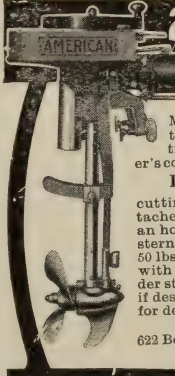


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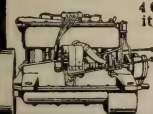
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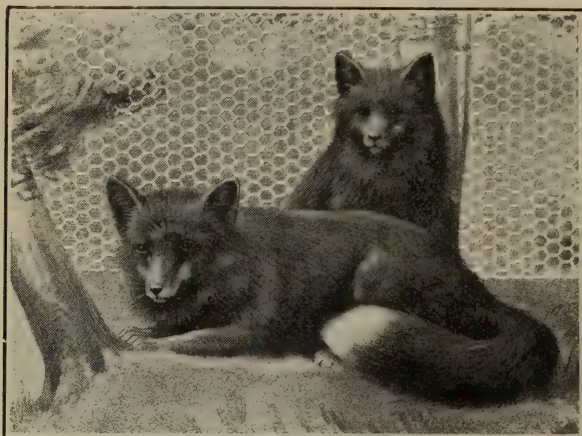
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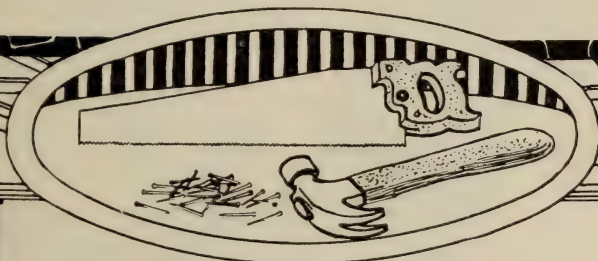
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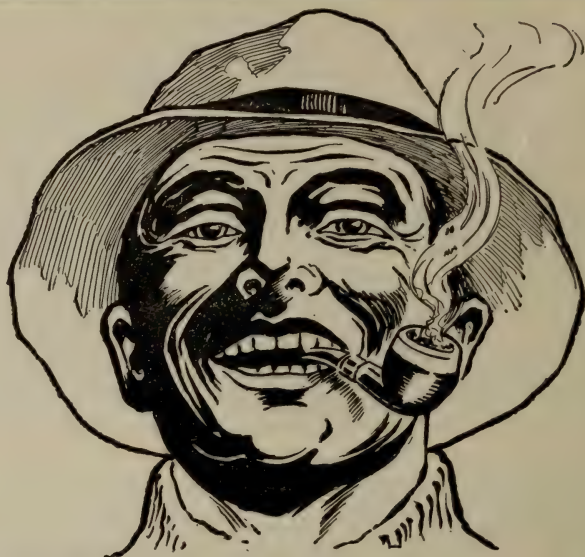
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Salt Water
Fishing near
Victoria

The Hunt of
L'Anglais

The Home of
Jasper the
Yellowhead

The Trail
Makers of the
Quetico

The Greatest of
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VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 2

Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, July, 1915

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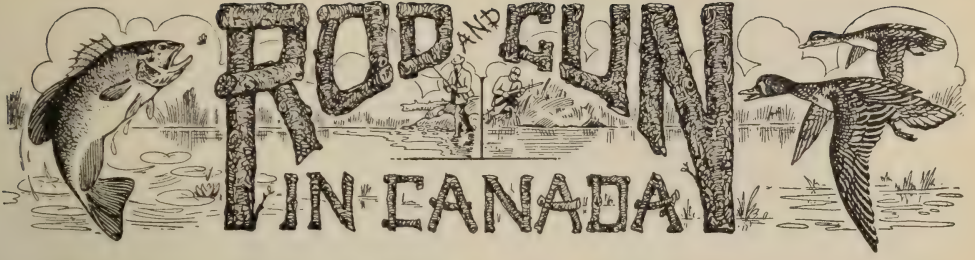
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SALT WATER FISHING NEAR VICTORIA

EDWARD T. MARTIN

FISHING in fresh water lakes and streams of Vancouver Island, is good, so also is it along the kelp bordered shores of the Island where the salt waters of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca wash a rocky coast line. Larger fish are caught here. Fish which are as good for food and as game when hooked, as any found in Sooke Lake or elsewhere in salted waters near Victoria.

Not trout? Yes, trout in plenty weighing from half a pound up. Trout which have followed a run of salmon to feed on the roe of the larger fish and will keep with them until the spawning beds are reached in some mountain stream.

These trout will take a fly as readily in salt water as in fresh, besides often striking at a large salmon spoon. In fact it is much of a guess what sort of a fish one will catch casting or trolling outside the kelp. Like as not a fisherman using a six ounce split bamboo rod will hook a twenty pound salmon or ten pound kelp cod instead of the smaller trout he is expecting, either one of which will smash light tackle with the destructiveness of a bull in a china shop. Then perhaps using a heavy line it may be anything from an eight ounce trout to a tangle of kelp stems larger around than a man's body that he will hook on to.

The writer's favorite was a rod of medium weight with large brown or

red dragon fly salt pork tipped, else a very heavy imported rosewood rod with a silver and copper spoon also tipped with pork. The first would hold any salmon of ordinary size and small trout were often caught with the larger rod.

In many years of fishing, salt pork has proved itself a very good all around bait, either with nothing else or as wiggler on the hook of a spoon or spinner. The writer has used it alike in river, lake and sea. Has caught all kinds of fish with it from salmon to shark, and bass to bullheads. The pork, rind preferred, must be cut in a narrow strip not over two inches long, varying in size and length according to what one expects to catch. It should be split down the middle excepting a place at the upper end large enough for the hook. With a reasonably limber rod this will come in after the cast wiggling and twisting like a bodiless pair of legs hunting for the rest of themselves, or perhaps two big white grub worms fleeing from danger, they know not what. A hungry fish swallows it at a gulp, a well fed one becomes pugnacious and in anger rushes to put the twisting thing out of commission, both attempts resulting in the same disastrous ending for the fish.

It was a warm September day when two ladies and three men besides the writer chartered a launch and left Victoria for Bescher's Bay twenty

odd miles oceanward where trout and salmon were reported very plentiful. The regular launch with its careful Captain which we usually hired was otherwise engaged, so a boat "just as good"—one not long out of dry dock, with an erratic navigator—was substituted. The Captain, when a few miles out, probably to show off, ran into very rough water, a tide rip that could easily have been avoided. Five of the passengers were below, the men fixing fishing tackle, the women preparing lunch while the writer was seated on deck well aft, trying to wind a tangled line on his reel when a great roller broke under the boat's quarter, flooded the deck and several barrels of water poured down the companionway and into the cabin. Much that didn't go that way drenched the man with a tangled fish line, wetting him further up than he wore clothes. Immediately following this wave came a second which did not break but rolled the unballed boat almost over on her beam ends. Naturally the women screamed and the men turned pale, but the writer never budged from his seat, never quit trying to unsnarl that line.

"There is no danger. The old man has not stopped fixing his line," one of the men called to his wife. Then one head after another was poked through the cabin door and reassured, each person returned to work while the bonehead who was steering, pointed the boat for smoother water. Had a third roller followed the second, the launch must have turned turtle, but it was no use frightening everybody, besides jumping around would not stop salt water if it wished to come on board, which was why the old man sat still.

Fifteen minutes later more trouble came. A dense puff of smoke poured out of the engine room, smoke acrid with smell of burning pine. The helmsman let go of his wheel and started hopping up and down like he was dancing a double shuffle, shouting: "The boat's on fire! The boat's on fire! We'll all go drowned." "Keep still and shut off your power," the writer called, grabbing a water pail, while one woman fainted and the other although badly fright-

ened was game and would have joined the bucket brigade had she been permitted. A little active work, a sharp battle between fire and water, those enemies since the dawn of creation and the blaze was extinguished.



VIEWS OF SKATE CAUGHT BY E. T. MARTIN
AT VICTORIA, B.C.

Length over all, 6 ft. 1 in. Weight 110 pounds.

"You are never going on with the trip," the brave woman said to her husband.

"Put me on shore. Put me on shore," the other wailed. "When a young girl a Gypsy told me 'beware of water.' I never should have come. Please land me somewhere."

There was no alternative. Homeward the boat was turned. The ladies and their husbands landed near a street car line, then "Dare Devil Bill" as his friends named him on his return, and the writer continued the picnic but the sport was very tame as compared to the happenings earlier in the day. Much time had been wasted so the trip to Bescher Bay was postponed and the launch headed to kelp beds nearer Victoria. Blue and Kelp cod were hungry. Many were caught. Once a marine monster whose body seemed all head and whose head was all mouth engulfed Bill's bait and part of his line. Near the surface its jaws closed with a snap on the line and it was "Goodbye Wide Mouth. I don't like you no-how."

"In the name of all the Saints, what was it?" Bill asked of the Captain.

"That," he was answered, "that's 'bout a twenty pound black cod. Fine fish."

"Many of his kind around here?" questioned the inquisitive fisherman.

"Further North, lots maybe. Mighty few this close to Victoria," the Captain replied.

"Here goes for another try at him," Bill said, having replaced his hook and spitting on his bait for luck. No use. It was the writer's turn and a big fish struck his pork baited spoon, twisted the line around a mass of kelp stems, broke it without effort and went on his way rejoicing, carrying the spoon along to show to his friends in fishdom as a souvenir of the adventure and a badge of skill and courage in his encounter with man. There was not another spoon in the tackle box so a new line was rigged and a large steel hook put on with a leader of strong copper wire doubled and twisted. A six inch shiner was scooped with the landing net from a school darting around the boat, hooked through the

back and dropped into the depths below. Now a shiner half a foot long and three inches wide is some mouthful for any ordinary fish and nothing seemed to hanker after this one. Twice it was pulled up to see how it was faring and being full of life was sunk down again. The third time the line appeared to be tangled in the kelp.

"Say Captain," I called, "jump into the dingey and see if you can't clear my tackle, won't you?"

"What are you caught on?" he asked.

"A rock or a bunch of weeds," he was told.

"Blamed queer rock," he replied. "Don't you see it's running out to deep water with your line?"

Sure enough it was. Neither kelp nor sea bottom was holding that hook, but a large slow moving fish which pulled like a dray horse. No running jerk, no jumping high in the air, just a steady strain. Fortunately the line was strong and long and did not break. The fish was checked to full limit of the tackle's strength but not stopped. He even towed the launch for many yards. Two hundred feet of line ran out and the reel looked thin and bare yet the fish kept on the even tenor of his way. Fifty feet more, then the strain told, the fishopped and slowly the line began to wind around the reel again. Half way in the fish seemed to drop anchor, wrap himself around a rock or some such doings. He would not come an inch closer and for five minutes it was pull man pull fish. Man proved the stronger, else the fish changed his mind; anyway he slowly came to the surface so he could see and be seen. He was white-bellied and gray-backed oval in shape, apparently a giant halibut. How the boat and boatman looked to him there is no means of telling but judging from the way he spurted for deep water, the impression was not favorable. Slowly the line checked him again, and more slowly he was brought in until he was alongside. He proved a big skate, as large around as the top of a table, that is if the table is not too sizable.

One of the men foolishly tried to get him into a landing net and Mr.

Skate resented the idea of any dip net being large enough to hold him, so he was off and away again, this time fast and far until not a dozen feet of line remained on the reel. Then he tired and was brought in once more, when the Captain gaffed him and Bill knotted some old canvas around his tail and with a lift all together boys, he was brought on board.

Satisfied with the catch, the launch was headed for Victoria. When there

the big fish was turned over to the proprietor of a Chinese restaurant where his "wings" were served among such other delicacies as shark fins, bird's nest soup and candied mice.

From nose to end of tail he measured more than six feet and weighed about 110 pounds, all of which bears out the opening statement that there is other fishing around Vancouver Island than that found in its fresh water lakes and streams.

THE HUNT OF L'ANGLAIS

Involving an encounter with a bear at uncomfortably close range

E. RUSSELL PATERSON

"**B**ONJOUR, m'sieu, bonjour! Whoa, Dollay, arriez-donc! You go for St. Emile, m'sieu? Bien! Jomp right in wit' me. I'm goin' dat way mese'f."

I climbed into the weather-beaten buggy beside the old man, and with a "Tlk, tlk, Dollay!" he started his horse in a leisurely jog along the dusty road. The summer sun beat down in full noonday strength on the rocky fields and wooded hills of the Laurentian country, home of the true French-Canadian "Habitant."

"Dat's verra hot to-day, hah? Maudit, dat sun she's terrible! Only way for kip cool dat's go drive wit' de horse. Den you mak win' for youse'f."

I remarked that while it was doubtless pleasant for the driver to get the wind, it was apt to be rather hard on the horse who pulled him along.

"Yas, dat's right, m'sieu. She's not so nice for de horse. Mais I guess he's get use' to it w'en he's h'out ev-er-ay day. Dat's fonny t'ing, w'en you mus' do de hard t'ing to-day an' to-morrow an' nex' day, you get use' to it, hah? Dat's good t'ing le bon Dieu mak us dat way so we don' get so much troub'. I guess He know de horse he have much troub' too, so He mak heem de sam' way. 'Vance-donc, Dollay!"

I had learned by many experiences that my allotted part in con-

versation with my friend was that of listener, so after the courtesies of the occasion had been attended to by my asking after the health of his numerous family and his asking after mine, I looked for some means of setting him going. Finally I asked the ultimate destination of a faintly marked road that led off to the right.

"Dat road dere? Dat go for Lac Racette, m'sieu. Oui, Lac Racette. She's about t'ree mile over dere, de odder side dat mounting. De road pass by dat side, den go in roun' de odder way," he said, illustrating his directions by jabbing the atmosphere with his hand. "I use' be go in dere manny time, me, w'en I'm yong man. De bush she's t'ick, t'ick aroun' de road. Dat mak her verra black for pass. I 'member dat I use' to sing, me, an' w'istle h'all de tam w'en I pass dere alone. I have fear of des ours—de bear you call dem," with a chuckle.

"Did you ever see a bear there?" I asked.

"Oui, m'sieu, mais dat's leetle—w'at you call heem—histoire?"

"Story," I suggested, and knowing that this was his usual introduction to a monologue, I settled myself to listen.

"Yas, dat's it, story. I don' spik much de good Anglais. Dat's leetle story. M'sieu lak hear dat story? Eh bien.

"Dat's w'en I'm yong man, me,

before I get mar-ry. I was leev on ma fadder's place nodder side of Ste. Margaret over dere, an' I lak well for go on de bush for hunt in de fall. We have ol' fashion gun'de kin' you put de shot in hees mout' an' shove heem down wit' long stick-an' it tak de long tam for load. Dat mak it if you don' hit de firs' tam you shoot, you don' get no more chance. So we use' to shoot straight.

"Wal, wan day on de fall, ol' Maxime Gagnier dat drive de mail from Ste. Margaret to de depot ev-er-ay day, he pass on our house wit' pass-engage from de train. He's beeg man d'Angleterre—w'at you call heem?"

"Englishman," I suggested.

"Yas, dat's hard for say—Engleesh-man. I call heem 'l'Anglais'. Wal, ol' Maxime Gagnier he's bring dat beeg Anglais to ma fadder's place an' ax ma fadder if he can sen' some boy for tak dat Anglais h'out on de bush for hunt. He say Polycarpe Gauthier was bring de haggage on nodder wagon, an' l'Anglais want go mak de campe off in de bush wit' two habitant man good for hunt.

"Ma fadder he say he t'ink he can let me go, an' he sen' me off for get ma frien' Louis Desrosiers for go wit' me. I'm tres content, me—verra glad—an' so's Louis Desrosiers, an' we mak arrangement go camper on Lac Racette wit' l'Anglais.

"W'en Polycarpe Gauthier arrive wit' hees haggage—sapre, I never see so much for wan man before! Dere's whole load wit' double team—t'ree four valises (trunk you call heem?) some portmanteaux, an' lot of bag an' gun. I'm sure he have enough for whole ar-my!

"So Polycarpe Gauthier he drive hees team, an' me an' Louis Desrosiers we tak l'Anglais in buggy, an' we drive up de road dere near Lac Racette. W'en we pass t'roo dat t'ick bush dere dat mak heem black on de road, l'Anglais he's get out wan of hees fusils—de beeg gun, mus' be for shoot elephant, I t'ink—an' say he don' want miss hees firs' chance for bear. Me an' Louis Desrosiers we laugh an' say de bear only come out for see de stranger man w'en he's wistle for dem—we're jus' yong

feller, me an' Louis, an' we h'alway mak de fonne. But dat Anglais he's look at us t'roo hees glass on hees nose, an' he say, 'Eh w'at?' lak dat, 'Eh w'at?' Dat's w'at he's alway say, dat Anglais. Den he see dat me an' Louis Desrosiers we jus' mak de fonne, but he never laugh, dat Anglais, only he say, 'Ah relly!' lak dat. Dat's w'at he say all de tam, 'Eh w'at?' den 'Ah relly!' I never hear nobody say dem t'ing, me, only dat Anglais.

"So he's kip h'out hees beeg gun ontill we come to de end of de road near de Lac, an' me an' Louis Desrosiers we commence for portage all dem t'ing from de wagon of Polycarpe Gauthier to de edge of de Lac w'ere we mak de campe. Dat Anglais he don' carry not'ing, heem, excep' hees beeg gun. Ba Gosh, me an' Louis Desrosiers we have to work hard for get feex up for de night!

"Wal, w'en we get 'bout half de valises carry over, l'Anglais look at hees watch, an' he's tell me for stop carry haggage an' mak heem de fire. I tell heem dat's important for get everyt'ing carry over before he's come black on de night, but he say no, he mus' have hees fire. So I mak heem wan leetle fire. Den w'at you t'ink he's do, m'sieu?

I surmised what was coming, but waited the explanation.

"He's get h'out beeg basquette an' mak heemse'f du the—tea you call heem—an' he's have some bread also, an' some fonny stuff in beeg blue can."

"Marmalade," I murmured.

"Me an' Louis Desrosiers we look at our watch, an' it was only five o'clock, an' I say, 'Pardon, m'sieu, mais dat's not tam for sup-per yet for wan hour!' But l'Anglais he's jus' look at me t'roo hees glass on hees nose, an' he say, 'Eh w'at? Ah relly!' an' he's go on wit' hees tea. Dat's sam t'ing ev-er-ay day wit' dat Anglais—no matter w'at he be doin' he h'alway mak de tea at five o'clock.

"Me an' Louis Desrosiers we work for nodder hour after dat, an' den we mak de beeg sup-per. We're verrra hongry after all dem portage. We t'ink dat Anglais he won' want much w'en he's have leetle sup-per only wan hour before, mais Dieu, 'ow he's eat!

Dat mak no difference to heem.

"Dat Anglais he's fonny man, m'sieu. I can' tell all de t'ing he do in dat campe, but he be wan fine shot wit' hees gun! Me an' Louis Desrosiers we have our ol' fashion carabine, but he have all de new kin' of gun dat load demselve'. He keel deer an' fox an' pa'tridge, but he's not satisfy. He want to keel bear. So me an' Louis Desrosiers we tak heem all over try to fin' bear for heem, but we can fin' none.

"Wal, wan day we was tak heem for long tramps t'rou de bush on nodder side of Lac, an' w'en we come back to de campe it was five o'clock. So l'Anglais he tell me mak heem de fire for hees tea. So me an' heem go up to de campe w'ile Louis Desrosiers stop for feex up de boat an' bring de gun.

"W'en we get to de campe, m'sieu, we bot' stop right queeck. Dere in de middle on wan side our place for fire was beeg black bear! He was lie down on groun', an' was busy work hees tongue, lick, lick, lick on somet'ing he have dere.

Right off he turn it over wit' hees han', an' w'at you t'ink dat bear he's got, m'sieu? It was de blue can of l'Anglais he use' eat wit' hees bread ev-er-ay day—w'at you call dat stuff?

"Marmalade," I prompted.

"I t'ink it was some nam' lak dat, oui, mar-ma-lad. Dat bear he's come to de campe for see w'at he can fin' for eat, an' he steal dat can an' eat it so hard he can right dere wan side our place for fire.

"So soon I see de bear I yell to Louis so loud I can, 'Apporte le fusil, vite!' Dat's 'Bring de gun, queeck!' m'sieu. Louis Desrosiers he t'ink we fin' some pa'tridge, s'pose, so he's grab de firs' gun he's fin' in de boat, an' dat was hees ol' carabine. So he run to me an' l'Anglais wit' de carabine.

"So soon l'Anglais he's see de bear he say, Bah Jove! lak dat, 'Bah Jove!' He offen say sam t'ing w'en he's get excite. Den he see de blue can, an' he's yell out loud lak dat, 'Dam dam!' he say, 'he's be got mine mar-ma-lad!' Jus' den Louis come run wit' de carabine, an' l'Anglais he's grab it from Louis an' he shoot it bang! so

queeck he can. But he's so mad 'bout dat can he shoot too queeck, an' miss de bear.

"Course he can' load de carabine again 'cause it's ol' fashion kin', but he say to Desrosiers, 'Fetch ma gun!' an' Louis he run to de boat so fas' he can. But l'Anglais he don' wait for Louis. He jus' look at de bear an' he say again, 'Dam dam,' he say, 'he can' have mine mar-ma-lad!' I can' say dat lak he say it, m'sieu, he's not talk sam' lak you. But he say dat, an' den he commence walk to de bear wit' de carabine of Louis.

"De bear he stan' up w'en he see l'Anglais come, an' he say lak dat, 'Gr-r-r-r-r!' But l'Anglais he's don' have fear of not'ing, an' he's grab de carabine by de end lak club an' he swing at de bear. He's hit heem on de arm, lak dat, an' it mus' be go broke, 'cause it hang down, lak dat' an' de bear he's yell—saprستي, dat mak me scare! But de carabine he's go broke too, an' l'Anglais he t'row it away, an' he's pull out hees beeg couteau a chasse—knife for hunt you call heem?

"Den l'Anglais commence for jomp aroun' de bear so queeck he can, an' maudit, I never see beeg man jomp so queeck lak dat! An' all de tam he say bad word so hard he can, but I'm sorry I can' 'member all dat, m'sieu.

"So he's jomp roun' de bear, an' he's jomp in an' stick wit' de beeg knife, an' de bear hit for heem wit' hees good arm, an' I couldn't do not'ing but watch dem. De bear he commence show de blood, an' l'Anglais he's have hees hat knock off an' have beeg tear on shoulder dere. But he's only get more mad an' swear more hard.

"Dat's look bad for l'Anglais, but jus' den Desrosiers run up wit' de gun of l'Anglais, an' he shoot bang! an' knock over de bear.

"W'at you t'ink l'Anglais do den, m'sieu? Dat cut on hees shoulder she's run blood, blood, blood, an' he's look verra seeck. But he's pick up dat blue can an' look inside, an' den he's jus' say, 'Dam dam, she's all gone!' an' he's fall down an' go lak he's sleep.

"Me an' Louis Desrosiers we feex

heem^{up} bes' way we can, an' he's come^{all} right verra soon. But he's too weak for hunt no more, so he's go away so soon he's capable. He ax Desrosiers for let heem tak de skin of de bear wit' heem, an' he's geev me an' Louis much money more dan he mak arrangement wit' us. Oui, m'sieu, he's good man inside, an' if he fight lak dat for only blue can wit' mar-ma-lad, 'ow you t'ink he fight for somet'ing beeg?

"At tam of Noel—Chrees-mas you

call heem?—me an' Louis we each get package by train from de citee. Dey bot' have fine new gun lak de fusil of l'Anglais, an' also dere's leetle blue can wit' mar-ma-lad. Dey come from l'Anglais, an' he say in letter wit' dem —'For shoot de bear open mar-ma-lad can in bush, go away 'on hunt, an' come back before mar-ma-lad is finish.' Den shoot straight.' I tol' you l'Anglais never laugh, m'sieu, but I t'ink he mus' know somet'ing about de fonne. W'at you t'ink, m'sieu?"



HEADQUARTERS OF COL. S. MAYNARD ROGERS, SUPERINTENDENT OF JASPER PARK.

THE HOME OF JASPER THE YELLOWHEAD

A. G. PENNY

WHAT one of us while reading "Astoria" from Washington Irving's golden pen has not felt his pulse beat quicker and the longing arise within him that he too could have lived in those stirring times and shared with those hardy fur traders the first sight of the Rockies, their sides green with virgin forest and their snow mantled summits reaching up to the heavens.

What a record of Anglo Saxon courage and endurance; of indomitable struggle against tangled forest, rugged precipice and seething rapid; of exposure to winter blast and icy river and the red danger that lurked ever along the trail.

McKenzie, Thompson, Franklin, Fraser de Smet, Henry, Cox, Ross, Franchere! Over one hundred years ago these adventurous pioneers cut trails now long forgotten, exploring and naming creeks, rivers and mountains, which were but names on maps until a year or two ago when they were re-discovered and the glorious story of their original discovery recalled. These courageous adventurers fighting their way through the maze of mountain forests dreamed of the time when

the tide of Anglo Saxon energy would open up and populate the wilds through which they struggled with patient endurance and the visions which arose before their dauntless eyes have now in truth become realities.

No longer do we have to wind our way across the limitless prairie, no longer pole our canoes up rapid running rivers or cut our way through matted forests. A day or two in the train and we are in the midst of those memories which must ever live in the pages of history and cause hearts to bound wherever the tale of a brave man's life is told.

Setting out from Jasper we travel as it were with these empire builders pushing our way through dark forests and sunlit clearing, over snow covered summits and gloomy defiles, seeing with their brave eyes the same mountains rising majestically on all sides, with restless McKenzie we cross the mountains and stand—the first to make the over-land journey—on the Pacific shore!

Again, with Thompson we discover the Athabasca Pass during the bitter winter of 1811 and from this height of land gaze over the vast panorama of peaks spread out before



WATERFALL AMONG THE CASCADES.

us. To the south are enormous pinnacles arising stern and grim above the Columbia Ice Field—there are Alberta, Columbia, Athabasca and the Dome while to the northward rises the king of all the Canadian Rockies—Robson.

Now, with Cox, Ross and Franchere we travel the Athabasca trails, and in passing look with regretful eyes on the ruins of Jasper House and Henry House now marked merely by a few heaps of stones and the graves of nameless dead. With them we ascend the Riviere de Tron (Whirl pool) and before beginning our steep descent to the Boat Encampment pause for a moment by the Committee's Punch Bowl allowing our minds to conjure up the vision of the old time fur caravans struggling up the steep declivities laden with their heavy packs. Here they rest and the chief trader opens the customary bottle of wine. Cares are now forgotten, jokes pass back and forth until, at last, being rested they pass from our sight on their long journey eastward.

With Pere de Smet we toil our mountain trails carrying with this indefatigable priest, the tidings of the salvation of mankind to the Indians. Once more with Simon Fraser we cross the mountains and with him make that terrific voyage down the river which bears his name and as we in reality look down into the boiling cauldron of this mighty river we realize more vividly than ever the glorious heritage that will ever increase as the years pass by.

The line of the Canadian Northern Railway to the Pacific Coast, now fast nearing completion, runs right through the heart of these districts which have so many romantic associations. It passes Jasper Park within sight of Mount Robson amid the most inspiring scenery in the Rocky Mountains;

pierces them through the Yellowhead Pass, and follows the North Thompson and Fraser Rivers to the Coast.

The park which was formerly the home of The Yellowhead Indian Jasper, whose name survives not only here but in the Tete Jaune Cache and Yellowhead Pass, has been set aside by the Dominion Government as a forest and game reserve; its area is about three thousand square miles, and it is situated on the western boundary of the Province of Alberta. Jasper townsite, the headquarters of the Dominion Government Park staff; is on a level flat below Pyramid Mountain, just east of where the line turns west up the Miette River. The Government has put up a fine building as a residence for the superintendent of the Park, in which his office is located.

Trains are not being operated by the Canadian Northern Railway beyond Edmonton, although steel has been laid into the eastern border of British Columbia. The writer, however, was fortunate enough to get through as far as Jasper Park last autumn. Jasper is a thorough-going outpost of civilization, and the prevailing canvas or log residence makes a striking contrast with a white brick ten-stall roundhouse and the fine stone quarters of the superintendent of the Park. After breakfast, served in a one story, straggling tar-paper hotel, I set out for the Brewster camp where I could find some one to show me the sights. This was quite a pretentious log shanty, surrounded by tents and snuggling close to a sheltering hill. It was Sunday, and the camp was taking things easy, but with generous hospitality I was offered my choice of a ride on the Maligne Glacier, or a drive to Pyramid Lake.

After a hasty review of my knowledge of the art of horsemanship, and the consideration of adipose tissue induced by sedentary occupations I voted in favor of the drive; and,



LUNCHING IN THE BRAZEAU COUNTRY, ALTA.; PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

accordingly, protected by warm robes and armed, with liquid lunch, we set out up a well-built road breasting the hill. From its shoulder a magnificent panorama unfolded itself. To the South across the valley, the Maligne Mountains confronted us. North-east, Pyramid reared his icy summit in the sky. Southwest, a chain of lesser peaks spread out their everchanging glories of light and shade the stems of the naked trees upon their slopes, making, as it were, bold brush strokes of mauve, with a blue background of their shadows on the crags. The sky was cold and clear with large lazily floating clouds. Westward the land was lower, but in the notch there could be distinguished against the horizon the majestic heights of Mounts Geikie and Hardisty two of the monarchs of the range.

The entire drive was picturesque, though the trees along the roadside were a little marred by burning. Past the summit of the hill the track led through open and fairly level country. At Cotton Wood Creek, some two

for which you pay famine prices in eastern restaurants, but the genuine article—which alone was worth the trip. After the dishes had been washed by the united efforts of the company, visitors began to drop in from the nearest camps and settlements. It was an interesting gathering there in that log shanty lit by a big oil lamp. The east end was the kitchen, the dining room next, and the beds were in the west end, although their divisions were, like the equator, purely imaginary lines. Our hosts were products of the University of Manitoba, and the English public schools and universities were also represented. There was the accountant of the collieries at Pocohontas, down the line, and three or four railway engineers. One of them was going to the old country for Christmas to see his wife and children, while another had only just returned from there with his bride, who was pluckily making her first acquaintance with the simple life.

A strict Sabbatarian would probably have



STARTING OUT FROM CAMP.

miles from the railway, a nearer view of Pyramid Mountain was obtained and finally we came out on the miniature loveliness of Pyramid Lake, with the full height of the mountain rearing up almost from its very shores.

Work was to be started the next day on the excavation for a hotel, and while we were on our drive, Sid, the cowboy, and a companion set out to round up for this work some horses that were ranging on the slopes of the Maligne. During the day they covered some thirty-two miles, and brought in about a dozen horses. This seemed like pretty hard work to me but Sid regarded it merely as a Sunday's recreation. Returning to camp, I spent the afternoon, in following the steel along the bank of the MacLeod River, which is at that point a narrow but rapid stream.

Standing in the center of the valley it seemed difficult to imagine scenery of greater grandeur, but I was told that the real show places were further west in the neighborhood of Mount Robson and Tete Jaune Cache.

In the evening we sat down to an inviting dinner of moose steak not the disguised cow

strongly disapproved of the evening of songs, tall yarns and good-natured horse-play, but it is doubtful whether any church service could have done more for these adventurers who wrestled with nature for their living and were lucky to regather once in seven days. For orchestra we had a mouth organ and a jewsharp improvised with comb and wrapping paper. The favorite songs were "Thora," and musical selections from the year before last. In the civilized East, with its tango teas and hesitation waltzes, these would have seemed archaic and hopelessly tame no doubt, but here in the fastnesses of the mountains they came with an undiminished appeal. The stories that were swapped were worthy of Wister's Virginian for picturesque exaggeration and straight-faced mendacity. It was like breaking away from old friends when I had to board my train for Edmonton that night, and the warmth of the invitation to "come again and bring my blankets" was no stronger than my own desire to do so as soon as might be. At Pocohontas I got an excellent view of Roche Miette by moonlight. This peak, although not of unusual height,

is very spectacular in its clear-cut symmetry.

Using Jasper as a center, some of the best hunting districts can readily be reached, and the guides who make their headquarters there say they can guarantee to secure hunters mountain sheep and mountain goat on the confines of the park. The sport of hunting mountain sheep and goat is one of the most attractive in the world. The ambitious nimrod can hardly be considered to have achieved fame until he has secured a trophy of one or other of these denizens of the mountains. Mountain sheep are more common in Alberta than in British Columbia, but mountain goat are often found on the British Columbia side.

There are numerous good hunting grounds, but the best are usually furthest from civilization. They are all reached by trail and pack pony. The goats, however are always high up, so that it means difficult climbing and all-round vigorous exercise to reach their feeding ground, but once there the goat is not as difficult a mark as the

Brazeau River, about seven or eight days journey from the railway. The fishing throughout is remarkably good, and the question among the guides is not where the fish are most numerous, but as to where they are the largest. Very notable waters are Jack Lake, about a day's journey from Jasper, and Rock Lake, about two days' journey. Pyramid Lake, only one hour's drive away, affords good lake trout fishing. Practically every one of these are virgin fishing grounds. There are trails to almost all the lakes, and the Government Park and Forestry Department are improving them each year. The park also offers to the photographer and explorer an incomparable field, as there are innumerable unmapped falls, cascades, valleys, lakes, rivers, mountain ranges and peaks now made accessible for the first time by the opening of the railway.

A magnificent canoe trip can be made from Jasper down the Athabasca River right through to Athabasca Landing, which, when better known, will attract many people. The



WORKING UP THROUGH THE SOUTH BRAZEAU CANON

mountain sheep. It is a notable fact that these last have most remarkable vision, and will run directly they are sighted. Whenever the hunter comes across them, in fact, they can always be found looking at him. One of the best places for mountain sheep is in the Brazeau district, where there is also abundance of black bear. The great attraction, of course, is the grizzly, but for these the hunter goes rather farther into British Columbia. The best time is early in the season; parties usually start about the twenty-fifth of May, and stay out until the middle of June. Good sport may also be had with caribou, black-tailed deer and moose.

Brewster Brothers and Moore have a most complete organization at Jasper, including pack horses, ponies and outfits, covering everything required for handling parties who want to go mountain climbing, botanizing or hunting. The game laws are lenient, two heads of each variety being allowed. In the waters of the district are found splendid rainbow trout, particularly in Brazeau Lake and

route is very beautiful and, moreover, perfectly safe, while the return journey can be made by rail.

East from Jasper the line runs along the river bank with cliffs and mountains in the background, cutting the south end of Henry House's flat which is very beautiful and dotted with trees. From Henry House the Snaring River runs for about one and a quarter miles to the upper end of Jasper Lake, at whose mouth Rocky River flows in. Here the line comes right out on the shore, and runs the entire length amid beautiful scenery, cutting through the site of historic old Jasper House at the eastern end.

Leaving this point it runs inland for three-quarters of a mile, and crosses the Stoney River, which has a fall of fifty-four feet, located about twenty miles from its mouth. It shelters a goodly quantity of bull trout. These falls are a two days' journey with pack horses, but are well worth seeing.

Steel again follows the banks of the river for two and a half miles to the junction of the

Moose River, a small glacial stream which can be jumped across at most seasons of the year. Just below, an 800 foot tunnel enables the line to pass Bowling Mountain. Here a small creek with very pretty falls, similar to the famous Punch Bowl Falls, passes under the line, and here we touch upon old time romance, for it is stated that an Indian went into a canyon of the creek over a hundred feet deep, and was never seen again. However this may be, it is a fact that several engineers have tried the ascent without success, and the only way to reach the lake is over the mountains.

For eight miles the route follows the shore of Brule Lake, at whose northeast end is the mouth of Solomon Creek, where there is some very good fishing. This is supposed to be the site of a very old trading post, run by free

traders in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company, and is also considered the eastern boundary of Jasper Park, although the Government survey has not been completed as yet.

Going West from Jasper up the Miette River the Mountains tower on all sides, affording scenery of the most splendid description until the deep green waters of Yellowhead Lake are reached. Then come ten miles through a rather interesting and heavily-timbered country by Moose Lake and along the Fraser to the crossing of Moose River, which has very beautiful falls and a big canyon. A trail follows its course to Mount Robson, which, although not actually within the confines of the Park, may yet be regarded as among its greatest assets.

A LEAP FOR LIFE

F. V. WILLIAMS

IT was barely daylight on the lake, the sun was not yet above the tree tops down at the Eastern end of the lake and in the shadows it was still quite dark. A slight rustling of the grass on the swampy side of the little lake was the only sign of life in the neighborhood, and presently Mr. Raccoon stepped daintily out of a bit of underbrush and took a careful survey of the swampy ground immediately in front of him.

Old "ringtail" was after frogs,—he had caught a couple of very small ones but these had only served to put an edge on a healthy appetite.

The East was fast growing brighter and with the approaching day ringtail was growing restless. He wanted something to eat before going to his daytime sleep but hunt as he would luck seemed to be against him. Nosing about among the brush and reeds along the shore he had spent two or three hours with no success, and even his favorite hunting grounds seemed deserted. He was about to leave the swamp for the timber land when a faint Plop, Plop, came to his keen ears. He stopped and listened intently, then made his way to an old half submerged tree that lay in the edge of the water, some of the branches reaching far out. At the tree he stopped again and listened. There was a short silence, and then again, that Plop, Plop,—no mistaking the sound this time. It was old "green-legs" the frog, leisurely making his way back to his hiding place in the rushes. Ringtail crept nimbly out on an overhanging branch, this was directly over some lilypads, and from among these an old water-soaked branch barely showed above water. And on this sat the fattest most comfortable looking old bullfrog that ringtail had seen for a long time. Ringtail's eyes fairly sparkled, and his little sharp nose twisted and wrinkled in hungry delight. But—it was too far to make an accurate jump, there were two feet or more of water where that branch showed in the water, and underneath double that depth of pure mud. No he would not risk that jump and spoil his chances, he would do a little of the "strategic" stuff, and perhaps green-legs

if left undisturbed might decide to move closer inshore when he resumed his travels. Lying close to his "roost" in the air the raccoon took in every little detail of the surroundings, figuring out in his active little brain just what to do to capture that frog whichever way he should move. A slight movement in the water close to the rushes on the shady side of the little opening caused him to glance into the shadow over there. Something,—which slowly developed into a great dark body surmounted far back by a huge back fin broke the water, and with scarcely a ripple made straight for the branch where Mr. Frog sat. Ringtail knew who it was now,—a great muskalonge. Ringtail's fur stood straight up he was so angry. He looked twice his normal size up there against the sky and for the fraction of a second he was undecided what to do. And in that fraction of a second something happened. As if hurled from a catapult the big muskalonge sprang into the air at Mr. Frog. It was only a gleam of white of the belly of the big fish as he turned in the shadow to make his rush that gave Mr. Frog warning, but it was enough of a warning to give him a chance, and with ringtail watching from above and the big "musky's" rush from below Mr. Frog put every atom of strength he possessed into that spring. (Perhaps some of you have seen green-legs extend himself when chased by an enemy, and you know he has some "push" to those long hind legs of his); but this time he fairly outdid himself in a jump that took him clear of the old tree and three feet beyond into the friendly reeds, while above him a very angry raccoon showed a set of sharp white teeth at a savage old muskalonge underneath him in the water, who rolled a wicked yellow eye up at him as he swam away under the shadows of the lilypads. Old "Sol" broke over the tree-tops in the East, and almost "grinned" at a very much disgusted raccoon headed for shore along the old tree, bound for the thicket and his nest in the hollow log, there to dream of fat frogs and await another night's hunting.

THE TRAIL MAKERS OF THE QUETICO

Being a history of the Quetico Reserve and Rainy Lake Country

WM. M. THOMPSON

DURING the first week of September last year three men were paddling up a lake in Western Ontario. They had left Windigoostigwan and crossed the Canadian Northern track, and had passed into territory unknown to them. While studying the shore line for an outlet or portage one of the paddlers suddenly espied an apparition, a gray-bearded old man seated on a rock fifty feet above the water edge. Hailing him they asked, How did you get here and do you know where you are? The old chap said that he came from Huronia (on the C. N. R.) and that he was lost. This was my introduction to one who was the connecting link with the earlier voyagers of the wilderness known as the Rainy Lake and English River country.

And this is the old fellow's story. He had been one of Wolseley's bodyguard of two hundred men that preceded the regular army on the way west to put down the Red Rebellion in 1870. On that trip he and his comrades had found some ore bearing rock and this find had so stirred his memory that for the last six years he had been making annual pilgrimages in search of this vein, but nature with her prodigal luxury of bush and trees had completely obliterated the old portage's ways.

I could not help contrasting this grizzled, bent, old veteran with the tall, vigorous young forest rangers who entertained him at headquarters the next Sunday. When I offered to help him out of the canoe he stamped his foot, saying, "Ah, I was a man in those days and afraid of nothing, but this is my last trip. The folks won't let me try it again." Wolseley's troops had marched from Fort William to the Lac Des Mille Lacs and from thence by canoe and portage to Fort

Garry. Guides were taken from each Indian camp, for Indians seldom travel far from their own hunting country and cannot be relied upon to find their way outside of it.

The search for the western sea seems to have been the lodestar that inspired the early discoverers to the heroic deeds that were accomplished to open the territory adjacent to the western shore of Lake Superior. On leaving Lake Superior these routes were finally hit upon as the most feasible for travel. The first and perhaps the earliest by way of Fon Du Lac (now Duluth) and the St. Louis Rivers; the second, the Grand Portage (international boundary between Canada and the United States) to Pigeon River and a chain of lakes to Rainy Lake, Rainy River and Lake of the Woods to Hudson Bay was taken by Grosvellers and Radisson in 1661. De Noyen in 1688-89 is said to have been the first to have travelled the Kaministkwia trail, now known as Dawson's Trail, the most traveled and last to be abandoned. In 1748 Umfrevelle discovered a new route by way of Lake Nipigon and English river, but this was abandoned because of being long and difficult, for the Kaministkwia trail. It is chiefly through the journals and reports written by these pioneers that one can learn of the history of this country. Some of the earlier ones are lacking in accuracy of dates and distances traveled, sometimes because of meagerness of description, as in the case of Radisson, for the reason that some of his descriptions were written years afterwards. This is probably why historians do not always agree in their estimate of the different characters. Ofttimes one is led to believe that the viewpoint of the Historian is prejudiced. Take for example the very earliest explorers

Grosvellers and Radisson. Of Grosvellers we know only that he was Radisson's brother-in-law, that his first wife was Helen Martin, daughter of Abraham Martin, who gave the name to the Plains of Abraham. That he had been a lay helper to the Jesuit Missions and later a fur trader. Of the two he seems to be the one who carried on their commerce with the Indians on their voyages.

Radisson, on the other hand, was a bold, resourceful explorer, caring little for trading. It was customary for an exploring party to carry along enough goods for trade with the aborigines, so that they could return with fur enough to show some profit for the expedition, for these men were not



EARLY INDIAN SCENE ALONG THE DAWSON ROUTE, QUETICO FOREST RESERVE

financed by natives or gifts from individuals as in modern times.

Pierre Esprit Radisson, born in St. Malo about 1636, comes into our story in 1659. His seizure by the Iroquois and subsequent captivity when a mere boy was part of the training for the adventurous career in the Great Lakes region: By some writers he is described as a picturesque scoundrel, a turn-coat who, to use a prize ring term, double-crossed both friends and foes alike, by others, and notably that gifted and scholarly writer, Agnes Lamb, as a courageous and valiant explorer sacrificed to his cause, misunderstood by his friends and often maligned by his enemies when he was always very much better than they were.

In 1659 Grosvelliers and Radisson traveled across Northern Wisconsin visiting the tribes from Green Bay to Milwaukee. Between April and July, 1659, they pushed southwest, where they saw the Mississippi. They wintered in 1659-1660 among the Sioux. Radisson in his writings refers to the Forked River, which is said to mean the Missouri and Mississippi. Against the commands of the French Governor in 1661 they stole away from Three Rivers, and we find them in November skirting the south shore of Lake Superior and before the end of November the explorers rounded the western end of Superior, to Pigeon River (by some French maps called Grosvelliers River). On their way to the Northwest they visited a great encampment of Crees, and the Indians wished to conduct them to the wooded Lake Region between Superior and Lake Winnipeg, where Indian families took refuge on islands from those "Tigers of the Plains"—the Sioux—who were invincible on horseback but less skillful in canoes. Here they built the first fort and the first fur post between the Missouri and the North Pole. It was evidently somewhere north of Duluth, either in Minnesota or Ontario. It was the Fur Trade that found and explored the West, and this was the pioneer fort of the Fur Trade. Later they traveled west to the land of the Assiniboines and visited the Sioux, and in the spring joined the Crees on their march to the far North, on which journey they are said to have visited Hudson Bay.

The spring of 1663 finds the explorers back in the Rainy Lake Region and at Lake Superior they bade farewell to most of their faithful Crees and made a triumphal voyage down to Montreal. At this post they pass out of our story, for they returned no more to the head of the Great Lakes. On their arrival at Quebec they had a disagreement with the partners and took ship for Paris, thence to London, where with Captain Zachary Gillman in 1668 they fitted out the ship *Nonsuch* for trade in Hudson Bay, bringing home an immense cargo of pelts. Their allegiance to their mother country lasted as long as they were allowed their own way but when forbidden to return to the head of the Great Lakes

they sold out to England and again deserted England for France. Greysolon De Lhut, a cousin of Henry Foote, followed in 1687. De Lhut was squire of Marquis de Lassay, and with Louis Hennepin as field chaplain served under Prince de Conde. He came to Quebec in 1678 and went on a voyage of discovery to Lake Superior. He was the leader of the famous *Coueurs de Bois*. Parkman describes the origin of the *Coueurs de Bois* as follows: "Out of the beaver trade rose a huge evil baneful to the growth and march of Canada. All that was most active and vigorous in the colony took to the woods and escaped from the control of intendents, councils and priests to the savage freedom of the wilderness. Not only were the possible profits great, but in the pursuit of them there was a fascinating element of adventure and danger. The Bushrangers, or *Coueurs de Bois*, were to the King an object of horror. They defeated his plans for the increase of the population and shocked his natural instinct of discipline and order. The exodus of the *Coueurs de Bois* would take at times the character of an organized movement. The famous De Lhut is said to have made a general combination of the young men in Canada to follow him into the woods. Their plan was to be absent four years, in order that the edicts against them might have time to relent. The Reverend Edward D. Neil in "Explorers and Pioneers of Minnesota" credits De Lhut with being the first white man to find the Mississippi from Lake Superior. In 1680, accompanied by Faffart, an interpreter, four Frenchmen and two Indians he crossed the short portage (Minnesota point) to the St. Louis Bay up to the St. Louis River to Fon du Lac, and from there to the Mississippi. Returning to Superior in September he had a conference with the Assiniboines at Kaministiquia. He and his younger brother appear to have traded with the Indians along the boundary of Northern Minnesota and the southern part of Western Ontario, and on the north shore of Superior as far as Nipigon. He built the first port at Kaministiquia, now Fort William.

Judge John R. Carey described De Lhut as



THE GUIDE.

a man of undaunted courage, a hater of the whiskey traffic among the Indians, a resolute and true soldier, a fearless supporter and vindicator of law and order. He died in 1710, and it may add to our belief that later writers were more correct in their estimate of him when we read that the Governor of Canada said on hearing of his death that "he was an honest man."

In the disastrous last years of Louis XIV the French Court gave little thought to the New World; but under the regency of the Duke of Orleans interest in American affairs revived and plans were laid before the regent in 1716. Heretofore Fur Trading and exploring were combined trades, but the desire of France to beat out the English colonies seems to have stimulated the interest of court and crown. It was urged that the best hope was in sending an expedition across the continent and seeing that every attempt to find a westward passage by Hudson Bay had failed. As starting points and bases of supplies for the expedition it was proposed to establish three posts, one on the north shore of Lake Superior at the mouth of the River Kaministkwia, another on the Lake of the Woods and a third on Lake Winnipeg. The last being what may be called "the jumping off place." Lieutenant La Noue was commissioned to begin the work by building a stockade at Kaministkwia. Little was done for three years, when Charlevoix came out to study the situation. His plan of ascending the Missouri was found to be impractical because of the hostile Sioux and Outagamies and had to be abandoned. Meanwhile the man who was to lead this heroic quest was living in a lonely post on the shores of Lake Nipigon, talking with the Indians and dreaming of conquests and discoveries in the west.

Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Verendrye was born in 1685 at Three Rivers. His father was Lieutenant Varennes of the regiment of Carignan. After serving with distinction in the wars of the Spanish Succession he was commissioned Lieutenant. Returned

to Canada, when finding his services slighted he took to the woods, assuming the name La Verendrye. In 1728 he was in charge of the small post on Lake Nipigon. Here came for trade an Indian chief from Kaministkwia who told of a certain great lake which discharged itself by a river flowing westward. He further declared that he had descended this river until he reached water that ebbed and flowed and terrified by the strange phenomenon had turned back, but not until he heard of a great Salt Lake, bordered by many villages. Other Indians confirmed this story. Fired by the zeal of discovery La Verendrye went to Montreal and attempted to get the Crown to finance the expedition but got nothing but good words. Finally he induced a number of men by promise of great profits from the exclusive fur trade to associate with him in raising the necessary funds.

In 1731 the little company, woods runners, voyageurs, and Indian interpreters under the command of La Verendrye, his three sons, his nephew, La Jemeraye, and the Jesuit messenger left Montreal amid the boom of cannon and applause of citizens, to bid them Godspeed on their quest of the Pacific Ocean.

It was late in August when they reached the Grand Portage at the head of Lake Superior. The way had been long and tedious and beset with many difficulties such as mutinies among the voyageurs and bad weather. Some of them, under the leadership of La Jemeraye, crossed the portage and went up Pigeon River, around Hunter's Island, through Lac La Croix, across Rainy Lake and built a fort called St. Pierre near the present site of Fort Francis. La Verendrye was forced to winter with the main party at the mouth of the River Kaministkwia. Here, locked in by ice and snow, the useless mutineers had to be fed and paid, and it was not until the next June that he could get them again in motion toward Lake Winnipeg. His associates, the merchants upon whom he relied for supplies, dissatisfied because the returns in furs were not up to their expectations, re-

refused to send on any more, and he was left destitute in the wilderness. His nephew, La Jemeraye, died. The Jesuit Annean, bent on returning to Michilimackinac, set out with Verendrye's eldest son and a party of Canadians. Later they were all found on an island in the Lake of the Woods murdered and mangled by the Sioux. Appeals were made to the Court of France for aid



BRINGING HOME THE SPOILS

in vain. In 1740 Verendrye went for the third time to Montreal, where instead of aid he found a lawsuit. Meanwhile, under all his difficulties he had explored a vast region hitherto unknown, and diverted a great and lucrative Fur Trade from the English at Hudson Bay and secured the possession of it by six fortified posts, Fort St. Pierre on Rainy Lake, Fort St. Charles, on the Lake of the Woods, Fort Maurepas, at the mouth of the River Winnipeg, Fort Bourbon on the east side of Lake Winnipeg, Fort La Reine on the Assiniboine, Fort Dauphin on Lake Manitoba. Besides these he built another post called Fort Rouge on the site of the City of Winnipeg, and some time after another at the mouth of the River Saskatchewan. He also visited the Mandan Indians on the Missouri River.

The hardships endured on these trips had severely shaken the iron constitution of the elder Verendrye, but he had sons worthy of their father and these two young men set out from Rainy Lake in the spring of 1742 on that most memorable quest of the western sea and penetrated so far west that the younger of the sons finally reached the Rocky Mountains.

Sixty two years later Lewis & Clark, with a company of thirty-two men, found the Pacific. To these two young Verendryes and the two Frenchmen who accompanied them rightfully belongs the glory of anticipating the first stages of the Lewis & Clark discovery, which they did without government subsidies or private gifts but helped only by the encouragement and assistance of their valiant father. As a reward for their heroic labors the government took from the Verendrye family all their forts and trading privileges in the northwest and left them practically penniless. The father died in Montreal shortly after receiving the Cross of the Order of St. Louis. The intrepid sons continued in their father's footsteps. One of them discovered the river Saskatchewan, but unrequited by the government and deprived of their trading rights, they sank finally into poverty and neglect.

At this point a new name comes modestly into our story out of the far north from the shores of Hudson's Bay, that of David Thompson, born April, 1770 in England of Welsh parentage, educated at the Greycoats School, London, and some say also at Oxford,

apprenticed at fourteen to the Hudson's Bay Company, sent to Fort Churchill, then under the command of Samuel Hearne, of Coppermine River fame. Here he copied Hearne's Journal, and besides studying astronomy early acquired the habit of writing out his observations and studies of the country. After a five years' novitiate he began his explorations for the company, making surveys of the rivers Nelson, Churchill, Saskatchewan and their tributaries, frequently visiting York Factory during that period. Owing to the poor returns in Furs, for Thompson was a geographer and writer and not a Fur Factor, the Hudson's Bay Company became dissatisfied and ordered him to discontinue his surveying work and give more attention to the Fur Trade. This he declined to do. Thus, as Tyrrell says, for the sake of a trifling shortage in furs the Hudson's Bay Company lost the greatest man it ever had in its employ, whose name will be a household word with educated men and women in America long after all the Fur Traders and their Beaver Skins have been forgotten. We next hear of him at the Grand Portage, making surveys of the North Western Company Posts, with which he was now a partner. He seems to have traveled very extensively all through the Rainy Lake country and northern Minnesota and the West. One of his notable exploits was when in February 1798 he started afoot to connect and map the waters of the Red River and Mississippi and thence over to Lake Superior. April 27th, he reached Turtle Lake, from which flows Turtle Brook, which he states to be the source of the Mississippi, since it is from here that the river takes the most direct course to the sea. Thus, to this indefatigable but hitherto unknown geographer belongs the honor of discovering the headwater of that great river. May 10th he reached Fon du Lac House (Duluth), two and one-half miles up the St. Louis River from Lake Superior.

In 1800 Thompson entered the Rocky Mountains in Latitude 51, probably in the vicinity of the same pass crossed by the Canadian Pacific. He descended one of the northern branches of the Columbia, which he called the McGillivray River. He was, however, driven back by Indians and compelled to recross the mountains. In 1807 Thompson was again in the Rocky Mountains, and was first to go through what is now How's Pass, by which route he reached the Columbia and made numerous surveys of all its tributaries.

On July 15th, 1811 he reached the mouth of the Columbia and was met and kindly received by the officers of the Pacific Fur Company, who had arrived a few weeks earlier and were establishing Fort Astoria. Here he concludes his journal in this way: "Thus I have fully completed the survey of this part of North America from sea to sea, and by almost innumerable astronomical observations have determined the position of the mountains, lakes and rivers and other remarkable places on the northern



OUTDOORS IN THE QUETICO COUNTRY

part of this continent." Tyrrell calls him the greatest land geographer of the English nation. Dr. J. J. Bigsby, the naturalist of the International Boundary Commission, speaks of his first meeting with Thompson at Mr. McGilivray's home. "No living person possesses a tithe of his information respecting the Hudson's Bay country, which from 1793-1820 he was constantly traversing. Never mind his Bunyan-like face and cropped hair: He has a very powerful mind and a very singular faculty for picture making. He can create a wilderness and people it with warring savages, or climb the Rocky Mountains with you in a snowstorm, so clearly and palpably that only shut your eyes and you hear the crack of a rifle and feel the snowflakes on your cheeks as he talks." Bancroft gives us this Portrait: "He was an entirely different order of man from the Orthodox Fur Trader. Tall and fine looking, with sandy complexion, with large features, deep-set studious eyes, high forehead and broad shoulders, the intellectual was set upon the physical. No man in the north-West Company performed more valuable services or estimated his achievements more modestly." Unhappily his last days were spent in poverty, and he

died near Montreal at the age of eighty-nine.

I fancy that by this time you all see the pivotal point in this story. From Fon du Lac to the Kaministkwia was the portal through which all the explorers of the northwest to the Pacific passed, if we except the Lewis & Clark expedition. This region, starting from Lake Superior, was traversed by three main portage paths over which all the supplies went and all the fur came out from the North-West Company and Hudson's Bay Company posts. These trails once worn by whites and Indians alike have become almost extinct. The kindly mother of all woodsfolk has covered them with second growth and windfalls, until only here and there are we able to find where once the Coureurs de Bois, decked their canoes from their shoulders to the water's edge, loaded their packs and catching up the refrain of their wild songs, keeping time with their paddles, took their way down the long lakes. Through the wise foresight of two governments this beautiful country of woods and lakes has been set aside for our children and children's children as a playground to train and develop those qualities of stamina, of courage and of perseverance that characterize the old trail makers.

PARKLAND DISTRICTS OF THE WEST

SEL. J. WIGLEY

IT is a mistake to imagine that "The West" is one dead level treeless plain, wholly given over to the cultivation of grain in summer and swept with icy blasts in winter. For the prairie is intersected with beautiful river valleys, rugged and wild; is dotted with thousands of lakes, many unnamed and little known; is crowded with wild flowers and fruits and beautiful with fine trees on the hill sides and slopes.

In the Parkland districts groves of poplar and willow, maple and birch, spruce and cotton wood all help to make such a picture as will rival the finest parks in old established countries, and which afford shelter and shade to herds of cattle and droves of horses.

The sportsman will find much that will interest him; an occasional bear, timber wolf or lynx will give a spice of danger, while deer and small game will furnish supplies of food and capital sport. Much too will there be to remind him of the past, for buffalo skulls and bones strew the ground, buffalo trails and wallows are every where and the sigh he gives for the grand hunting and for the happy hunting grounds, passed away for ever, will certainly be excused.

The naturalist too will find much to claim his attention. Strange birds and flowers await him on every hand and the possibility of fresh discovery is ever present to sustain the interest.

In such districts as these the coyote is decidedly on the increase and such is his size and boldness that he will kill young calves, snapping at tail and ears till the terrified animal falls exhausted. On the range the cows hide their calves in the bluffs and it is



A DAY'S SHOOTING



AN ALBERTA WOLFHOUND WHO HAS KILLED 72 COYOTES.

interesting to note that a sentinel is always left on guard while the rest of the herd is feeding. Hunting coyotes with hounds when the ground is covered with snow is a favourite sport. Two or three dogs are used and the

hound shown in the photo, has seventy two coyotes placed to his credit. The lakes are the resort of all kinds of water fowl and in the bluffs are numbers of woodhares and ruffed grouse.

THE GREATEST OF BIG GAME FISHING

Landing a monster Tuna off Port Medway, N.S.

L. MITCHELL-HENRY

TRULY it may be said that the capture of the Canadian Tuna is the greatest feat imaginable in the sport of rod and reel fishing.

I say "Canadian" for I think that is the name by which these tuna should be known as they have never been taken with rod and reel anywhere else but off the shores of Canada.

It is some years ago now, probably ten, that a sportsman first succeeded in bringing one of these monsters to the gaff, and up till last season, he was, I believe, the only one to perform such a feat. Up till now he has landed about four. Many other sportsmen have during this time hooked these fish, including Canada's Governor-General, but owing to one reason or another the result has always been the same, after a heart breaking fight, extending sometimes to many hours, the fish has remained in his native element, and aches in back, legs and arms and a disappointing memory, are all that have been left the fisherman.

Personally I had always believed that this fishing could be made as popular as Tarpon

fishing if once it could be shown that it could be done with no more risk of failure than one has to put up with in any other fishing, such as in Tarpon fishing or fishing for Salmon or Trout.

In the early days I have often fished in Florida for Tarpon for hours at a time, and for days together during which time I have not once seen a fish. At that time, 1890, it was considered such a chance to get a strike that many thought it scarcely worth the expense of a trip for that purpose alone.

It was nearly all "still" fishing in those days and one sat and broiled in the sun, away up some river, and had for excitement the doubt as to whether it was a catfish, a Jewfish or a Tarpon that was slowly unreeling the line. It was very seldom the latter.

Next, trolling was tried in the Passes, Captiva and later Boca Grand, and there it was a pretty sure thing, if one waited and only fished on the last quarter of the ebb tide and the first quarter of the flood.

I well remember too, when no one could get a strike and yet there was an Englishman

there who always caught one or two or more fish and no one could make out the reason. At last some one rowed over to his boat and asked him to show his tackle, which good sportsman that he was, he most willingly did when it was found, that where the wire was joined to his line he had attached a fairly heavy lead weight as a sinker by a thread just strong enough to hold it, but that would break when the fish made its first jump out of the water! Here then was the secret and instead of asking how it was done the rival fishermen (and all were rivals in those days) would get round him at the landing, ostensibly to see the fish landed, but really to examine his tackle, which of course showed no sinker.

This always impressed me and so when I thought out various ways and means of improving the tackle for the capture of these Canadian monsters I have always given my fellow sportsmen the benefit of my inventions, though I had no opportunity to try them out myself until last season.

became, I believe, the second person who had ever landed one. Needless to say the local excitement was intense, a great number of people coming down to the dock where it was taken to be weighed.

I had two men in my boat with me and after this experience I felt I could get along quite well with one. That I was right is shown by the fact of my having landed another of 480 pounds in about three hours.

During my stay I hooked, very briefly, several more. In two, the hook broke on striking, through being too brittle; two more I lost at the first rush, through their going under a herring net that was being hauled at the time; and two more took the bait but it was pulled out of the mouth owing to the hook being concealed in the bait, with none out at all, which of course prevented the point from catching.

From what I now know of this fishing I consider it should grow to be a most popular sport as it certainly is the most exciting of all fishing.



FISH HOOKED, NOTE BEND OF ROD AND SEA GETTING ROUGH. WE WERE TAKEN STRAIGHT OUT TO SEA, BUT MANAGED BY DEGREES TO TURN IT AND GET HEADED FOR THE SHORE AGAIN.

In February 1912 a friend of mine described what I showed him, with illustrations, in that well known paper, the "Field."

Last August, being in Canada, I determined to have a try for these fish and after considerable enquiry settled on Port Medway as being the best place to make trials from. There is a very comfortable house there, most suitably called Tuna Inn, and I found motor boats, skiffs, guides, bait, etc. all there, together with the same old story "plenty have been hooked, but no one has ever landed one." Many, however, were under the impression that they had been *very* near doing so.

In two seasons fifty-four had been hooked and played and the owner of the place himself had, he told me, had twenty-five on.

This showed me that I had at least come to the right place and that I had every chance of at least going through the experience of playing one.

The second day I was out I hooked one and after a hard fight of over four hours, in a very rough and rising sea, brought it to the gaff, a beautiful fish, of 520 pounds, as it proved afterwards to weigh. Incidentally I

I have proved certainly to my own satisfaction that it can be done in the same manner as any other kind of fishing, i. e. out of a boat with only one man to row it.

It is well, of course, to have a motor boat somewhere near when a fish is hooked, for assistance in getting it into the skiff, if landed. It also can happen that one gets towed a long way out from one's home direction.

The reason I dispensed with one man was because I wanted my host to fish too, instead of standing by me with the power boat as he wished to do, and I was very glad I did for I wanted him to try a device of mine for keeping the reel from twisting about, which is what makes this fishing so hard on the arms. He hooked on to a monster which he brought to the gaff after a fight of some eight hours and which turned the scale at 710 pounds and established a world's record.

Several fishermen are coming to Port Medway this coming season to try and beat this record of 710 pounds and there should be some monsters landed.

I am hoping to establish certain rules for these records, such as affidavits from the man



THE FISH HOISTED UP; NOTE SIZE IN COMPARISON TO THE PEOPLE.

or men in the boat and the fisherman that no one but the fisherman has touched the rod or line by way of assistance, from the time the fish was hooked to the time it was gaffed. For first one man, and then the other to play the fish is a syndicate business that is not sportsmanlike, nor may it be harpooned from the fisherman's boat, or another, as I have heard was done. Neither should it be "handlined" from the shore, for with one man

handlining and the other holding the rod and winding up the slack line it cannot be called a sportsmanlike proceeding. Give the fish a chance, fight him for eight or ten hours or longer, if you can, and if he beats you in the end, well he deserves to get off.

I will gladly give any fellow fisherman any information that I can if he will write me to the Ritz-Carlton, either in New York or Montreal.

ONE DAY'S FISHING IN TIMAGAMI

M. PARKINSON

WE were standing at the corner of King and Yonge, Toronto, on the afternoon of a hot July day last year. The sun beat down pitilessly on the heated pavement and the reflected waves were over powering in their intensity.

Mopping his streaming brow, the bank teller said, "my hokey, I wish I could escape from this fiery furnace for a week or so."

"Why not," said the journalist, "I know the place where you may not only escape the heat but secure the greatest fishing there is in the wide, wide world."

"Come off," said the young broker, "I've heard you tell those Timagami fish stories before." Don't expect we believe all the fish yarns you spin any more than people believe all the journalistic vagaries you print."

"Never you mind," retorted the knight of the quill, "you may throw sneers at the veracity of the 'public prints,' but I carry a few prints of a different kind in my pocket for just such piscatorial doubters as you. Prints, which even your naturally agnostic mind cannot fail to acknowledge as truthful."

The man of the "fourth estate" then backed quietly into the shadow of the western wall and drew from the breast pocket of his coat a wallet from which he extracted three well thumbred photographs. We looked on with interest, and he of the "stocks and bonds" with tense expectation.

"These photographs," rumbled the quill driver in *sotto voce* tones, "were taken in Timagami last summer. I know the people and saw the fish."

Then he handed to the purveyor of municipal debentures a photo of a giant man, clothed in a double-breasted sack coat and shoe-packs, his ringed stockings drawn on over his trousers and his curly hair bursting from under his woodsman's cap. His brawny arm upheld a fish, such a fish as the debenture seller had never before seen, a fish whose mouth seemed large enough to enclose the holder's head.

"Yes" continued the man of the pen, "that's Oderick Perron, the French-Canadian, six foot two, Timagami guide, the man who knows all about fish and fishing in the north-



CAMP SCENES IN TIMAGAMI.

land. That monster in his hand is not a young shark, but an ordinary Lake Timagami grey trout, *Cristivomer namaycush*. It weighed 22 pounds, and was caught on an otter-tail bait at the end of 300 feet of copper wire and was reeled in on an ordinary Steel Bristol rod."

The street cars still ground by. The roar and rush and din of Yonge St. still went on. The sun still blazed in its untempered violence. But the man of the exchange stood oblivious to all his surroundings with his eyes glued on the strip of paper which he held in his hand. "Gee whitaker! Some fish," at last burst from his parted lips.

The man of the bank had kept silence until now, when looking doubtfully up he said, "Oh! I suppose like all the other so called fishing resorts, one fish a season which some lucky dog was fortunate enough to catch. The other fellow might fish his head off, and never get a bite to reward his assiduity."

"That's not Timagami," flung back the champion of the Northland. "In Timagami there are fish for all, and fish good and plenty. "What do you think of that," and he handed over a second photograph.

It was the picture of a woman clad in a kharki outing suit, wearing a broad smile, and

struggling to hold a monster fish apparently half her own length.

"That" said the Timegami booster, "is Mrs. James F. Barker, wife of the Principal of East Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio, and that is her 20 pound trout which she captured in Timagami one day last July.

"But," said the now vain glorious enthusiast, "if you are not satisfied look at this 16 pound beauty captured by Mr. Herbert J. McCaslin of the same Cleveland party." And he handed out another print of a monster fish, held in the hand of a man clad in an outing suit and white canvas running shoes.

The two men looked at him of the fish yarns with a quizzical smile. They looked down at the blazing pavement, and up at the sizzling sun. The man of bonds and debentures and doubts struck his hand in the hand of the hand of the man of fish and said "By the Powers of Mulkenny, we'll try you one."

The next moment we were standing at the counter in the City Ticket office of the Grand Trunk Railway, a smiling clerk was informing us that the return fare, good for three months, was \$13.15, that a lower berth cost \$2, and that a solid vestibule train carrying a standard Pullman sleeper left Toronto every



OUR FIRST AFTERNOON'S CATCH.

evening at 8.30, putting passengers off, after a good night's sleep at Timagami next morning at 8.46.

That's how it all came about. Eight-thirty that same day saw us safely aboard the Cobalt Special, and soon the arms of Morpheus encircled us and we were carried off to the land of slumber to dream of otter-tail bait, copper wire, spinning reels, and 20-pound trout.

Morning found us at Timagami. A hearty breakfast at the Hotel Ronoco, sweetened by the ravenous appetite begotten of this clear, cool, northern air, and we are off on the steamer, Belle of Timagami, for Bear Island seventeen miles up the Lake.

Harry Wood, the Hudson's Bay Factor, stands smiling on the wharf as the Belle comes to dock; in a trice supplies, canoes, fishing tackle, etc. etc., are secured and are safely in Oderick Perron's speed launch, the St. Lawrence, heading for the South West Arm, the home of the big Timagami lake trout.

One o'clock and the St. Lawrence comes to a halt. The canoes are pulled up along side. It seemed but a moment till we were all ashore. We never knew how the tent was pitched, it seemed to rise unbidden, but there it stood a splash, showing white against the green back ground of the fir trees.

Then came the preparation for our first camp dinner, in which we three tender-feet took part. The new zest for food in the woods; the ravishing smell of the frying bacon as Oderick and Jim, the guide, browned the rashers over the pungent tamarac fire will never be forgotten. At last we three sat down at the improvised table, with the guides' tent for a back ground. Was there ever such food? The tea from the tin cups, the condensed milk, the beans in tomato sauce, and

above all Oderick's crisp fried bacon, all had a taste such as we had never known in fashionable restaurant at a dollar and a half a plate.

But even tenderfoot fishermen in Timagami cannot eat forever. So, the meal was ended, the dishes were washed and put away, and now came the time for the Journalist and Oderick to show us these big gray trout.

Oderick took the Journalist and the doubting broker in the big canoe, while Jim and the banker followed in the 16-footer. As luck would have it the broker got the first strike. The man of doubts had scarcely got 200 feet of wire out when a startled cry told Oderick something had happened. Encouraging the excited fisherman when he thought during moments of passivity he had lost his fish, restraining him from too heroic treatment when the trout tugged and strained at the end of the ever decreasing length of wire, Oderick guided him from step to step until at the end of fifteen minutes the six pound trout lay struggling on the floor of the canoe.

The conquering hero looked fondly at his prize "What does that beauty weigh, Oderick?" said he.

"About six pounds," the laconic Oderick replied.

"Six pounds," repeated the disgusted Isaac Walton. "Well then, how in thunder did that Cleveland woman ever land her 20-pounder?"

"Oh! She knew how to play a fish" laughed back the journalist, "never mind, you'll learn so that a six pound minnow will not be able to wear out your wrist, yet."

So the merry work went on. A glad cry came first from one canoe then from the other. Some of the fish were lost, but at the end of three hours fifteen fine specimens lay in the canoes, and everybody voted it would be



MR. HERBERT J. McCASLIN
AND HIS 16 POUND TROUT.

ODERICK PERRON AND HIS
22 POUND LAKE TROUT.

MRS. JAMES F. BARKER AND
HER 21 POUND TROUT.

simply fish murder to continue longer. The canoes were headed for the camping place and soon we were all landed, tired and again hungry, on the site of our midday meal.

The fifteen trout were hung on a pole resting on the backs of the two camp chairs which the thoughtful Harry Woods had sent in the launch for our comfort, and there in the golden light of the evening with Oderick and Jim for a back ground the camera fastened on the sensitive plate the picture of our first afternoon's catch in Timagami. They ran in weight from 5 to 10 pounds, and showed a grand total of almost 100 pounds of pink-fleshed trout, which when fried by Oderick, floating in "crisco," made a dish

which would cause the mouth of the most exacting epicure to water.

But I must not tell how the evening shadows fell, or of the song of the plaintive whip-poor-will; how the evening stars burst out in the spangled skies, or of the campfire yarns of the fish and fishing; how the springing balsam beds with their odors redolent of the wildwood wooed us to dreamless slumbers, or the pleasures of the other days of that blissful week. It would all take too long. But the writer cannot leave his patient reader without expressing the wish that he too in the summer of 1915 may experience the delights of "A Day's Fishing in Timagami."

CONCERNING FISHING

Trout Streams I have known

(ARTICLE 7)

NEAL BROWN

A LONG many trout streams spring water oozes in from the banks. Other streams have a certain and definite source in some large spring pond. Usually streams running from lakes are too warm for trout, but there are notable exceptions to this, and more especially in the extreme northern part of Michigan and Wisconsin.

Running from lakes in this territory are some good trout streams. The water of trout streams grows warmer farther from its sources, and trout are not often found in such waters.

Some trout are, however, caught in the Wisconsin and the Wolf very far down, but, I believe, usually in the colder springtime water.

Rainbow trout will thrive in warmer water than brook trout.

The Evergreen is a famous trout stream, noted for the coldness of its waters and for the vast number of brook trout that have been found in it during the last thirty years. The supply is said to be diminishing by reason of over-fishing and poaching out of season. It has always been a good stream for anglers who like to boast of hecatombs. I have known one of these to take two hundred trout out of the Evergreen in a single day. But nine-tenths of these were mere fingerlings that could bring no honor to their captor.

When I first visited the Evergreen in 1885 it seemed impossible that so vast a population of trout could exist in any stream. They simply swarmed in every spot and place.

In most trout streams an occasional dace or chub can be caught, but never in the Evergreen, for the invading trout have destroyed all other fishes. An Evergreen angler would as soon expect to come across a neolithic man as to hook a vulgar fish in this stream. I doubt whether the trout ever allow any friendly convocations of suckers, such as can

be found in most trout streams, and they may have made way with this simple, primitive folk.

In other trout streams trout and suckers can be found in the deeper pools lying side by side in the most amicable fashion. Perhaps their friendly relations are promoted by the fact that they cannot eat each other. I have suspected suckers of making predatory excursions into the spawning beds of trout, but have never been able to verify this. It is likely, also, that trout have a fondness for tender young suckers.

Chub and dace and such inferior tribes are the legitimate prey of trout. Their sole value is to furnish food for trout. In this way a most distasteful food is converted into the most heavenly of edibles.

For be it known that a committee of most experienced chefs and gourmands has prepared and passed upon these vulgar fish, along with fresh water clams, in the attempt to determine their food value. But no condiments or cunning manipulation of skillet or broiler can sanctify them or make them palatable.

It is true that in parvenue imitation of the real aristocracy of the stream your chub will rise to the fly and will often deceive you for the moment into thinking that you have hooked a genuine fontinalis. How the fontinalis can endure these pests is past understanding, but he not only endures them but likes them. They furnish him feasts, especially in the long winters under the ice, when no manna of flies can descend to him.

The first stocking of a trout stream finds it crowded with these inferior fish. If the water is right, and the trout multiply, the natives commence to disappear, at first from the upper waters and then farther down, until at last they can only be found in numbers in water too warm for trout. In middle terri-

tory between these warmer waters and the ideal trout water a few natives remain for many years. In freshets they will press up from their own country, only to be devoured in the course of nature.

In a cold spring pond near the head of Plover River I planted a few thousand brook trout fry in the spring of 1892. The year before I had inspected this pond through the ice, and it was filled with myriads of natives. About four years after this stocking I made further examination and found that the native population had entirely disappeared with the exception of one overgrown chub who was too large to be eaten.

But the pond was full of trout, some of large size. The natives, like the American Indians, had been compelled to move on—or to move in; they were extinct.

This is the tragedy of all stocked trout streams. In most of the natural trout streams constituting a part of the waters of the great lakes some plebeian fish can be found. It is likely the supply is constantly replenished from the larger water below. I speak of natural trout streams, meaning by this streams not stocked by man but by nature.

So far as I can learn, none of the waters of the Mississippi in Wisconsin and Minnesota ever had any trout in them until they were stocked.

Trout Lake on the Chippewa waters is one exception, for this has always had lake trout in it. Just why this lake, and none other out of many hundreds, should be peopled with trout must ever remain a mystery. It would seem to be an accident of nature.

Trout Lake is not different from many other lakes.

There are lake trout in some of the lakes tributary to Lake Michigan and Lake Superior.

I think there are native brook trout in all suitable streams flowing into Lake Superior and the northern part of Lake Michigan, except the Wolf River. It is probable that the trout could not make their way up through the shallow warmer waters of Lake Winnebago into the waters of the Wolf. But all of the upper Wolf River streams now have trout in great abundance.

The Evergreen was stocked with trout by an early pioneer of that region, about 1878. He and an Indian took a can and secured about a dozen brook trout from the Oconto, a stream that flows into Lake Michigan, and carried them over to the Evergreen.

A little later, as railroads extended into the country, trout from the state hatchery were placed in other tributaries of the Wolf, and from these sources trout have multiplied and spread to every tributary of the Wolf that is capable of supporting trout life.

In many of these streams no additional stocking has ever taken place, yet the supply of trout never fails.

The same result has followed the stocking of the waters of the Wisconsin and the Mississippi in Wisconsin.

In many places in northern Wisconsin there is a trout stream every two or three miles. In fact, trout are constantly turning up in unexpected places. A find of this kind can be likened to a mineral discovery. The original

finder keeps his secret as long as he can and returns home from mysterious trips with loaded creel.

But the subtle sense of his fellow fishermen finds him out, and he soon has to share his secret. His discovery is then overworked, for a time until it becomes commonplace; a path is worn along the shore of the stream by eager feet, and eager hands have lopped off some of the overhanging boughs.

After this first fervor has worn off the stream is apt to acquire the reputation of being "fished out." It may then be abandoned and lie fallow for a time. I have often found rare sport in these old, half forgotten workings.

The earnest angler is always dreaming of the lost water of wealth, the abandoned places that he may refine, where undisturbed trout are awaiting him.

I stocked Black Brook, a little stream that falls from the southern slopes of Rib Mountain, in the early '90s. I had forgotten about it, or had concluded that the trout fry had come to naught, when about a dozen years later I detected two youths coming from this stream with loaded creels of trout.

I thereupon turned to and caught a few myself.

These surprises do often occur.

Such is life in Trout Land.

Many years ago a spirited discussion was carried on in Forest and Stream by certain anglers on the subject of naturally stocked trout streams and artificially stocked trout streams. One story contestant claimed that Nature knew what she was about and only stocked those streams with trout that would sustain trout life, and that trout would not become acclimated in a stream that was naturally barren of trout.

In view of what has been done in fish culture, such a contention is as groundless as would be the contention that English rabbits would not thrive in Australia because Nature did not place them there.

The wonderful results of artificial stocking can be found all over Wisconsin. Hundreds of streams now swarm with trout that never knew trout until the advent of man. Brook trout breed as freely in these streams as in the nature-stocked streams of the great lakes.

The Wolf River streams compare favorably with those of the Peshtigo and the Oconto. I doubt whether the German brown trout and the rainbow trout breed freely in strange waters. Place ever so large a consignment of rainbow trout in a stream, and for a few years fair catches can be made, but they seem to gradually disappear.

A German brown trout is rarely caught in Wisconsin waters. These and the rainbows seem to live in streams where they cannot breed.

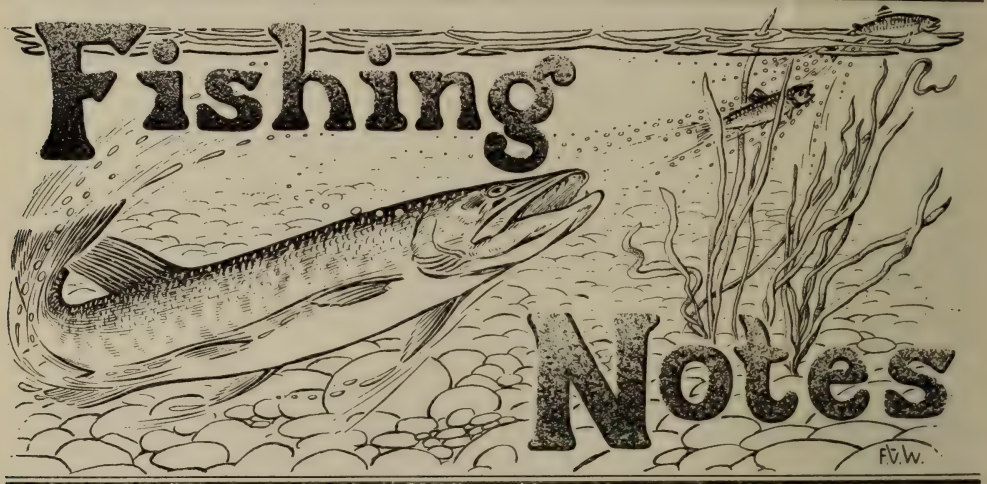
On the other hand, a stream of the right kind, stocked with brook trout, will remain indefinitely stocked without additional replenishment. Some anglers very much doubt whether the German brown is an emigrant whose presence in our streams should be encouraged. He is not so savory as our own brook trout, nor has he the same fecundity. The same can be said of the rainbow, though the latter is a very lusty fighter.

According to British authority, our brook trout, transplanted to British waters, has not seemed to multiply there. As one authority says: "The brook trout escaped from those places where it was turned in."

This very vice afflicts the rainbow trout in Wisconsin waters; he does not stay where he is placed.

On the other hand, good results of stocking with our brook trout have been established in the tarns of the Isle of Mull in Scotland.

This English authority further says: "In America the brook trout is regarded as a home loving fish, therefore it seems somewhat likely that we have not yet provided it with the domestic comforts to which it is habituated."



TROUT FLIES--AND OTHER NOTES

(ARTICLE 18)

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

IN a presentation of the joys and fascination of trout fishing one must necessarily shift his consideration, sooner or later, to that intricate thing known as the artificial fly. A thousand paragraphs have been written in the true and tried conventional manner about trout flies; the usual article of the sort is now getting to be dry as dust, and we are turning around for something different; and vainly wondering just who will be the one to take the stride forward. In the last decade trout fishing has progressed very little from past methods in this country. Our adoption of the dry fly may be said to be a shifting of things, but as a rule we still fish in the old ways, and our knowledge of the trout and his life remains more or less—nil. Within the last year, however, anglers of this continent have been pleased to witness a change in angling events. Louis Rhead, one of the foremost anglers and outdoor artists of America, spent one whole year close to a famous trout stream studying and making color reproductions of the flies and insects that lived near the stream and upon which the trout inhabitants feasted. With such a great measure of success did he succeed that a book is soon forthcoming, containing, in natural colors these pictured trout flies and

insects, and reproductions of flies that he has ingeniously tried to match. When this book comes out there will be added to the literature of the world a notable classic. Louis Rhead is just the man to handle this mighty subject. Through ardent years of painstaking care, and a comprehensive study of every available sidelight to the immortal pastime, he has fitted himself for this broader scope,—a revolutionizing campaign to bring greater light into the angling world. He has said, I notice, that not only is he going into the west to study flies and insects along those streams, and reproduce them, but is coming also to Canada. Canadian anglers may well rejoice to hear this and the information he will collect will be awaited with breathless interest by all. Louis Rhead presents his case thus: he has figured that trout do not strike hook flies, or artificials, because they think them realities, but rather for sporting, pugnacious reasons. Before continuing let me give a certain doctor's views on the matter:

"The habits and peculiarities of the trout offer a more interesting field for study, and a more important subject for the consideration of the sportsman; it is of this that I would particularly desire to speak. Why does the trout, the wariest of all fishes, rise to an

artificial fly? Is it because he is hungry, and thinks it a natural fly? He will rise to a black-gnat or a silver-doctor when the water is covered with a variety of living insects, and it can hardly be possible that he mistakes an artificial fly for any living thing that ever inhabited the air or the water. It has been said that he rises to the artificial fly only for sport, for play. If so, why, at one time will he rise to a certain fly and at another totally ignore it? Why at one time will a black gnat tempt him, and at another, nothing but a coachman attract his attention? These lures are so dissimilar and each so unlike any living thing, that the supposition that he rises for food must be abandoned, while the belief that he does it for play would involve the theory that on one day he likes a dark-colored plaything, and on another a light one, but does this explanation satisfy? It has been said that sometimes an old fighting trout snaps at a fly out of anger, not relishing the presence of the thing in his neighborhood. This may be true but is not complimentary to the genius of the person who devised the lure with the expectation of deluding the trout into the belief that he was being presented with some kind of succulent insect with which he was acquainted. I have seen trout rise to a floating petal of wild-cherry blossom, and, taking the hint, put on a white-moth and a dusty-miller but without success, and afterward got a rise on a red ibis."

The above is quoted verbatim, being excerpts from the article by C. McDougall in *Forest and Stream* and is very interesting; about as keen an interpretation, and surmise, as has appeared in contemporary outdoor literature. Louis Rhead hopes that by ingeniously offering an exact counterpart of the original fly, or insect, that he can actually make the trout believe that it is taking a reality, not a fake. Rhead believes, as many another of us believes that trout take an artificial fly, knowing it is a fake, much through sporting reasons. For the above conclusions Rhead is practically revolutionizing the present day angling viewpoint.

Says O. Warren Smith, a modern angling writer of universal renown:

"I have seen trout strike at a fly again and again when there was not a shadow of doubt but that the fish expected the object was something good to eat, then I have seen them rise in sport, giving the feathers a playful slap with the tail as they returned to the depth. Then too there have been times when I have thought the fish striking in anger, there was so much of temper manifested in their movements. However, as a rule, I think trout rise to the flies because they think the floating bunch of feathers something that will satisfy their hunger, though very often they will strike out of pure feminine curiosity. Drop a chip or other small object that will float, upon the surface of a pool and trout will rise to it. Why? Certainly not because the fish thinks the object food, for nothing he is in the habit of feeding upon looks like the object. Neither does the trout learn from experience, for they will rise again and again and day after day, to nose at the same objects. We can never satisfy ourselves as to the why and wherefore of a fish's actions, for the

element in which he lives is so different from ours, and his mental processes, if he has any, are of much lower order. We are all the time making the mistake of imputing to him the man's power of reasoning, when, after all, he is only a fish."

There are among skillful anglers—men of knowledge and tried experience—two classes. There are the colorists and the anti-colorists. The colorists aver that color has much to do with successful fly-making, and fly use. They believe that the natural coloration of flies should be religiously incorporated in the imitations. The anti-colorists say, *no: form* rather than *color*. Some formalist angler there was who sank himself in the water a depth of three feet and looking upward upon innumerable flies that were methodically dropped to the surface made the assertion that they all looked alike—through his eyes. There did not seem to be any difference in the color but he *could* tell the *shape*. Point one scored by the anti-colorist. But yet again there is another side to the question. Famous anglers hold that any sane fly will suffice to catch trout—that it is a matter of skillful manipulation to make each especial fly or insect act alive in the water that arouses the trout to strike at it. In this respect we have the reliable words of the late Thaddeus Norris, undoubtedly one of the best informed anglers that ever lived. Says Thaddeus Norris:

"Do not bother with a lot of flies. Here are four that will serve all purposes: One is the Red Spinner; the second a Black Gnat; the third is the Coachman; the fourth, and the best of them all, is the Red Palmer, or Red Hackle, as it is indifferently called. Now for the secret. Take the Red Hackle as the standard, and you will understand. If you throw it out and just drag it on the water, as most people do, what do you suppose a trout will take it for? Why, just what it is—a bunch of feathers, hair, no more, no less. You drag it along and the hairs close on the shaft of the hook; it is just a dead mass, not resembling a fly, or a caterpillar, or anything else. But suppose, instead of this, you work your wrist very gently up and down, so as to let the electric hairs of the hackle expand and close with the stream: what then? Why then the thing looks alive, looks like a drowning insect, and the trout goes for it directly. It is the same with winged flies exactly. There is no use having wings to a fly if you simply drag it through the water in one direction."

Ingenious fly manipulation as Norris suggests proves eventually the stepping stone to fly-fishing success. Some men may angle forever and not have luck; and they may as unenthusiastically quit flies for the more unsportsmanlike procedure of bait-fishing, believing it more deadly. But give your true angler practically any standard fly and he can get trout, no matter what the atmospheric conditions may be. However, conformation to the natural in insects and flies put to the hook should be carefully adhered to. Your angling writer will say: "Your flies should conform in coloration to those you note falling to the surface of the stream."

"Now as a matter-of-fact only one in a hundred of the angling element know a thing about the insects falling to the stream and in

a whole day's fishing may note no insects. There is the rub. *Information* of that sort, is waste of time; it is worthless. Rhead is the first one to make any practical, enlightened census of flies falling to the stream; then how can others of the brotherhood know what to select, when they do not know the insects to select in imitation of. Now were all insects, in all parts of the country alike, things would brighten considerably. But they differ everywhere we go. Hence it is impossible to choose correctly. The angler, I will admit, in fishing a stream, should take careful note of the flies falling to water; and should select from his fly-book those insects that look most like them. The angler, however, who can then and there tie a fly to conform exactly with the fly he has seen, is in the scrupulous minority. Experience teaches us, sooner or later, that the less flies we have the better off we are. A few true and tried flies, known as killers, are suitable under any intervening conditions. Some anglers lug with them in copious books as high as twelve dozen individuals; and are incessantly changing, and changing and never get any more fish.

Between the selection of flies of a subdued coloration and flies of a brilliantly heightened hue there is a little bit of discussion to be taken into consideration. Without consistently favoring the colorist, experience nevertheless teaches that the drab-hued flies are the most killing two thirds of the time. When in clear waters, and when the sun shines with penetrating clarity into the depths, the grays, the browns, the black and the white are of special merit. But when the waters are slightly roiled; or when the day is gloomy those gaudy flies may be inserted with eminent success. This is offered as a general rule. I need not be told that bright flies may be used on bright days with success; or that flies of a subdued coloration may be used on a gloomy day with success, for I know the changeable habits and notions of the most poetic fish that swims. But it is safe to say that a scattering selection from certain famous gaudy trout flies cannot but increase the catching efficiency of your collection.

A beginner writes me asking for a complete list of flies that he shall use, that will be good for all varieties of waters. This is a broad and sweeping query. Here we must take into consideration both southernmost waters and northern waters. Northern waters, where they are far from the pale of pampered civilization, contain fish that have not been fished for as have fish in the more confined waters of civilization. It is a fact that you can take most any fly on some of the wild Ontario streams and bring in your layout of fish; but for all that matter good fly selection has its merits no matter where you wander. Some thorough anglers will use only as high as six or ten different kinds of flies, having of course a number of each variety in their book. Samuel Camp in his book, "Fishing Kits and Equipment," notes that he would have no objections to being turned out on a trout stream with the following six flies: Coachman, Cowdung, Cahill, Beaverkill, Grizzly, King and Queen of the Waters. In a later series of articles, run in a certain magazine, he offers this six as being the only ones he

would sanction to first place:—Coachman, Beaverkill, Wickham's Fancy, Cowdung, Grizzly King, and Montreal—and he adds in this later treatise, that were any two of this latter aggregation withdrawn and were he to select from other trout flies to fill the empty places in the book, he would select from these: Cahill, Royal Coachman, Queen of the Waters, Reuben Wood, Seth Green, White Miller and Professor. In northern stream fishing he suggests the admission of the Parmachene Belles and the Silver Doctor. Now any of these flies are good; but I suggest also the inclusion of the palmers and the hackles—all of which have proven their worth. Now to return to the query of the beginner who asked me to make a selection for him of the best flies to take along, that would be good under various conditions, let me here make a rather extended list:

Black Gnat, Cowdung, Coachman, Grizzly King, Montreal, Professor, Seth Green, Soldier Palmer, Stone Fly, Brown and Gray Hackle, Parmachene Belle, Reuben Wood, Scarlet Ibis, Silver Doctor, Royal Coachman, White Miller, Jock Scott, Queen of the Waters, Wickham's Fancy, Beaverkill, Cahill, March Brown, Governor, Hare's Ear, Black, Red and Grey Palmer, Blue Bottle, Willow, Jenny Lind, Canada, Pale Evening Dun, Red Spinner, Jungle, Gray Drake, Green Drake, Whirling Dun, Abbey and Cinnamon.

In the above category you have practically all the flies you need select from; there are maybe thousands of others, with a thousand other names attached to them, but they are but unfathomable, cumbersome, untried makeshift burdens. To insert at least one or two each of the above in your book for try-out is something not out-of-place.

As Camp says, the Coachman is a wonderful fly; it can be used everywhere with keen success where others fail. So is the Queen of the Waters good, the White Miller, one of my favorite flies, the inimitable Professor, the Beaverkill, and the Grizzly King, and the Cowdung, good *always*. The Red Spinner, the Red Palmer and the wonderful Black Gnat are also good. And there I pause. In this last sorting are some of the flies you should not be without. They are standbys of vast importance that have been tried out under all varieties of conditions and have never been found lacking. Acquire a sense of curiosity-arousing manipulation, of adding lifelikeness to them as they fall to water, and sometimes even the wisest trout will be successfully circumvented. And now comes the question of hook sizes. The Number 6 is the largest hook that should ever be used. The number 8 is the standard hook size; its excellence and use is attested to by all persevering, painstaking piscatorialists; it is the fly-hook most universally found in the fly book. For small stream work where the trout are not of great length, hardly ever exceeding a pound in weight, the Number 10 and the Number 12 may be inserted with eminent success; my preference running to the Number 10. Personally I do not see that the inclusion of midge flies tied to hooks 14 in size are of any use; however there are those who like to have them in their possession for real artistic work. Now in the matter of the

hook itself, and its bend or lack of bend. There are three sorts from which to choose the Sproat, the O'Shaughnessy and the Sneek, which has a pronounced, outstanding neck-bend; also the Pennell. Says Camp in his "Fishing Kits and Equipment," "Personally I always use the Sproat or O'Shaughnessy when I can find the sort of fly I want tied upon either of them. But a good many dealers use only the Sneek hooks for the smaller size flies, smaller than Number 8. I mention the Sneek hook, because in the opinion of many experienced fishermen it is a good one."

The present writer prefers the hook having a pronounced neck bend for the reason when they are once stuck in the lip of the trout they generally stay, and he may shake and wiggle as much as he likes and it will not come out. I figure that the point of resisting power is greater in the Sneek, than in the others.

What to pay for your flies is a question that the beginner is naturally eager to get news upon. A new hand will be startled at the prices asked, considering how very small is the purchase. Much for little does not go in the purchasing of your trout flies; this is the lesson you must learn if you are to buy your flies; if you make your own flies that is another question. You can then cut prices two-thirds. In my article on the subject to this magazine I wrote:

"Hordes of inferior flies are found on the market today. Some of these flies are valued at three for five cents. They reek of cheapness and are not worth the trouble of a glance. They are made but to catch the eye of the untutored. Consider that some of the best made trout flies cost as high as one dollar and a half apiece and you can readily understand why smaller flies valued at three for five cents are not worth looking at. These cheap flies are made by the thousands by men and girls who never saw a trout, a trout stream or a true trout fly; it is very doubtful indeed if some of these makers know what they are turning out. Then again, speaking of cheapness there are flies slightly better, but I will honestly say that to go below sixty cents a dozen for your flies is to purchase poor material, as a rule. At sixty cents a dozen you will get fairly good material, but nothing to compare with flies that sell for one dollar or a dollar and a half a dozen. These flies are accorded the attention of skilled workmen and receive, individually some degree of a man's experience and study."

A good trout fly is a luxury; a poor one an abomination; the poorly tied flies readily come apart just when service and durability are demanded of them and can give practically little or no satisfaction. To pay ten cents apiece for trout flies means your admittance to a more comprehensive success, with the best that average money can buy. It is suggested that at least four of each *special* kind be kept in the fly-book for emergency purposes. If you are using a cast of three, have the first one, the lead-fly, say a White

Miller, your second a Professor, and the third perhaps a Queen of the Waters. One of these flies proving to be systematically risen for, change your other flies to this one and you will have success. The use of the eyed-flies is a process that calls for leaders having snells tied in to the leaders; ordinarily there are only dropper loops on the leaders. You must therefore, if you wish to use eyed-flies, tie leaders having snells. A deadly method in fishing, when using the eyed-flies is to use only one fly, that being a lead fly. In following this system you need very few flies of course, the idea being to locate the most killing fly for that day and then proceed upon your way. Also you can do away with the often cumbersome, clap-trap fly-book; since your eyed-flies may be kept in metal boxes. They take up little room. It is the belief, however, that three flies being used to a cast, more luck will be forthcoming, since three varieties are offered to choose from at once.

Remember in fishing to experiment carefully, thoughtfully, painstakingly. Remember the day, whether sunny or cloudy and choose flies in accord; if you see insects on the water select somewhat in conformation to their hue and shape, and the closer you can do this the greater mayhops will be your degree of success. Trout are quixotic creatures, inclined, it seems, toward no one point of certainty. Your success depends upon study and upon observation.

Some calls have been made upon me for more information regarding the dry fly, its method of manipulation and something further in regard to the flies to be used for this entertaining process. I must first of all say this: do not try to take up dry-fly fishing until you have thoroughly mastered the more simple process of wet-fly fishing. Serve your apprenticeship, it will do you good. For be it known that dry-fly fishing is the height of fly-casting ingenuity and two fail where a possible one makes anywhere near a success. Dry-fly fishing entails a practical study of entomology, of observations of land and water insects, in imitation of which your artificial flies should be constructed, and used. Dry-fly fishing has in its makeup the attributes of aristocracy, the nobility of the immortal pastime; it is one of the deadliest methods ever devised for the circumvention of the trout; new in this country, relatively old in the mother country, England. Its introduction into this country was timely although it cannot but be said that the very nature of our streams lend open invitation to the use almost entirely of the wet fly, since the streams are generally of a wild, riotous nature, where, as a matter of fact still-flowing streams with glassy pools are those most adapted to the insertion of the deadly dry fly. England with her still-flowing streams, is, therefore, the real home of the dry fly; but where we find glassy streams here they may be worked with undeniable degrees of luck.

THE BASS, PISCATORIALLY SPEAKING

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THERE are artificial minnows that are mostly used for fishing in the morning, evening and throughout the daylight session. But there is another class of baits, namely, the baits that can be used at night, i. e., the phosphorescent baits, that belong in a class by themselves, owing to their distinguishing features. An artificial minnow that is to be used at night should glow, and if it makes a commotion as it is trolled through the water so much the better, though this is not necessary so long as it glows properly. Because it is used in the hours of darkness the glowing bait must necessarily be weedless if cast into the weeds or the moss and lily-pads. Those baits, not weedless, can be used in more or less open water however with good results. Again, it depends upon the state of your surroundings.

Coloration in the average minnow also counts for a good deal. There are certain colors that have proven more fascinating than others, therefore they should be followed, and success will be greater as a result. Personally, as regards color, I would not be without two baits at least in my tackle box upon which red is partly used. A red bucktail, or a red-ibis fly are as a red shawl waved to a bull, to the bass. It arouses their ire, and when it gets them angry they usually hit, and hit that lure hard. Red and white in collaboration make an attractive bait, though white is also a winner and many baits are put out now entirely in white, some with a touch of red, as an additional attraction. Let me tell you why this white is used so extensively in this respect. Were all of our fishing days staged on bright sunshine days it would be different; but cloudy days, early mornings, and twilight hours, call for a bait that will plainly show in the water. Hence the white bait. Never use a bait of subdued coloration on dark, or shadowed days, or *vice versa*, use the subdued colored baits on bright days. Of course, there is a limit to this. I use my red Dowagiac and my red Lockhard on bright days and they get them, because that particular red is a color the bass like to put out of commission. Where water is deep fish deep with your baits, and here is where the underwater baits, having spinners, come in for special mention. Red, and red and white, have been suggested as good colors, but yellow and brown and green are also used. The most artistic and killing baits, from my view point are those having the exceptionally artistic rainbow and spotted effect, melting and merging in the most artful and elaborate sense. These spotted creations will always be found in my tackle box.

The *time of the year* is another consideration in the correct use of the artificials. When the bass are in the shallows, in the late spring, or early summer, around spawning time, the top-water, floating baits are very good. As

a rule the great number of the bass retire to the depths, the cool depths, as the warm weather comes on, especially is this true in moderately temperate climes. Yet they will be found in early morning and in the twilight hours under the lily-pads, along the shore, where they may be taken with weedless baits. The various wobblers, used just outside of the line of the weeds will register many a notable kill. The true underwater bait, with spinners, will get them, where they are in deep water, by fishing slightly deeper than usual. All of these points, kind of minnow, time of day, time of the year, and the weather conditions must be taken into account if you expect true and successful service from your appliances.

Weight in an artificial minnow is a thing of more than casual note; the lure should not be too heavy, nor should it be too light. However if the artificial minnow weighs one fourth of an ounce it is none too light. With a fairly good reel and a fair knowledge of casting the bait, it will cover any space you assign it to, within fishing distance.

Let me suggest eight baits that I would have in my tackle box, that is kinds of baits. I would have two good wobblers, or those minnows, or plugs, which purport to imitate a disabled minnow or frog. Two, or even three of those surface baits, which make a commotion in the water, unlike the wobblers, which dive and quarter and plump around promiscuously. Then I would have two regulation underwater lures with spinners, and coming in attractive hue—and finally I would have two phosphorescent baits, for use in night fishing. These will furnish you with an irreproachable set of eight or nine baits. I have followed the above system of selection for years, and my success has consequently been exceptionally good. There are so many winners on the market today that there is no reason why a good selection should not be easily and conscientiously made.

Minnows in the wobbler type are noted in the Lockhart baits, Jamison's Mascot, winged or otherwise; Wilson's Fluted Wobbler or that Heddon Dowagiac of wonderful spotted construction. All of these are good and I have given them a try-out with success. The Lockhart has a hole that runs through the bait that makes the wobbling motion; it wobbles much or comparatively little depending upon how swiftly the bait is reeled. The Jamison Mascot, with its wings, or its internal weights, shifted to suit, regulates and makes possible its particular system of motion; and Wilson's Wobbler, by its wholly efficient flutings is made to wobble, by the action of the water in the scooped out hollows, throwing the bait up or down and again in and out according to the speed with which it is trolled through the water. The Heddon Dowagiac has three places where the line may be fastened

and by the different attachments the motion of the bait is decided, and governed. These four baits are true and tried. This class of wobblers are singularly good baits and specimens should always be on hand.

Next after the wobblers come the top-water baits, those that make a boiling disturbance in the water, purporting to imitate something swimming. This disturbance generally interests the fish mightily and lures them in from great distances. The Jamison Coaxer is well known, and I need say nothing more here regarding it. The Coaxer has a blunt nose, and two red wings. Trolled over the water two rolls of this come over the wings often throwing the water in a bladed spray over the bait. It has proven very effective. The Decker bait has the revolving head to which is connected the aluminum wing-blades. Trolled in the water the head revolves, the back part of the bait remaining still. It has proven effectual in any number of instances. In the Queries and Answers for June I mentioned that it is in use all over the north. The South Bend Bait Co., puts out a Woodpecker bait, with a collar at its head. When trolled, this collar helps to throw the water aside to form a disturbing factor, or an attraction center. I have had and recommended this bait for a long time. I am buying three new ones this year, one of them being a Woodpecker bait only, also a phosphorescent bait, to be used at night.

Another singularly good surface bait is Howe's Vacuum top-water lure. The Vacuum bait is supposed to look like nothing in particular, its main purpose being to create a disturbance on top of the water and so attract the fish's interest. But it really is fashioned after the old-time pork-rind bait. It is more or less triangular in shape; it has some dashes of red on its belly; one trailer gang in back, and one gang each on the sides. Trolled with comparative speed the shoulders rise in the water throwing one roll of water over each. In this manner it appears like a frog, or some other creature swimming. I certainly will have one brand new one this year. Add to this list of four surface baits the wonderful fish exterminating Heddon Dowagiac Expert, which with its metal front collar also throws the water into action and you have five of the best surface baits on the market to select from.

In the original underwater-minnow form, running in the water without wobbling or creating a disturbance, aided by the nickled spinners, we have some exceptionally good ones to choose from. Of the South Bend Bait Co., small-bodied baits, with the bucktail attachment, I have often spoken. To me it is the underwater par excellence. They have only one trailer gang of hooks. They are furnished in all sorts of colors. In the small-bodied form the Heddon Company put out Dowagiacs that are splendid all round. I used a small-bodied Heddon minnow for three years. It has a brown, cracked-effect back, and I caught, according to my notebook ten bass in one day with it.

But then, aside from the bucktail combination, we have the regular underwater form, of one trailer gang and two side gangs, three gangs in all. The South Bend Co. and the

Heddon Co., put out some wares that rival competition. More cannot be said for them. Both of these companies have retained an enviable reputation for putting out sincere honest material, using the best of up-to-date methods in applying their enamel.

An underwater minnow that has won a great reputation in past years is the Chippewa lure. This bait, which is furnished in many colorations, has a lengthwise spinner located in the middle of its body where a spinner or attraction center really should be.

The Chippewa bait is very easily cast, the hollowed-out center yielding to the rush through the air, when cast. The trailer gang is a bucktail combination, furnished in various colors. The system this company have of fastening their hooks on to the bait is especially notable. These hooks are connected on one wire, loops for the hooks being intact in this wire that runs all round the bait. As is claimed for the Chippewa it is a happy combination of various artificial means of circumventing the gamey fellows. Thus we have in the Chippewa the spoon effect, also the fly and the artificial minnow. I used the Chippewa last summer, practically for the first time with any real faith or interest, and I found it in instances as good as any of the big fellows of the artificial minnow world. The manufacturers of the Chippewa bait have put out a new affair this year which they claim will be the artificial minnow for the year 1915. This is known as the Chippewa skipper a surface lure, to be correct. It is an erratic bait, and its motion is regulated by two front fins, or nose-fins, as they might be called. These fins are detachable. By using one fin the bait begins a wiggling motion that suggests a swimming mouse, more than anything else. By jerking this bait a little in the water, by sharply lifting the tip of the rod, the minnow will create a ripple that is supposed to imitate the endeavour of a bass that has risen and struck for it and has missed it. This serves to cause other game fish to become interested and look around. The second fin causes the minnow to look and act like a frog, in half-jump, half-swimming, skipping motion. This bait has double hooks, having avoided the trebles. There are two doubles on the belly, and a double-trailer.

Another new bait, but recently put out, is the Wilson Cupped Wobbler, a surface bait, purporting to imitate a disabled minnow gyrating energetically around on the surface. It is a bass bait that I certainly will try out at the earliest convenience and if I am not mistaken it will prove a winner, as much so as their fluted wobbler, which is a leader in the wobbler class, and which has proven its good points.

Another new bait I have just purchased with cold cash is the Paw Paw Fish Spear, put out by the Moonlight bait company, of Paw Paw, Michigan; this company also puts out the famous Moonlight phosphorescent baits. They were practically the pioneers in this latter idea. The recent production of this company, mentioned above, is a wobbling bait, purporting to imitate a disabled minnow. It has two rings wherein to tie the line. Tie the line in the end-eye and the minnow will run level in the water; tie the line in the eye

which is located a trifle further back and it will wobble, quarter to right and left, and wiggle in the most animated and distressful manner. If this bait proves as good as the moonlight baits this company puts out, I have absolutely no kick coming.

Jamison, the minnow man of Chicago, pet friend and compatriot of piscatorial man, a revolutionist—in a mild Waltonistic way; maker of minnows and other things, has put out that *winged Mascot*. When Jamison sent me his first produced Mascot I took one look at it and I said: "Goodnight, Jimmie, now you've done it—and done it up brown." Because the Mascot looked like an abbreviated sausage, and was rather clumsy. However I thought of Jimmie, and decided that he meant well. I got that Mascot rather late, but I was fishing then galore, in the autumn of 1914, and I tried out the Mascot. That wobbling wobbler of a Mascot proved its worth. Now Jamison has put out what he terms the winged Mascot—it has wings. The eyes are simply the rings wherein you tie the line. By shifting the screw-eyes, bending them, straightening them out you may have a wobbler to suit, running at least four feet under water; again it can be made to operate near the surface; then again it may be made to be completely a surface bait, rolling up the water like the old Coaxer. This bait has two belly hook doubles, and one trailer double.

You will note in all of these late baits that the wobbler, or disabled minnow form, is most closely and intelligently adhered to; there is a reason. Also there is a tendency toward sanity more and more in the matter of hooks, for while these baits may be had in trebles, or gangs, they are really served out with the doubles. This is a notable incorporation. Also is noted a very comfortable fact. The side gang idea is being done away with and the belly gang, or double, is more closely adhered to. Bass strike often from underneath and amidships, and the hooks being placed there, as a result, serve to get them and get them right.

In the above I have considered a set of baits open to your purchase. There are the wobblers in abundance, and some of the new wobblers we will try out at about the same time for the initial and all-absorbing purpose of experiment; others, the old standbys, we

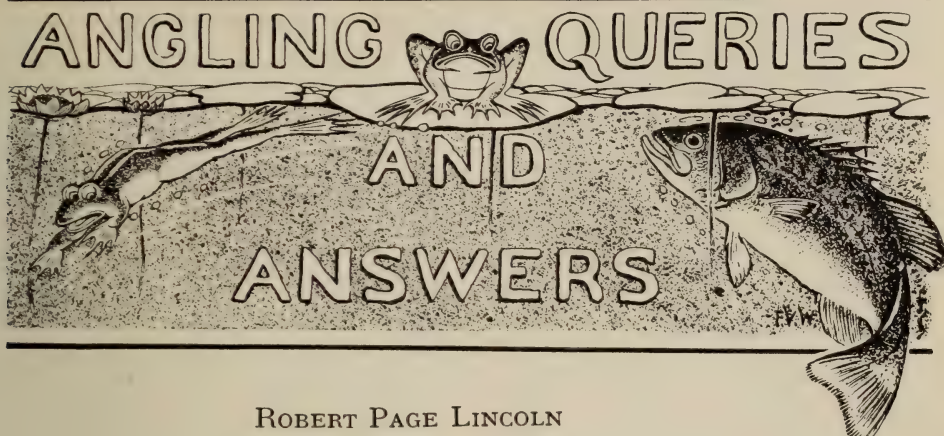
will use with success as before. Then we have considered the surface baits, that make their commotion; and we have considered also the underwaters, that class of old reliables from which artificial minnow production had its impetus. But there are also the phosphorescent baits to consider.

These glowing baits I have already suggested and have recommended them in the performance. There are three glowing baits that I have used, and have used them with success, each in proper measure; these are the Moonlight bait, the phosphorescent Jamison Coaxer and the glowing Woodpecker, this last bait put out by the South Bend Bait Co., of South Bend, Indiana. The Coaxer is weedless so that it may be cast into the pads and weeds without getting hung up—that is, as an ordinary matter of course. The Woodpecker has the raised collar in front, and when trolled in the water makes a boiling disturbance. In clear waters the Woodpecker has given me great success. The Moonlight bait is too well spoken of, and famous enough, to woo me into adding a glowing eulogy to it. It is always on my line or in my tackle box.

Here you have three foremost glowing baits to choose from, and they are all of equal merits; *all good*. Night fishing has its attractions, among attractions. Ordinarily it is forgotten that fish feed way up to the hour of twelve at night, therefore, until recent years, night fishing had not been thought of. Now it is noted that fishermen claim they have more success at night than in the daytime. However this may be I do not know, but I do know that I have caught bass on the glowing baits, enough to urge me to try and try again. Fishing at night is a sort of a blessing to the man who is compelled to work during the daytime, yet is near to a body of water. For many months, owing to exacting labour, the only time I could spare was at night, and the glowing baits solved a very dubious problem. From twilight till twelve at night I usually do some tall fishing.

In night fishing an anti-backlash reel of some sort must be had for in the dark the thumbing of the line is a hard and rather touchy proposition. I suggest that a lantern be kept in the boat, and in that way one may conduct his fishing in a more thorough manner.

In the August issue of Rod and Gun Mr. Lincoln will continue his article on The Black Bass, in which he specially considers the matter of tackle box and lines; and will also contribute an article on The Ouaniche Salmon.



ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

No. 19.—I have been thinking seriously of buying a rod that is round instead of hexagonal, and would like to know what you think of such a rod before making this buy. I see no reason why this rod should not be as good as the hexagonal. Will you answer this in the next number which will be suitable to me. I am an interested reader of your department, and like it very well.

Henry Mayer, Ontario, Canada.

Ans.—I do not think much of the round-shaped rod. One of the first rods I ever used was a round rod. The trouble in a round rod is that a great deal of the resisting outer fiber is trimmed away in making it round, and this outer fiber is of great value in strengthening the rod, and in putting life into it. In time, after much use, the round rod becomes lifeless, especially if accorded rough usage. Note in the hexagonal rod that much of the outer fiber, held intact, has six points of resistance. If you would follow my advice I would certainly say, leave the round rod alone.

R. P. L.

No. 20.—I was greatly interested in the article published recently by Mr. Bonnycastle Dale, in which he treated of the steelhead trout of the western waters, in British Columbia, to be exact. How far down the Pacific coast is the steelhead found; and are not some of the underwater artificial minnows good for use in catching this fighting fish? I have been thinking of taking a trip down the coast this summer, that is the Pacific coast, stopping first along the British Columbian district, then going on down. What about the trout fishing in California; is it any good at all. I heard from a man that was down that way that the fishing is rather poor all around. I would be very glad to hear from you on these points. Trusting that I have not taken too much of your valuable time, I beg to remain,

C. B. Farnum, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Ans.—The article by Bonnycastle Dale was a very good one indeed; all of this naturalist's writings have eminent points of worth to their credit, one singular point being that you

can depend upon them being authentic and of an informative nature. The steelhead trout (*Salmo-gairdneri*) also termed (*Salmo rivularis*) is indeed a fighting fish, with a lot of gaminess to his credit. The steelhead trout is found south along the Pacific coast to the Sespe River, of California. North of the Sespe, it is found, often promiscuously, in the streams of Santa Cruz county, where it is fished for by a great number of enthusiastic disciples of the immortal Walton. The steelhead is also found in Washington and Oregon. In Lake Crescent of Washington, in Clallam county there are found three subspecies of the steelhead trout, and they are found in this lake alone, namely: the Spotted trout (*Salmo-crescentis*), and the Beardslee trout, otherwise scientifically mentioned as (*Salmo-rivularis-beardsleei*). they go in weight well up to fifteen pounds, and in rare instances, over. They live mostly in the deep recesses of the lake, and rarely, if ever come to the surface. The only method of getting them is by deep fishing, using the trolling spoon. The third sub-specie in this lake is the long-headed trout (*Salmo-rivularis-bathacector*), also found in the retired depths, caught only by the trolling spoon, and the set-line. In more northern waters you will find the Kamloops trout, evidently the steelhead mentioned in Mr. Dale's graphic article. It is scientifically entitled, (*Salmo-rivularis-kamloops*.)

There is little doubt but that the underwater artificial minnow will be very good and of great service. Most of those of a blending coloration, of green, brown and reddish hues should be exceptionally killing baits. Ordinarily the steelhead is trolled for with spoons and such affairs as the Skinner spoons and the Jamison spoons, also the Hilderbrandts, are worth their price in this sort of fishing. One needs a rather stiff-backed rod in trolling for the steelhead, for not everyone is a master of small tackle.

The fishing in California is good in sections, and in other places of little or no value. The best fishing of California is found in the Sierra mountains, of course, and particularly along the King and Kern river. Coastwise

the fishing is rather good north of San Francisco; south of San Francisco along the coast, during the season you will find an angler for every foot of the stream fished. However, up in the secluded canyons, in the deep pools, you will find them and you will obtain some good fishing as a result.

R. P. L.

No. 21.—I have been thinking seriously of taking up dryfly fishing this summer. I am located on a still-flowing stream and it seems to me that it is just for this branch of the game. Could you help me as to choosing the right sort of flies; I would want about twelve various kinds, which I do not think over-many when one must match with those live ones seen along the course. Just what is meant by "fishing the rise," and how is it done. What length of leader would you recommend, and must that leader be a tapered one. Will not an ordinary level leader be as good. Thanking you for the information you may tender me, fraternally:

William Graves, London, Ontario.

Ans.—You are lucky to find such a stream and certainly if the waters are still-flowing, and anywhere near placid, by all matter of means try out the valiant dry-flies, those winged creations from over the ocean; that does not go to say that dry-flies are not manufactured in this country, for they are. The dry-fly subject is a big one, as all will admit. I am treating the dry-fly soon in a long list of articles to appear in Rod and Gun, which many will find of great use, no doubt. Here are six good Halford (English) flies, dry-flies, that you will find of great use. As follows: Olive Dun, Spent Gnat, Cinnamon Sedge, Green May-fly, Sherry Spinner, and Black Gnat. Others of the Halford make: Pale Watery Dun, Olive, Blue Winged Olive and Iron-blue Dun. Here are some very good American dry-flies: Whirling Dun, Wickham's Fancy, Jenny Spinner, Willow Fly, Soldier Palmer, White Miller, Coachman, and March Brown. Out of these you ought to be able to select twelve for all-round use.

"Fishing the rise" is followed by a class of dry-fly men known as *ultra-purists*; the angler posting himself along a stream, most generally in the twilight hours, when the trout are in more shallow water, picking up insects, watches for a trout to rise. Noting a rise he, with all caution, makes his way within casting distance of that rise and proceeds to cast his fly ahead of that rise and to float it over that particular spot where the fish rose, thus aiming to get that fish by means of the artificial creation. The fly is well matched to the live ones seen on the stream. The cast is made; the fly falls and is floated over that place where the trout had been. Often as not it is a deadly method, and if floated right, and the fish is there, nine times out of ten he will come to the surface for it.

There is only one sort of a leader to use for this branch of fishing and that is the tapered leader, that is, a leader thinner at one end than at the other. This leader is made of three thicknesses of gut; the heavier section in back, the medium section in the middle; the finer section in front. Be careful not to

use too fine gut, and certainly do not use the gossamer material save for the small meadow brooks. Get a leader that has some strength to its credit.

I might remark, in ending this answer, that any of our common "wet" flies may be made into dry flies by treating them to a light coating of paraffine. The angler who has the most success in this line is the one who can tie his own flies after the live ones found along the course. This is natural of course.

R. P. L.

No. 22.—I am going in for some muscallonge fishing this fall, principally in September and I would like to know just what sort of an outfit I should use for this fish. Will you kindly give me some information upon the subject which will naturally be very much appreciated by the writer.

Howard Ernst, Quebec.

Ans.—It depends upon just what sort of weight in tackle you desire. Muscallonge you know can be taken on very light tackle, but I know of cases where some exceptionally good specimens have been lost after long battles through the use of too light paraphernalia. If you have the skill and want a long battle, and if you are in it for the sport, certainly the light tackle is the thing. But I apprehend that you are of the average, who want something to show for their trip, therefore you need strong, durable tackle. I always go out with strong tackle. I want my fish and I am not going to let a chance thirty pound specimen, that will fight like a Pacific albacore get out of my hands. A short trolling rod, with a stiff backbone is the thing. Either a Holland, or a Bristol telescoping rod has much to its credit, as it may be made as stiff as desired. Otherwise procure a stiff rod, or a rod with a lot of backbone to it. It must have a tip with a forceful give to it, springing back into place or yielding as the case may be. The reel should be one of the quadruple-multiplying sort; a hundred yard size being preferable, and the reel barrel should be long to accommodate the line. It should really have a strong drag, though an ordinary reel will do. The line should be a pretty strong one, and a Kingfisher muscallonge size is a dandy specimen. Jamison, the artificial bait man in Chicago, puts out some fine muscallonge lines that you might look up. But what you need is a good quality line. Personally I have fished muskies with Cuttyhunk, fourteen thread lines, and a large ocean reel and there has been absolutely no hope of the fish getting away.

In the matter of lures for the muscallonge, I will say that the spoon-hook will win where all others fail. The spoon-hook attracts them from their coverts, and they will hit with great force when they do get aroused.

Practically the best spoon-hooks I know of are the Skinner spoons, manufactured at Clayton, New York. The Skinner spoons, if they have not the world's leadership is because the term has not been supplied by the populace. Size four and a quarter to number five Skinner will get the muskies. Add to the hooks a few strippings of red flannel and it will serve as a double enticement.

As a rule, the best time to get the muscalonge is in the autumn months, and September and October cannot be equalled by any in the year. Then it is, on bright, lovely days, when the geese and the ducks are making V's in the air, wending south, that the twirling spoon arouses them to fight. All along the quiet shores and especially off bars, and in the sheltered coves, along beside sunken logs you will find them.

R. P. L.

No. 23.—Can you tender me some information upon fly-fishing for the yellow perch. Here in New York there are some exceptionally fine specimens. I read this last fall that they could be taken upon flies and as I have never tried the method, I would like to know a little more about it than I do. Any information that you may be able to tender me will be greatly appreciated.

Smith-McLeod, Ogdensburg, New York.

Ans.—The perch can be taken upon artificial fly, though right here let me tell you that it is not such an easy thing as some writers would have you think. There will be a hundred unqualified failures where there is one

success. One must first know a little something about fly-casting before he can be expected to be a good perch fly-fisherman. As to the outfit, it should be light. A three and one half ounce rod, a tapered line, leaders of light weight, should be the rule. Then, given a half pound, three quarters pound or even one and one half pound perch you will have some excellent sport.

The hooks should be small, and sizes 14 to 16 are the best all-round for the purpose. A too large hook is of little or no use. As to flies, the bright-colored creations are uniformly the most killing, and the silver Doctor, the Scarlet Ibis, Royal Coachman and the Yellow Sally are all good perch flies, though this does not exclude the subdued colored specimens. The hackles and the palmers are all good.

The flies are fished *under* the water. In the early morning, along the weed-beds, you will find them feeding. Cast your flies and draw them hither and thither in the water, putting animation into them as in trout fishing and you will often be surprised at the success you will have. You will find the perch a lively fellow taken with the fly-rod.

R. P. L.

TROUT FLIES

THOS. WIGHT.

AMONG outdoor sports angling takes a very prominent place. It is one which the rich and poor alike can enjoy. While the rich man can have his preserves and private ponds, where none may interfere with him, and can arm himself with all the necessary (and often a great deal of unnecessary) equipment, the poor man, the school-boy, or the hobo, seated by the side of lake or creek can equally share in the pleasures of the sport. All that is necessary is to have a stick and a string and a love for the sport. But while it can be enjoyed by all and sundry, yet in order to obtain the full measure of enjoyment from it, it is necessary to have at least a decent turnout, especially if you aspire to the highest branch of angling which is undoubtedly fly-fishing. As I have had considerable experience as a fly-caster it may be helpful to beginners to tell what little I know about it. Not by any means in a dictatorial spirit, but in a friendly way to tell how and by what means I have succeeded best. While I do not pretend to be able to say anything new on the subject, yet I think that after more than a half a century of angling in rivers and lakes, both in the old country and in Canada my experience may be of some small help to beginners. In giving such, I have no doubt but that I shall run contrary to some other writers on the subject. However, my object is not to start any discussion but merely to give my own experience on flies, and fly fishing for trout.

First a few words on flies. It seems that every fisherman has his own favorites. And in many cases they are as opposite as possible.

One wants gaudy colors, another wants plain black or brown flies. Some want them large, and strong enough to drag a waggon; while others cannot get them too small. For my own part I certainly row in the same boat with those who want the small, plain flies and this for various reasons. First, small flies are one of the natural food supplies of the trout. True, a large insect may come along once in a while, but will in all likelihood be discarded as something out-of-place.

Trout, when feeding on flies, are not looking for food alighting on the top of the water, but rather watching for something coming up from the bottom where the flies breed. This may seem foolishness to the inexperienced angler, but it is a fact that all trout flies are hatched in the bottom where they lie in a grub state till the fulness of time comes, when they ascend to the surface, cast their grub shell or case and if they escape the jaws of the hungry trout, mount into the air and spend their short existence. Now as to the kind I prefer. One would think, looking at some of the catalogues that it was necessary to have an assortment of hundreds of kinds. This I hold to be perfect nonsense. I could name a half a dozen that would be as successful as if you had all the hundreds advertised. It is a fact that in a great many cases the buyers of flies only buy the *name* given, as no two makers make their flies alike. Take, for instance, what is called the March Brown. There are as many as ten or a dozen varieties of it on the market and every one of them goes by the same name although they differ in form and color. But what does form or color matter, are they not

March Brown? Many of the much-wanted flies are made up of colors that have no existence in nature. Where do we find glaring scarlet, or blue, or green flies? It has never been my fortune to come across any of them.

What I hold to be of more importance than striking colors is the size and the material of which they are tied. For trout fishing I never use a hook larger than a No. 8, and more often a ten or a twelve, and they must be tied to very fine gut.

The object of using gut at all is in order to deceive the fish, consequently the finer it is, the better. I see some flies tied on fine gut, and then another piece stuck on to the hook to reinforce them; this is surely a strange way of trying to deceive them. It is much as if you were to say "I will use fine gut on my hook so that the fish will not see it and then put on another piece so that it may be easily seen."

Then as to the flies themselves, some of them have more resemblance to a young porcupine than a fly. All natural flies have bodies very slender and graceful, never more than six or eight feet, and yet we see some made with as much fur and feathers around them as would supply feet for a dozen, and yet such clumsy imitation of nature will sometimes succeed in catching trout, but never to the same extent that a small well-made, slender fly will. True, rough flies will sometimes succeed fairly well as there are occasions on which trout will rise to almost anything, but these occasions are comparatively rare, and if those who favor them will, when they find the fish shy, only take off the rough flies and try something smaller, and slimmer in the body, they will almost invariably find an improvement in their sport. Above all things, use fine gut, and avoid cheap, trashy-made flies. Now you will naturally ask, what kind do you think best?

This I will answer from my own experience leaving others to have their own opinion. I have always found either dark brown, mottled wings with a greenish yellow body or else blue or slate-colored wings with dark

orange bodies, the best. This of course answers the description of a whole host of what are called standard flies. The difference between some of them being so slight that the only way to distinguish them is by the name given to them. By carrying these colors a little I find my success has always been up to, if not above the average. Then a good deal depends on the way in which the fly is attached to the leader. I suppose my way differs very much from the generally recognized method. However, I will give it for what it is worth. First, I select two fine strands of gut about thirteen or fourteen inches in length, make a fly on one end of each and tie the two together. You have thus about twenty-four inches with a fly on each end. Now take another strand and tie it four inches from one of the flies. You have thus your pair with only one small knot instead of a bunch of clumsy loops, then you can extend your leader to any length required, taking care the gut gets a little stronger as it draws near the reel line. True you cannot change your flies so easily but by having two or three such casts ready, varying in size and color it is a very simple thing to change the whole cast, and the short time required may be well spent. The two great requisites for fly-fishing are the use of fine tackle and keeping out of the fish's sight. In clear water even the shadow of your rod will send them scurrying to the shelter of some bank, or root, and once frightened you may as well pack up and go home.

During the whole season there are generally times every day when trout will bite more or less, therefore it is necessary to exercise a lot of patience. Don't get easily discouraged.

As an instance of the value of perseverance I recall one day fishing for salmon, from daylight in the morning, until dusk, without getting a single bite; in disgust I resolved to take a few more casts and go home. At the fourth cast I hooked and succeeded in landing a nice twelve pound salmon. That was a lesson to me: Never give up hope.

FISHERIES OF CANADA AND NEW ZEALAND: A CONTRAST

A little more than a year ago the Government of New Zealand paid the Dominion of Canada and its Commissioner of Fisheries a great compliment by requesting Professor Prince, D.Sc., F.R.S.C., to make a survey of the marine and inland fisheries of New Zealand. The consent of the Dominion Government was cordially granted and Professor Prince recently returned to Canada after a more complete tour over the seas, lakes and rivers of New Zealand than has ever been made before.

The New Zealand Government desires to organize a Federal Fisheries Department on the lines of the Fishery Department created in Canada in 1867 under the British North

America Act. It is a remarkable fact that while fisheries in most other countries have been relegated to an insignificant place—under agriculture in the United States, shipping in France, or trade (Board of Trade) in England, the Fathers of Confederation established a special Fisheries Department and placed the fishery resources and industries on an equality with other natural resources and industries of a national character. This shows the mental grasp and foresight of our statesmen in providing that the food resources of our waters were counted in amongst the most valuable and important we possess.

The fisheries of New Zealand present many contrasts to those of Canada though on the

other hand there are some important features which both countries possess in common. A leading New Zealand newspaper referred to this point in an article welcoming Professor Prince on his arrival in the Antipodes:

"Dr. Prince has had a wide experience of the habits of food and game fish and of the organization of fishing industries in a latitude that corresponds more or less closely with our own and his advice should be of the greatest service to the Marine Department as well as to the Acclimatisation Societies which have done so much to advertise and popularise New Zealand by stocking our waters with trout and other fresh water fish."

Canada lies north of the 40th degree North Latitude while New Zealand lies south of the 40th degree. Both are washed east and west by great oceans and possess fine swiftly flowing rivers and extensive lakes, most favorable for the best kinds of fish, both for commerce and sport. Canada is over thirty-three times greater in area than New Zealand, but the sea fishing grounds are not more than six times the area of those exploited by New Zealanders. The fresh water lakes of Canada are the largest in the world approaching 35,000 square miles, while the fresh water lakes of New Zealand are less than half that total, being about 15,000 square miles. The winter in New Zealand is so mild that lakes and rivers never freeze over and a fall of snow is, excepting on the mountain ranges, a very rare occurrence—indeed the climate of northern New Zealand is that of Southern Italy while the Southern climate is that of London and the South of England. As there are no winter rigors to face fishing operations can be carried on at all times of the year though the scarcity of ice makes the commercial transportation of fish expensive and precarious. Again the staple fishes captured by Canadian marine fishing boats are absent. There are no cod, haddock or halibut. The most abundant kinds in New Zealand are the hard scales, spiny finned snappers and sea bass and perches, including the giant grouper (forty to sixty to seventy pounds in weight) and very plentiful and most excellent as a table fish. Many kinds of soles, plaice and flounders occur, also mullets, frost fish, white bait etc. all highly esteemed species.

Canada is the Kingdom where the salmon-idea, the aristocrats of the fish world flourish and our salmon (both those of the Atlantic and the Pacific trout of probably twenty different kinds) and whitefish are unsurpassed in the world. New Zealand possesses no native salmon at all, or indeed trout, if we except the small and rare sea-fish *Bathylagus* and the rather inferior New Zealand trout (*Galaxias*.)

Enterprising New Zealanders, chiefly prosperous sheep farmers and city professional men, organized in Acclimatisation Societies for fifty years have engaged in the work of importing British and North American trout and salmon and systematically stocking their rivers and lakes. The Atlantic salmon (*Salmo Salar*) after half a century of effort has never become established although half grown fish have been taken by anglers in estuaries and in the sea. Nor has the Canadian

trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) done much better. The Pacific rainbow trout and the English river or brown trout (*Salmo fario*) have however become naturalized and have flourished to an extent almost beyond belief. The young fry of these two species (Rainbow and Brown trout) which when adult may be from two pounds to five or seven pounds in weight have reached in lakes Rotorua, Taupo, Te Anau, Manipouri and certain rivers the gigantic size of twenty pounds to twenty-seven and twenty-eight pounds. Not only did these introduced fish attain this almost incredible size, but they occurred in abundance so that last season—1914—a visiting angler from Europe complained that his total catch with one rod was only four tons of trout, during his three or four months' holiday whereas he had usually taken six or seven tons in the season. There is a general complaint that trout are falling off in numbers and possibly also in dimensions, but the decline is probably temporary only and the falling off is not grave when anglers can still boast of taking by the rod tons of fine trout.

The splendid spring salmon or quinnat of Pacific rivers has been established beyond doubt in New Zealand and some millions of eggs were taken last May and June from fine parent fish ranging from fifteen to thirty pounds in weight, themselves the result of fry hatched some years ago from imported American ova. There is no more notable triumph in the annals of fish culture than the success of the New Zealand government in introducing this splendid Pacific salmon, now thoroughly acclimatised and breeding in Antipodean waters. It will afford splendid sport as it does in British Columbia at Campbell River and off Vancouver island (near Victoria) and will rank in New Zealand as one of the finest of table fishes.

Of oysters, clams and the succulent *Toheroa* it is not necessary to say anything further than the fishery resources of New Zealand resemble those of Canada in the abundance of such esteemed shell-fish. The spring lobster or large red crawfish is not equal to our delicately flavoured lobster.

Fish culture is progressing rapidly and a number of fish hatcheries are operated successfully. Some are under the Federal Department at Wellington, others carry on work with government aid and still others are private ventures. This work will without doubt be greatly extended in the near future. Few countries can show a finer record in hatchery work than New Zealand.

It is a regrettable fact that eels are superabundant and take a serious toll of fine fish every season. Effective measures are to be taken to decrease their numbers and thus matters will shortly be improved.

From a commercial standpoint the fishery possibilities are great. The wonderful scenery, forests, mountains, glorious lakes and sparkling rivers afford rare conditions for enjoyable sport and the recommendations of Dr. Prince, which have been delivered to the New Zealand ministry, will in some measure at least be carried out and do much to hasten their development.



THE CAMP OF 1915.

THE 1915 camp will be held from July 13-26 in Ptarmigan Lake Valley, eight miles north of Laggan, or as it now is, Lake Louise station. The Club-house at Banff will open on June 15th, for the season.

Following is a list of the climbs and expeditions:

Climbs and Expeditions

The main camp will be close by Phacelia Lake, below Ptarmigan Peak at an altitude of over 7000 feet. Fine peaks are all around, within easy reach.

No more beautiful and interesting spot than the valley of Ptarmigan and Baker Lakes can be seen.

A splendid article, written by James Porter, and notes by Messrs. Earle and Delafield, descriptive of the locality, will be found in the Canadian Alpine Journal for 1912, pp. 110 and 142. All who are interested in our camps and in the works of nature in the mountain regions are advised to read them.

Such names as "The Wall of Jericho," "Merlin Castle," "Pinnacle Lake," "Fallen Mountain," "Tilted Mountain," "Mt. Multifold," "Lake Myosotis," "Lake Castilleia," "Oyster Peak," and "Wonder Valley", all of which are features within easy reach of the Camp, sound most attractive. The valleys of the vicinity are dotted with charming little lakes, some seventeen of which are within the area to be traversed, and sparkle like jewels of rich colouring in the bright sunshine.

Graduating Climbs.

Several good peaks close to the site of the Camp offer excellent climbs, viz., Mt. Richardson (10,115 ft.), Pika Peak (10,015 ft.), Ptarmigan Peak, (10,060 ft.), Mt. Redoubt (9510 ft.) and Fossil Mt. (9650 ft.) Of these the first three named will be accepted as Graduating climbs.

Subsidiary Camp.

An outlying camp will be placed in the Red

Deer Valley, near Little Pipestone Pass, where the valley of Baker Lake joins the former. It will be distant from the Main Camp about six miles.

From this camp climbs can be made of the Black Douglas (11,015 ft.), the White Douglas (11,220 ft.), the latter, a difficult peak, dominates this section of the region; also of Cyclone Peak (9530 ft.), Mt. Pipestone (9404 ft.) Mt. Multifold (9996 ft.) Mt. Drummond, Mt. McConnell and others.

Expeditions

A splendid two-day expedition can be made from the Main Camp via One-Tree Pass and Lake, and a branch of Little Pipestone Creek between the Wall of Jericho and Skoky Mt., or by the Skoky Valley further west, thence up the Little Pipestone, over the Pass to Camp on the headwaters of the Red Deer, where the night will be spent. Thence home via Baker and Ptarmigan Lakes. There are many points of interest to be visited along the routes indicated; noticeably: One-Tree Lake, Lake Myosotis the Wall of Jericho, Merlin Lake and Castle, Lake Castilleia and the Glacier of the Richardson group.

In many other directions there are delightful one-day expeditions, viz:—to Fallen Mt., Pinnacle Lake, Heart Lake, Mt., Brachmopod, Tilted Mt., and many other features of this wonderful region of the Lakes.

It is with deep sorrow we have to record the death in action of Sergeant W. A. Alldritt of Winnipeg. He joined the 90th Rifles and became attached to the Machine gun corps. He served in the South African war and at its close served for some time in the Baden-Powell police.

He was an enthusiastic member of the Club and will be remembered by all who were at the O'Hara Camp in 1909 and on the memorable six-day expedition.

"PEAKS AND PRECIPICES" REVIEWED

Mr. Mitchell, the Club's secretary, sends the following breezy review of a book which should interest every lover of open-air adventure. "Peaks and Precipices: Scrambles in the Dolomites and Savoy," by Guido Rey is the name of the book, which has been translated into English by J. E. C. Eaton.

"A Book! A real Book! How seldom one can say this honestly of any work connected with Sport. So often they are merely catalogues of facts; sufficiently valuable, perhaps but from the point of view of the average reader, mere literary pemmican, valuable at the right season, but possessing no attraction.

"The average man generally finds books on climbing inordinately dull, so much is made of the detail, so little of the high adventure. But Sport, a side of life, is made up like the ancient forms of Justice, of the High, the Middle and the Low. A book on sport, therefore, should not be dull to all but the specialist; it should spread its charm on all.

"Every woman is but twenty in some corner of her heart says the witty Frenchwoman, and every man has somewhere lurking the spirit of exploration, the desire to get out and away, the love of conquering the unknown. To this desire, to this love of conquest, to the sense of poetry in thinking souls, the nobler school of mountaineering has ever appealed. Of this school is Guido Rey a master.

"His earlier work "the Matterhorn" is well known and highly esteemed, but "Peaks and Precipices" is even better. It is more varied, it describes a country less well known, climbs more difficult.

"But Rey does not appreciate a climb merely from its difficulty. The modern school of mountaineering looks to the gymnastic as the chief end of climbing. Our author is of a wider and a worthier school. He talks of his climb of the "Cima della Palla" as "a noble climb degraded into a common sporting episode." He is a skilled climber and cragsman but, as a master of the craft, he realizes the true proportion. Were the actual climb everything the scramble up a factory chimney or the arch of a viaduct would suffice. Magic is only magic to those who have the sense of mystery, and the mountains only exercise their full charm upon those who approach them in the spirit of worship—of romance—of the great adventure.

"Mummery's great book is well known to all climbers, and this is worthy to stand beside it. Rey opens with the description of his ascent of the Grepon by the Mummery Crack, holding one entranced by the story of his skill, his daring and his coolness. There is no advantage in detailing the contents of the book; many of the names are mere names to the majority of our readers; it is not the geography, not the pemmican, that appeals, but the call to the imagination.

"One of the great charms of mountain scenery is the ever changing play of light and colour—a charm making it the despair of the painter and the photographer. Here is a description from the book.

"The mountain had all a fairy's power of transformation, so different was the appearance at different hours of the day, or under differently coloured skies: at one time it was pink and clear and free from clouds, at another it resembled a grey shade wrapped in a veil of mist; now it seemed very close, within reach of our hands, now remote and inaccessible in the air. Sometimes it appeared to me like a fragile crystal that should be kept under a glass cover, sometimes like a huge obelisk planted on the sands of a desert. Not one of these aspects seemed foreign to the magic mountain which, in the clear morning light, resembled a column of blue smoke rising peacefully to heaven, or in the green light of the dying day a pointed tongue of flame."

"It will be seen from the above quotation that Mr. Eaton, who besides being a distinguished member of the English Alpine Club is also a member of the Alpine Club of Canada has translated the book with an appreciation not only of the Italian but also of the English language.

"This is a book that every lover of open-air adventure should possess."

It is published by T. Fisher Unwin, London, Eng., price 10/6, and by Dodd Mead & Co., New York, \$3.50.

ALPINE CLUB NOTES

The Grand Trunk System recently issued a booklet entitled "The North American Alps" which is descriptive of that magnificent territory in the Canadian Rockies which has Mount Robson as its centre and which included two great mountain parks, Robson and Jasper, with scores of glaciers, waterfalls, and flower strewn valleys. The illustrations are specially fine in this brochure, presenting

many of the beauties of the region recently opened up by the Grand Trunk Pacific transcontinental line. A number of Alpine Club members' impressions of the Mt. Robson region, gained by the experiences of the delightful A. C. C. camp of 1913, are given, along with other descriptive matter. A copy may be had free on application to H. R. Charlton, General Advertising Agent, Montreal, P. Q.

Experienced mountain climbers, from all parts of the world, are turning their eyes toward the great maze of mountains and wilderness, lying on either side of the recently completed Grand Trunk Pacific Railway in Alberta and British Columbia. In that territory there are countless unnamed peaks, many a "river of doubt," and scores of emerald lakes, which have never been seen by civilized man.

Mr. S. P. Fay, and Mr. Chas. R. Cross, Jr. of Boston, with Mr. Fred Brewster, of Jasper, Alta. as guide and outfitter, recently returned from an exploration trip, extending over five months, among the mountains between the Peace River country and the Yellowhead Pass. Mr. Fay and Mr. Brewster on a previous trip to the north of Jasper sighted a mountain that interested them very much, but owing to the lateness of the season they were unable to push on and inspect it closely. On the last expedition, with Mr. Cross in the party, they penetrated much farther into this virgin wonderland and found the mountain to be one of extraordinary beauty, particularly in regard to its ice formations, in which respect they consider it to be unsurpassed by any peak on the continent. Near this unnamed giant they discovered another peak, little less in magnitude or beauty.

In telling of the discovery, Mr. Brewster says:—

"We left Jasper on the 25th of June and worked our way along in the neighborhood of the Continental Divide, reaching the Peace River, Oct. 15th. About fifty miles (air line) from Mt. Robson in a north westerly direction, and on the Divide, lies a group of fine mountains and glaciers. This group may be described roughly, by saying that there are two mountains of particular note surrounded by splendid combinations of ice and rock effects. The first and perhaps largest moun-

tain is made up of a large ice base perhaps thirty miles in extent, lying on a more or less even plateau, ranging in elevation from 7000 to 10000 feet, and broken in many places by a sheer fall of hundreds of feet, over which we saw some wonderful avalanches. Up through this ice juts the higher main peak, running, we estimated, well up to 12000 feet and perhaps higher, with tremendous ice cones on the summits, a mountain to say the least, difficult of ascent. On the easterly side of the peak there is a remarkable hanging glacier, an unusual occurrence in American mountains.

The second mountain lying in a northerly direction, some ten miles distant from the first, is not quite as high, but rises very rapidly on three sides some thousands of feet, so steep are the sides that one sees little or no snow, the bare rock being exposed from the glaciers at the base to the snow (or ice) cones on the summits. Quoting Mr. Cross, who has climbed extensively abroad, "It is a wonderful likeness to the Swiss Matterhorn."

The Calgary section of the Club dispensed with the usual annual dinner this year and instead held an old-fashioned social evening. It was required of all guests that they register and an autograph booklet was given thus ensuring that everyone spoke to everyone else, in the camp fire style. Conundrums on the "Peaks in the Clouds" followed, the prizes being won by Miss McPhedran and Mr. M. P. Bridgland. To the electrical campfire, which was a feature of this gathering, a realistic touch was added by the presence of a pair of boots belonging to Mr. L. C. Wilson and another pair belonging to Mr. A. B. Dawson, while Mr. Moffatt's socks also graced the occasion. A very good program, including the Director's report, and a supper provided by the lady members of the club, followed, and all expressed themselves as having greatly enjoyed the festivities.

A PRAYER THAT NEVER GETS OLD

WILLIAM COWPER

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more. My ear is
pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is
filled.



THE SAVAGE .250-3000

CHAS. ASKINS

I have owned a Savage .250-3000 about six months, and while I don't know everything which the future may develop about this rifle, yet what I have learned may benefit some reader of the Rod and Gun. I got the rifle after our deer season had closed, so cannot say anything definite about its ability to tear holes in a deer. Others have tried it on such game, however, and taking their word for it, as well as making a reasonable deduction from what we know of the .22 Savage H. P. few will have any reasonable doubts as to the effectiveness of the gun on any game up to grizzly bear.

I have fired about five hundred shots from the rifle, testing it as well as I could when lacking big game to shoot at. I know something of what a rough and ready rifle shot can do with the rifle, shooting in the style a hunter would commonly use, mostly offhand, and at unknown distances from thirty yards to a quarter of a mile. I should sum up the results of my work with the statement that if a man cannot hit his mark at any hunting range with this rifle, he cannot hit it with any rifle.

The old rifleman, quite familiar with modern high power arms, probably has a surprise or two coming when he takes up the savage .250. Its recoil is surprisingly light, far lighter than any other rifle of its power; it has the accuracy of a fine target rifle, a rifle built expressly for target work at two hundred yards; and the rifle fits, balances and handles like a good double shotgun. In handiness and quickness of alignment I am not acquainted with any arm which might be compared with this one. It is quite the best rifle I have ever used for running shooting.

I must admit that I do not know how fine groups this rifle will shoot at two hundred yards or any other distance. I have never fired a shot from a fixed rest, not being an

expert at that kind of work, not being greatly interested in it, and not having a telescope, without which the accuracy of the gun could not be tested. I quickly became aware of the fact that this weapon shot far finer than I could hold it or sight it with hunting sights; I called shots with the greatest regularity, and unless shots magically went to the center whether I got a good pull or not, I couldn't ask for greater accuracy from a rifled tube than I got out of this one.

My shooting at a fixed target, at which I have fired maybe one hundred and fifty shots, has all been at one hundred, 150 and 200 yards, using the 4 inch, 6 inch, and 8 inch bulls, without any outer rings—merely wished to see how often I could strike the bull in a string of five shots or ten shots. This work was all done offhand, using the body rest and finger-tips position, however, a position more familiar to the target shot than the hunter. This position would hardly be practical with the usual high power rifle, but does nicely with this one because of its light recoil.

Judging by my work in a miscellaneous way, shooting at crows, hawks, owls, rabbits, spots on trees, I thought I should be able to keep ten successive shots in the standard bull at the different ranges, but I soon learned that firing two or three well held shots and ten in succession are quite a different proposition. Somewhere before ten shots were fired, I was just about certain to get a bad pull and spoil the score.

At one hundred yards, I several times got five successive shots in the black and did not try for a longer string. At 150 yards, a favorite range of mine for targeting a deer rifle, I got eight successive shots in the black but couldn't finish out clean—any rifleman will understand that it was from no fault of the gun. At two hundred yards, I should

certainly have gotten my clean score, except that it was late and the light had begun to fail without my noticing it or making allowance.

I was shooting without a marker, using Marble's flexible rear peep sight and ivory bead front sight. I fired five shots and then, having no marker to show where they were going, went up for a look, finding all grouped in the black from a trifle above center to near bottom of bull. I returned and fired three more shots; inspected the target to find these also in the black—all low. It was a cloudy day and thickening up—I ought to have been warned, but my mind was taken up with getting two more good pulls. I was sure I had 'em, too, but found both bullet holes an inch apart beneath the bull. I cursed then because I hadn't used the Vickers-Maxim front sight where the light would have made very little difference. With the open sight, as I knew very well afterwards, I just had to hold low in order to get a clear view of the target.

I have had my greatest sport with this rifle in shooting running jackrabbits. I suppose I have fired, all told, about one hundred shots at running jacks, killing twenty of the big fellows and four or five cottontails. Somebody may think that rabbits are mighty small fry for a powerful rifle like the Savage.250, but I like to shoot, and couldn't possibly afford to sacrifice that many deer, even if we had the deer and no bag limit. A jackrabbit is altogether harder to hit with a rifle than a running deer; in fact, I consider a fifty yard kill of a jack as difficult as it is to land on a deer at two hundred. I felt pretty sure and do yet, that when I could stop my jack regularly I should have no trouble whatever with deer or any big game.

Owing to the speed with which the bullet flies, it is quite a bit easier to stop a running jack with it than with any low velocity gun. Nevertheless, I found that master jack could go a pretty good gait, and at one hundred and fifty yards I have held a good eight feet in front and landed the bullet right about where the little beast was. The longest range at which I killed, however, was one hundred yards, at longer distances the calculations for lead were too fine for me. From a scientific point of view, there is no comparison between hitting a running rabbit with a rifle and stopping a quail, partridge or wild duck with a shotgun. At a hundred yards the bullet should have lightning speed, were that possible, and then there would be plenty of room for missing owing to bad holding—if you don't believe that, just try your percentage of kills at one hundred yards, sitting.

The best work I did was to kill three successive jacks, each with a single bullet, and to make a double on two jacks that broke cover together, firing but two shots. On rabbits sitting or standing I have killed at two hundred yards and beyond, deciding that if shooting for a record, would rather chance a rabbit at rest at two hundred yards, than one running at twenty. The prettiest shot I made was at a big black prairie hawk. He had winged past me at sixty yards, and I tried a shot, leading him a foot and a half which I thought about right, but it evidently wasn't. The hawk went on until he thought himself perfectly safe and alighted in the top of a dead

oak. He fell to my next shot which was fired offhand. The distance proved to be two hundred and forty-four yards. The rifle is tremendously effective when shooting at unknown distances, and I have never changed the sights or the sighting, whatever the range, after getting it sighted on at a hundred and fifty yards—set the sights to hit the middle of the bull when bead was held just under it.

When trying Marble's Vickers-Maxim aperture front sight, I found it necessary to run the rear sight up a bit, for with this sight the bullet lands where you look and not above. I found this sight, everything considered, the most accurate front sight that I tried, the easiest on the eyes, and the best in all lights. I think this is true both of target shooting and when firing at game. However, I found it impossible to use this sight on running rabbits—the field of the front aperture is too small. I think it quite likely, though, that at running deer, or other large game, *at a distance*, the sight would be all right.

In the nature of things, this rifle must prove far more deadly on big game than the .22 Savage Hi-Power or any rifle of the .30-30 class. While the bullet will expend its full force on any large animal yet I expect it to show considerable more penetration before going to pieces than the .22 H. P. or even the blunt-pointed .25-35. I noticed when shooting both guns that the Savage bullet did not mushroom, or at least did not tear as large a hole in a rabbit, as did the .25 Remington. This, I take it, was because of the Spitzer point of the Savage, and the small amount of lead exposed. However, on a larger beast there was a different story to tell.

I shot one coyote, a big fellow, at 125 yards. The bullet entered his hip forward of the bone, did not break it, but ranged a trifle down and out at the flank. Where the bullet came out the hole was as big as the crown of your hat, the whole abdominal cavity torn out. The brute was paralyzed in the hind parts but not dead when I got close enough to see what had happened. I shot him again, the bullet entering behind the shoulder and coming out at the throat. The wolf died without a struggle, hardly a quiver.

Judging by the action of the bullets on this coyote this .25 caliber ball is liable to pass entirely through a deer, if he is struck in the side, or it might go to pieces and remain in the animal. In any event, if the bullet cut deep enough to bury itself, the deer would hardly need any more killing. Indeed, I suspect that this is the most deadly, strictly deer rifle that has ever been manufactured. My only regret is that it gives the poor deer such a small chance of escaping, but I suppose that is the unavoidable consequence of progress in rifle building.

Up to the time I came into possession of this rifle I had always been a little doubtful as to the advisability of procuring a rifle with such a velocity as three thousand feet. I was afraid of metal fouling, thought fouling just as certain to be the result of that velocity as that 2 and 2 makes four. This Savage has quite converted me to the three thousand foot class. I have found it no more trouble to keep free of fouling than the .30-30 or any other nitro power rifle.

At first I lubricated the bullets, but later I quit that, not finding any necessity for going to that trouble. I have not even found it necessary to use a Marble brass wire brush in it, though I had one ready for emergencies. As a final test, though I regretted this abuse of the gun, I fired sixty shots through it very rapidly. It cleaned out as smoothly as before, and my mind was at rest

on the subject of metal fouling. Of course I don't neglect the bore, but as quickly as possible after shooting clean it out, and then run through a rag filled with Marble's nitro-solvent oil. This I leave to soak an hour or so and then rub it out and re-oil. That ends it—my rifle is in the same shape today as when it left the factory.

THE .401 SELF-LOADING WINCHESTER AS A BIG GAME ARM.

W. EDWIN TROUP

THE writer has not noticed anything in this department as yet concerning the .401 Self-Loading Winchester and as he purchased one as soon as possible after they were "off the press" and has knocked out several moose with it would like greatly to hear from some of the readers through these columns who have used this gun as well as the .280 Ross on this game for the reason that he is none too well pleased with the Hammer of Thor and is looking in the direction of the latter arm.

A few years ago while hunting moose near Gowganda I met the well known guide Harry Corbett who also carried a .401 and admitted that although he had found it a little heavy for red deer he had never tried it on moose as he had but recently purchased it.

As I had at that time only killed one moose with mine and as one kill is nothing to go by I could not enlighten him to any great extent as to its game-getting propensities.

Since then I have become rather familiar with several bull moose and consequently am in a position to know more about the gun effectiveness on this game. I want to state that I am not one of those fellows who believe that whatever rifle he owns must necessarily be the best on earth and as I have already said I am none too well pleased with the .401 although it is the best moose gun I have ever used as regards actual killing power. In fact I have never put a bullet into anything that ever raised a hoof afterwards. To use a common expression it "anchors them."

I have shot but one moose at 150 yards, all other game dropped by this arm was shot under 100 yards.

I once killed two moose on the height of land between the head waters of the Onaping and the Minnesinqua and they just wilted down—no struggle, simply a quiet death as though hit by lightning.

I shot a small bull near Pearl river while hunting with George Micho of Port Arthur *who can vouch for this statement*—the bullet hit him in the middle of the shoulders and picking him off his feet threw him around facing the direction from which he came and threw him squarely on his back.

The bullet went clean through (some performance friends on a moose though this was

a small one) and where the bullet left the shoulder the hole was quite noticeable.

I have never hunted anything but moose when carrying this rifle and the only other animals ever killed with it were picked up accidentally while hunting the former.

When looking for moose on the Gravel river in 1911 I shot a red deer and I would say that if this gun always operates on deer as this straight-away shot did I would not recommend it for the purpose unless the hunter is very fond of Hamburg steak.

While on another hunt on the Spanish river in 1912 I shot a red fox and a timber wolf and as my little girl would say, "it deaded them" instantly.

Wolves, gentlemen that is the sore spot, perhaps that is why I am none too well pleased with this awful gun. So far I have never told anyone but my wife and Jack Miner the well known big game hunter.

Napoleon after Moscow must have felt happy alongside of me.

In the season of 1912 luck and a good guide placed me in range of a pack of grey timber wolves on the Spanish river. I got in one shot and the accursed automatic quit while the wolves merely looked surprised, stood around, and gave me all sorts of chances. Well we got one anyway, but of all sad things that one can pen the saddest are "it might have been."

I don't know yet what was wrong. I took the gun to camp, removed the loaded clip and dismounted the arm. Also that night I shot a bull moose the first shot.

At ranges over 150 yards it does not seem to be very accurate although this may be all my fault but I do know that to hit anything I have to set the front sight over to the right as the "muzzle flip" as it is called due to the side sway caused by the ejection of the empty shell throws the bullets about two feet to the right at 200 yards.

I would greatly like to hear from other readers who have experienced the same trouble with this arm.

It may be simply my fault or a peculiarity of this one rifle.

It is short, stubby and heavy, the recoil is quite noticeable, and with Lyman sights the shooter's thumb is brought quite near the nose as I have found out to my sorrow several

times. A recoil pad might help out however in this respect.

I wrote the Winchester people about the "muzzle flip" but as they quietly ignored my letter I concluded that they had received other complaints about this feature of the .401 Self-Loader.

The writer would like to hear from others

who have used the .401 Winchester as well as the .280 Ross and would like to hear discussions on their several merits through these columns.

Have any readers used the Ross on Newfoundland caribou at long range? Am greatly interested in this?

SOME .256 NEWTON EXPERIENCES

R. S. SMYLIE, JR.

FRANKLY, we are strong for the .256 Newton. While our experiences with the arm are not as great or as varied as we hope to make them later on, at the same time they are sufficient to convince us that the rifle and cartridge are distinctly "worth while" and well worth possessing, which is more than we can say of another much advertised rifle claiming over 3,000 foot seconds velocity.

The .256 Newton that we have is one of the highest grade imported Mauser rifles, chambered for the .256 Newton cartridge; has a beautiful fancy walnut stock, checked pistol grip, cheek piece, and sling fasteners. Rifle is equipped with double set triggers; all metal parts a deep black. The checking is above the average, and the stock is very closely and accurately fitted to the action and barrel. My rifle is equipped with Lyman No. 35 rear sight, which gives very accurate and fine adjustments for windage and elevation.

This rifle is decidedly more accurate, at the ranges tested, than any sporting rifle that we have ever tested. It certainly "delivers the goods", so far as velocity and "punch" are concerned. We have not had an opportunity for a trial of the cartridge on anything much except a couple of sheepkilling dogs, several sick sheep and a couple of coyotes. We staked the sheep at 25-100-200 and 300 yards, in order to observe the effect of the bullet at these most common hunting ranges. We regret very much not having our camera along

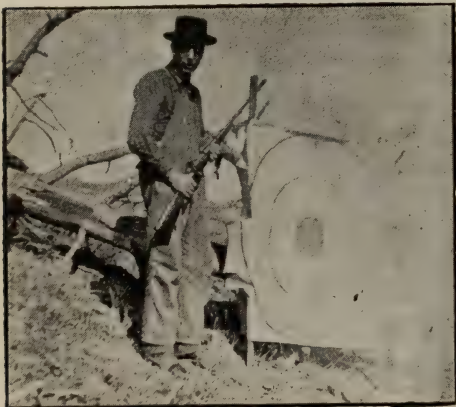
on the morning we were requested to conduct the sheep execution by one of our sheepman friends, as the photograph would have shown clearly the fearful execution of this latest of our "hurry up" bullets. In so far as these few instances prove, it is certainly the equal of any "copper tube" or any other kind of "tube" on the market today. These bullets were the Newton copper jacketed patented protected point spitzer, having a brass core or wire extending to the extreme point, and preventing the soft point from being battered out of shape from the usual causes, and enabling the bullet to penetrate before going to pieces, so as to deliver the explosive effect where it will do the most good.

The effect on two sheep at 300 yards was especially noticeable. One hit in the left ham, quartering, had practically his entire right front shoulder torn off and would not have needed much dressing except washing. The other was purposely paunch shot and was pretty well distributed over the adjacent five or six feet of landscape. The two coyotes and two dogs were clean kills,—never moved out of their tracks after they quit falling. All showed the characteristic terribly lacerated wounds, one coyote being held together in his "middle" by only two pieces of hide.

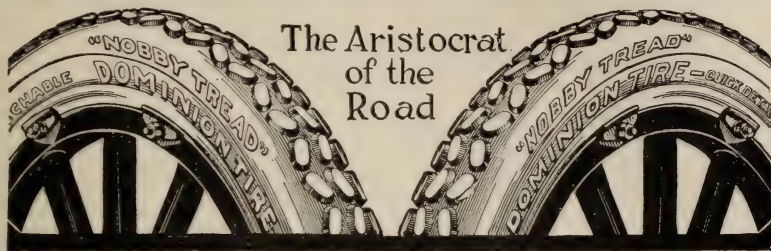
The cartridge has a noticeably low trajectory over hunting ranges tested; and although its 123-grain bullet jogs along to the tune of 3100 foot seconds muzzle velocity, it is a very pleasant one to shoot, the recoil being less than the well known 30-40, and the arm weighing, with Lyman sight, 7 lbs. 6 ounces. Cartridges should cost about the same to reload as the 1906 Springfield, when bullets for the 1905 cartridge are purchased from the various cartridge companies. The shell is the Springfield, necked down to take the .256 bullet.

Some of the accompanying diagrams of targets were made when using the front sight furnished with the arm, which, while possibly all right for the 100-200 and 300 yard folding leaf rear sight furnished on the arm, was much too low for the Lyman No. 35 rear sight which requires a higher front sight; hence the reason for the higher printing of the shots in the two 200 yard targets. Mobile lubricant was used always. The 123-grain bullet gave a little better accuracy than the 117-grain.

The rifle cleans very easily. While no metal fouling, in the form of lumps or scales, was visible to the eye, when cleaned with



. 256 Newton and one of several 200 yard targets. This target was shot from sitting position.



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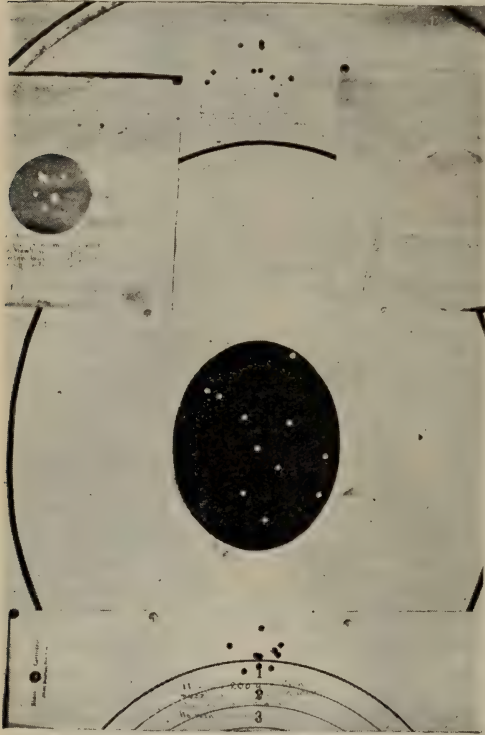
stronger ammonia, the first three or four rags always gave the characteristic blue color, due to the plating of copper deposited in the bore by the copper jacketed bullet, which is found in any rifle using bullets of this kind, but is

easily removed with ammonia. If the barrel is carefully dried after using the ammonia, and then oiled, it will keep in perfect shape indefinitely.

Yep! We are strong for these rifles, and the beauty of it is that we will shortly be able to obtain the latest Newton rifle with several improvements over the Mauser. This rifle will be completely manufactured in the United States, and for all desirable calibres from .22 to .35, each one developing 3,000 foot seconds or over, and at a price of \$35.00. We believe these will be real rifles. They will also be furnished for the 1906 cartridge, and, with the exception of the Springfield, will be the only bolt action rifles manufactured in the United States today. At last the private citizen will be able to get a bolt action rifle, and at a price he can afford to pay. Rifleman will be able to obtain,—and at no extra cost,—stock of good American walnut, with a real, life, sure-enough checked, pistol grip, checked steel butt-plate, and with or without cheek piece, double set trigger, and sling fasteners. The stocks will embody the best features of both Wundhammer & Adolph stocks.

The action will embody the principle of the Mauser, but, as previously stated, with several improvements, such as a bolt head on the interrupted screw principle, which form of breech closing is used in field artillery and coast defence guns, and is admittedly the safest and strongest form of breech closing, for magazine rifles, yet designed. Improved form of bolt handle, which is neater and better than the round knob usually found on bolt action rifles. The rifles will be taken-down, the take-down device embodying a new idea which leaves the rifle, when assembled, absolutely as rigid as a solid frame weapon.

These rifles use cartridges having bullets of sufficient weight, or sufficient sectional density to insure the velocity being well retained at the longer ranges, and being steadier in flight and less sensitive to wind than rifles using a very light bullet which, while developing the muzzle velocity claimed, said velocity falls off so rapidly that the bullet does not deliver much energy or much of a "punch", except at comparatively short ranges.



Top, centre, 10 shots 200 yards, prone, muzzle rest, .256 Newton, 117 gr. Newton bullet, strong irregular 2 o'clock wind.

Top, right hand target, 10 shots 100 yards, .256 Newton, 123 gr. Newton bullet, prone position, muzzle rest, poor light, strong 3 o'clock wind.

Top, left hand target, same as preceding one.

Centre, 10 shots 300 yards, prone, muzzle rest, strong irregular 5 o'clock wind. .256 Newton, 117 gr. Newton bullet.

Lower, 11 shots 200 yards, prone, muzzle rest. .256 Newton, 123 bullet. No wind, cloudy.

THE .22 SAVAGE HIGH POWER AS A GAME KILLER

D. H. PALMER

NOTING a number of inquiries in different magazines for information about the .22 Savage H. P. rifle and the effect of the little bullet in game, I will endeavor to supply some information from actual experience, having used it for three years.

I have used this .22 H. P. on deer, foxes, porcupine, woodchuck and all the other smaller game, using different loads from the full power cartridge giving 2800 ft. sec. muzzle velocity down to the .22 Long Rifle rim fire used in a Marble chamber.

By the results I have seen on over a dozen deer killed by myself and others with the full power cartridge, I consider it the best of all the medium power cartridges, such as the .30-30, .303 Savage, .32-40 H. P., .32 Special, and others of like power.

To get at the actual effect of the different bullets on deer a person must see many deer killed with the different cartridges, and average the results. The apparent effect in one or two cases should not be taken as proof, for or against, the killing power of a certain



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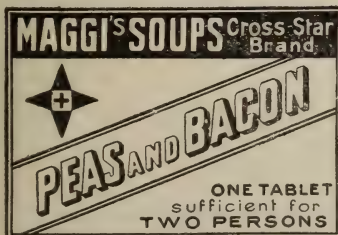
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cartridge on certain game. Averaging the results in many cases is the only fair way.

One season I shot two deer standing broadside at about the same distance with a .303 Savage. They were both hit in the same place, just over the heart, the bullets passed out the same in both cases. The result was that one deer fell dead and never kicked, the other one ran 100 yds, and had to be shot again. The wound was apparently just as severe in one case as in the other, yet the results were entirely different.

Another strange thing is that very often when a deer gets a mortal wound and still runs, all after shots have no apparent effect on it, unless of course a hit is made in some vital spot that will immediately paralyze it.

We all know that the .30-30, .303 Savage, .32-40 H. P., .32 Special, and like cartridges giving velocities around 2000 ft. sec. are good deer cartridges. As over 75 per cent. of the deer are killed within 100 yds., it is not very often a long range cartridge is needed. These cartridges having light recoil, can be shot quickly and without discomfort to the shooter.

The .22 H. P., has much less recoil than any of the cartridges mentioned above, therefore is a very pleasant cartridge to shoot. This fact alone will commend it to many shooters, as more accurate shooting can be done with it, especially by a person that is apt to flinch. More hits will be made with it, on account of the very flat trajectory, as no guessing of elevation is required at average game ranges.

My experience with the .22 H. P., has been that the killing effect on deer is greater than any of the cartridges named above. I have shot deer with it at all ranges up to 200 yds. and hit them in different parts of the body.

On an average they have dropped much quicker than deer shot with a .30-30, or .303 Savage. I have never lost a deer that I knew was struck in the body. A paunch shot seems to stop a deer quicker than a lung shot. The soft point bullet will seldom go through a deer, therefore the animal gets the full shock of the missile.

When I first tried out the .22 H. P., rifle I thought it would not be very good for shots at the hind quarters of deer, as it would not have penetration enough to get through the ham and reach a vital spot. The effect on three deer shot from the rear has dispelled my doubts, for the bullets reached forward to or past the kidneys, and the deer lay down within a few yards very sick, and of course were easily finished.

A person has to see the wounds in more than one deer before he can fully realize the fearful destruction that this tiny missile works on live flesh. A bullet passing through the ham will pulverize the flesh for fully three inches in diameter, and the flesh will be ground as fine as any chopping machine will do the job. A shot in the stomach, or bowels will simply explode the contents, and everything will be well mixed. Don't try to clean such an animal unless you have lots of water handy. The softer the contents, the greater will be the explosive effect. I have not yet known of a .22 H. P., bullet to pass out of the stomach of a deer. I have only had one bullet go through a deer, and that was a spike buck weighing about 100 lbs. The

bullet struck very low down and cut about one inch off the point of the heart, and passed out the other side, making a hole at exit fully two inches in diameter. Buck ran about 50 yds. and fell dead.

This .22 H. P., seldom makes a hole at entrance large enough to let out much blood, unless the bullet strikes at right angles to the lay of the hair, so it can mushroom on the hair before entering the skin. If the bullet is travelling up the lay of the hair it will make a very small hole in the skin, which is generally hard to locate, especially if high on the body. The bleeding is nearly all internal. A lung shot will cause a deer to bleed most at the mouth and nose. In one deer shot at right angles to the lay of the hair, the hole at entrance was over one inch in diameter, and part of the contents of stomach was expelled from it.

So far I have only been able to recover about a third of the core of the bullet in one piece, but sometimes I have recovered nearly the whole copper case in one piece. Always the bullet is ground to pieces, and the pieces will be distributed over a wide area.

Some hunters may question the statement that a .22 caliber bullet will cause a wound in tissue three inches in diameter, but such is the effect on deer. I would not expect such wide laceration in the tough muscles of an old bear, yet the effect might be just as severe. The reason for this wide laceration, is that the high velocity of the bullet when it strikes bones and flesh causes the latter to become themselves missiles. The greater the velocity of the bullet when it strikes, the greater will be the energy imparted to the resisting flesh and bone. Therefore these flesh and bone missiles will penetrate more deeply in the surrounding tissue, and of course cause a wider laceration. The lacerating effect of a bullet at 10 yds. from the muzzle of rifle will be much greater than the same bullet will cause at 200 yds., owing of course to the decreasing velocity, as the range increases. Therefore high velocity of the bullet is what causes widely lacerated wounds.

To describe the effect on smaller game I will take the case of a fox shot at 40 yds. The bullet struck just forward of the hind quarter, ranging a little forward and through the internals, passing out the other side behind the last rib. Most of the internals were blown out the other side, in fact the whole side was blown out. The explosive effect was so great that just forward on the side that bullet entered, another hole, about three inches in diameter, was blown out, and what was not blown out the other side, was blown through this hole. No bones touched by this bullet.

This .22 H. P., is the best cartridge I ever used for killing groundhogs. When that 70 gr. mincer reaches the body of a chuck, said chuck seldom has enough kick left to get into the hole. Very often I have seen chucks thrown four to six feet by the striking force of the bullet. A bullet shot into a chuck endways will not pass out.

In summing up my experience with this .22 H. P., Savage rifle, I must say I have found it a very efficient arm, when used with a suitable load for all game, from squirrels to red deer. In fact it is far the best all round rifle



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I ever used. As to its killing power on moose, I am not prepared to say definitely, as I have never used it on such large game, but I feel sure it will do as well, and even better, than a great many of the cartridges that have been used in the past on such game. But if I were going on a trip for moose I would prefer a more powerful cartridge, with a bullet that would penetrate deeper.

When we meet in the deer hunting grounds and see all the different kinds and calibres of rifles used by sportsmen, we cease to wonder at the great difference of opinion on this question of a suitable rifle. During the hunt

of 1914 I met a man in the woods carrying one of the old Spencer carbines, using a rim fire cartridge of 56 calibre. He told me that the day before he had a good shot at a large buck, but did not get him. Yet he still had full confidence in the ancient old rim fire, and appeared to think it as good as any of the modern high power rifles. It is wonderful when a hunter has confidence in a certain rifle, what he can accomplish with it. But when that confidence is lost, then the best of our rifles are condemned, and sometimes that condemnation becomes very unreasonable.

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH SHOTGUN AND RIFLE

M. W. GUTHRIE

ONE reads much these days about the make-up of the scatter gun but very little about its load yet to my mind this is the most important part. All the leading makes of shot guns are good and there is very little to choose between them as each have some points in their favor to which their makers are careful to give prominence in their catalogues. If you were to ask me what shot-gun I preferred I would state "Parker", without a moment's hesitation not because I think it is the best gun but because its lines suit me but if on the other hand you were to ask me what gun I thought was the best I would be at a loss how to answer as there are good points about them all and one would need to combine them to get the "best" gun.

I have found that one can take almost any gun and by experimenting with different loads work up a charge that will do good shooting, of course to do this one has to load their own shells but that is not a hardship to the man who is really after all there is in the game, in fact it is a source of pleasure and can become one of the most interesting features of the hobby. If you find the shot spreads too greatly reduce the powder load but do not carry this too far or you will sacrifice penetration, of course I prefer to sacrifice a little penetration to concentrate my load as I believe I can kill more game that way and that four shots half through a bird will kill more quickly than one clear through. Some years ago a friend of mine procured a 12-gauge single gun and invited me to go out with him to try it out. After we had been shooting some time and he had almost invariably missed we stopped to talk it over. He said he could not seem to do anything with the gun, now we were shooting at woodcock and as they were wild most of the shots were long ones and it was these same long shots he was missing which looked of course as if the gun were spreading her charge too much as he was a fairly good shot and should not have been missing so continually. We decided to target the gun and going home procured some wrapping paper and started

in to see just what it would do. We found that with the load he was using, namely $3\frac{1}{2}$ drams smokeless powder and $1\frac{1}{8}$ ozs. chilled shot No. 7, that she would sure spread them some at 30 yds. and a woodcock could get through any amount of holes in the pattern. In fact there were more holes than anything else and at 40 yds. there was only a shot here and there on the target which was four feet square. Of course the gun was defective and improperly bored, yet by experiment I found afterwards that it would perform fairly well with 3 drams of powder and $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz of No. 2 shot, mind I do not claim it was anything to brag about with this latter load but it would do as well as most cheap guns with that particular load, why? I cannot state but it certainly would and if you will take the trouble to try out different loads in your own gun you will find I am right and that even wads make a difference in the pattern of different guns. If you were to ask me what gun to buy I should advise you to take a look at as many different kinds as you could and then choose the one that looked best to you that is after you had handled it, in other words choose the one that suited you best in looks and "feel", regardless of make so long as it was a good standard gun, then when you have got the gun home find out what loads it will handle best and you will do more game killing than if you bought the gun that the catalogue says is bored to kill ever so far and used a factory shell unsuited to it. Mind I do not say that factory shells will not do good shooting because they are excellent but find out what your gun requires and then perhaps you can get the very load you want in the factory shell if so well and good, if not you will have to load your own if you want to give your gun a fair show. And as regards those long shots we read about they are chance shots only. I once killed a dog with a 20-gauge shotgun at nearly 100 yards but it was nothing more than a chance shot and when I shot at the dog I had no idea of killing him, I was only a boy at the time and thought I would scare him, not



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realizing that there was any danger of hurting him, but when I shot he let out a "ki-yi" and ran to his house and died in a few minutes. When you read of people killing birds and rabbits at 70, 80 and 90 yds, just make up your mind it is either a chance shot or else some one has a wonderful imagination, if you doubt my opinion in the matter, take a mark the size of a fox and put it up at 75 yds. and see how often you can hit it with your pet gun. Then move it to 100 yd. mark and try again. don't just fire a few shots at each range but try say 25 shells at each and see how many hits you average and how many of them would kill in a reasonable length of time, this last is very important as it is a crime to wound game so that it will run away only to slowly bleed to death in some secluded spot and this is the reason I never try long shots now because there is far more danger of wounding in this manner. Take for instance in duck shooting one may make a long shot and wound a bird and it will perhaps show by its actions it is hit yet it gets out of reach before the second barrel can be brought to bear and one has to stand and watch it going knowing it is wounded and will probably die perhaps hours later after suffering no end of agony. No my friend those grand stand shots may look well when they come off but to my mind no red blooded true sportsman will take these chances if he once understands just what they mean.

I prefer the slow burning "bulk" smokeless powders to use for my own loading as they are easier to handle and I think it is reasonable to suppose that one can get more uniform loads with this powder than with the "dense" powders on account of the greater bulk to the same strength, for it is easier to measure large quantities accurately than it is small—speaking relatively of course. As regards shot I use chilled whenever I can get them and only use the large sizes very rarely being a believer in small shot but here again one must be governed by their gun. If you find your gun shoots coarse shot better than fine why use the coarse and vice versa, my idea is that two fine shot are more apt to find a vital spot than one large one and as I do not believe in long shots for the reasons given above I get plenty of penetration with the finer shot, but again I say be guided by your gun and you will get the best results.

Another point so often overlooked by sportsmen (?) is proper cleaning of the shotgun. The same man who will clean his rifle perfectly will sometimes neglect his shotgun, *don't do it*, keep it clean and she will repay you in good shooting. Here is a case which I wish some rifle experts would explain to me through these columns: Some years ago when I knew even less about rifles than I do now, there was a rifle club formed in the town in which butts were built under government supervision and shortly thereafter our rifles arrived, they were the regular army pattern Lee-Enfield .303 British. One of these rifles came into my possession and I used it for about two years, that is two summers on the range. Now comes the strange part—that rifle was fired with the regular service load which as you know is made up of cordite supposed to be one of the hardest powders on

a rifle barrel on the market, yet during those two summers I fired hundreds of rounds through that barrel and never used a nitro solvent on it once the only thing I used to clean it with was 3 in 1 oil and plenty of rags, yet that barrel remained bright and at least fairly accurate as to this latter a friend of mine made 12 consecutive bulls with it at 800 yds. the last fall I had it, yet by all reports of experts that barrel ought to have been ruined. Now this is no fish story and although I suppose some will say it is impossible yet there is an explanation somewhere because this account is true in every particular.

The first time it was brought to my notice that there was anything peculiar with rim fire smokeless ammunition was some time after this when I got a lot of smokeless cartridges for my .22 rifle and started using them and cleaning the same as with black powder. The first time I used any quantity of these shells I came home and cleaned my rifle in the ordinary way and set it away. About a week after I picked up my rifle and was surprised to find it red with rust in the bore and clean as I would I could not get the roughness out of that bore because as I soon learned it was all covered with little pits hardly visible to the eye but enough to produce a dullness and apparent roughness of the surface like frosted glass, then I began to study up these things and found the cause was the acid left by the explosive in the barrel in the form of a coating over the metal and upon which the ordinary oils used in cleaning had no effect and that in order to clean a rifle properly after using nitro powders it was necessary to use some kind of a nitro solvent, then I began to wonder about the .303 with the Cordite load. Now all this happened some years ago and I have learned many things about rifles and their cleaning since but never anything to explain about why I was able to keep that .303 in such good condition for so long using only 3 in 1 oil and elbow grease to clean it, of course I always cleaned it as soon as I came from the range and used a pull through on the range after ever so many shots.

To return to those .22 calibre smokeless they are a curse if ever there was one and have ruined more rifles than all other things put together, better use "Lesmok" and not clean your rifle at all than to use those vile shells. Why they were ever made is a mystery, they are not as good as the "Lesmok" in any case; in fact I would far rather use the poorest of black powder cartridges. I would have to clean oftener to keep a fairly accurate barrel while shooting but I would not be in danger of spoiling my barrel by not getting it perfectly clean after I had finished shooting for the day. Don't imagine from this that I am not particular about cleaning my rifle after using "Lesmok" cartridges because I am and I always go over my rifle the next day again after using it and if it is going into the case for a long rest I watch it for a week or so to see that it does not develop any trouble then I examine it once or twice a month after that as long as I am not using it. And again I say beware of smokeless powder in a .22, it is a curse! I spoiled a splendid rifle with it and do not want the readers to have the same experience in fact I think we ought to all

When Ammunition is Expensive—

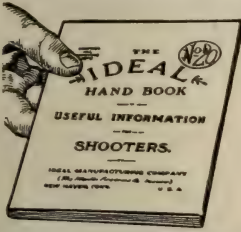
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protest to the cartridge makers against it and try to get them to stop making them as they are nothing but a snare to the unwary.

Please do not think that I would take any such chances with any of my high power rifles today as I did with the .303 referred to above, far from it. My cleaning outfit is pretty complete now and looks somewhat like a medicine case but I can go to sleep without any worry after I have cleaned even the .280 Ross and she is sure some hot stuff, not that I think it fouls any worse than other rifles of equal velocity but when one gets over the 3000 mark there is bound to be some plating going on in the barrel no matter what kind of a jacket is used.

Personally I am disappointed in the new Savage rifle the .250-3000. In my opinion the bullet is altogether too light and I do not think it will prove much more effective than the .22 High Power but time will tell and I will admit I am somewhat prejudiced against the Savage on account of its being hammerless and having what I consider an inefficient safety. I like a hammerless shotgun because I want to shoot quick with that arm and can do so more quickly with a hammerless than with a hammer gun but for a rifle I prefer to

have my hammer in view, and in fact my choice is the bolt action. There it is out and I feel better already. The bolt action is the only proper action for a high power rifle known today and I venture to predict that in a few years no other kind will be used for rifles of over 3000 foot seconds velocity. I know that a few years ago you could not have sold me a bolt action rifle but today I would buy no other kind in the high velocity arms and as for the small calibre rifles like the .22 give me the pump action, it is a dandy but I don't want anything like that between my face and a high power cartridge such as the .280 Ross. No thank you, none of that in mine.

Above all things my friends let us care for our rifles and shot-guns as if they were very dear friends which they ought to be. I do not know of anything that will ruffle my temper much more than to see anyone abuse a really good gun or fishing rod unless it is to see him abuse his dog and I always consider that a man who does these things has something wrong with him. I have weapons which I have used for years which appear almost as well today as when I bought them but it has taken care and lots of it as it is wonderful how easily and quickly a rust spot can develop at times.

THE PASSING OF THE .30-30 AND ITS KIND

F. H. WANLINGER

HOW many of the readers of this magazine would use an automobile of the vintage of 1895, boast of its fine qualities, its fitness to cope with 1915 circumstances and last but not least appear in print again and again in its defence in an attempt at vindication of the antiquated rattle-trap?

Or again how many Rod and Gun readers would be seen walking down the street of some of our large cities wearing a complete suit of clothes belonging to grandpap who fought in the Fenian Raid or mayhap met a Minie bullet way back in the '60's? There would be danger of such old-time apparel walking down a 1915 city street causing something of a sensation at least, would there not Guns and Ammunition reader?

Or yet again who of the intellectual beings who monthly pore over Mr. Geikie's breezy and wholly interesting department would dream of purchasing two or three yoke of oxen and a prairie schooner with a view of travelling overland to say, California as was the usual method up to about thirty of forty years ago when railroads were looked upon with something akin to suspicion or were an undreamed of piece of extravagance in the minds of those courageous old crossers of the plains.

I am sure that the pitiable creature who would indulge in any of those freaks of either locomotion, dress, or necessary travel belonging to another day such as are outlined above would be deemed at least sadly lacking in this world's wisdom.

Let us for the sake of discussion substitute the world of rifledom for the world of fashion or mode of travel as mentioned above and we find the .44-40 in the place of the would-be-crosser-of-plains a la '49 and the .30-30 in the position of the ancient automobile referred to in the opening paragraph of this article.

It is rather a cruel, cold-blooded, and altogether eye-opening method of argument against the use of such lingerers-on as the rifles mentioned above can truly said to be, but really is it not the solid truth when we consider all the evidence? Was not the Model 1873 Winchester designed at a time when the buffalo were with us in still countless numbers and when elk, deer and all other forms of wild animal life were found in fifty times greater numbers than they are today? Was not the .30-30 put out on the market somewhere in ante-Spanish-American war days, when game was not nearly in such a depleted state as it is to-day? I think a careful consideration of these facts will bring out the truth of the matter.

In these days of game hogs, machine-guns and clearing-up of all available land by the ever avaricious land owner, game while it may for a time inhabit the old haunts is gradually but none the less surely going further away from the haunts of men, all of which calls up the ancient fable of Mahomet and the mountain to the effect that if the mountain would not progress over to Mr. Mahomet why the latter would surely have to come to the former. All of which translated down to present day



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facts gives us the parallel—that modern conditions make it imperative that we go further afield each year for game and this being the case why spend hard earned money on hunting trips when contemplating using arms wholly unfitted for the game conditions of to-day. We see possibly one deer on our hunt these days to about two encountered in the days when the Kephart's pet .30-40 and Haines's beau ideal the .30-30 first made their appearance in the '90's. In those days if one deer escaped with a 170 grain bullet in its anatomy chucked there from a then new rifle known as the .30-30 there were at least more chances than are present most 1915 hunting trips and we were only learning those days and a lost head or so was only the price of learning.

To-day we can see further ahead than we could those days and the modern rifleman is a show-me mortal and willing to learn from past experience.

Mr. Hill who in a recent issue of this magazine made a violent attack upon the .30-30 rifle seems to have been pretty thoroughly hauled over the coals by those who have not as yet learned to appreciate the advance in rifles and ammunition adapted to them since the advent of the 1895 make-shifts such as the .30-30.

However the world moves and unless the unprogressive ones wish to be left helplessly

in the rear it is up to them to come out of their lethargy and wake up to the advantages of rifles of not less than 2700 foot seconds class in comparison to the stage coach velocity arms for use upon now thoroughly modernized game and to be used under 1915 hunting conditions. Were the old-time buffalo days with us once more we could safely and with reason swear by such arms as the .56 Spencer mentioned by "Old Timer" in a recent issue of this magazine and if we could pull back the veil of time and take ourselves back to the Spanish-American War days there would be some excuse for each and all of us embracing with open arms the then latest rifle on the market—the now should-be-despised .30-30 just as we should now open our orbs to the tremendous possibilities embodied in the modern ultra-high velocity rifle.

The .280 Ross, .30 U. S. Springfield and the special arms turned out by such rifle artists as Newton occupy the same position in regards to the .30-30 that the latter held to the .45-90 twenty odd years ago. The rifle cranks of '95 were not so conservative as to be insensible to progress and the now "punk little .30-30" as dubbed by Mr. Hill met a hearty reception from the converts from "charcoalburnism". Let us only hope that all the so-called modern riflemen are as open to conviction as the .45-90 enthusiasts of 95.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

COMPARATIVE ENERGY OF THE .32 SPECIAL AND .303 BRITISH

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Please advise me which is the more powerful, the .32 Special or the .303 British.

J. P.

(At the muzzle the .32 Special has an energy of 1683.6 footpounds, the .303 British has 1908.3. At 100 yards the former develops an energy of 1181.6, and the latter 1505.7 foot pounds.

From this table it will be seen that the .303 is more powerful than the .32 Special though as to whether the former excels as a game getter opinion is divided. We would be pleased to hear from readers who have information on the subject. A. B. G.)

WILL THE READERS PLEASE OBLIGE

I. W. H.:

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I would be very pleased to hear from readers through these columns who have used the .25-20 Marlin. I have never seen anything about this little arm in Rod & Gun and as I consider it one of the best small bore rifles on the market would like to hear something about it from those of the readers who are users of the arm.

I. W. H.

(With your permission am publishing your letter in the hope that those of our readers who are users of the rifle you mention will respond to your appeal for further information

concerning the same. Personally we have a high opinion of the .25-20 Marlin and consider it an ideal rifle for some of the larger species of small game many of which require a comparatively powerful arm to bring them to bag. A. B. G.)

THE GUN THAT SHOOTS WHERE YOU HOLD IT AND DOES THE WORK.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: The writer has been a reader of Rod and Gun for a number of years, and since "The Wonderful Little Imp", the .22 H. P. Savage, has been put on the market, I have been paying particular attention to the questions through Rod and Gun.

I have been using a .22 H. P. since the first one was put on the market, and have had excellent results with it, have shot several deer, and never knew of one to get away wounded, one shot is all that is necessary.

I will only refer to two deer, one a 200 lb. buck. This deer was running up a mountain at a distance of 250 yards, and I put one shot back of the shoulders, the bullet coming out the other side, making a hole about the size of a 50 cent piece. This deer dropped in his tracks. The next one I shot was a large doe. The deer was running away from me at a distance of 150 yards, the bullet entering the hip, and lodging in the shoulder. This deer also dropped immediately, and was dead when I got to her.

It is also an excellent rifle for target shooting. The article written on page 1232 in the

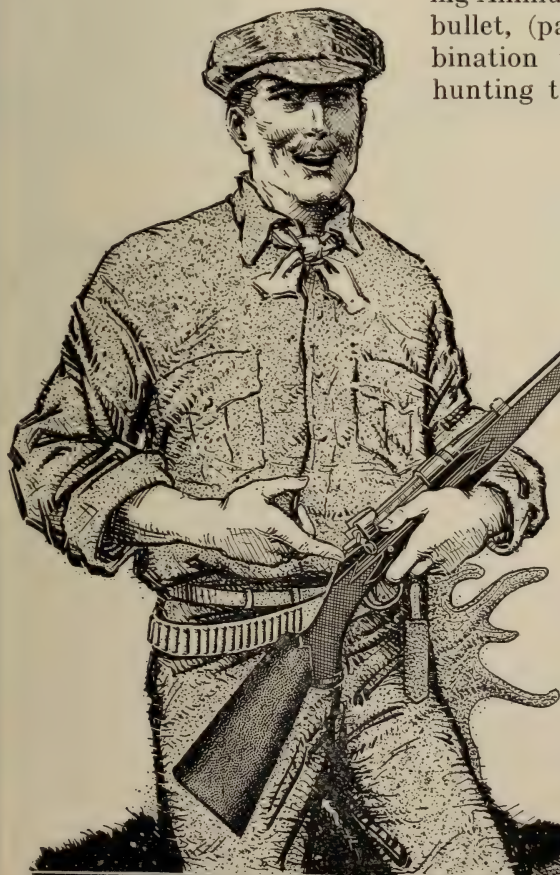
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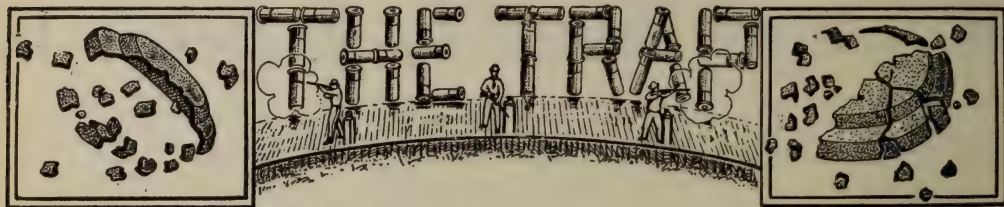
Ross Rifle Co., Quebec

May issue of Rod and Gun by Filius Terrae goes on to say that he would be safer with a 38 S. & W. special colt revolver than with a 22 H. P. Savage. Now, this fellow does not seem to know what he is talking about. As regards to the gun jamming, I cannot believe it, unless the gun was used by someone that never used a gun before. I have used five

different Savage rifles, and I never had one to stick yet.

This article is written especially for the benefit of Mr. Hood, and to all my fellow readers of Rod and Gun who have not yet purchased a 22 H. P. Savage, and want a real all round good rifle. Buy a Savage 22 H. P.

A. O. K.



TOURNAMENT DATES

- May 24th—The Thousands Islands Gun Club Registered Tournament. C. A. Lewis, Mgr., Gananoque Ont.
 June 3rd—Kingsville Gun Club Tournament at Kingsville-on-the-Lake, Ont.
 June 8, 9, 10, 11—Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association Tournament. W. J. Corby, Pres., Ottawa, Ont.
 July 1, 2nd, 3rd—Canadian Indians 10th Annual Pow-Wow, W. T. Ely, High Scribe, Canadian Indians, Imperial Bank Bldg., King and Sherbourne Sts., Toronto.
 August 20, 21, 22.—Lake St. Francis Gun Club Registered Tournament at St. Lotique, P. Q.

Kingsville Tournament.

The Gun Club of Kingsville, will hold its annual trap shooting tournament on the King's birthday, June 3, on the grounds of the Mettawas Inn, Kingsville-on-the-Lake. There will be eight 15-bird and four 20-bird events, and a special event at 25 targets for possession of the King trophy, emblematic of the championship of South Ontario. Sixty dollars will be given in high average prizes. The Mettawas Inn has donated a silk umbrella for longest run. The richness of the prize list is expected to bring together the largest crowd of expert trap shooters ever seen at any tournament west of Toronto.

Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association Tournament.

On June 8, 9, 10 and 11, Ottawa will be the mecca for trap shooters from all parts of Canada. The annual tournament of the Dominion Trap Shooting Association will be in progress on those dates in this city, and the executive have been assured of the largest number of competitors of any previous tournaments in the history of the association.

There will be quite a number attend from Calgary, Winnipeg and other western centres, while Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, London will also send their quotas. The prize list is the largest ever put by the association; \$1,500.00 in cash besides handsome trophies donated by his worship Mayor Porter and Controller Fisher. Twenty-two handsome cut glass bowls have also been given by leading citizens of this city.

The shooting will take place at Rockliffe rifle ranges, which the association has secured from the militia department. The spot is an ideal one for trap shooting as the light is perfect and the back ground is all that could be desired. New traps will also be provided. Spectators will be especially well cared for and no doubt a large number of visitors will attend.

The programme is a credit to the executive. The cover is a very handsome drawing of a duck shooter in action. The book contains seventy-two pages of everything of interest to trap shooters all over the country. Mr. W. Corby, president of the association, is taking an active interest in the arrangements while Mr. Cecil Bethune, George Esdale, and other members of the local club are doing everything in their power to make the affair a success.

Revelstoke Gun Club.

At the weekly shoot of the Gun Club on May 10th, (Handicap for the Western Cartridge Co. Medal) Macdonell won the Medal for the week, Rickleson being high with 70 out of 75 with a stiff wind blowing.

	S. A.	Got	Br.	Total
Macdonell.....	75	4	64	68
Footo.....	25	7	18	25
Barber.....	75	10	56	66
Rickelson.....	75	—	70	70

The League have decided to hold their Annual Registered Shoot of two days some time in August, the dates will be announced in a short time.

At the weekly shoot on May 17 (Handicap for the Western Cartridge Co. medal and the Hercules Powder Co Shield) Barber won the medal and Macdonell the shield. Mr. J. B. Harkin of Ottawa and Mr. Vanderwort of Vancouver were the guests of the club.

A. J. Macdonell.....	50	1	47	48
W. A. Sturdy.....	50	3	43	46
J. G. Barber.....	50	5	43	48
Mr. Vanderwort.....	50	—	34	34
J. B. Harkin.....	50	—	40	40
H. Mulholland.....	25	9	15	24

Assiniboine Gun Club.

A very enjoyable afternoon was spent by the ladies and gentlemen attending the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of Assiniboine Gun Club on May 1st. Although the wind blew a gale, the following scores made in the club shoot will attest that the boys had their eyes open.

Howard 24, McKay 22, Kelley 20, Hamilton 18, Ross 18, Wells 18, Martin 18, Conley 17, Maitland 17, Sutton 16, Walker 15, Bond 14, Ferguson 13, Ald 12, Doyle 10, Tuck 9.

Springwood Gun Club.

The Springwood Gun Club holiday shoot on May 24th, was well attended, 19 shooters taking part in the program, and some good scores were made. In the regular events B. W. Glover was high man in actual birds broken, but with the handicap added five were tied for first place with a total of 57 each. Lots were drawn to determine the prize winners, and Clinger was the lucky man to draw the winning number.

In the double bird event Simcox and Myers tied with 9 each.

It might be explained that the handicap used was the added bird handicap, each shooter being allowed the number of birds added to his score that he missed in events one and three. This system is determined by lot, and the handicap is not known until the events are all finished. The scores follow:

	15	15	15	15	Hdkp.	Tl.
Glover.....	15	15	13	12	—	57
Clinger.....	11	14	13	13	—	57
Waide.....	14	12	13	15	—	57
Stone.....	11	14	10	13	—	57
O'Rourke.....	12	13	10	14	—	57
Brown.....	13	13	11	13	—	56
Coleman.....	15	13	14	12	—	55
Myers.....	12	12	14	13	—	55
Parker.....	12	13	15	11	—	54

Webb.....	10	12	9	12-11	—54
Simcox.....	14	12	12	11-4	—53
Bogue.....	11	13	10	10-9	—53
Baker.....	10	10	8	12-12	—52
Spence.....	13	11	10	9-7	—50
Walker.....	11	11	11	7-8	—48
Hyman.....	11	7	9	5-10	—42
Stevens.....	11	3	10	5-9	—38
Duffield.....	10	9	5	—	—24
Little.....		10			—10
Doubles—Five pair, Simcox 9, Myers 9, Waide 8, Hyman 8, Clinger 7, Coleman 7, Brown 7, Glover 7, Parker 7, Walker 6, Spence 5, Bogue 3, Webb.					
Extra five pair—Hyman 5, Clinger 10, Coleman 9, J. Brown 6.					

Riverside Gun Club (Chatham)

The following is the complete score of the records made at the fourth annual shoot of the Riverside Gun Club on May 6th.

First Event		200 Birds.	
R. W. Glover.....	191	F. H. Conover.....	177
George Dunk.....	169	A. Thompson.....	142
T. Weir.....	170	S. J. Vance.....	191
R. Day.....	183	J. McCausland.....	169
R. Jordan.....	187	W. Hart.....	194
G. McIntosh.....	181	W. C. Hofer.....	166
O. C. Frank.....	177	W. J. McCance.....	159
J. E. Jones.....	185	W. D. O'Loane.....	163
Mrs. O'Loane.....	138	George Crow.....	176
M. Williams.....	180	H. C. Hunter.....	165
H. Smith.....	193	F. Dolson.....	181
H. O'Loane.....	193	D. Smith.....	168
George McGarvin.....	176	W. A. Smith.....	189
T. Wigle.....	193	F. Stots.....	180
A. McDonald.....	183	C. Thrasher.....	173
D. McNeil.....	173	J. C. Bilton.....	180
A. Eastman.....	169		
Second Event		100 Birds.	
P. Shanks.....	79	Mrs. Conover.....	70
W. Smith.....	78	O. Orton.....	79
A. Bunn.....	71		

Harry Smith of the Riverside Club broke 101 straight clay targets in the regular event of the afternoon of 200 birds. He was nosed out in the final block by Wes. Hart, of Dresden, who killed 20 straight, while Smith broke only 18.

In the competition for the McCoig trophy, donated to the club by A. B. McCoig, M. P. for competition among shooters from the county, Smith made another remarkable score when he killed 48 straight birds, shooting from 21 yards. Professional shooters present said it was the finest performance that they had ever witnessed by an amateur at 21 yards. Smith lost the last two birds in this event and D. McNeil, of Florence, and Hart, of Dresden, tied with him. In the shoot-off McNeil won, shooting from 18 yards. Shooters were present from different clubs in the district as well as from Detroit, Windsor, Sandwich and other places.

A very successful shoot was held on May 13th on the Riverside Gun Club grounds, River Road, Raleigh, when twelve of the club members congregated to shoot off for the fifteen dollars worth of goods donated by M. H. Bragg of Chatham. Each shooter fired at 50 birds. The contestants and scores were as follows:

Harry Smith 21, 44; Fred Dolson 20, 46; Wm. Dolson 18, 47; D. Smith 19, 43; Geo. Crow 18, 40; Geo. McGarvin 19, 46; M. Williams 18, 41; Jno. Fleming 18, 39; S. Clements 16, 38; Jno. Johnson 16, 35; Wm. Little 16, 31; Chas. Pullin 16, 27.

A Dresden Shoot.

Dresden started a novel event on May 12 when a half-holiday was declared, and everyone adjourned to the grounds of the Dresden Gun Club, where a tournament under the auspices of the I. O. D. E. was in progress. The local Daughters of the Empire had charge of the program, and sold the shells and blue-rocks, the former bringing 3 cents each and the latter 2 cents each. Nearly everyone in Dresden big enough to shoulder a gun participated in the shoot. Even the ladies joined in heartily, and enjoyed the sport, despite the fact that with one exception, they failed to hit anything. The town laundryman, a real genuine son of Cathay, took a hand in the proceedings and managed to bag one blue rock in five shots. Prominent local men of all trades and professions were present and competed. The proceeds were devoted to patriotic work.

Wes. Hart was high man in the shooting, making 60 out of a possible 65. The scores were:

Wes. Hart 65, 60; H. Mahler 65, 43; J. Perry 65, 54; R. Wells 65, 45; S. H. Myers 40, 13; B. Meredith 40, 28; D. Madden 15, 4; S. Tassie 15, 5; Dr. McDonald 15, 5; Thomas Condray 15, 3; Rev. Mr. Lindsay 15, 5; Rev. Mr. Tiffin 20, 2; R. Brandon 25, 5; R. Dynes 25, 18; G. Wells 20, 14; C. Cuthbert 20, 2; S. Wells, Sen., 9, 3;

S. McVean 10, 7; B. Tassie 10, 2; W. L. Bowden 15, 1; Dr. Williams 15, 1; H. Eberlee 5, 1; J. Wells 5, 0; M. Humphries 10, 0; T. Patterson 18, 1; T. Hart 18, 4; G. Nellis 10, 2; M. Haydon 10, 2; Miss Bodkin 5, 0; Miss S. Tassie 5, 0; Miss Pelton 5, 0; Miss Campbell 5, 0; Miss Durham 5, 2; Miss Dynes 5, 0; Mrs. W. McVean 5, 0; Miss Hart 5, 0; Mrs. D. Tassie 5, 0; Mrs. Caister 5, 0; E. Hildreth 30, 17; A. McVean 15, 4; G. Houston 35, 17; M. Convey 15, 8; W. Dynes 25, 21; C. Simpson 5, 0; W. Thornton 10, 8; C. Wong 5, 1; W. Ruble 25, 14; Dr. McAlpine 30, 16; B. Tiffin 5, 0; F. McVean, 5, 0.

(First number denotes number shot at, and second number those broken.)

Galt Gun Club.

The shoot held on May 8th finished the contest for the watch fob trophy donated to the Galt Gun and Rifle Club by the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., H. D. Sherwood being the winner. The total score in the competition was as follows:

H. D. Sherwood.....	138	E. Clark.....	134
J. Clark.....	136	W. Pickering.....	137
F. Despond.....	137	W. Marshall.....	135
A. Watson.....	134	H. Newlands.....	134

Florence Gun Club.

Wesley Hart, of Dresden, was high man at the third annual shoot of Florence Gun Club on May 14. His score of 168 was followed by Taylor, of Ridgetown, 166; Kennedy, of Florence, with 164, and D. Smith, of Chatham, 161. There was a good attendance, excellent weather and a good day's sport was enjoyed. There were 175 targets, except where otherwise stated. The scores:

Long, Hamilton.....	158
R. Day, London.....	162
McCance, St. Thomas.....	141
Carr, Hamilton.....	159
Kennedy, Florence.....	164
Dr. Kelly, Florence.....	154
D. McNeill, Florence.....	156
Sinclair, Florence.....	151
Jones, Ridgetown.....	155
W. Hart, Dresden.....	168
H. J. Taylor, Ridgetown.....	166
Perry, Dresden.....	151
Lang, Ridgetown.....	147
W. A. Smith, Kingsville.....	160
Eastman, Kingsville.....	131
F. Stotts, Essex.....	153
Kripps, Florence.....	135
Harry Smith, Chatham.....	164
O'Loane, Chatham.....	154
D. Smith, Chatham.....	161
Fred Dolson, Chatham.....	153
W. Dolson, Chatham.....	143
Sharp, Windsor.....	110
Fox, Ruthven, shot at 75.....	54
Coleman, London shot at 105.....	86
McMillan, Ridgetown, shot at 135.....	103
Ira Bilton, Florence, shot at 105.....	86
Kribs, Florence, shot at 75.....	58

Simcoe Gun Club.

The Simcoe Gun Club organized with Chas. E. Boyd, president; Wyatt Goodlet, secretary-treasurer; H. C. Marlatt, captain; and Percy Kendall and W. S. McCall as a grounds committee.

At a shoot on May 6th Harry Marlatt carried off the honors, breaking 86% of the targets shot at. Following is the score:

	S.A.	B.	%
H. C. Marlatt.....	50	43	86
D. Nelles.....	50	42	84
W. S. McCall.....	78	62	79
W. Hocking.....	50	36	72
Harry Brook.....	75	51	68
Percy Kendall.....	25	15	60
Art Sovereign.....	50	29	58
Dr. Hawkins.....	50	26	52
Geo. Folmsbee.....	37	19	51
Fred R. Pursel.....	25	11	44

Cottage Gun Club (St. Catharines)

The Cottage Gun Club of St. Catharines held the first shoot of their summer series on May 8th. Following is the score:

	S.A.	B.	Dbles 10 pair
C. Ball.....	75	65	16
C. Singer.....	75	60	15
A. McGee.....	75	58	11
G. Bernard.....	75	58	13
W. H. Singer.....	75	58	16
T. Jenckes.....	75	55	14
J. Miller.....	75	53	12
A. Notman.....	75	51	

BIG "EATS" IN THE BIG WOODS

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*Heinz Baked Beans, of course—good hot or cold—four kinds;
Heinz Cream Soups, tomato, celery, pea;
Heinz Spaghetti, cooked with tomato sauce and cheese;
Heinz Tomato Ketchup, makes everything it touches good;
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W. S. Lansing	75	50	
J. Simpson	75	49	12
T. Forsyth	50	31	7
C. Holmes	50	26	
F. Brown	50	22	10

Stanley Gun Club.

The Stanley Gun Club had a good turnout of shooters on May 15. In the prize shoot, W. Ely, Joe Jennings, and Houghton all tied, with 26 out of 30, but in shooting the tie off at 15 birds, W. Ely was victorious, breaking 14 at 20 yards. T. Houghton was second, with 12 at 20 yards, and Joe Jennings third at 21 yards. In shooting at doubles, W. Stevens broke 35 out of 48, and Joe Jennings 42 out of 48.

The scores:
G. Scheibe 70, 49; Rolph 55, 35; T. Houghton 100, 89; F. C. Fowler 65, 53; Noble 70, 56; W. Stevens 110, 94; E. Marsh 80, 66; G. Vivian 70, 59; W. Ely 100, 85; Griner 50, 42; E. Dorf 55, 38; A. Schnauffer 70, 56; G. Salisbury 70, 50; A. Tomlin 55, 38; G. Dunk 100, 80; W. Hughes 70, 49; J. Jennings 85, 71;—Glover 55, 49; E. Brown 25, 23; W. Skey 30, 25.

Balmy Beach Gun Club.

At the regular weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club on May 1st. W. H. Lansing was high in the B. Class, winning the spoon. H. Goodman won the Pike prize.

T. Hodgson 80, 64; Joselin 115, 105; W. Hodgson 80, 64; McGaw 125, 102; Lansing 100, 77; Bernard 110, 87; Wase 55, 43; Rothwell 60, 41; Dale 45, 35; Davis 35, 33; Nicholls 95, 82; Boothe 60, 58; Shaw 60, 54; Goodman 75, 64; Cooley 60, 54; Edwards 60, 44; Spillar 25, 18; Francis 50, 49.

A good turnout of members was present at the regular weekly shoot on May 15. T. W. McGaw and C. A. Davis tied for the spoon with 25 each, which was won by McGaw with one bird.

Francis 50, 48; Murphy 35, 29; Bucke 35, 31; Davis 60, 56; Joselin 120, 112; Rothwell 70, 52; Dale 70, 54; Wase 45, 39; T. Hodgson 55, 48; McCreae 20, 12; Shaw 45, 38; Boothe 55, 52; Dalton 100, 93; Pitcher 100, 94; Cutler 75, 62; W. Hodgson 40, 32; Nicolls 55, 47; McGaw 100, 96; Breen 25, 14; Chambers 35, 16.

Hamilton Gun Club.

At the Hamilton Gun Club on May 8th, the members indulged in a lively shoot. A strong wind made the flight of the clay birds uncertain and the contestants had to be on the alert to make a showing. T. Upton, a former president of the club was a visitor and enjoyed the events.

In the third event for the Royal Distillery Gold Medal, M. Carr put on the high score of 24 from 21 yards which put him in the lead with 66 out of 75. He also won the club spoon given for the best score. M. Goodale, A. Parmenter and C. Sayer all tied in second place with 62.

The championship belt changed hands again when E. Harris put on 24 as against 17 by W. P. Thompson, the holder since last March. The latter has not been able to get the necessary practice of late which counted against him while the new champion has been in splendid form all spring.

D. Reid had the high total for the day getting 68 out of 75 which under the weather conditions was exceptionally good. M. Carr was just a shade behind with the consistent score of 99 out of 110.

The scores were:

	R.D.	Shot at	Broke.
J. Hunter	51	85	63
M. Carr	66	110	99
D. Reid	—	75	68
M. Goodale	62	90	77
J. W. Nairn	50	95	66
W. Wark	57	50	38
A. Parmenter	62	85	69
J. Smith	58	50	31
W. Dillon	57	75	56
E. Sturt	58	75	50
J. W. Burns	58	120	95
A. Bates	56	75	61
E. Harris	60	75	64
Geo. Beattie	—	60	48
J. Bowron	58	50	34
Court Thompson	—	75	63
C. Syer	62	75	58
F. W. Watson	—	75	54
W. P. Thomson	—	75	55
H. E. Hawkins	—	65	51
T. Upton	—	40	32
N. Johnson	—	35	27
D. Hilwes	—	25	17

Peterboro Gun Club.

Following were the scores at a shoot of the Gun Club on May 7th:
J. Louchs 75, 56; S. Coon 50, 45; H. Routley 50, 42; C. Graham 50, 35; J. Bolger 50, 26; Dr. Gowan 25, 20.

At the regular weekly shoot on May 14th the scores were:

J. Toucks 75, 62; H. Routley 75, 56; L. Hall 60, 38; Dr. Gowan 50, 39; S. Coon 50, 38; C. Graham 50, 35; C. Mills 25, 20; C. Wood 25, 20; C. James 25, 19; H. Cook 25, 17; J. Simmons 25, 12; C. Lech 25, 11; J. Bolger 25, 10; J. Lundy 25, 9; W. H. Denham 20, 8;

Trent Valley League Shoot.

The second of the season's meetings of the Trent Valley League was held on May 12 at Belleville. Cobourg, the holder of the pennant, carried off the flag again by 199 points out of 250 against Belleville's 187 points. Stirling stood third and Peterborough fourth.

Mr. George M. Dunk of Toronto attended the shoot and broke 46 out of 50 birds.

Mr. Crowthers was high gun for the spoon on account of York's handicap. Mr. McCallum won the watch box donated by the Dominion Cartridge Company, being second high gun.

Cobourg did the best shooting individually, three men getting forty birds or over. One Belleville man only, Mr. Harry Day, got into this class by breaking 40. The Peterborough and Stirling gunners did not reach the forty mark.

Cobourg.

	Broke out of	25	50
Jackson	14	19	33
York	23	23	46
McCallum	21	21	42
Purser	18	17	35
Armour	17	14	3
Crowthers	21	22	43

Peterborough.

	Broke out of	25	50
Coon	18	11	29
Graham	12	9	21
Bolger	3	4	7
Routley	18	18	36
Loucks	16	19	35

Stirling.

	Broke out of	25	50
Dracup	18	15	33
Cook	15	22	37
Millan	17	19	36
Wootton	18	18	36
Morton	5	12	17
Anderson	15	15	30

Belleville.

	Broke out of	25	50
M. Sprague	16	20	36
Stafford	18	—	18
Turley	19	20	39
Day	20	20	40
Newton	17	18	35
Woodley	14	21	35
Harris	20	17	37

Lachine Gun Club.

Five events were decided at the weekly shoot of the Lachine Gun Club at their traps on May 8th when there were some good scores made. The club spoon was won by Howard while Dey was the winner of the Maher spoon. The scores:—

Practice Match, 15 Birds—Clark 15, Watson 15, Dey 14, Howard 14, Garrigues 14, Johnson 13, R. Lucas 13, Doremus 13, Shoemaker 13, Robertson 12, Laing 12, Hodgson 11, Wood 10, H. Lucas 10; Beaubien 8.

Club Spoon, 15 Birds—Clark 15, Howard 15, Dey 13, Garrigues 13, Robertson 12, Doremus 12, Wood 12, Shoemaker 12, R. Lucas 11, Laing 11, Watson, 10, Johnson 10, Beaubien 9, H. Lucas 9, Hodgson 9.

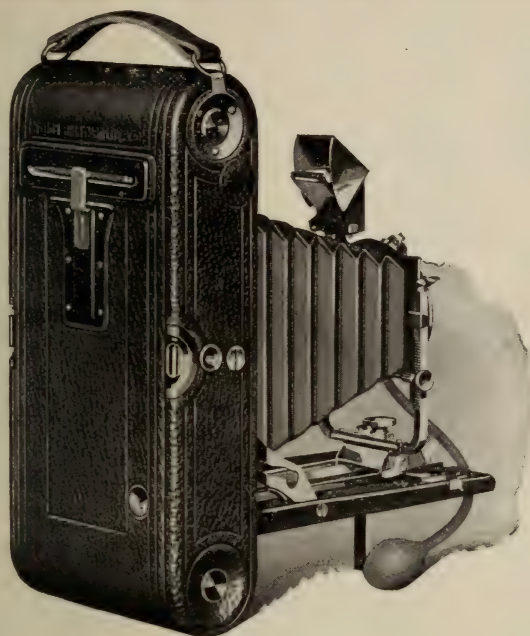
Shoot off—1, Clarke 14, Howard 14; 2, Howard 14, Clarke 13.

Sweepstakes, 15 birds—Robertson 14, Clarke 14, Howard 14, Laing 14, Shoemaker 13, Garrigues 13, Dey 12, Doremus 12, H. Lucas 12, Watson 12, Johnson 10, Hodgson 10, Wood 10, Beaubien 9, R. Lucas 9.

Shoot off—1, Howard 14, Laing 14, Robertson 11.

Maher Spoon, 15 birds (handicap)—Johnson 15, Dey 15, Beaubien 15, Wood 15, Garrigues 15, Wilson 15, Robertson 14, Howard 14, Laing 14, Watson 14, R. Lucas 13, Shoemaker 13, Hart 13, Clarke 12, Doremus 12, Hodgson 12.

Shoot off—1, Dey, 15, Johnson 15, Beaubien 15, Garrigues 14, Wood 14, Wilson 12; 2, Dey 15, Beaubien 14, Garrigues 12, Johnson 9.



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Sweepstakes, 15 Birds—Doremus, 14, Robertson 13, Howard 13, Hart 13, Dey 12, Clarke 12, R. Lucas 12, Hodgson 12, Johnson 11.

Owing to a cold north wind blowing, which caused the birds to zigzag, the scores made on the 15th at the ranges of the Lachine Gun Club were not up to the usual standard. Howard made the highest total, while Barnes won the two silver spoons offered. The results:

Practice Match, 15 Birds—Howard 14, Clark 14, Dey 13, H. Lucas 13, Hodgson 12, Barnes 11, Doremus 11, Montbriand 10, Johnson 10, Farley 10.

Club Spoon, 15 birds—Barnes 14, Howard 12, Galbraith 12, Montbriand 11, Johnson 11, Clarke 10, Dey 10, H. Lucas 9, Doremus 9, Hodgson 8, Farley 7.

Sweepstakes, 15 Birds—Gowdy 15, Hodgson 14, Johnson 13, Montbriand 13, Howard 13, Clarke 13, Wood 13, Lyall 13, Galbraith 12, Dey 11, H. Lucas 11, Doremus 10, Barnes 10, Farley 9.

Maier Spoon, Handicap, 15 Birds—Johnson 15, Clarke 15, Barnes 15, Lyall 15, Montbriand 13, Howard 13, Wood 13, Doremus 13, Hodgson 12, Gowdy 12, Galbraith 12, Dey 11, H. Lucas 10.

Shoot off—a, Johnson 13, Clarke 15, Barnes 15, Lyall 14, b, Clarke 12, Barnes 12, c, Barnes 14, Clarke 11.

Sweepstakes, 15 Birds—Howard 13, Clarke 11, Dey 11, Wood 10, Montbriand 10, Johnson 10.

St. Hubert Gun Club

At the St. Hubert Gun Club on May 8, Mr. Jack Heney and Ald. George O'Connor, after several unsuccessful tries, finally won the McCallum trophy, emblematic of the two man championship of the city. Mr. Blyth Beattie and Mr. G. B. Greene, the losers have held the trophy for some time.

The scores were as follows:

*McCALLUM TROPHY SHOOT.

J. Heney	23	32—45
Geo. O'Connor	22	19—41
Totals		86
B. Beattie	23	21—44
G. B. Greene	19	18—37
Totals		81

Majority for challengers, 5 shots.

For handtrap, donated by Capt. Cecil Bethune.

	Handicap.	Tl.
Geo. Easdale	22	2
Dr. Black	20	2
V. V. Rogers	19	2
C. H. Rogers	11	10
W. Brownlee	16	6
A. W. Throop	18	2
Geo. O'Connor	18	2
J. J. Heney, Jr.	20	2
Dr. Smith	18	2
G. R. White	18	6
W. L. Cameron	17	2
R. Cameron	17	7
Dr. Watterson	10	8
J. Brown	15	2
C. J. Booth	13	4
R. A. Sibbitt	15	2
Dr. Mohr	11	6
Geo. Bryson, Jr.	10	6
B. Beattie	16	1
J. Richmond	11	4
G. B. Greene	13	1
O. T. Ring	8	5

Two events at 25 birds:

Dr. Black	21	22	45
J. J. Heney, Jr.	21	23*	44
Geo. O'Connor	19	22*	41
B. Beattie	17	23*	40
J. Brown	18	21	39
Geo. Easdale	20	19	39
G. B. Greene	20	19*	39
Dr. Smith	21	18	39
C. Bethune	17	20	37
A. W. Throop	18	17	35
O. T. Ring	18	16	34
R. Cameron	18	15	33
C. J. Booth	13	20	33
R. A. Sibbitt	17	15	32
W. Williams	15	16	31
Dr. Mohr	15	14	29
G. R. White	15	13	28
N. Brownlee	17	9	26
W. L. Cameron	12	14	26
Geo. Bryson, Jr.	15	10	25
J. Richmond	14	9	23
Dr. Watterson	9	9	18

*—1st 25 birds apply for club shoot.

Extras:—

V. V. Rogers	13	19	32
J. W. Stafford	4	12	16

The St. Hubert Gun Club of Ottawa held their weekly shoot at the new traps at the Rockliffe Rifle Range, on Saturday afternoon, May 15th, and although a strong wind blew some good scores were made. B. Beattie with a score of 44 out of a possible 50, captured the weekly spoon trophy, while Dr. Smith came second with 42. The scores:

TWO EVENTS—25 BIRDS EACH.

B. Beattie	21	23—44
Dr. Smith	19	23—42
W. C. Little	20	21—41
Geo. Easdale	21	20—41
Geo. O'Connor	22	19—41
A. W. Throop	18	23—41
C. Bethune	18	21—39
Dr. Black	19	19—38
J. Richmond	22	15—37
V. V. Rogers	16	19—35
N. L. Cameron	16	19—35
J. Brown	17	18—35
C. J. Booth	18	17—35
R. A. Sibbitt	19	15—34
R. Cameron	17	17—34
W. J. Corby	17	16—33
O. T. Ring	17	16—33
Dr. Pinard	16	17—33
J. W. Stafford	15	17—32
R. E. Harry	10	18—28
N. Brownlee	11	17—28
J. M. Roberts	11	17—28
W. Williams	8	16—24
C. H. Rogers		12—23

EXTRAS AT 25 BIRDS EACH.

Geo. O'Connor	21	21	24—66
Geo. Easdale	18	19	20—57
J. M. Roberts	17	16	17—50
C. Bethune 22, B. Beattie 21, R. A. Sibbitt 21, V. V. Rogers 18, D. Black 18, O. T. Ring 18, Dr. Smith 17, W. J. Corby 15, Dr. Pinard 15, A. W. Throop 14, W. L. Cameron 10, W. Williams 9.			

Dominion Cartridge Co.

The Gun Club of the Dominion Cartridge Co. held their weekly shoot at Brownsburg on May 15, when six events were contested. In the Club Spoon event, Mrs. S. Wilson finished first with a total of fifteen, out of the same possible, while S. A. Wilson came second with 14. The results:

Practice Match, 10 Birds—M. C. Fletcher 8, C. Kennedy 8, Mrs. Wilson 7, P. Bart 6, T. S. Pasco 5, Mrs. Secker 5, Mrs. Brunelle 4, Ross Fraser 2, Miss Pasco 2, Wm. Way 1.

Practice Match, 15 Birds—G. Bourne 11, Mrs. Wilson 10, M. C. Fletcher 8, Mrs. Brunelle 7.

Club Spoon, 15 Birds—Mrs. S. Wilson 15, S. A. Wilson 14, J. R. Thomson 14, G. Bourne 14, E. Secker 12, E. J. Johnson 12, P. Burt 10, M. C. Fletcher 10, C. Kennedy 10, Mrs. Brunelle 9, Miss Pasco 9, Mrs. Johnson 9, T. G. Pasco 8, F. Brunelle 8, Mr. Secker 6, H. Butler 5, Ross Fraser 4.

Dupont Spoon, 25 Birds—J. R. Thomson 23, F. Brunelle 23, Mrs. Brunelle 22, E. J. Johnson 22, P. Burt 20, M. C. Fletcher 20, S. A. Wilson 20, E. Secker 20, Mrs. Wilson 19, C. Kennedy 8, G. Bourne 18, T. G. Pasco 17, A. Dart 14, Mrs. Johnson 13, H. Butler 12.

Sweepstakes, 15 Birds—E. J. Johnson 15, S. A. Wilson 13, A. Dart 13, Mrs. Brunelle 11, H. Butler 11, Mrs. Wilson 7, Mrs. Johnson 4.

Practice Match, 15 Birds—Mrs. Wilson 12, Miss Kennedy 4, T. Romanos 4.

The following are the results of the events shot at the weekly meet of the Dominion Cartridge Gun Club on May 22nd.

Practice Match—(10 birds)—Mrs. Brunelle 7, M. C. Fletcher 7, H. Heale 7, E. Secker 7, Mrs. Heale 6, E. Johnson 6, H. Butler 6, Mrs. E. Secker 5, Mrs. Wilson 5, J. R. Thomson 5, W. Talbot 5, T. G. Pasco 4, M. Gagne 3, Mrs. Pasco 2.

Practice Match—(10 birds)—S. A. Wilson 9, H. Heale 9, Mrs. Johnson 8, W. Talbot 7, H. Butler 7, M. Gagne 5.

Club Spoon—(15 birds)—Mrs. H. Heale, 15, Mrs. E. Secker 15, Mrs. Johnson 15, E. Johnson 14, Mrs. Brunelle 12, M. C. Fletcher 12, S. A. Wilson 12, E. J. Johnson 11, F. Brunelle 11, T. S. Pasco 10, J. R. Thomson 9, H. Heale 9, M. Gagne 8, W. Talbot 7, E. Secker 7, H. Butler 6, Ross Fraser 3, T. Romanos 2.

Du Pont Spoon—(25 birds)—Mrs. E. Secker 25, Mrs. Johnson 24, Mrs. Brunelle 21, T. G. Pasco 21, M. C. Fletcher 20, Ed. Johnson 20, Mrs. Heale 18, S. A. Wilson 18, J. R. Thomson 18, E. J. Johnson 17, Mrs. Wilson 16, F. Brunelle 16, H. Heale 16, H. Butler 15, A. Dart, 14, T. Romanos 9.

Winners of Silver Spoons—Club Spoon—Mrs. H. Heale. Du Pont Spoon—Mrs. E. Secker.



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Windsor Gun Club.

Fifty-two trap shooting experts indulged in the annual tournament of the Windsor Gun Club, at Sandwich, May 24th, where some fine scores were compiled by Western Ontario scatter gunmen, under ideal weather conditions.

Wes. Hart of Dresden carried off the high gun honors for amateurs, breaking 172 blue clay rocks out of a possible 175. Next to him came S. Vance of Tillsonburg, with 171, while W. A. Smith of Kingsville broke 170 for the third highest honor. Jack McCausland of London hit 164, and R. Jordan also of London got 160. Rowland Day of London, professional was also among the high scores with 165.

Wes. Hart had a straight run of 103 without missing, while Vance broke 72 straight, missed one and broke the next 72 without a miss. W. A. Smith went along on a string of 73. Rowland Day broke the first 69 and missed two and got the next 55.

Kingsville Next, June 3.

The enthusiasts who attended this tournament were all requested not to overlook the classy shoot which takes place at Kingsville on June 3. This club commands about the most inviting grounds of any club in Canada, and a big turnout of trap shooters will undoubtedly attend.

Fort Garry Gun Club.

The Fort Garry Gun Club held their annual holiday meet, May 24th in ideal weather. Occasional puffs of wind added impetus to the speed of the birds as they rose from the traps, also sending them in curves so tricky that even the professional marksmen who attended found it difficult to bring them down. At the afternoon shoot the wind grew steadier, blowing from the southwest. Several good scores were made, those of Messrs. Howard and Dr. Cadham being the best of the amateur marksmen.

The Assiniboine club still retain the Dingwall trophy, which they put up as the prize for the inter-club championship. Out of a possible 125 birds the marksmen of the Assiniboine club brought down 105. The Fort Garry club men came next with a score of 96. The Seven Oaks quintette registered 85, being nine targets short of the score of the Country club five. Spectators of both sexes watched the shooting, and they saw good marksmanship. Forty devotees of the "alluring sport" with guns in hands were at the Fort Garry club at nine o'clock, the hour set for the first shot to be fired.

DINGWALL TROPHY SCORES

The scores for the Dingwall trophy were as follows:

Assiniboine club, composed of Messrs. B. Brodie, Hamilton, Howard, Muirhead and Root—105 out of a possible 125.

Fort Garry club, composed of Messrs. Black, Walker, Cadham, Smith and Thomson—96 out of a possible 125.

Country Club, composed of Messrs. McMillan, Brown, Sweatman, Beliveau and Wye—94 out of a possible 125.

Seven Oaks club, composed of Messrs. Jones, Legree, Williamson, Cranwell and Coulter—85 out of a possible 125.

The city and county championship was captured by Dr. Cadham, of the Fort Garry club, with a score of 44 out of a possible 50 to his credit. W. M. Hamilton got second money with 43 out of 50. Three men tied for third place—Messrs. Howard, Black and Carr, with a score of 42 birds. The shoot-off was won by Howard, who brought down 20 straight. The city and county title was not the only one Cadham captured. The medico won the "miss and out" event, while Bert Brodie grabbed second money.

The professional gunners held a shoot of their own being barred from competing in the other events owing to the amateur rules. McKay broke 48 out of 50, and then killed 25 straight. Sutton, with 44 out of 50 to his credit came second. Turvie missed eight birds, and came third with a score of 42.

Professionals and amateurs both combatted in the sweepstake events, and rivalry was keen. Good scores were registered by amateurs, but the professionals, with their experience in all manner of weathers, were accustomed to the misleading breezes blowing, and therefore emerged with colors flying. No big scores were made, however.

THE SCORES.

	15	15	20	50
	Tgt.	Tgt.	Tgt.	Tgt.
Wm. Osborne	9	10	12	32
McKay (pro)	13	13	18	48
Sutton (pro)	14	15	17	44
Ferguson	8	7	10	26
Lake	8	9		
Patterson	13			13

Conley	11	12	15	32
Smith	12	12	14	36
Root	9	13	18	38
Cadham	12	10	17	44
T. Brodie (pro)	13	12	17	34
B. Brodie	11	12	20	37
Turvie (pro)	11	10	14	42
Wyr	9	11	17	39
Walker	14	11		36
Black	10	12	16	42
Yates	10	9		35
Thomson	6	13	18	41
Howard	11	14	13	42
Turner	7	8		16
Legree	11	11	16	33
Coulter	6	9	13	
Beliveau	8	10	15	38
Jones	8	7	17	16
Bond	10	13	15	35
Williamson	13	11	18	
Hamilton	13	14	16	43
Wells	10	9		
Muirhead	12	14	18	40
Carr	13	10		42
Benson	11	12	15	35
Quinn	8	8	14	
Kennedy	8	9	13	
Brown	11	11		
McMillan	7	12		37

Tillsonburg Shooters at Simcoe.

On May 24th the Tillsonburg Gun Club journeyed to Simcoe and had a friendly match with the shooters of that town, winning out by forty birds. The local scores were as follows.

G. W. Tillson	48	A. M. Hare	47
Thos. Taylor	45	James Payne	45
Jas. Vance	43	W. G. Pow	42
G. G. Leach	37	Dr. Taylor	33
Dr. McGilvery	30		

Thousand Island Gun Club.

The annual Victoria Day tournament of Thousand Island Gun Club was held at the traps at Gananoque, competitors being present from Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Belleville and other cities. G. J. E. Jennings of Toronto won high average for the regular event 139 out of a possible 150 and also won the cut glass bowl presented by the Canadian Indians, marking forty straight without a miss. The office was looked after by Mr. Geo. Dunk of Toronto and the shoot was a successful affair. Mr. Sid Griffin was high gun in the merchandise event with 25 straight winning the twenty dollars in gold. Mr. Howland of Ogdensburg was second.

EVENT AT 150 BIRDS.

Geo. Walker, Ottawa, 121; J. Heney, Ottawa, 131; Geo. O'Connor, Ottawa, 136; R. A. Sibbitt, Ottawa, 109; Geo. Easdale, Ottawa, 126; E. G. White, Ottawa, 140; Lewis, Gananoque, 120; Willis, Gananoque, 107; Tullock, Gananoque, 119; Dunk, Toronto, 124; Howland, Ogdensburg, 130; Hoghton, Toronto, 132; Jennings, Toronto, 139; Ely, Toronto, 132; Funnell, Gananoque, 99; Long, Hamilton, 134; Griffin, Gananoque, 118; Donovan, Gananoque, 102; Sprague, Belleville, 112.

The Stanley Gun Club.

The Stanley Gun Club held an open spoon shoot on May 22nd. The shoot was at 25 birds with added ones given. The following tied with 25, including the handicap: W. Stevens 2, G. M. Dunk 4, T. Sockett 4, J. Widmeyer 8, A. Glover 4, E. Dorf 4.

In shooting the tie off at 25 birds G. M. Dunk, T. Sockett and A. Glover all tied with 25 again, and in shooting the tie off at 25 birds the second time A. Glover was the successful winner with 25, having 5 added birds, and received a handsome Indian silverspoon, which he well deserved.

J. Widmeyer, 120, 68; G. Dunk 145, 120; W. Stevens 120, 100; E. Dorf 95, 74; W. Salisbury 120, 94 A. Glover 105; 89; J. Jennings 145, 123; T. Sockett 105, 89; F. C. Fowler 80, 58; W. Skey 75, 50; H. Wase 25, 18; F. Cooley 25, 19.

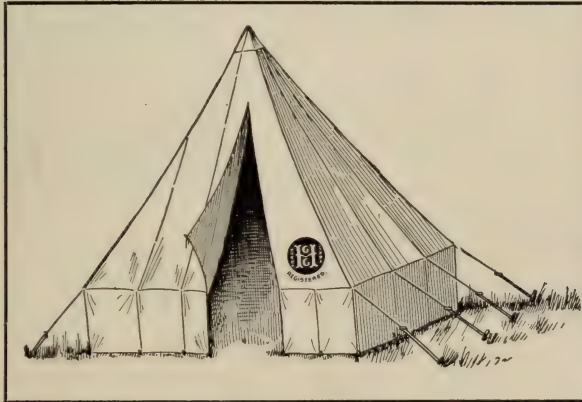
Hamilton Gun Club

At the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, May 22nd, the final event of the series for the Royal Distillery gold medal was the chief attraction. M. Carr proved to be the winner of this valuable prize and had the tidy score of 87 out of 100 from the 22-yard mark. The score was remarkably good, as the weather conditions in two of the events were anything but ideal. A. Parmenter took the second prize, with 85 from 18 yards, and shot most consistently throughout. H. Lennon, from 20 yards, landed the third prize, with 83. He had to put on 24 in the last event to get the place

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and he was equal to the task, which also earned for him the club spoon given for the high score for the day.

M. Carr, with 25 straight, also added to his laurels by winning the championship title from E. Harris, who put on 20. The emblem for this is a silver belt, which is made of bars, on each one of which is engraved the name of a winner. There is a challenge in already, so that the new holder will have to defend his title at the next shoot.

For high total of the day M. Carr also had things his own way, with 93 out of 100. T. W. Barnes had 113 out of 125 and is getting back to his customary form now. R. Day of London had 90 out of 100 and the distance handicap did not seem to bother him.

The scores were:

	R.D.	Shot at.	Broke.
M. Goodale	82	125	105
E. Harris	81	100	80
T. W. Barnes	80	125	113
M. Carr	87	100	93
E. H. Sturt	81	75	66
A. Parmenter	85	75	63
H. Spratt		65	41
D. Reid		75	65
J. W. Nairn	76	125	100
D. Konkle	82	75	60
R. Day		100	90
Nelson Long	78	100	79
W. Dillon	77	100	80
H. Lennon	83	75	62
T. Gardner		50	41
J. Bowron	77	60	51
H. J. O'Neil		60	40
A. Bates	78	50	44
L. Long		25	13

Capt. E. V. Spencer, referee.

The scores at a practice shoot of the Hamilton Gun Club on May 29 were as follows:

M. Carr 150, 134; J. Hunter 100, 88; T. W. Barnes 175, 162; J. W. Nairn 150, 131; M. Goodale 150, 135; E. H. Sturt 100, 95; F. W. Watson 100, 85; W. Wark 75, 59; George Beattie 125, 122; Nelson Long 125, 106; W. Dillon 100, 92; M. Lyne 150, 116; H. Lennon 100, 82; E. Harris 100, 90; M. Smith 50, 42.

Jordan Gun Club

The Jordan Gun Club held the first of their summer shoots on Saturday, May 8th. A high wind interfered more or less with the shooting, but nevertheless, some good scores were made. In the Dupont Trophy contest the scores are all quite close and the finish should prove very interesting. Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

H. W. Hunsberry, 75, 70; A. K. Wismer 75, 65; A. Rubel 65, 61; E. Culp 65, 50; M. Honsberger 60, 55; D. Konkle 55, 48; H. Boulton 55, 46; N. Culp 55, 45; P. Wismer 55, 44; J. Spence 50, 43; F. Church 50, 37.

St. Hubert Gun Club

Messrs. George O'Connor and Cecil Bethune were the winners of the week end shooting at the St. Hubert Gun Club Westboro traps on May 1st, a large number of the members taking part in the competitions for the regular club silver spoon, and the Dupont Spoon, donated by the Dupont Powder Co.

On the club spoon shoot, Mr. O'Connor made 45 out of a possible 50. In the competition for the Dupont spoon, Mr. Bethune, the energetic and popular field captain captured the prize with 22 targets out of 25 which with a handicap of 4 made his score 26. Several others were very close with scores of 25, 24, 23, etc. Following is a complete summary of the day's shooting:

FOR THE DUPONT SPOON.

One event at 25 birds:

		Hd'cap	Tl.
C. Bethune	22	4	26
C. H. Rogers	15	10	25
R. Cameron	17	7	24
C. J. Booth	20	4	24
Geo. Easdale	22	2	24
N. Brownlee	17	6	23
O. T. Ring	18	5	23
G. S. Walker	23		23
W. L. Cameron	21	2	23
Geo. O'Connor	20	2	22
B. H. Baldwin	11	10	21
A. W. Throop	19	2	21
John Boa	21		21
V. V. Rogers	19	2	21
A. Sheppard	12	8	20
Dr. Mohr	14	6	20
J. B. Bunn	18	2	20
Geo. White	14	6	20
Wm. Forbes	13	6	19
Geo. Bryson, Jr.	8	6	14

FOR CLUB SPOON.

Two events at 25 birds:

		Tl.
Geo. O'Connor	23	22-45
John Boa, pro.	23	21-44
C. Bethune	21	20-41
Geo. Easdale	20	21-41
V. V. Rogers	19	22-41
W. L. Cameron	20	20-40
R. Cameron	21	17-38
J. B. Bunn	16	22-38
A. W. Throop	19	18-37
C. J. Booth	21	14-35
G. S. Walker, pro.	16	18-34
Geo. White	17	16-33
Dr. Mohr	17	15-32
A. Sheppard	16	15-31
N. Brownlee	12	17-29
W. Williams	14	10-24
O. T. Ring	10	13-23
Wm. Forbes	14	9-23
Geo. Bryson, Jr.	6	10-16
B. H. Baldwin	7	7-14

EXTRAS.

G. S. Walker 24, John Boa 22, Geo. O'Connor 20, Geo. Easdale 19, J. B. Bunn 17, Dr. Mohr 17, Geo. Bryson, Jr. 9.

At the weekly shoot of St. Hubert's on May 15, Mr. Blyth Beattie captured the weekly spoon trophy with a score of 44 out of 50. Dr. Smith was close behind with a 42 score. George O'Connor won the extra 25 bird shoot with a 66 score out of 75, making 24 out of the last 25 birds.

The following is a list of the scores in detail:

TWO EVENTS AT 25 BIRDS.

B. Beattie	21	23-44
Dr. Smith	19	23-42
W. C. Little	20	21-41
Geo. Easdale	21	20-41
Geo. O'Connor	22	19-41
A. W. Throop	18	23-41
C. Bethune	18	21-39
Dr. Black	19	19-38
J. Richmond	22	15-37
V. V. Rogers	16	19-35
W. L. Cameron	16	19-35
J. Brown	17	18-35
C. J. Booth	18	17-35
R. A. Sibbitt	19	15-34
R. Cameron	17	17-34
W. J. Corby	17	16-33
O. T. Ring	17	16-33
D. Pinard	16	17-33
J. W. Stafford	15	17-32
R. E. Harry	10	18-28
N. Brownlee	11	17-28
J. M. Roberts	11	17-28
W. Williams	8	16-24
C. H. Rogers	11	12-23

EXTRAS AT 25 BIRDS

George O'Connor	21	21	24-66
Geo. Easdale	18	19	20-57
J. M. Roberts	17	16	17-50
C. Bethune	22	B. Beattie	21
R. A. Sibbitt	21	V. V. Rogers	18
Dr. Black	18	O. T. Ring	18
Dr. Smith	17	W. J. Corby	15
Dr. Pinard	15	A. W. Throop	14
W. L. Cameron	10	W. Williams	9

Ald. Geo. O'Connor and J. J. Heney, jr., are now the proud possessors of the McCallum trophy, emblematic of the two-man trap championship of Ottawa. After a snappy competition they defeated Messrs. Blyth Beattie and G. B. Greene, who had many successful defences of the trophy to their credit, at the St. Hubert's Gun Club on May 22nd. Heney cracked 45 birds and O'Connor 41, while Beattie had 44 and Greene 37.

George Easdale won the Bethune hand-trap trophy when he broke 22 targets. Dr. Black won the weekly spoon when he tacked on a score of 45 with his handicap of 2.

The scores were as follows:

McCALLUM TROPHY.

J. Heney	23	22-45
George O'Connor	23	19-41
		Total.. 86
B. Beattie	23	21-44
G. B. Greene	19	18-37
Total		81

Majority for challengers, 5 shots.

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Minister of Colonization,
Mines and Fisheries,

Quebec, Que.

FOR HANDTRAP.

(Donated by Capt. Cecil Bethune.)

	Handicap.	Tl.
Geo. Easdale	22	2
Dr. Black	20	2
V. V. Rogers	19	2
C. H. Rogers	11	10
W. Brownlee	14	6
A. W. Throop	18	2
Geo. O'Connor	18	2
J. J. Heney, jr.	20	2
Dr. Smith	18	2
G. R. White	13	6
W. L. Cameron	17	2
R. Cameron	11	7
Dr. Watterson	10	8
J. Brown	15	2
C. J. Booth	13	4
S. A. Sibbitt	15	2
Dr. Mohr	11	6
Geo. Bryson, jr.	10	6
B. Beattie	16	16
J. Richmond	11	4
G. B. Green	13	1
O. T. Ring	8	5

TWO EVENTS AT 25 BIRDS.

Dr. Black	21	23	45
J. J. Heney, jr.	21	23*	44
Geo. O'Connor	19	22*	41
B. Beattie	17	23*	40
J. Brown	18	21	39
Geo. Easdale	20	19	39
G. B. Greene	20	19*	39
Dr. Smith	21	18	39
C. Bethune	17	20	37
A. W. Throop	18	17	35
O. T. Ring	18	16	34
R. Cameron	18	15	33
C. J. Booth	13	20	33
R. A. Sibbitt	17	15	32
W. Williams	15	16	31
Dr. Mohr	15	14	29
G. B. White	15	13	28
N. Brownlee	17	9	26
W. L. Cameron	12	14	26
Geo. Bryson, jr.	15	10	25
J. Richmond	14	9	23
Dr. Watterson	9	9	18

*First 25 birds apply for club shoot.

Extras—V. V. Rogers, 13, 19—32; J. W. Stafford, 4, 12—16.

The St. Hubert Gun Club, in preparation for the annual championships of the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting Association, held the weekly shoot May 22nd, in the form of a sweepstake at the Rockcliffe traps. It consisted of five events at 15 birds, the first 50 birds to count for the competitor in the usual spoon trophy.

Ald. Geo. O'Connor was high gun in these events breaking 72 out of 75 and with a score of 48 targets in the first 50 captured the silver spoon. Dr. Black was a close second with 71 in the sweepstakes and 46 out of 50 for the spoon.

In the special events, O'Connor and Heney tied with a score of 46 birds out of 50.

The following is a record of the afternoon's events in detail:

FIVE EVENTS AT 15 BIRDS.

O'Connor	15	15	14	14	14—72
Black	15	13	14	14	15—71
Heney	12	15	15	12	14—68
Rogers	12	14	15	12	14—67
Corby	13	12	14	12	15—66
Brown, J.	13	13	13	11	14—64
Bethune	14	12	13	12	12—63
Easdale	13	12	10	13	14—62
Smith	15	12	11	14	10—62
Cameron	12	9	13	13	14—61
Greene	12	12	11	13	13—61
Sibbitt	12	10	12	12	14—60
Brownlee	12	12	7	9	10—50
Williams	11	10	6	7	10—44
Ring	8	10	6	10	9—43
Bryson	10	8	9	4	8—39
Bedard	6	7	10	6	9—38

SPECIALS, 2 EVENTS AT 25 BIRDS.

Heney	23	23—46
O'Connor	23	23—46
Easdale	22	22—44
Rogers	23	23—43
Greene	20	22—42
Sibbitt	16	21—37

EXTRA EVENT, 25 BIRDS.

Corby 23, O'Connor 21, Easdale 20, Rogers 19, Brownlee 18, Brown, A., 9.

Owing to the absence of many of the members, who had gone to Gananogue for the annual tournament of the Thousand Island Gun Club, the Victoria Day tourney, which the St. Hubert club was to have held at Rockcliffe was called off. Some of the members turned up and a shoot took place. Mr. W. L. Cameron shot in grand form, breaking 91 birds out of 100. Mr. V. V. Rogers won the club spoon, having the highest score in the first 50 birds. The scores were as follows:

MORNING SHOOT.

	15	15	15	15	15	Total
W. L. Cameron	15	15	15	15	15	25—91
W. J. Corby	12	12	15	14	13	25—89
V. V. Rogers	13	14	12	12	15	23—89
B. Beattie	12	13	15	15	12	21—88
C. Bethune	14	13	12	12	14	21—86
C. Bethune	11	9	15	13	14	21—83
O. T. Ring	14	10	9	12	10	20—75
A. Heuser	7	8	10	7	10	16—58

Extras, at 25 birds:

V. V. Rogers 22, C. H. Rogers 18.

AFTERNOON SCORES.

3 Events at 25 birds.

G. B. Greene	22	22	25—69
G. Brown	23	21	23—67
Dr. Black	23	24	19—66
V. V. Rogers	23	24	19—66
W. L. Cameron	19	19	21—59
C. J. Booth	21	18	20—59
W. C. Little	20	22	16—58
O. T. Ring	15	16	16—47
C. H. Rogers	18	18	..—36

Specials.

G. B. Greene	23	23—46
V. V. Rogers	23	22—45

At St. Hubert's Gun Club on May 29 the following were the scores:

Two events at 25 birds for club spoon:

	Tl.
E. G. White (pro)	23
Geo. Easdale	25
O. T. Ring	25
Geo. O'Connor	24
Dr. Black	25
J. J. Heney, Jr.	23
J. E. Brown	23
C. Bethune	23
Dr. I. G. Smith	21
W. C. Little	22
V. V. Rogers	23
B. Beattie	22
Dr. Pinard	24
Lally	21
W. J. Corby	23
A. W. Throop	20
G. E. White	19
Dr. Mohr	20
C. J. Booth	20
A. Bedard	18
R. A. Sibbitt	16
C. H. Rogers	16
W. Williams	17
N. Brownlee	18
J. Richmond	16
W. L. Cameron	17
P. McLuckie	12
R. E. Harry	13
Dr. Watterson	12
M. Grant	6

One event, 25 birds, Stevens trophy: E. G. White (pro), 25, Geo. Easdale 20, O. T. Ring 18, Geo. O'Connor 19, Dr. Black 23, J. J. Heney, Jr. 22, J. E. Brown 19, C. Bethune 21, Dr. I. G. Smith 24, V. V. Rogers 17, B. Beattie 24, A. Bedard 19, R. A. Sibbitt 17, C. H. Rogers 15, A. W. Throop 17, G. R. White 15, Dr. Mohr 18, C. J. Booth 16, A. Bedard 19, R. A. Sibbitt 17, C. H. Rogers 14, N. Brownlee 20, J. Richmond 16, W. L. Cameron 18, P. McLuckie 12, R. E. Harry 17, Dr. Watterson 12.

Extra events at 25 birds:—E. G. White (pro), 25, 24—49; Geo. Easdale 23, O. T. Ring 22; Geo. O'Connor 24; J. J. Heney, Jr., 23, 23—47; Dr. I. G. Smith, 25, 22—42; A. W. Throop, 16; R. A. Sibbitt 21; J. Richmond 21; W. L. Cameron 17; Dr. Watterson, 9; E. R. McNeil 14.

O. T. Ring through a handicap won the club spoon. Mr. E. G. White broke 99 birds out of 100, making a break of 89 straight.

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Peterborough Gun Club.

At the regular shoot on May 20th the scores were:

J. Loucks 125, 97; H. Routley 100, 90; S. Coon 100, 83; C. Graham 100, 68; J. Brightman 50, 29; Dr. Gowan 25, 22; Dr. Frank 25, 20; C. Wood 25, 17; W. Belleghem 25, 13; C. James 25, 13; C. M. Moncur 25, 9; J. Lundy 25, 7.

And on May 27th they were:

H. Routley 75, 57; C. Graham 75, 50; J. Loucks 50, 38; R. Tivey 50, 30; J. Lundy 50, 29; Dr. Gowan 25, 22; C. Mills 25, 21; W. Belleghem 25, 19; Dr. Frank 25, 19; C. Lech 25, 19; J. Brightman 25, 15; C. Wood 25, 15; C. Moncur 25, 12.

Port Stanley.

The Port Stanley Gun Club held a successful shoot at the club's grounds, May 24th. Splendid prizes were given to the winners, the scores were as follows:

Event	K.	H. Tl.
C. A. Cromwell	22	2-22
H. Moore	24	0-24
F. Young	21	2-23
H. Dunn	23	0-23
E. Carry	24	1-25
C. Thorn	22	1-23
W. Hindley	21	2-23
W. Stanton	19	4-23
C. Hough	17	3-20
J. R. Moore	24	0-24
A. Glover	24	1-25
N. Burton	21	1-22

Event at 25, no handicap.

H. Moore, 21, H. Dunn, 21, F. Young 22, E. Carry 24, W. Hindley 20, C. Thorn 21, C. Hough 19.

Event at 25, no handicap.

W. Hindley 22, F. Young 22, C. Hough 20, H. Moore 21, W. Stanton 17, H. Dunn 19, A. Glover 22.

Event at 25, no handicap.

A. Glover 24, W. Hindley 23, C. Hough 16, Glover 25, Hindley 23.

On May 24th the Port Stanley Gun Club held their holiday shoot for F. Gilbert loving spoon, which was a tie between E. Carry and A. Glover, who each killed 24 out of 25. The long run prize was won by Harry Moore with 23. High score at 100 was A. Glover with 95 killed. There were 775 birds shot at and the 12 shooters participating made an average of 670 throughout the whole program.

South Yarmouth Gun Club.

Notwithstanding the many counter attractions on the holiday those of the members who took part in the blue rock shoot of the South Yarmouth Gun Club on May 24th enjoyed the practice and had some fine sport. The shoot was held at Sam Fortner's near White's Station. There were four events at blue rocks and the scores were as follows:

First event, 25 targets, unknown angles—Sam Shipley 18, Melvin Vanhorne 17, Will Binns 21, Frank Thompson 12, Roy Guest 18, Albert Johnson 10, Sam Fortner 12, Will Metler 15.

Second event, 5 targets, field shooting—S. Fortner 2, R. Guest 3, F. Thompson 4, W. Metler 4, A. Johnson 1, S. Shipley 1, W. Binns 4.

Third event, ten targets, 5 pairs, known angles—S. Shipley 8, W. Binns 9, W. Metler 9, A. Johnson 9, F. Thompson 9, S. Fortner 6, R. Guest 5 out of five.

Fourth event 10 targets, unknown angles—S. Shipley 6, F. Thompson 8, S. Fortner 5.

In the rifle practice event the rifle used was equipped with an ivory bead front sight and Lyman rear sight, fitted with a Watson eye-cup. This combination of sights, with the use of 22 long rifle cartridges, and a standard target with half-inch white centre within a two inch black bull's-eye made almost ideal target conditions. Each contestant shot off-hand and out of a possible 100 points the scores were: S. Fortner 90, F. Thompson 86, E. Binns 65, W. Binns 79, A. Johnson 91, M. Vanhorne 91, W. Metler 93.

Hensall Gun Club.

The Hensall Gun Club's shoot on May 24th was well attended. The scores were as follows:

First Eight High Shots at 150 Birds.

F. Kerr 131, J. Passmore 123, D. Britnell 120, J. Fieber 119, T. Boa 119, G. Dalrymple 114, R. Bell 110, W. Saunders 92.

Shot at 135 Birds:

J. Humpin 81.

Shot at 130 Birds.

H. Saldan 87.

Shot at 20 Birds:

T. Shattock 11.

Team Shoot—25 Targets per Man.

Exeter.	Hensall.
S. Kerr	23
J. Hunden	20
J. Trebener	20
W. Sanders	16
R. Bell	23
J. Passmore	22
G. Dalrymple	21
D. Britnell	20
Total	79
Hensall won by 7 birds.	Total 86

Springwood Gun Club.

At the Springwood Gun Club shoot on May 24th in the regular events, Glover was high man in actual birds, broken, but with the handicaps added, five were tied for first place, with a total of 57 each. Lots were drawn to determine the prize-winners, and Clinger was the lucky man to draw the winning number.

In the double bird event, Simcox and Myers tied with 9 each.

It might be explained that the handicap used was the added bird handicap, each shooter being allowed the number of birds added to his score that he missed in events one and three. This system is determined by lot and the handicap is not known until the events are all finished.

The scores follow:

	1	2	3	4	15 Hkp.	Tl.
Glover	15	15	15	15	12	2-57
Clinger	15	15	13	13	13	6-57
Waide	14	12	13	15	3	3-57
Stone	11	14	10	13	9	5-57
O'Rourke	12	13	10	14	8	5-57
Brown	13	13	11	13	6	6-56
Coleman	15	13	14	12	1	1-55
Myers	12	12	14	13	4	5-55
Parker	12	13	15	11	3	3-54
Webb	10	12	9	12	11	11-54
Simcox	14	12	12	11	4	4-53
Bogue	11	13	10	10	9	9-53
Baker	10	10	8	12	12	12-52
Spence	13	11	10	9	7	7-50
Walker	11	11	11	7	8	8-48
Hyman	11	7	9	5	10	10-42
Stevens	11	3	10	5	9	9-38
Duffield	10	9	5			24
Little		10				10

DOUBLES., 5 pairs.

Simcox 9, Myers 9, Waide 8, Hyman 8, Clinger 7, Coleman 7, Brown 7, Glover 7, Parker 7, Walker 6, Spence 5, Bogue 3, Webb 3.

DOUBLES—EXTRA EVENT, 5 pairs.

Hyman 5, Clinger 10, Coleman 9, Brown 6, Webb 3.

Dominion Gun Club.

Something over \$36 was handed over to the Red Cross Fund as proceeds of the annual tournament of the Dominion Gun Club held May 29th. The Club Spoon was won by E. P. Johnson, while the Dupont Spoon and Gold Button went to Mrs. E. J. Johnson. The gentleman's handicap prize was won by Master E. L. Johnson. Mrs. E. J. Johnson took the Ladies' Handicap prize, while the consolation prize went to F. G. Pasco. P. Bart won the long run prize.

The scores:

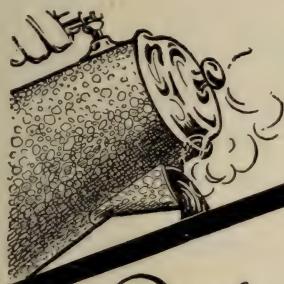
Club Spoon (15 birds).—E. J. Johnson 14, Jno. Kettyle 14, J. Connelly 14, H. Heale 13, Mrs. F. Brunelle 13, Mrs. H. Heale 12, T. G. Pasco 12, Mrs. E. G. Sacker 11, F. Brunelle 11, E. G. Secker 11, R. Golpin 11, C. Kennedy 11, E. L. Johnson 10, P. Burt 10, W. Talbot 10, J. R. Johnson 9, M. Gagne 9, S. A. Wilson 8, C. King 8, Mrs. S. A. Wilson 8, Mrs. Talbot 8, Mrs. E. J. Johnson 7, M. C. Fletcher 7, A. Griffin 7, Mrs. F. Pasco 6, W. Riley 4, R. Fraser 2.

Du Pont Spoon (25 birds).—Mrs. E. J. Johnson 23, P. Burt 21, E. L. Johnson 18, S. A. Wilson 18, H. Heale 18, E. H. G. Secker 18, E. J. Johnson 18, Mrs. E. G. Secker 17, Mrs. S. A. Wilson 17, Mrs. F. Brunelle 17, R. Golpin 17, W. Riley 17, F. Brunelle 16, M. C. Fletcher 16, J. R. Thomson 16, W. Talbot 14, C. Kennedy 14, M. Gagne 12, A. Griffin 12, T. G. Pasco 10.

Gentlemen's Handicap (25 birds).—E. L. Johnson 20, P. Burt 20, R. Golpin 19, E. G. Secker 18, M. C. Fletcher 17, T. G. Pasco 17, A. Griffin 16, F. Brunelle 14, E. J. Johnson 14, S. A. Wilson 14, J. R. Thomson 12.

Ladies' Handicap (25 birds).—Mrs. E. J. Johnson 20, Mrs. S. A. Wilson 17, Mrs. F. Brunelle 16, Mrs. E. G. Secker 14, Miss F. Pasco 12.

Consolation Handicap (15 birds).—F. G. Pasco 12, M. C. Fletcher 11, Mrs. F. Brunelle 10, S. A. Wilson 10, E. G. Secker 8, F. Brunelle 4, A. Griffin 6, Mrs. Secker 5.

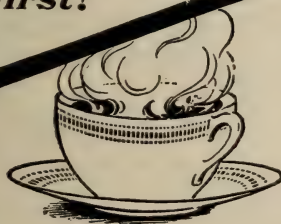


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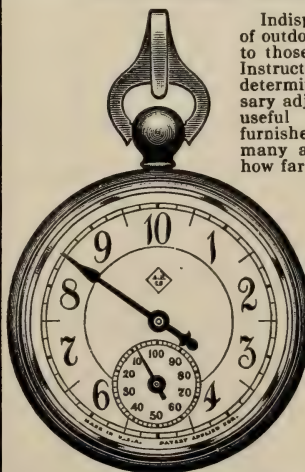
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Lachine Gun Club.

The best programme of sport and prizes ever offered by the Lachine Gun Club were shot for May 24th, but only twenty-three shooters were present. The weather during the morning was warm and bright. Lunch was served on the grounds. Several onlookers—many ladies—were present. The scores were:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
T. O. Lyall	15	13	13	12	15	15	14	13	12	12	134
J. H. Maher	15	9	14	14	12	13	15	14	13	14	133
T. Boa	9	11	11	13	10	11	14	12	12	10	113
Mrs. J. S. Boa	12	7	12	11	11	10	11	11	12	13	110
J. S. Boa (pro.)	15	15	14	14	15	12	14	15	15	14	143
C. Howard	15	7	12	13	15	13	14	14	13	14	130
T. Westlake	14	14	10	11	12	11	13	14	11	5	115
M. Putnam	15	14	13	12	14	13	12	14	12	13	132
J. Clark	14	11	13	12	8	9	14	11	11	8	113
W. Galbraith	14	12	12	14	14	11	14	12	12	15	130
C. Hart	14	12	12	11	13	12	12	11	11	12	120
R. Lucas	15	13	15	14	15	12	14	13	14	13	138
R. R. Montbriand	10	15	14	15	15	11	13	14	14	15	136
R. Lewis	13	14	12	12	13	13	14	13	15	13	132
R. Gowdy	13	10	12	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	62
L. Boa	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23
F. Faubert	..	..	11	6	7	8	7	11	13	13	76
E. Strathy	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	33
W. S. Johnson	..	..	7	10	13	6	12	12	11	10	81
G. Cote	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	11	11	43
A. Ruel	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	13	14	54
A. Dey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	13	41
W. B. Boucher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	11

High Aggregate.

- First prize, silver cup—R. Lucas.
- Second prize, silver cup—R. R. Montbriand.
- Third prize, \$5—T. O. Lyall.
- Fourth prize, silver spoon—J. H. Maher.
- Fifth and sixth prizes, silver spoon—R. Lewis, M. Putnam, tie.

Longest run.

- Won by R. R. Montbriand (silver cup), miss and out; merchandise prizes.
- First prize, \$15—R. Lewis.
- Second prize, \$10—J. H. Maher.
- Third prize, \$5—C. Howard.
- And eighteen other prizes.

Pastime Gun Club at Sandwich.

At the registered shoot of the Pastime Gun Club on May 24th Wes. Hart was the winner with a score of 172-175 There were 49 shooters at the traps.

The Du Pont trophies were won by, G. S. Vance, 2 runs of 50; W. A. Smith, 1 run of 50; W. Hart, 106 straight Theo. Wigle 1 run of 50; R. Jordan 1 run of 50; R. Day 1 run of 70.

The scores:

	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	175	171
S. G. Vance	15	19	15	20	15	17	15	20	15	20	175	159
H. Smith	14	17	14	18	14	18	14	20	14	16	175	160
R. Jordan	14	18	14	14	15	17	14	20	15	19	175	164
J. McCausland	14	20	13	20	14	19	13	17	15	19	175	165
*R. Day	15	19	13	18	14	20	15	20	13	18	175	160
G. McIntosh	15	18	15	18	15	17	15	20	14	20	175	156
J. Hartford	13	18	14	19	10	17	14	17	14	20	175	172
W. Hart	15	19	14	20	15	20	15	20	13	20	175	151
D. Smith	15	18	14	15	13	17	12	16	14	17	175	162
W. S. Slotts	14	20	12	17	15	17	15	19	15	18	175	170
W. A. Smith	15	20	15	20	14	18	15	19	15	19	175	159
D. Wigle	11	18	11	19	12	20	15	20	15	18	175	92
M. Wigle	13	18	14	18	17	12	..	18	13	17	175	159
A. McDonald	13	19	14	20	13	17	15	18	13	17	140	121
T. Pastorious	10	17	15	17	13	17	13	19	..	..	175	160
H. Louc	13	17	11	16	14	18	13	18	13	15	175	179
J. Hartwick	15	20	13	16	14	19	14	18	14	14	175	70
E. Daniels	11	15	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	59
A. Thompson	12	20	13	18	14	16	15	18	13	16	175	159
J. Pentland	10	19	12	18	8	17	15	14	15	14	175	145
Dr. Sharpe	10	13	11	16	19	14	13	12	11	13	175	127
A. Sharron	12	17	12	18	12	17	14	15	9	13	175	144
G. Orton	14	17	14	17	12	20	14	20	14	15	175	157
H. Taylor	12	19	12	19	12	19	13	19	14	20	175	159
O. Gill	8	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	30
T. S. Conover	12	10	7	12	11	17	8	8	7	3	175	85
O. C. Frank	11	15	12	20	11	17	12	19	13	15	175	147
G. V. Brown	11	15	14	17	8	18	4	13	14	13	175	141
H. Vollens	14	16	8	17	11	17	..	..	..	..	105	83
G. Ferris	13	16	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	38
B. Steele	14	19	14	18	11	17	13	16	12	14	175	148
Vogan	14	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	37
L. Youngblood	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6
F. Dolson	14	18	12	19	14	20	14	19	14	15	175	156
C. Thrasher	12	16	12	20	10	15	14	19	13	14	175	157
Steere	14	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	36
O. Orton	..	..	10	18	12	16	..	..	..	..	70	56
O. Bruner	..	..	4	9	11	11	..	..	..	..	70	35
Stevens	..	..	..	17	10	16	11	..	12	..	85	66
Kenny	..	..	..	15	7	12	16	12	..	..	90	62
J. Ford	..	..	..	16	13	18	13	17	13	..	105	89
E. Pillon	..	..	..	9	9	12	12	..	..	..	70	42
N. Ballard	..	..	..	17	13	17	..	..	..	..	55	47
Mrs. J. Marcon	..	..	..	7	14	10	3	8	..	..	90	42
J. Barr	..	..	..	13	19	12	15	13	..	..	90	72
Hofer	..	..	..	9	14	14	17	11	..	..	90	65
Finzel	..	..	..	..	14	18	13	18	13	20	110	96
J. Holman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	20	14

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Curious Fishing Experiences.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I read with interest Thos. Wight's Curiosities of Angling and will now give one of my own experiences. Fishing for minnows for bait purposes, using a rod, reel and about forty yards of line I had fair success but at last got a strong pull. Before I could get it in, a stronger pull came and my line ran out. I kept as stiff a line as I dared to, and the line went out about thirty yards and then I got it checked and began to reel in. After three quarters of an hour I landed and killed a maskinonge weighing $5\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., containing, when opened up, a black bass about 5 inches long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ ounces in weight. The minnow and bass must have both made a dash at the same time. The hook in the bass was well down in the gullet. The bass was well in the stomach of the 'lunge and the strain of the hook in the bass's mouth kept it well across the 'lunge's stomach so that it could not disgorge it. Taking it home I took the minnow hook, making a memo. of month, date and year, where caught, weight of bass and 'lunge. I put it into an envelope and have it yet. The 'lunge was hooked at 2.30 p. m., first seen to be one at 3 p. m. and landed and killed at 3.15 p. m. Other fishermen have had the same experience but failed to land the lunges.

One more experience. A merchant of this village and a friend went to Crow Lake trolling for 'lunge, using trolling spoons. The friend, who had a larger line, had a bite and began to reel in. Shortly afterwards the merchant had a bite and reeled in also. When brought near the boat the lines seemed to be tangled up, but finally the fish was pulled in and both trolling spoons were in its mouth. The friend with the longer line hooked it first and while it was being pulled in it caught sight of the other spoon and bit at it and was caught by it also. This 'lunge weighed between 6 and 7 lbs.

Yours truly,

Marmora, Ont.

Henry M. Jones, M. D.

A B. C. Trapper Writes.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

In the March number of Rod and Gun Mr. R. P. L.'s article on "Outdoor Facts and Fancies" while mainly to the point raises several points which can hardly be endorsed by all observers. Especially is this the case where he gives reasons for fur bearers being found plentifully near settlements.

In the course of settling up a country the trappers and hunters usually precede the

farmers, and the few animals left by the former do not justify another winter's trapping and so are left to breed in peace so long as they do not worry the farmer too much. The average farmer only traps and kills in self defence which means predatory animals and gophers (in the Western country where I live), consequently the harmless muskrat and beaver, besides grouse and rabbits enjoy protection from their natural foes which completely offsets the domestic cat and amateur trapper. This forms in a few years a reserve of food which is discovered by carnivorous fur bearers while wandering round in search of pastures new, and here they settle and breed until they reach considerable numbers and grub gets scarce. Their next move is a series of depredations on fowl roosts which draw attention to them and people wonder where they all came from and how long they have been there. Of course some trapper staying in the settlement over the summer may find them out and put in the next winter on them, meanwhile saying nothing of his find.

The assertion that quiet neighborhoods will not tolerate flying bullets which may endanger lives does not correspond with my experience which goes to show that more danger is to be apprehended from lads with .22's than from regular hunters and trappers.

R. P. L. says that traps should be visited twice every 24 hours, but in some cases this is a manifest impossibility. My trail last winter, for example, was approximately 18 miles long and through mountains at that. On a shorter trail I could not have made a living as fur bearing animals are not evenly distributed over territory but in patches. I often travel over a mile where nothing of value makes a track. And let me tell you that thirty-six miles a day over the Selkirks and through snow every day is *some* hiking. As regards the sliding wire or other devices for drowning animals, I always use them where possible. In fact it pays to do so from a commercial point of view apart from human motives. I sometimes use a spring pole but do not see anything merciful in it. It merely elevates the animal so that he cannot chew off his foot with such ease as on the ground, and if the animal dies quicker it is because the pain is worse. At times it is necessary, if you want to preserve the skin from other animals, to make use of the springpole. If anyone tries visiting traps for foxes, wolves or coyotes twice a day he will scare them all out of the country, as the really wild coyote is not like the one that lives on the outskirts of farms. This latter sees men every day and



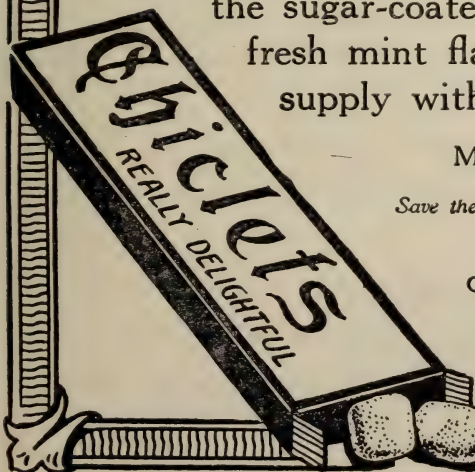
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hides until they are past. He gets used to creeping round farmyards when men are away or asleep, but the coyote or fox from the wilds often balks at crossing a man's track.

I cordially agree that spearing muskrats through their houses should be stopped. Trapping them pays better as it is the sacred duty of fur bearers to dock trappers as much as possible for the least blemish on skins. On this subject, I think that trapping all animals with the exception of muskrats, bear and noxious animals should cease on March 1st. A large percentage of furs are damaged by this date, what with the usual wear and fighting as the mating season comes on, Beaver, for example, often towards Spring get a worn patch in the middle of their backs. Marten frequently have fresh battle scars and then females will soon have young in them. This curtailment would help conservation (and ultimately the trapper) with much lighter loss to the latter than would be brought about by shutting down trapping for a season or two.

Yours truly,

Renata, B. C.

W. T. Slater.

A Squirrel Hunt Near Dutton.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

On a nice sunny day in November my brother Edward and I took the Pere Marquette to Iona, in the heart of the squirrel regions, some sixty-five miles from Chatham. Arrived at New Iona a kind hearted farmer gave us a ride to Old Iona, a small town on the hill top. From here we tramped over the hills till we came to the big woods, one of the finest one could wish to hunt in. I saw a squirrel as soon as we had entered the woods and brought him down while Ed also shot one. In the meantime I saw three playing around a large elm and giving Ed our signal he and I went after them as though they were Germans, getting all three. Ed, who is a crack shot had these three all coming to the ground nearly at the same time. Another look around and we bagged eight more. Then lo, the owner put in his appearance and asked us to cut our time short. He also told us we had our nerve to go hunting in his woods and that he wanted to keep the game for his friends. Soon afterwards we left the woods, with eighteen fine black squirrels. Through this bush ran a gully with fresh water in it, which the squirrels always like.

We had now before us a nice fifteen mile walk to Dutton which, after considerable kicking on my part, we reached at 7 p. m. Believe me we were tired, but not too tired to eat a good supper. We stayed in Dutton over night and after breakfast next morning

loaded up our pack and started for the big bush for another day at the big-tails, having previously enquired of the boys at the hotel where we could get some good game. A two mile jaunt landed us in the big timber. Walking through this bush we entered another and Ed saw three squirrels playing on the ground. There being a pond of water in my road my chances of a shot were spoiled. Ed, however, shot one; the others making for their holes in the trees. After a little still hunting we got five more. We next visited Mr. Nelson, a kind-hearted farmer who treated us to buttermilk, pickles, and bread and butter, all of which tasted good. Shortly thereafter we began our journey back to Dutton as we wished to make Chatham that same night. As we entered Mr. Nelson's bush we shot another black squirrel also a large grey squirrel, which I got mounted to put in my collection of stuffed animals. The country and woods were pretty well under water that fall which made hunting a little slow. On reaching Dutton we had a few tonics, a quiet smoke and packing our guns and game and shaking hands all around we took our train, having secured twenty-eight black squirrels, one grey and six rabbits.

Yours truly,

Chatham, Ont.

John E. Primeau.

A Stray-away Opossum

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

For fifteen years I have followed up taxidermy and have mounted nearly every native animal from a mouse to a moose, but this week (the week of May 13th) a genuine Southern opossum was brought to me, the first I ever handled. It was a male and was caught by a dog in the woods near Boston. Ontario. The ears, which are thin and papery without hairs, were partly frozen, as was also about two inches of his tail. Now how do you account for this animal being so far from his native haunts?

Yours truly,

Brantford, Ont.

N. Clarke.

An 85 Year Old Subscriber Renews His Subscription.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

You will find enclosed postal note for \$1.50 being renewal subscription for Rod and Gun.

I am pleased to say that I am still able to appreciate the contents although 85 years old and not now able to participate in the grand old sport of fishing and hunting at Aylen Lake.

Yours respectfully,

Blink Bonnie, Lyn, Ont.

W. Neilson





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The Dominion Parks Branch has recently issued three publications which are noteworthy on account of the attractive form in which they are printed and the interesting matter they contain. They are: "Classified Guide to Fish and Their Habitat, Rocky Mountains Park"; "The Nakimu Caves"; and "Glaciers of the Rockies and Selkirks."

The Fish Guide is written for the sportsman and naturalist rather than the scientist. It is a compilation of first-hand information for anglers by one who has fished in all the principal waters of the Park. It takes up each locality, describes the best means of reaching it, the different varieties of fish which can be secured, and the best bait to use. The game fish of the Rockies include five species of trout, one of which—the Lake Minnewanka trout—has been known to run as high as 50 lbs. The Grayling, the Dolly Varden and the Cut Throat trout are found in many of the lakes and streams of the Park and a fish hatchery has recently been established at Banff for the purpose of re-stocking those which have depleted.

The second pamphlet gives an interesting account of the formation, character and discovery of the famous Nakimu Caves near Glacier, B. C.

"Glaciers of the Rockies and Selkirks" is by Dr. A. P. Coleman, Professor of Geology in the University of Toronto, and bears on the cover an attractive reproduction in color of a sketch of Mt. Ball, one of the picturesque peaks near the Divide. Dr. Coleman is a scientist with the imagination of a poet and he has written the story of the formation and work of the Canadian glaciers with all his well known literary charm.

The pamphlets may be obtained upon application to the Dominion Parks Branch, Ottawa, without charge.

The Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., have issued a bulletin, No. 205, entitled "Eleven Important Wild Duck Foods." This bulletin which is for general distribution, shows how eleven groups of plants may be successfully used as food for wild ducks in localities where now unknown. Former bulletins on the subject, Nos. 81, Biological Survey and 58, Dept. of Agriculture, treated, the first of Wild Rice, wild celery and pond weeds and the second of the delta duck potato, napato, chufa, wild millet and banana water lily. The groups described in bulletin 205 are musk grasses, duck weeds, frogbit, thalia,

water elm, swamp privet, eel-grass, wigeon-grass, water-cress, water weed, and coon-tail.

A copy of the twenty-sixth annual report of the Ontario Provincial Museum has reached this office. It shows the past year to have been a very prosperous one. The number of specimens added to the Museum since the last report is 2,550. Among well written articles included in this report are: Tionontates, Petuns or Tobacco Nation, Lacross, "Baggatiway" or Le Jeu de la Crosse. The Pre-Christian Cross by Very Rev. W. R. Harris, D. D., Ontario Effigy Pipes in Stone by Col. Geo. E. Laidlaw; Certain Ojibway Myths by Col. Laidlaw.

A copy has also been received of the report of the Provincial Museum of the Province of British Columbia which shows considerable research work to have been carried on during the year. Over one hundred anthropological specimens were secured by Dr. C. F. Newcombe from Indians along the Coast and Mr. J. A. Tut of Spencer Bridge secured 66 specimens from the Interior Indians. A large number of birds mammals and other natural history specimens, with a vast amount of data were also secured. A creditable collection of big game trophies was made for exhibit at the Panama Exposition.

A recent order in Council prohibits any person from engaging in the business of buying and selling rifles, shot guns, revolvers, or any other firearms within any Dominion Park.

On account of the greatly increased cost of raw material, freight rates, war tax and especially the spelter used in galvanizing, many fox ranchers are expecting very high prices for this season's requirements of fox netting. Brace, McKay & Co., Summerside, P. E. Island—the largest dealers in Canada in this commodity—are fortunately in a position to supply the right article, specially made-to-order at much lower prices than present or even recent conditions would warrant. Their offer, however, must be for prompt bookings. See their ad., in this issue. Get busy and save money.

A deer which was in a crate on a G. T. R. box car at the Union Station, Toronto, waiting to be taken to Burk's Falls, provided considerable excitement on Toronto down town streets when tiring of its captivity it broke out of the crate. It dashed east on the tracks as far as



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NEWFOUNDLAND

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The country traversed by the Reid Newfoundland Company's system is exceedingly rich in all kinds of fish and game. All along the route of the Railway are streams famous for their SALMON and TROUT fishing. Also Caribou barrens. Americans who have been fishing and hunting in Newfoundland and say there is no other country in the world in which so good fishing and hunting can be secured and with such ease as in Newfoundland. Information together with Illustrated Booklet and Folder cheerfully forwarded upon application to

J. N. JOHNSTONE, General Passenger Agent, Reid Newfoundland Company,

St. John's, Newfoundland

Eastern Avenue, where it turned north towards the city. Those chasing it lost sight of it. The next heard of it was when it was seen running rapidly west on King Street. P. C. Greenley (292) who was on the corner of Church and King Streets, saw it coming, as did a number of pedestrians. They ran towards it and forced it into a doorway of a building just east of St. James' Cathedral on the north side of the street. P. C. Williams (95), who was on his way home, jumped off a street car and came to Greenley's aid. Greenley grabbed the deer around the neck and Williams and a civilian caught its legs and threw it to the ground where they tied its feet. They carried the animal to the Court Street station, from where it was taken back to its temporary home by the expressman.

Neil Campbell near Ridgetown, Ont. captured two pure white Squirrels in his woods last winter and recently presented them

to Mr. Goldworthy the park ranger at Rondeau.

The Berlin Game Protective Association having received a permit from the Police Department set to work on April 13th last to exterminate the blackbirds. On that morning about 500 of these enemies of the song birds were shot by some thirty citizens who had received permission to participate in this work of destruction. The Game Warden opposed the granting of this permit and in consequence thirty-one members of the Association were summoned to appear in the Police Court charged with shooting within the city limits. The Park Board also entered a complaint owing to stray shots having fatally wounded a large raccoon in the park menagerie. The Association, however, having received permission from the City Council continued its drive on subsequent mornings.

FIRE, A NATIONAL TRESPASSER

If foreign guns smashed down ten million dollars worth of Canadian forests in a brief twelvemonths' campaign, can anyone picture the burst of patriotic resentment arising through town and countryside? Governments would concentrate every resource to oust the invader; no other task would be known in the land until the rescue of the forests had been accomplished.

Canadian forests are falling every month of every year beneath the onslaught of Fire. Guns or Fire—it makes no difference except that cannon are surpassed by Fire in thoroughness. Fire is an invader, a national and individual foe. He will ruin our splendid annual forest crop of 172 million dollars if his

power is not stayed. He will dry up the rivers and waterfalls, develop damaging floods, impoverish the farm lands, and leave the whole nation poorer.

Fire is as much a national trespasser as a line of hostile regiments. He deserves to be handled with the same steadfastness, the same vigilance, the same ingenuity.

Forestry experts have calculated that lumbermen have cut since Confederation over a billion and a quarter dollars worth of Canadian trees.

While five or six billion dollars worth have been sacrificed to fire.

Is this the sort of national record worth perpetuating?



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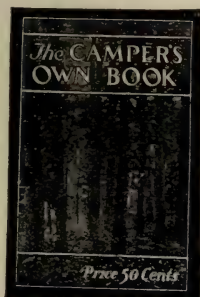
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say about a hundred little practical details that hold close interest for you; and they spin a yarn or two by the way.

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WOODSTOCK, ONT.

DOMINION OF CANADA TRAP SHOOTING ASSOCIATION TOURNAMENT

At Ottawa June 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, 1915.

D. OF C. T. S. A. TOURNAMENT

The highest honor that can be won in trap shooting in Canada falls this year to a western man, Mr. C. C. Plummer of Swan River, Manitoba, who topped the score in the Grand Canadian Handicap, the premier event at the fifteenth annual tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association held at Ottawa on June 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th. Especial credit is due to Mr. Plummer as this is the first time he has shot at any tournament of the Association and notwithstanding this his handicap, 22 yards, was the highest allowed under the rules governing this event. Mr. Plummer broke 94 of a possible 100, three more than the winner of the same event last year. In addition to the Grand Canadian Handicap Trophy which is put up for yearly competition, Mr. Plummer was presented with a beautiful cut glass punch bowl valued at \$75.00, the donation of His Worship the Mayor of Ottawa.

From nearly every viewpoint the tournament was one of the most successful ever held by the Association. Through the courtesy of the Department of Militia the shoot was held at the Rockcliffe Ranges and it is doubtful if a more picturesque and more suitable place could be found anywhere in Canada for a trap shooting tournament. The ride to and from the Ranges, through beautiful Rockcliffe Park either by trolley or motor could have none other than a soothing effect upon the nerves of the shooters, and the actual shooting conditions in respect to the grounds could hardly be improved. The deep blue of the Ottawa River and the wooded hills beyond form a background that is extremely pleasing to the eye. The weather, with the exception of a small cyclone which sprang up during the latter part of the first afternoon and a teeming rain on the morning of the closing day, was ideal and conducive to good shooting. The attendance was over the hundred mark, shooters being present from as far east as Sydney, Cape Breton, and as far west as Calgary and Edmonton. Western Ontario towns were well represented.

But it was in the main object of the Association, "to promote improvement in the art of trap shooting" that the tournament showed its success most notably. More long runs were made than at any previous tournament, their being thirty-two straight runs of 50 birds and over.

On the preliminary day J. E. Jennings of Toronto and E. Sturt of Hamilton each broke 99 of a possible 100. Taking all the regular events into consideration including preliminary day, each broke 617 out of a possible 650, approximately 95 per cent.

Amateur Championship.

The individual amateur championship was won by W. B. McLaren of Calgary who broke the possible 50. In this event a beautiful cut glass bowl valued at \$50.00 donated by Controller Fisher of Ottawa was awarded to Mr. McLaren in addition to the regular championship cup. The next closest competitor was C. C. Plummer, with 49 to his credit.

Two Man Team.

The honors in the two man team championship of Canada also go to Western men. H. F. Morrison and P. G. Schwager of Dundurn, Sask., each broke the possible 25, winning gold medals presented by the Association. Dr. Smith and Dr. Seager were the nearest competitors with scores of 25 and 24 respectively. There were twenty-four teams entered, exclusive of the professionals. The best professional score was 48.

Five Man Team.

Seven five man teams entered the contest for the championship, two each from Hamilton, Toronto and Ottawa and one from Montreal. One of the Ottawa teams composed of G. B. Greene, Blyth Beattie, J. Heney, Dr. Seager and Dr. Smith carried off the honors, the credit for which was due especially to Mr. Heney. In going to the trap for the second 25 he knew that he had to make a straight run to beat the high team. Naturally his work was watched with the keenest

interest and he proved himself equal to the task. The winning team had a score of 223 out of 250, the next highest being a Toronto team composed of Ely, Fenton, Vivian, Wakefield and Jennings. They lost by only one bird. Last year the trophy known as the Mail Trophy was won by the Toronto team, Fenton this year replacing Millington.

Eight Man Championship.

Besides one professional team there were four eight man teams in this contest, one each from Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa. The Hamilton team composed of Sturt, Barnes, Bates, Beattie, Long, Harris, Carr and Fletcher was victorious with a score of 182 out of a possible 200. The Toronto team was second with 180 to its credit. Each member of the winning team was presented with a gold medal.

The Grey Cup.

The Grey Cup, presented by Earl Grey, a perpetual trophy for the winner of the grand aggregate in regular events, this year goes to J. E. Jennings. Along with it Mr. Jennings receives a gold medal and \$50.00. His score was 290 out of 300. C. C. Plummer and E. Sturt each broke 288.

Best Amateur Long Run

W. B. McLaren of Calgary had the honor of making the longest straight run of all the amateurs, breaking 101 without a miss. A cut glass bowl donated by A. E. Fripp, M. P. for Ottawa West, was awarded him for this.

The Novice Bowl

The Novice Bowl, donated by Dr. J. L. Chabot, M.P. for East Ottawa, was won by C. C. Plummer, the winner of the Grand Canadian Handicap. This prize was awarded for high aggregate in regular events made by any amateur who had not previously competed at any tournament of the D. of C. T. S. Assn.

Professional Prize.

F. G. Bills, professional, shooting a Winchester gun and Winchester shells broke 584 out of a possible 600, or 97 1-3 per cent. J. S. Boa shooting for the Dominion Cartridge Co., was a fairly close second with a record of 565 and E. G. White, shooting for Du Pont, breaking 561. F. G. Bills was presented with a gold locket to commemorate the win.

Ladies' Aggregate Prize.

Mrs. J. S. Boa of Montreal was the only lady shooting at the tournament. In the program of regular events, consisting of 400 birds, she broke 297, practically 75 per cent, which is a record that no woman shooter need be ashamed of. Mrs. Boa was presented with a valuable prize, donated by the St. Hubert Gun Club, in commemoration of the tournament.

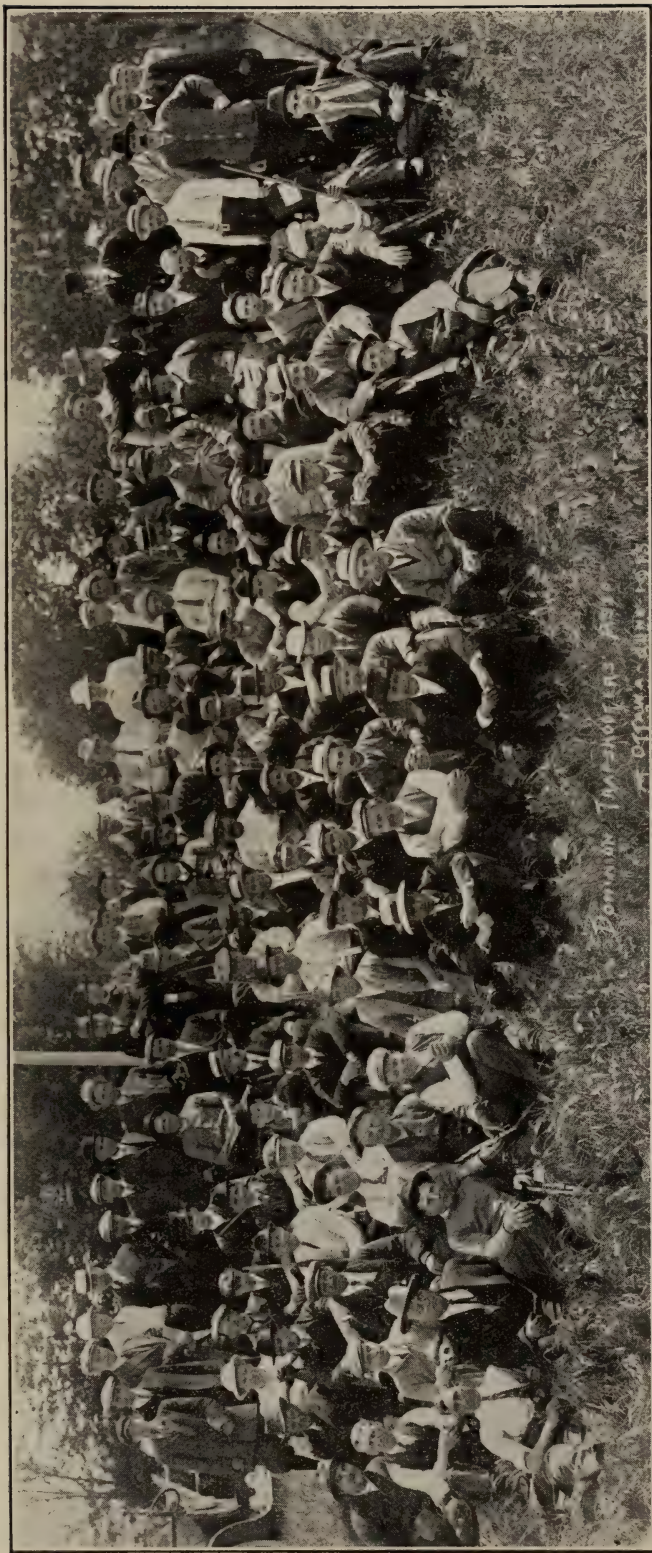
High Aggregate in All Events.

J. E. Jennings and E. Sturt tied for high aggregate in all events, including preliminary day and team matches but excluding the Consolation Handicap. Out of 650 birds each broke 617. The Canadian Indians donated a very handsome cut glass bowl for the shooter making the highest aggregate. Messrs. Jennings and Sturt will shoot off the tie at some future date.

High Guns in Regular Events.

Twenty 10 inch cut glass bowls donated by business concerns in Ottawa and friends of the St. Hubert Gun Club were offered for high guns in the twenty regular events on the first and second days of the tournament. These bowls were awarded in the following order:— W. Barnes, J. E. Jennings, W. Ewing, P. Schwager, C. C. Plummer, R. G. Robinson, H. F. Morrison, H. Taylor, E. Sturt, B. Beattie, M. Cowderoy, V. V. Rogers, W. B. McLaren, N. Long, R. Lewis, J. W. Hart, F. A. Willis, M. Goodale, S. Vance, J. J. Heney.

Annual Tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trapsshooters Association. Some of the Shooters.



Geo. Beattie, the well known Hamilton shot, occupies a position at the extreme right of the front row. He wears his usual smile and a soft felt hat. Directly behind him is C. C. Plummer who won the Grand Canadian Handicap, E. Sturt and J. E. Jennings, who tied for high aggregate in all events, are the fifth and sixth respectively of those sitting in the third row, starting from the right of the picture. W. B. McLaren, who won the individual Amateur Championship, is seated just behind Sturt. J. S. Boag, professional of the Dominion Cartridge Co., is the man standing in the back row holding an empty box of Canuck shells over the head of F. G. Bills, the Winchester professional.

Consolation Handicap.

The final event of the tournament was a Consolation Handicap open to shooters who competed in the ten regular events on the first and second days and who did not succeed in winning a high aggregate prize. The first prize in this was the Brewers and Malsters' Cup and \$30, won by E. Harris of Hamilton. The second prize, \$25.00, was won by A. W. Throop and the third prize, \$20.00, by G. L. Vivian. See scores for winners of the five \$10.00 prizes and the fifteen \$5.00 prizes.

Du Pont Long Run Trophies.

The Du Pont Powder Company is offering the following trophies to amateur and professional trapshooters for straight runs of 50 targets or over made during the years 1915 and 1916: A gold watch fob for the first straight run of 50 or over and a gold watch fob bar for every succeeding run of 50 or over. To amateurs who make 15 straight runs they will give a gold watch and the same to professionals for 25 runs. There is no limit to the number of watches that any shooter may win.

During the Dominion Tournament thirty-two straight runs of 50 or more were made, ten of these being made by professionals.

Following is the list:—

Professionals—F. G. Bills, 72, 103, 132; J. S. Boa, 59, 57, 56, 106; R. J. MacKay, 72, 71; E. G. White, 117.

Amateurs—J. E. Jennings 51, 64, 53, 53, 56, 68; B. McLaren 101, 73; S. G. Vance 52, 65; H. Taylor 53, 54; Max Cowderoy 86, J. J. Heney 50, V. V. Rogers 55, Geo. O'Connor 54, R. Lewis 85, C. A. Lewis 51, F. A. Willis 59, A. Barnes 56, R. G. Robinson 56, E. Sturt 70.

High Averages, 75 Targets, Regular Events

On the first day the winners of the high average for the first 75 targets were W. Barnes, J. E. Jennings and P. G. Schwager. For the second 75 the winners were J. E. Jennings, R. G. Robinson, E. Sturt and H. Taylor. On the second day the winners were M. Cowderoy, J. E. Jennings, C. Plummer, V. V. Rogers, Beattie and P. G. Schwager for the first 75 and B. McLaren, R. Lewis and N. Long for the last 75.

Miss and Out Event.

This event was on each day of the shoot, each shooter being allowed an unlimited number of entries. On preliminary day Geo. Easdale made the longest run at the special trap for this event and was awarded a pair of shooting glasses donated by the Elliott Optical House.

The prizes for the regular days were 1st, \$15.00; 2nd, \$10.00; 3rd, \$5.00. On the first day the winners were J. E. Jennings 19, S. G. Vance 17, B. Beattie 11, and on the second day S. G. Vance 12, J. Vance 10 and W. Barnes 9.

Following are the scores in the various events:—

Preliminary Day—Five 20 Bird Events

					Total.
R. G. Mackay, pro., Winnipeg	20	20	20	19	19-98
F. G. Bills, pro., Chicago	17	20	19	20	19-95
E. G. White, pro., Ottawa	17	19	17	20	18-92
E. G. White, pro., Ottawa	17	19	18	20	18-92
T. Brodie, pro., Winnipeg	17	19	20	20	16-92
W. Sutton, pro., Montreal	17	17	15	18	19-86
R. G. Robinson, Calgary	19	19	16	18	20-92
B. McLaren, Winnipeg	17	18	20	20	18-93
A. Bishop, Calgary	17	18	18	19	19-91
G. M. Cowderoy, Edmonton	16	19	17	19	20-91
C. Plummer, Swan River	18	18	18	18	19-91
G. B. Greene, Ottawa	14	20	16	12	14-76
F. A. Heney, Ottawa	18	17	16	18	20-89
V. V. Rogers, Ottawa	20	17	19	18	19-93
Blyth Beattie, Ottawa	16	16	20	16	20-88
Dr. Seager, Ottawa	20	19	19	20	18-96
Cecil Bethune, Ottawa	13	17	14	15	17-76
J. J. Heney, Ottawa	20	19	18	18	18-93
George O'Connor, Ottawa	19	20	17	19	19-94
Geo. Easdale, Ottawa	17	16	19	17	19-88
A. W. Currie, Ottawa	13	10	10	10	13-56
T. Kyle, Kemptville	17	20	19	18	18-92
Geo. Beattie, Hamilton	20	18	18	20	18-94
C. S. Holden, Calgary	16	13	16	16	17-78
P. G. Schwager, Calgary	20	19	20	15	19-93
H. F. Morrison, Dundurn	18	19	18	19	19-93
N. Long, Hamilton	14	15	18	19	19-86
G. Navin, Nairn	17	18	16	13	13-77
M. Esdale, Edmonton	20	17	15	18	17-87
J. Watson, Montreal	18	19	16	19	17-89
A. W. Throop, Ottawa	19	16	19	17	19-90
W. L. Cameron, Ottawa	15	17	18	18	18-86
J. Jennings, Toronto	20	19	20	20	20-99
S. Vance, Tilsonburg	18	20	19	20	16-93
W. Hart, Dresden	19	18	19	18	18-94
H. Taylor, Ridgewater	20	20	18	19	20-97
E. Harris, Hamilton	17	18	19	15	20-79
W. J. Corby, Ottawa	16	18	17	16	18-85
Major Singer, St. Catharines	17	18	18	20	19-92
J. Vance, Tilsonburg	13	19	19	16	18-85
J. Payne, Tilsonburg	15	18	15	16	20-84
W. Marshall, Galt	17	20	19	19	19-92
G. M. Dunk, pro., Toronto	13	14	12	16	17-72
G. Vivian, Toronto	19	18	18	18	20-93
G. McCurdy, Sydney	10	15	14	15	14-68
M. Putnam, Montreal	15	15	20	14	16-80
G. S. Walker, pro., Ottawa	20	18	20	19	19-96
W. E. Bonner, Winnipeg	14	15	17	16	19-81
G. Barnes, Hamilton	14	19	17	17	19-86
M. Carr, Hamilton	16	19	17	18	18-88
M. Goodale, Hamilton	16	18	16	19	19-88
W. Dillon, Hamilton	16	16	15	16	18-81
E. Sturt, Hamilton	20	19	20	20	20-99
J. S. Boa, pro., Montreal	16	20	20	19	19-94
Mrs. Boa, Montreal	16	14	13	15	13-71
J. B. Harkin, Ottawa	15	18	16	18	17-84
J. V. Lally, Cornwall	19	19	18	20	18-94
E. Corby, Toronto	12	14	15	13	16-70
O. T. Ring, Ottawa	14	13	15	18	17-77
R. A. Sibbitt, Ottawa	14	17	17	17	20-85
Dr. Smith, Ottawa	20	18	16	19	20-93
McFadden, Ottawa	14	18	18	..	..-50

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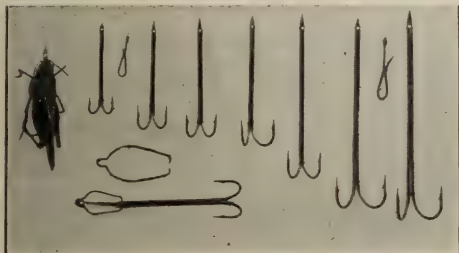
First Day—Ten 15 Bird Events

Mackay, pro	14	13	13	13	15	15	15	14	14—141
F. G. Bills, pro	14	15	14	15	14	15	15	15	15—147
E. G. White, pro.	15	13	15	15	15	14	15	15	13—144
T. Brodie, pro.	14	15	14	13	14	13	11	11	11—133
W. Sutton, pro.	14	15	12	14	11	14	15	14	12—134
R. G. Robinson	13	15	14	14	14	15	15	15	14—143
W. B. MacLaren	15	13	14	14	13	15	13	14	14—150
Bishop	14	12	11	14	14	14	14	15	15—140
Cowderoy	13	15	15	13	13	13	14	15	14—139
C. C. Plummer	14	14	14	13	15	15	14	15	13—152
G. B. Greene	14	15	13	9	14	13	14	15	15—123
F. A. Heney	11	15	15	13	12	10	14	11	14—131
V. V. Rogers	13	13	10	10	12	14	15	14	12—126
B. Beattie	13	13	14	15	13	15	15	13	13—159
Dr. Seager	15	13	13	14	15	15	13	10	14—136
J. E. Brown	15	13	12	11	13	12	12	11	13—157
W. L. Cameron	15	14	13	15	13	12	14	12	14—113
A. W. Throop	15	14	12	14	15	11	13	14	14—136
W. C. Little	12	14	12	14	11	12	12	11	13—152
W. Williams	12	12	11	11	9	10	9	12	10—108
J. S. Boa, pro	15	15	14	12	15	13	15	15	15—142
Mrs. Boa	9	11	10	8	8	10	10	10	11—108
R. Sibbitt	11	10	13	15	14	13	13	13	11—126
T. O. Lyall	13	9	11	13	14	12	12	14	10—120
J. H. Maher	10	13	13	13	15	11	15	13	14—130
J. Jennings	13	15	15	14	15	15	15	14	15—146
S. G. Vance	13	13	15	14	14	15	12	11	13—143
J. W. Hart	14	15	12	15	14	12	11	14	14—156
H. Taylor	13	15	15	14	12	15	13	15	15—142
M. Esdale	13	13	14	11	12	13	13	11	13—126
C. Bethune	11	13	12	12	10	12	7	10	11—110
J. Heney	14	15	13	14	14	14	12	14	15—139
G. O'Connor	11	13	12	14	14	13	12	13	14—925
G. Esdale	11	14	10	13	10	10	11	11	11—145
W. J. Corby	11	6	8	12	11	12	11	11	13—109
G. Vivian	12	14	11	15	15	14	13	12	12—131
T. G. Kyle	13	13	13	13	12	14	13	14	12—130
T. Putman	12	10	8	11	12	9	13	13	15—116
Geo. Walker, pro.	12	14	13	15	14	12	15	14	14—137
J. D. Brady	6	5	9	5	4	9	7	9	—76
G. Beattie	13	13	14	13	10	14	15	14	13—154
W. Barnes	15	15	15	14	14	14	14	15	14—144
M. Carr	14	14	13	14	15	14	14	15	14—137
E. Harris	12	12	14	13	14	12	14	13	14—130
E. Sturt	15	14	13	15	14	15	14	14	15—144
E. Thompson	13	14	14	15	13	13	12	13	13—828
M. Goodale	13	14	13	14	12	15	13	12	8—127
W. Dillon	12	15	15	14	14	14	9	15	13—134
J. W. Nairn	11	9	14	12	13	11	12	14	13—122
F. Watson	14	13	13	12	13	10	14	14	14—131
Redwing	14	11	14	14	14	11	13	12	13—140
R. Lewis	14	15	13	12	15	14	13	14	14—1135
W. Ewing	14	14	15	15	12	13	13	14	12—135
Redman	14	11	12	12	13	15	14	14	12—153
Lucas	10	13	13	15	10	10	11	12	11—118
Major Singer	14	14	14	13	13	12	15	13	15—136
J. Vance	14	12	11	13	13	14	14	13	14—131
J. Payne	14	14	14	12	14	12	15	13	14—135
Marshall	11	13	15	14	14	15	12	14	14—135
G. M. Dunk, pro.	13	12	14	14	13	14	13	12	14—1029
Brownlee	12	13	13	9	10	12	11	12	13—611
Clarke	12	11	15	13	14	9	12	11	12—132
A. Boa	11	11	4	7	9	8	5	11	7—81
J. E. McCurdy	12	15	13	10	12	14	14	11	15—1430
E. P. Wright	10	8	11	13	12	9	11	9	5—101
C. A. Lewis	13	15	12	14	15	12	15	15	13—1438
Toner	10	7	9	10	10	7	11	12	7—8105
Wills	15	12	11	11	12	14	11	13	11—1424
Tullock	14	13	14	12	12	9	12	13	12—123
Funnell	13	13	11	11	11	11	14	13	10—117
McCallum	10	11	11	14	13	12	11	11	10—113
Yorke	12	12	13	10	12	13	14	14	10—124
Purser	7	11	11	10	8	7	10	11	11—1400
Harkin	9	10	14	12	11	11	12	10	8—1100
Dr. Pinard	14	14	10	12	14	10	13	11	11—118
Dr. Currie	11	10	10	12	11	7	10	10	12—1307
E. Corly	7	10	13	11	9	10	6	14	12—698
T. Doremus	12	9	13	12	11	9	9	13	14—9111
Tilden	10	12	10	11	10	12	12	12	6—0110
O. Ring	10	14	13	12	14	13	12	11	12—9120
Long	13	15	14	13	13	13	13	13	12—131
Schwager	14	14	14	15	15	14	13	15	12—138
Morrison	14	13	14	15	13	13	15	14	15—141
Toles	13	12	9	11	10	11	8	10	12—109
Holden	13	14	14	12	14	15	14	13	12—131
A. Bates	15	12	13	12	15	14	15	15	14—138
J. Hunter	13	15	15	13	13	13	12	13	14—1132
M. Fletcher	14	14	13	15	12	12	13	13	13—131
R. J. Pearce	13	12	11	12	11	10	14	14	14—1021
Dr. Smith	15	12	14	12	14	12	13	11	13—153
Bedard	10	8	12	10	12	12	13	13	14—9113
W. Seagar	12	11	13	10	15	11	11	13	12—120
McFadden	8	13	13	9	14	8	12	10	9—1107
James	11	7	11	9	10	8	6	12	11—792

Canadian Patent For Sale

The SURE CATCH Hook

No. 8 No. 6 No. 5 No. 4 No. 4LS No. 2 No. 1



Bait Holders, 2 for 5 cts. Cuts $\frac{1}{2}$ actual size. Hook sizes—1 to 8, 10 cts. each; 1-0 and 2-0, 15 cts. each; 3-0 and 4-0, 20 cts. each; 5-0 and 6-0, 25 cts. each. At your dealers. If he can't supply you, hooks will be sent postpaid on receipt of price. Descriptive booklet on request. Liberal discount to dealers.

As we wish to give the U.S. business our entire attention, will sell the Canadian Patent at a bargain, if taken soon.

This is an opportunity to make good money on small capital.

Viers & Scott

Box 391, Red Lodge, Mont.

Rush's Tango Minnow

*Has all the Wobble Dip and Dive
of a Minnow in Action*



85c

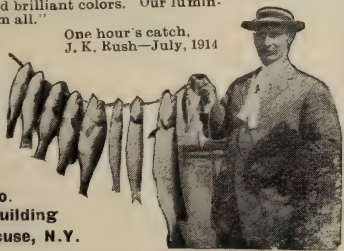
\$50 Gold Prize Contest Bait

Contest does not close until Dec. 1st, 1915. EVERY FISHERMAN ELIGIBLE—the only condition for entrance is that you make the catch with RUSH'S TANGO MINNOW. You can get the fish and money too if you angle with this new and liveliest bait that floats—it gets them all. Ideal for trolling or casting—appeals to amateurs or professionals. Hooks being behind body makes it practically a WEEDLESS BAIT. Don't delay—name, and 50 cents for sample, or \$3.40 for complete set of four assorted brilliant colors. Our luminous bait "bates 'em all."

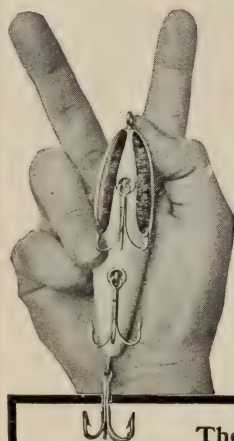
Write for details and bait now—be sure to mention your dealer's name. Dealers pronounce Rush's Tango Minnow the best ever—now's the time to stock it.

U.S. Specialty Co.
944 S.A. & K. Building
Syracuse, N.Y.

One hour's catch,
J. K. Rush—July, 1914

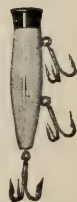


Fishermen, Ho!



Get the
**big
ones**
with
**WILSON'S
WOBBLERS**
and
**HASTINGS
LUCKY TACKLE**

The latest is the
Wilson's Cupped Wobbler
A Surface Bait. New for 1915



THE head of this bait is hollowed out or cupped. As it is pulled through the water it skims on the surface, at the same time wobbling from side to side because of the varying resistance of the water as it is cupped. The motion is that of an erratically wriggling minnow.

The bait shown in the hand above is the original Fluted Wilson's Wobbler—a semi-surface bait. Other styles are the Winged Wobbler, deep-water bait; the Luminous Wobbler, for night fishing; the Weedless Wobbler, for weedy places, and the Small Fluted Wobbler for those preferring a small bait. All styles are made in various colors. An outfit of these baits equips the bait caster for any weather and any water.

With Wilson's Wobblers use Hastings Lucky Tackle—the Hastings Special-Value Reel and the Senterbrade Silk Casting Lines. These lines have both the core and the outer casing braided, giving much additional strength and durability. Sold by the dealers that sell Wilson's Wobblers.

Write for Bait Casting Booklet and Tackle Folder. Free.

Address Dept. H
HASTINGS SPORTING GOODS WORKS
HASTINGS, MICHIGAN

Second Day—Ten 15 Bird Events.

R. G. Mackay	14	14	13	15	12	14	14	15	13-136
F. G. Bills, pro.	14	15	15	15	13	15	15	15	15-147
E. G. White, pro.	14	13	13	14	15	15	15	15	15-144
T. Brodie, pro.	14	14	13	14	13	12	13	14	15-136
W. Sutton, pro.	14	11	11	13	14	13	13	15	11-125
R. G. Robinson	14	12	12	12	14	15	14	14	14-136
A. Bishop	14	13	12	15	15	13	14	15	11-137
M. Cowderoy	15	15	15	15	15	13	13	14	15-144
C. Plummer	14	15	15	15	14	14	15	15	14-146
G. B. Greene	15	14	15	14	13	14	13	14	12-139
F. A. Heney	15	13	12	14	13	14	15	13	12-134
V. V. Rogers	14	15	15	14	15	15	12	13	14-140
B. Beattie	15	15	14	14	15	14	15	15	12-144
Dr. Seager	13	15	14	14	12	13	15	13	15-138
J. E. Brown	15	12	13	11	13	13	14	15	13-134
W. L. Cameron	11	14	14	13	14	13	14	14	13-133
A. W. Throop	13	13	11	15	13	12	13	13	14-132
W. C. Little	14	13	15	15	14	14	12	14	13-139
W. Williams	7	13	9	13	10	13	8	11	11-107
J. Boa, pro.	14	15	13	14	14	13	14	15	15-141
Mrs. Boa	13	11	8	13	12	11	14	13	11-118
R. A. Sibbitt	11	12	12	12	10	10	14	11	12-116
J. Maher	15	13	15	13	14	14	13	14	15-140
J. Stafford	13	11	15	14	8	13	12	13	14-124
J. Jennings	15	15	15	13	15	14	14	15	14-144
S. G. Vance	12	14	14	13	15	15	14	14	15-141
W. Hart	14	13	14	14	15	15	14	15	13-142
A. L. Taylor	14	14	12	14	14	14	14	14	12-136
M. Esdale	11	14	15	13	15	12	12	13	12-128
C. Bethune	11	12	14	14	14	12	13	14	12-128
J. J. Heney, Jr.	13	13	12	13	15	11	14	14	15-135
G. O'Connor	13	14	14	15	15	12	15	12	15-139
G. Easdale	11	12	12	15	12	14	12	12	12-124
W. J. Corby	14	11	13	14	14	9	11	9	11-120
G. L. Vivian	14	12	14	15	11	14	14	13	14-136
T. Kyle	12	13	14	14	12	14	11	13	13-129
M. Putnam	11	10	13	14	12	11	14	12	11-122
G. S. Walker, pro	13	12	12	12	12	13	15	13	14-131
M. Sprague	13	14	12	12	12	13	12	14	14-128
Geo. Beattie	14	14	15	14	13	15	13	14	15-141
W. Barnes	14	13	10	15	14	14	14	15	14-137
M. Carr	15	13	13	13	13	14	14	13	13-132
E. Harris	15	14	14	14	13	13	14	14	15-140
E. Sturt	15	15	14	13	15	15	14	14	13-142
C. Thompson	15	11	14	11	9	13	11	15	10-132
M. Goodale	12	12	14	14	14	15	13	15	12-136
W. Dillon	13	11	13	10	14	14	15	13	14-132
J. W. Nairn	15	11	14	9	11	11	12	11	10-120
F. Watson	12	12	11	13	13	11	14	14	13-125
Redwing	13	13	15	12	12	13	13	12	10-127
R. Lewis	14	13	14	14	15	15	15	14	15-144
W. Ewing	15	15	13	13	13	12	14	14	14-137
Redman	13	14	14	14	13	13	12	12	14-132
R. Lucas	13	14	10	12	15	14	9	11	12-99
W. H. Singer	15	13	11	12	13	13	15	15	11-130
J. Vance	13	14	13	13	13	15	14	11	12-133
J. Payne	13	12	14	13	14	9	15	12	12-126
W. Marshall	15	14	10	12	9	12	13	15	14-137
G. M. Dunk, pro.	13	11	10	13	13	13	12	14	13-125
N. Brownlee	12	14	10	8	9	15	12	9	10-109
Clarke	14	15	9	12	12	6	14	9	8-108
McCarney	7	4	5	4	4	4	10	6	7-57
J. E. McCurdy	13	13	8	11	11	11	12	13	11-124
E. P. Wright	9	15	10	13	14	14	11	14	13-128
C. A. Lewis	14	11	13	14	15	15	14	15	14-139
G. Toner	10	10	7	13	11	12	12	8	9-101
Willis	13	13	14	14	14	14	15	15	14-141
Tulloch	11	13	13	15	15	11	11	12	15-139
G. Funnell	8	11	11	14	12	11	13	10	11-115
McCallum	12	14	13	10	12	13	14	13	10-123
York	11	9	10	12	12	13	14	12	13-118
Purser	10	11	12	13	9	12	12	12	9-112
J. B. Harkin	13	13	10	11	12	11	12	14	12-122
D. T. Ring	9	11	12	9	11	6	12	13	10-105
A. Day	13	13	12	13	13	13	13	14	15-132
E. Cory	11	11	11	13	13	11	14	8	10-119
Whittall	9	11	7	10	11	10	10	8	10-101
W. Galbraith	14	13	12	13	15	12	13	14	13-131
Bedard	11	9	12	12	10	12	13	11	12-116
N. Long	14	11	13	15	15	15	15	14	14-152
P. Schwager	15	15	15	13	15	14	15	15	14-146
M. Morrison	13	14	14	14	14	15	15	14	15-142
Toles	12	9	11	11	12	13	8	10	11-130
Holden	14	15	14	11	10	14	12	13	15-130
Bates	14	14	15	15	14	14	15	14	12-140
Hunter	12	13	13	13	14	11	13	10	12-123
Fletcher	14	13	14	14	13	12	14	13	14-134
Pearce	13	15	13	11	14	13	12	13	15-143
Smith	15	13	15	15	13	14	14	15	13-141
Publow	9	13	11	13	10	14	12	13	13-121
Gamble	13	12	11	14	10	8	12	14	9-117
Ferrier	11	8	9	12	15	13	12	10	11-111
Edwards	8	10	12	..	..	..	12	13	9-..
Patterson	7	8	11	..	..	..	12	11	9-..

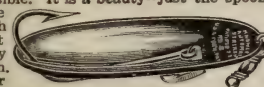
**KNOWLES
AUTOMATIC STRIKER SPOON**

A NEW SIZE The big success of the other four sizes of this No. 3 possible. It is a beauty--just the spoon for Bass, Trout, fish, Hook re-strikes and the end of slot, sets into the jaw. Superior to any wood minnow.

The length of this new size is 2½ in. Price 35c postpaid. Ask your dealer or send to us. Fully guaranteed. Catalogue free. Other Sizes: 2¼ in. 55c; 3¼ in. 65c; 4½ in. 80c; 5½ in. \$1.

ALL SILVER--SILVER OUT-COPPER IN--ALL BRASS

S.E. KNOWLES, 79 Sherwood Bldg. San Francisco, Cal.



HILDEBRANDT BAITS
HOOK AND LAND 'EM

240 sizes and kinds for all kinds of game fish. 3 shapes, 6 finishes, any color fly, reversible blades. Send for 1915 TACKLE CATALOGUE--Colored Insert

J. J. Hildebrandt Co., 1127 High St., Logansport, Ind.



G. M. SKINNER'S
Famous Fluted Spoon Baits
100 VARIETIES AND SIZES

Send for Catalog No. 12 describing New Baits

CLAYTON, N.Y.

Heddon's Genuine Dowagiac Crab Wiggler

Scurries Backward
Like a Live
Crab



BASS can't resist it--because it looks and acts just like their favorite food, the crab or crawfish. Accurately colored in the wonderful Heddon Porcelain Enamel, guaranteed not to crack, peel or flake. Just the right weight and balance for casting. Floats when at rest, but dives and zigzags backward when reeled in. Hooks held in the patented "Dowagiac" sockets, so they can't foul each other or mar enamel--and they get the fish. Variable line fastening governs depth and action. You need this "Crab Wiggler" in your tackle box. It's a winner. Also in other Heddon colorings at same price

85c

IT'S A YEAR OF WIGGLERS

More wiggling, diving baits will be used this year than any other style--chiefly Dowagiac "Wigglers," of course, because of their reputation and many advantages--non-cracking enamel, variable line fastening, "Dowagiac" hook sockets, and superior workmanship. Dowagiac Minnow "Wigglers," deep water style (No. 1600) and shallow water style (No. 1700) sell at 75c in various colorings.

ART CATALOG. A book you'll prize. Shows all Heddon tackle in color, including the famous Jim Heddon's Casting Rods. Full of practical advice on expert casting and more successful fishing. A postal brings this book FREE.

James Heddon's Sons, Box 15, Dowagiac, Mich. (Pronounce it "Doe-wah-jil-ae")



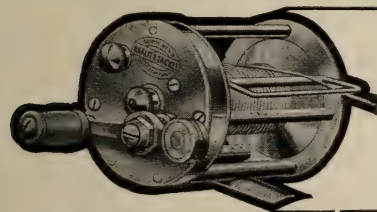
Price 75c.

No. 1 WINGED MASCOT FOUR BAITS IN ONE

Surface Wobbler, Near-Surface Wobbler, Deep Diving Wobbler, or Surface Splatter Bait as desired. Changes made in one minute. No tools required and no extra parts to lose. This bait answers all purposes, and is the greatest fish getter ever devised. Has all the motions of a disabled minnow. Quick detachable hooks, nicked, cannot interlock. Enamel guaranteed to stay on. Your money back if you don't like this bait. Extra hooks, double or treble, 10c. set. Our special double hooks make bait weedless.

OUR TACKLE CATALOG shows Baits, Jamison Casting Lines, Reels, Leaders, Weedless Hooks, Trout and Bass Flies, etc.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.,
Dept. R, 736 South California Ave., Chicago, Ill.



BEFORE YOU BUY A CASTING REEL

Investigate the merits of the South Bend Anti-Back-Lash--Ask your dealer to let you try it in comparison with any other reel on the market purported to be anti-back-lash or a minimizer of back-lashes--then decide for yourself.

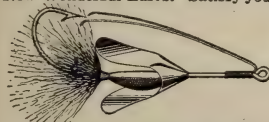
It is the Original and only true Anti-Back-Lash Reel made--Is Convertible--Can be used as a regular reel or anti-back-lash by a turn of adjustment screw--Thumbs itself--Automatically stops when bait lands--and has many other exclusive wonderful features which no other reel possesses.

Absolutely guaranteed without time limitation--will fulfill all we claim--money back if not entirely satisfied.

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO., 8243 Colfax Ave., SOUTH BEND, IND.

Send for our new catalog on Quality Tackle

"REMARKABLE FISH-GETTERS" is putting it mildly--Try 'em and you will never go on fishing trip without these two New Wonderful Lures. Satisfy yourself--\$1.00 for the two at your dealer or by mail direct. Money back if not satisfied--We know what these lures will do--The reputation of South Bend Quality Tackle is behind them.



No. 565W (½ actual size) 50c

South Bend Weedless Spinner Hook cannot be excelled for right-down sportsmanlike casting--Absolutely Weedless, yet a sure fish hooker.

SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY
8245 Colfax Ave., South Bend, Ind.



No. 973RH (½ actual size) 50c

Grand Canadian Handicap Championship

	Yds.	Hdcp.	Total
F. G. Bills, pro.	22	24	23 25 24-96
C. C. Plummer	22	21	24 24 25-94
R. G. Mackay, pro.	21	23	23 25 23-94
Dr. Seager	19	24	23 23 23-93
G. O'Connor	18	25	23 21 24-93
E. Sturt	21	22	23 23 24-92
E. Harris	19	24	24 21 22-91
M. Esdale	16	23	24 23 21-91
W. B. McLaren	22	22	22 24 22-90
J. J. Heney	19	23	24 21 22-90
G. L. Vivian	19	23	24 22 21-90
A. Bates	19	22	22 24 22-90
M. Fletcher	19	23	24 22 21-90
J. S. Boa, pro.	21	22	25 21 22-90
A. Aubin	18	24	22 21 22-89
J. Vance	17	24	21 22 22-89
P. S. Schwager	21	23	21 21 24-89
J. E. McCurdy	16	24	22 21 22-89
F. A. Heney	16	25	23 19 22-89
R. Lewis	19	22	21 23 23-89
E. G. White, pro.	21	24	20 22 22-88
A. Bishop	21	23	24 22 19-88
M. Cowderoy	22	23	23 20 22-88
H. F. Morrison	21	23	22 23 20-88
J. E. Jennings	22	23	23 17 24-87
M. Carr	19	23	22 23 19-87
N. Long	20	22	24 18 23-87
T. Brodie, pro.	21	21	22 22 21-86
B. Beattie	20	22	21 21 22-86
R. G. Robinson	20	20	23 22 20-85
G. Beattie	22	25	21 18 21-85
J. Payne	16	23	20 20 22-85
V. V. Rogers	19	21	23 20 21-85
W. Barnes	21	19	24 20 21-84
Major Singer	21	21	22 19 21-83
A. Day	18	20	22 20 21-83
W. Dillon	17	21	19 22 21-83
B. J. Pearce	18	25	20 20 18-83
N. Brownlee	16	19	20 19 24-82
W. Sutton, pro.	20	20	21 19 21-81
R. A. Sibbitt	18	22	19 19 20-80
W. Ewing	20	22	19 19 18-78
M. Goodale	18	23	21 17 15-76
G. B. Greene	19	21	22 14 19-76
G. Easdale	18	17	21 20 16-74
G. Walker, pro.	22	20	20 15 16-71
W. J. Marshall	19	20	21 9 17-67
W. J. Corby	18	23	23 10 10-66
S. Vance	21	23	22
H. Hutchison	18	22	20
J. Maher	19	20	18
H. Taylor	21	21	21
W. Hart	22	21	19
J. W. Nairn	16	20	10
Morrison			20 21
Nolden			21 23

Canadian Amateur Championship.

2 Events at 25 Birds.

B. MacLaren, Calgary	25	25-50
F. G. Bills, Chicago	25	24-49
C. C. Plummer, Swan River	25	24-49
Jno. Boa, Montreal	25	23-48
P. G. Schwager, Dundurn	25	23-48
H. F. Morrison, Dundurn	23	25-48
E. G. White, Ottawa	23	25-48
J. S. Vance, Tillsonburg	25	23-48
J. H. Maher, Montreal	23	23-46
J. V. Lally, Cornwall	23	23-46
A. Bishop, Calgary	21	25-46
R. Lewis, Montreal	24	22-46
W. Ewing, Montreal	24	22-46
J. Lally, Cornwall	23	23-46
M. Cowderoy, Edmonton	24	22-46
Geo. Beattie, Hamilton	25	21-46
J. W. Hart, Dresden	22	23-45
H. Taylor, Tillsonburg	23	22-45
G. Vivian, Toronto	21	24-45
Geo. O'Connor, Ottawa	24	21-45
Dr. Seager, Ottawa	24	21-45
T. Brodie, Winnipeg	21	24-45
N. Long, Hamilton	21	24-45
W. H. Sutton, Winnipeg	23	22-45
J. J. Heney, Ottawa	20	24-44
E. Harris, Hamilton	22	22-44
W. Barnes, Hamilton	22	22-44
Major Singer, Niagara	20	24-44
Geo. Walker, Ottawa	22	22-44
R. MacKay, Winnipeg	21	22-43
Redman, Montreal	20	23-43
R. G. Robinson, Calgary	19	24-43
G. B. Greene, Ottawa	21	22-43
J. Jennings, Toronto	21	22-43
F. A. Heney, Ottawa	19	23-42
Redwing, Montreal	22	20-42

B. Beattie, Ottawa	22	20-42
W. Dillon, Hamilton	21	21-42
T. O. Lyall, Montreal	20	22-42
Geo. Easdale, Ottawa	24	20-41
C. Thompson, Hamilton	23	18-41
S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg	21	20-41
P. J. Pearce, Toronto	23	18-41
J. Putnam, Montreal	20	21-41
F. Watson, Hamilton	20	20-40
M. Esdale, Edmonton	22	17-39
J. W. Nairn, Hamilton	19	20-39
N. Carr, Hamilton	19	20-39
M. Goodale, Hamilton	19	20-39
I. Kyle, Merrickville	21	18-39
W. J. Corby, Ottawa	20	19-39
V. V. Rogers, Ottawa	17	18-35
C. Bethune, Ottawa	18	17-35
Robt. Sibbitt, Ottawa	18	17-35
T. E. Doremus, Montreal	14	19-33
R. Lucas, Montreal	15	16-31
O. T. Ring, Ottawa	10	16-26
J. E. Brown, Ottawa	23	—
W. C. Little, Ottawa	22	—
A. W. Throop, Ottawa	20	—
W. L. Cameron, Ottawa	19	—
W. Williams, Ottawa	19	—
J. Payne, Tillsonburg	24	—
W. Marshall, Galt	22	—
G. M. Dunk, Toronto	21	—
A. Boa, Brownsburg	18	—

Two Man Team Championship.

Bills and Dunk, pro.	25	23-48
Brodie and Boa, pro.	23	25-48
White and Mackay, pro.	22	24-46
Putnam and Sutton, pro.	13	17-30
Dr. Smith and Dr. Seager	25	24-49
J. J. Heney and Geo. O'Connor	22	22-44
Cowderoy and M. Esdale	23	22-45
B. Beattie and G. B. Greene	24	22-46
Harris and Fletcher	24	23-47
Goodale and Dillon	20	21-41
McLean and Bishop	24	24-48
F. A. Heney and V. V. Rogers	23	23-46
Morrison and Schwager	25	25-50
W. Barnes and Geo. Beattie	21	24-43
Ely and Houghton	22	19-41
Fenton and Gooderham	23	22-45
Jennings and Vivian	24	24-48
Carr and Sturt	20	24-44
Harkin and Corby	23	19-42
Throop and Cameron	22	22-44
Marsh and Gooderham	21	21-42
Robinson and Sieger	23	22-45
Hunter and Watson	20	19-39
Vance and Vance	22	22-44
Ewing and Redman	21	21-42
Maher and Lewis	24	21-45
Wakefield and Ten Eyck	22	21-43
Long and Bates	21	23-44

Five Man Team Championship.

Hamilton I.

Sturt	25	23-48
Barnes	22	22-44
Bates	23	22-45
Beattie, G	24	22-46
Long	15	19-34
		217

Hamilton II.

Harris	18	22-40
Dillon	19	23-42
Carr	22	21-43
Watson	20	19-39
Goodale	19	22-41
		205

Ottawa I.

Greene	23	17-40
Beattie, B.	24	23-47
Heney, J.	23	25-48
Seager	24	23-47
Smith	20	21-41
		223

Ottawa II.

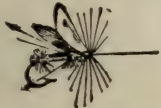
Throop	20	20-40
Cameron	21	20-41
Rogers	19	19-38
Little	19	21-40
O'Connor	24	24-48
		207

Toronto I.

Ely	21	21-42
Fenton	23	24-47
Vivian	21	21-42

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30c	Regular price...24c.	Quality B
60c	for an assorted dozen.	Quality C
65c	Regular price...84c.	Bass Flies
75c	for an assorted dozen.	Gauze Wing
2.00	Regular price...\$1.00	English
	for an assorted dozen.	
	Regular price...\$3.50	



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FLY RODS, 8 or 9 feet.....	\$.80
CASTING RODS, 4, 5 or 6 feet.....	.70
BAIT RODS, with Agate Guide and Tip.....	1.25
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CASTING RODS, full Agate Mountings.....	3.50

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Of finest materials, brass, copper, or nickel and copper finished. Trout size 25c
\$2.50 doz.—bass size, 35c; \$3.50 doz. Trial spoon on receipt of price if not at dealers.
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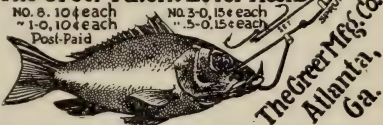
Here is Your Chance--A new 20ft. Hull, ready for engine. Save all freight charges.

Address: Box 55, Rod & Gun, Woodstock, Ont.

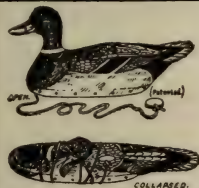
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NO. 10, 10¢ each
Post-Paid

NO. 3-0, 15¢ each
NO. 5-0, 15¢ each



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Atlanta, Ga.



Try out these marvellous imitations of the real thing.

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Their movements and natural appearance will deceive the wildest ducks or geese within easy range of the hidden gunner. It's a fact that you can't equal them. They have stood the test. Thousands sold annually in many parts of the world. Good where-ever the wild fowl flies. They give good service, are compact and convenient. Sportsmen's comments of satisfaction received regularly. Ask your dealer to see them. Write to us for illustrations and prices.

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is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless ornamental fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.

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Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man.—Hamilton, Ont.



Wakefield	23	18—41
Jennings	25	25—50
Toronto II.		
Houghton	22	23—45
Norman	22	22—44
Gooderham	21	21—42
Ten Eyck	22	20—42
Marsh	22	18—40
Montreal.		
Ewing	22	21—43
Lewis	25	21—46
Redman	21	22—43
Maher	19	18—37
Day	22	23—45

Eight Man Team Championship.

Ligonian		Hampton	
Sturt 24, Barnes 25, Bates 22, G. Beattie 24, Long 24, Harris 20, Carr 24, Fletcher, 19.—182.			
Montreal			
Ewing 20, Lewis 21, Redman 24, Maher 23, Lucas 18, Day 17, Galbraith 17, Putnam 19.—159			
Toronto			
Ely 23, Gooderham 23, Houghton 20, Fenton 24, Vivian 20, Ten Eyck 23, Wakefield 23, Jennings 24.—180.			

Ottawa

Smith 20, Seager 22, Greene 22, Throop 21, Cameron 22, V. Rogers 22, J. J. Heney 25, B. Beattie 23.—177.		
--	--	--

Professional Team.

Dunk 19, Mackay 20, Walker 20, Sutton 17, Bills 25, Boa 25, White 23, Brodie 25.—174.		
---	--	--

Consolation Handicap—100 Targets

Harris 92, Throop 92, Vivian 89, Fletcher 88, Pearce 88, Dillon 88, Kyle 88, E. Cordy 88, F. A. Heney 88, J. Vance 87, Holden 86, Rogers 85, Greene 85, M. Esdale 85, Nairn 84, Singer 83, O'Connor 83, Harkin 82, Funnell 81, G. Easdale 79, Carr 78, McCurdy 77, Cameron 75, Brownlee 75, Hunter 73, Marshall 72, W. J. Corby 72, Sibbitt 71, Watson 71, Bedard 67, Putnam 64, Ring 63, Wright 63.		
--	--	--

Stray Pellets.

Messrs. Morrison and Schwager, winners of the Two man team championship, shot with Winchester guns,

each making the possible 25.

Approximately fifty per cent. of the shooters used Dominion shells.

J. Henry of Ottawa, who made such a sensational finish in the five man team championship, shot Nitro Club shells.

The shooters were delighted with the souvenir hats, the compliments of the Dominion Cartridge Company. The inscription was most appropriate, "the handi-hat for the handi-cap."

J. E. Jennings won high average for the first two days with an L. C. Smith gun and Winchester shells. He also broke 99 out of 100 on preliminary day.

W. B. McLaren, winner of the long run bowl and the Amateur Championship fired Winchester shells. He made a straight of 101.

The next annual tournament will be at Cobourg, Ont. the arrangements being in charge of the Cobourg Gun Club. Mr. Chas. McCallum, Sec'y. of the Club, will have the assistance of G. M. Dunk of the Dominion Cartridge Company, and there is no doubt but the tournament will be satisfactorily and successfully handled. Cobourg is centrally situated and a delightful summer town. Excellent grounds and good accommodations can be secured. The tournament will be held early in June.

C. C. Plummer, winner of the Grand Canadian Handicap and also the Novice Bowl, shot a Winchester pump gun.

F. G. Bills, shooting a Winchester pump gun and Winchester shells, won high professional aggregate. He also made a straight run of 132.

Eight professional shooters were in attendance. R. G. MacKay of Winnipeg and G. S. Walker of Ottawa, represented U. M. C.; E. G. White of Ottawa represented Du Pont Powder Company, F. G. Bills represented Winchester; T. Brodie, Hercules Powder Co., W. Sutton, Nobels Explosives and J. S. Boa and G. M. Dunk the Dominion Cartridge Co.

Rupert M. Watson of the Dominion Cartridge Co. had charge of the office and although his duties were strenuous he handled the job to the satisfaction of everyone.

The targets supplied by Nelson Long of Hamilton were satisfactory in every respect.

The western provinces were well represented. The western men certainly secured their share of the trophies.

E. G. White, shooting for the Du Pont Powder Co., made a straight run of 117.

TRAP SCORES

(Continued from page 178)

Glenmoir Gun Club (Quebec City)

A number of the employees of the Ross Rifle Co. of Quebec have recently organized a gun club. The members being new at the clay targets are mostly good rifle shots and no doubt will soon give a satisfactory account of themselves at the flying saucers. The officers of the club are President, P. J. O'Brien; Vice-Pres., Ernie Malone; Sec.-Treas., H. M. Wolfenden; Field Captain, Jeff O'Brien.

The President kindly donated the free use of grounds at his home Glenmoir and the club will be known as the Glenmoir Gun Club. The first shoot was held on Saturday, June 8th with scores as follows:

E. Malone 25, 12, C. Nelson 25, 8; W. Common 25, 10; N. Moore 25, 12; T. Smith 25, 16; W. Rutherford 25, 11; P. O'Brien 25, 16; A. McCusker 25, 12; Jeff O'Brien 25, 19; H. M. Wolfenden 25, 18; Bert Jones 25, 13; Bert Dranfield 25, 15; J. Adams 25, 8; Jeff Malone 25, 8; M. Malone 25, 14; Frank Martin 25, 12; Frank Hopkins 25, 3.

Hamilton Gun Club.

A most successful shoot was held at the Hamilton Gun Club on June 5th.

The club championship belt changed hands again, when E. H. Sturt won out from Milton Carr. Both tied in the first twenty-five birds with 24, but the next event the new champion put on 25 straight while Carr got 22.

For the visitors, J. Jennings put up a remarkably fine exhibition of trap shooting, getting the splendid total of 147 out of 150, and as his records show is one of the foremost shooters of the Dominion. For the local club, E. H. Sturt put on the best total with 121 out of 125 and only lost one bird in the first hundred. Now

that he holds the championship it will take some shooting to make him relinquish it, as he is a hard man to beat in a close finish. George Beattie also had a lively afternoon, getting 96 out of the 100, and in the fifty bird event went straight, winning a silver club spoon. Myles Goodale got off to a bad start, but finished strong with 116 out of 125, and in the wind-up went 73 straight. E. Harris had 92 out of 100, D. Reid 67 out of 75, A. Bates and M. Carr 90 out of 100, and J. W. Nairn 134 out of 150.

The scores were:

	50 Birds	Total.	
		Shot at	Broke.
J. Hunter	42	100	88
J. Jennings	49	150	147
G. Dunk	42	125	106
D. Reid	45	75	67
F. W. Watson	43	100	87
G. Beattie	50	100	96
N. Long	41	105	88
W. Dillon	45	105	87
M. Goodale	44	125	116
I. Smith	43	90	72
C. Johnson	36	110	83
H. Lennon	42	105	90
A. Bates	45	100	90
E. Harris	45	100	92
— Vanmere	..	50	31
T. W. Barnes	45	125	115
M. Carr	46	100	90
C. Syer	35	125	98
E. H. Sturt	49	125	121
W. Wark	42	75	66
H. J. O'Neil	..	50	40
J. W. Nairn	43	150	135

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GUIDE TO PLACES
THAT LIVE UP TO THEIR PROMISES

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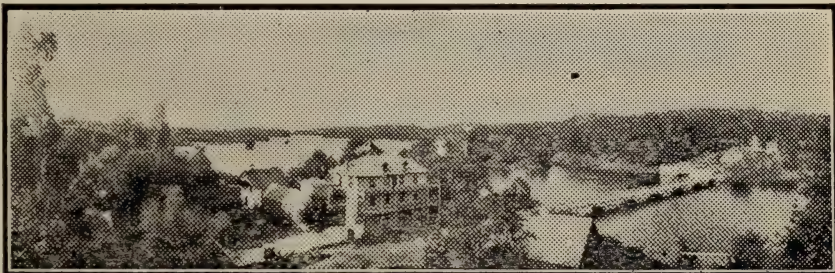
Bass abound close to the hotel in the heart of the Rideau Lakes. High, cool, and modern. Easy to get to, and you'll rest well at

Hotel Kenney

Jones Falls, Ont.

Overnight from N. Y. City

No better fresh-water fishing on this continent—no off seasons. The owner runs the Kenney, so it is bound to be run right. It's modern, complete, and yet not high-priced. Open May 1 to November 1—good hunting in the season. Ask for Booklet giving FACTS—not mere talk



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at Joe Lake Station is the Starting Point of the direct canoe routes North and South through the Park.

The hotel affords every requisite and comfort for guests within easy reach of fine Trout and Bass Fishing.

Complete Outfitting and Provisioning Store. Canoe and Boat Livery. Guides procured. Six hours from Ottawa, eight from Toronto. Pullman service.

Season—June 25th to September 25th.

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So long and favorably known, offers first class accommodation for tourists with all the comforts of home. Has been greatly enlarged, up-to-date in every respect. Rooms with baths, hot and cold water. Tennis courts, croquet lawn, etc. Before making your plans for the summer outing be sure to write for terms and other information to

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W. H. Wilson, Prop., Penetanguishene, Ont.

Red Deer Gun Club.

The following scores were made by members of the Red Deer Gun Club at their monthly shoot in May:

Dr. Paxton	15	22	
Fred Lund	21	20	22
W. R. Davis	18	20	22
C. Hamilton	15	14	10
H. Humber	7		
Vic. Day	14	17	
Dr. Parsons	20	19	
Dr. McKenzie	10	11	
Dr. Sanders	14		
G. B. Parker	19		
Jack Fulton	10		
Dan Smith	23	18	
Geo. Wright	13		
J. M. Campbell	23	20	

Stanley Gun Club.

On June 3rd the scores made at the above club were: W. Ely 50, 46; E. Marsh 100, 73; G. Vivian 100, 95; W. Hughes 100, 77; J. Salisbury 100, 60; A. Case 90, 66; W. James 50, 42; G. Cashmore 65, 59; W. Pedrick 80, 58; A. Buck 50, 45.

On June 10th the scores at the Stanley Gun Club shoot were:

Case 75, 62; F. C. Fowler 65, 49; Nichols 50, 35; G. Cashmore 75, 67; W. Ely 55, 52; T. Houghton 70, 65; P. Wakefield 55, 51; Salisbury 80, 50; W. Hughes 80, 48; Boast 40, 11; E. J. Marsh 55, 48; A. Tomlin 65, 47; Hodson 15, 7; J. Sockett 50, 45; James 50, 37; Buck 50, 40.

The Stanley Gun Club held an interesting clay bird shoot on Saturday, June 12th, when the boys from western Canada who were at the big Dominion tournament at Ottawa were the guests of W. Stevens, E. J. Marsh, W. Ely, G. Vivian, Joe Jennings, T. Houghton and A. Schnauffer.

At 1 p.m. they were entertained to luncheon, after which they came in special cars to the club grounds. Among the visitors were Ben McLaren of Calgary, who won the amateur championship of Canada at Ottawa, and C. C. Plummer of Manitoba, who won the Grand Canadian championship. H. F. Morrison of Saskatchewan shot well, breaking 25 straight, also W. Ely and M. J. Pearce. In shooting over the lower trap 300 birds were shot at. C. C. Plummer was high with 21 out of 25, T. Brodie 20 and G. L. Vivian 19. In shooting at doubles Joe Jennings was high with 21 out of 24, C. C. Plummer 19 and H. Morrison 18.

Following are some of the scores:—T. Brodie of Winnipeg, 75-67; R. G. Robinson of Calgary, 100-89; J. Payne of Tillsonburg, 50-44; B. McLaren of Calgary, 50-44; A. W. Bishop of Calgary, 50-46; P. G. Schwager, of Saskatchewan, 75-68; S. G. Vance of Tillsonburg, 75-67; H. F. Morrison of Saskatchewan 50-48; J. Vance of Tillsonburg, 75-59; C. C. Plummer of Manitoba, 50-47; G. L. Vivian of Toronto, 50-45; W. Ely, 50-48; W. Fenton, 50-39; A. Schnauffer, 100-73; W. Stevens, 25-22; B. J. Pearce, 100-92; J. Summerhayes, 75-59; T. Houghton, 25-35; Joe Jennings, 45-44.

(First number denotes those shot at, second number those broken.)

Peterboro Gun Club.

At the regular weekly shoot held on June 4th were: J. Loucks 75, 63; S. Coon 75, 61; C. Graham 50, 39; C. Gutterston 50, 31; L. Hall 50, 29; Wm. Lang 50, 25; J. Lundy 50, 22; Dr. Gowan 25, 21; C. Wood 25, 21; C. Mills 25, 20; Dr. Frank 25, 18; W. Belleghem 25, 17; C. James 25, 16; C. Moncur 25, 14; P. Spratt 25, 14.

At the weekly shoot of the above club held on June 11th, the following scores resulted:

S. Coon 50, 41; J. Louch 50, 33; H. Routley 50, 33; J. Lundy 50, 28; C. Graham 50, 19.

St. Hubert Gun Club.

A large number of the St. Hubert Gun Club members turned out at the Rockcliffe ranges on June 5th to compete in the usual weekly shoot. Dr. I. J. Smith was the successful winner of the silver spoon. Geo. Easdale won a special spoon for breaking over 50 birds straight. He smashed 53 before missing.

On Thursday, a club competition was held, and Mr. A. T. Phillips won the spoon with a handicap, tying V. V. Rogers with a score of 48, and getting 23 in the shoot off. The scores were as follows:

Easdale	21	21	21	21	25	24—133
Rogers, V. V.	22	24	23	22	20	—111
Sibbitt	18	21	20	22	24	—105
Corby	23	21	23	19	18	—104
White, pro.	24	24	24	23		—95
O'Connor	23	24	24	24		—95
Heney	23	25	23	23		—94
Beattie	23	25	24	22		—94
Smith	23	25	24	21		—93
Brown	22	22	23	23		—89

Throop	24	23	22	29	—88
Bethune	22	20	22	21	—85
Cameron	20	20	22	21	—83
Ring	20	19	23	18	—80
Black	25	24	23		—72
Walker, pro.	25	21	22		—68
Stafford	20	23	23		—66
Bonnar	19	21	21		—61
Booth	20	21	17		—58
Phillips	16	18	19		—53
Brownlee	17	15	18		—50
Bedard	17	16	15		—48
Brownlee	17	14	18		—50
Rogers, C. H.	14	17	16		—47
Little	22	23			—45
McIntyre	9	18	17		—44
Harry	14	13	14		—41
Williams	15	15			—30
Lally	23				—23

At the weekly spoon shoot of the St. Hubert Gun Club Thursday, Mr. A. T. Phillips won spoon with a handicap, tying V. V. Rogers with 48 out of 50 and 23 in the shoot off. Scores in detail:

	Targets.	
E. G. White, pro	15 15 20	Tl.
V. V. Rogers	15 14 20	49
A. T. Phillips	12 14 19	48
Geo. O'Connor	14 13 19	46
J. J. Heney, Jr.	15 14 17	46
W. L. Cameron	15 11 20	46
W. J. Corby	14 13 19	46
E. O'Connor	12 14 19	45
B. Beattie	14 12 18	44
W. C. Little	13 12 18	43
A. W. Throop	14 14 18	43
W. Williams	14 14 15	42
F. Lally	14 11 17	42
Geo. Easdale	13 12 16	41

It will be noted that the above scores are all over 82 p.c.

EXTRAS: AT 25 BIRDS.

Geo. Easdale	24	21	22	22	—111
J. J. Heney, Jr.	25	24	21	23	—93
R. A. Sibbitt	18	14	18	22	—90
Geo. O'Connor	20	20	23	24	—87
W. J. Corby	19	15	21	22	—77
V. V. Rogers, 23, 24—47; E. O'Connor, 23, 22—45; E. G. White, 24, 24—48; A. W. Throop, 22, 23—45; W. L. Cameron, 24; A. T. Phillips, 23; F. Lally 21; R. A. Sibbitt, 28 out of 35; Dr. McIntyre, 25 out of 50.					

Eagle Gun Club.

On May 31st the Eagle Gun Club of Brantford paid a visit to the Governor's Road Club. The Eagle Club won by 45 birds.

Saskatoon Gun Club.

The following scores were made at a June mid-week shoot of the Saskatoon Gun Club:

H. R. Galbraith 24, O. L. Lemery 21, S. E. Fawcett 21, A. Schoen 19, Jno. McRae 18, W. J. Bickman 18, H. Zapfe 18, K. Ross, Regina 18; Dr. McConnell 17, Dr. Love 17, W. Geen 17, R. Denison 16, F. Cole 15, Dr. Valens 15, D. S. Campbell 15, Jno. East 12.

Brantford Shooters at Simcoe.

A fifty target match was pulled off at Simcoe on June 3rd between Simcoe and Brantford shooters, with the following results:

Brantford—		Simcoe—	
Summerhayes	46	Hocking	42
Dennis	45	McCall	41
McRobb	44	Carter	40
Acton	44	Hewson	40
Lambert	41	Marlatt	38
Page	40	Laing	36
Doherty	40	F. Goodlett	34
Stevenson	35	McAlpine	33
McKinnon	33	Burk	31
T. Doherty	32	W. Goodlett	28

400

363

Kingsville Gun Club.

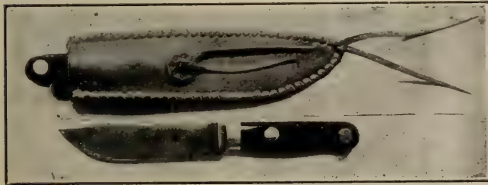
The annual tournament of Kingsville Gun Club held June 3rd on the grounds of the Mettewas Inn, Kingsville, was not as largely attended as the attractiveness of the program warranted owing to unfavorable weather. Notwithstanding 35 shooters, including the best shots in Ontario, faced the traps and put in an enjoyable day at this delightful summer resort.

The program consisted of twelve regular events and the competition for the Dr. King Trophy emblematic of the championship of Southwestern Ontario. \$60. was given in high average prizes, \$20 to 6 high guns in the first 100 targets, the same for second 100 targets and the same for the general average. J. E. Jennings, the

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The "Wright Hunter"

A thin, keen $4\frac{1}{2}$ inch blade, adapted to skinning and cutting up game. Note thumb rest on blade for use in skinning, made for either right or left handed men. Fully warranted—tough, fine knife steel, hard enough to hold an edge, soft enough to guard against chipping. Knife and splendid laced leather sheath, \$2.50 postpaid anywhere in the United States.
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 Opening beneath Patent flap
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Can be cleaned by boiling without injury to rubber. Fits perfectly. Can't rub or chafe. Finest quality elastic webbing. Ask your dealer, and if he will not supply you with MIZPAH JOCK NO. 44, send us 75c in stamps and waist measurement and we will send by mail.

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**Makes
 Any Boat**

**A
 Motor Boat**

Toronto expert was high in each series, going through the programme with only four misses. Frank Stotts, Essex, was second high man in the first round with the good score of 94 while Theo. Wigle, Kingsville, was second high man in the second round with 97. The general average winners were, 1st, J. E. Jennings; 2nd, Theo. Wigle; 3rd, A. Wesner; 4th, W. Hart, D. McNeil and H. Taylor. C. Kennedy, Florence, Ont. won the King Trophy with 25 straight. Jennings won the silk umbrella presented by Mettewas Inn for long run with 130 straight.

Roland E. Day, the popular Ballistite—Empire representative was high professional with the good score of 214 or 95 per cent.

The following are the scores:

	Shot at	Broke	Per cent
J. Jennings, Toronto	225	221	98
R. Day, (Pro.), London	225	214	95
Theo. Wigle, Kingsville	225	213	97
A. Wesner, Flint, Mich.	225	211	94
W. Hart, Dresden	225	209	93
D. McNeil, Florence	225	210	93
H. Taylor, Ridgetown	225	209	93
F. Stotts, Essex	225	205	91
W. A. Smith, Kingsville	225	206	91
C. Kennedy, Florence	225	206	91

W. Thorold, Ridgetown	225	203	90
D. Smith, Chatham	200	179	89
A. McDonald, Kingsville	225	202	89
Dr. Kelly, Florence	225	201	89
A. Thompson, Windsor	225	199	88
H. Smith, Chatham	225	197	88
F. Conover, Leamington	225	195	86
F. Dolson, Chatham	160	136	85
W. Smith, Ruthven	200	170	85
R. S. Jordan, London	190	159	84
Monroe Wigle, Kingsville	130	109	84
W. D. O'Loane, St. Thomas	200	167	83
O. Orton, Ruthven	200	167	83
J. McCausland, London	100	83	83
N. G. Sinclair, Florence	100	82	82
A. Tomlin, Toronto	225	181	80
A. Bunn, Ruthven	225	181	80
G. Dunk, (Pro.), Toronto	225	178	79
G. Orton, Ruthven	115	90	78
A. Eastman, Kingsville	225	173	77
W. J. McCance, St. Thomas	225	171	76
Mrs. Conover, Leamington	225	169	75
Mrs. O'Loane, St. Thomas	200	133	66
Dr. Sharpe, Windsor	170	110	64

A Month's Shooting at the Springwood Gun Club.

The following are the scores made by the members of the Springwood Gun Club of London during the month of May:

Event Nos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	Shot at	Score
No. of Targets	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	10	15	230	211
R. W. Glover	14	9	15	10	12	10	12	10	15	9	14	15	15	13	12	15	10	11	15	230	211
R. Day	14	9	14	9	11	10	12	10	10	14	10	14	15	13	12	15	10	11	15	140	127
J. McCausland	14	10	13	10	13	10	9	10	10											100	89
A. S. Blackburn	10	4	11	5	13	8	12				9									105	72
C. S. Hyman	10	8	7	4	5	5	10	10	10		11				5	7	10			205	116
H. H. Coleman	11	7	12		14	9	12		13	9	12	10	15	13	14	12	11			205	175
W. Parker	15	10	14	8	15	8			12		13	10	15	11	14					160	145
T. H. Baker	10	8	8	6	6	4	5	5	6	6	11	10	10	8	12	7		8		230	130
E. G. Simco	12	5	11	8	14	8	14	12	12	12	8	11	9							160	126
W. Duffield	7	7	7	7	10	7	9		9	10		9	5							150	87
A. H. Clinger	10	9	13		11	6	10	4	11	3	14	13	13	8						175	125
H. Blackburn	11	7	11	6	8	9	11													90	63
W. Brunner	10	2	5	8																50	25
A. Davis	5	4	11	5	8	5	7													90	45
D. Jordan	13	10	14	9																50	46
R. Waide	13	9	14		14		12		13		15									100	90
J. Bissett	9	8	14																	40	31
Bogue	10	6	12	9	11		13		10		10									110	81
Howard	4	8																		25	12
F. Stone	11		14		10		13													60	48
O'Rourke	12		13		10		14													60	49
J. Brown	13		13		11		13													60	50
J. Meyers	12		12		14		13													60	51
S. Webb	10		12		9		12													60	43
P. Spence	13		11		10		9													60	43
Walker	11		11		11		7													60	40
Stevens	11		3		10		5													60	29
Little	10																			15	10

Fort Garry Gun Club.

The following scores were made at the club grounds, River Park, on May 14:

Name	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	Total
W. Carr	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	23
E. Turvey	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	22
R. J. McKay	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	24
T. Brodie	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	22
B. Brodie	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	22
W. H. Sutton	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
Rev. Patterson	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	19
W. Osborne	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
A. Walker	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
O. B. Smith	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	22
J. McL. Holiday	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	14
W. A. Doidge	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	17
A. W. Stow	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5
J. A. Brodie	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	20
F. Yates	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	22
G. Kelly	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	15
F. G. Simpson	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	21
A. E. Mulloy	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	12

	Event No. 1 15 Targets	Event No. 2 15 Targets	Event No. 3 20 Targets	Event No. 4 50 Targets
Legree	11	11	16	33
Coulter	6	9	13	
Beliveau	8	10	15	38
Jones	8	7	17	16
Bond	10	13	15	35
Williamson	13	11	18	
Hamilton	13	14	16	43
Wells	10	9		
Muirhead	12	14	18	40
Carr	13	10		42
Benson	11	12	15	35
Quinn	8	8	14	
Kennedy	8	9	13	



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Mr. C. S. Lincoln, Manager A. G. Spalding Co., a Gun Connoisseur.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,

General Offices: 28-30 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Ludwig Wundhammer,
155 North Main Street, Los Angeles, California.

April 21st, 1915.

My Dear Wundhammer:

Upon my return from an extended eastern business trip I find your letter of April 12th and also my Sauer Mauser Rifle with it's wonderfully beautiful new stock.

It is the most beautiful piece of wood and the most perfectly constructed stock that one could ever hope to see. The fitting and outline is perfection itself. Were it not for the contrast in color of wood and metal, I could not, with a magnifying glass, determine where the wood joined the metal it is so perfectly fitted and I believe it is agreed that stocking a Mauser or Springfield Rifle is a more difficult piece of fitting than any other type of stocking. The shape of the pistol grip is perfect as it brings the hand in a close and perfect position in connection with the trigger. Not only that, but the graceful curve of the grip adds to the beauty of the gun. The cast-off, drop of the stock and shape of the comb and cheek-piece are perfect beyond description and the checking is simply superb. There is just enough of it and not too much and it shows the finish of an artist.

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It is a pleasure to enclose you check for the bill.

I only hope that you can stock the Ballard which you have of mine with Circassian Walnut as beautiful as this in the Sauer Mauser. Yours sincerely,

CSL:W

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Brown	11	11		36
McMillan	7	12		37
Legett	11		13	
Sweatman	9			35
Maitland				26
Sickfold				35
Cranwell			9	34
W. Osborne	9	10	12	32
McKay	13	13	18	48
Sutton	14	15	17	44
Ferguson	8	7	10	26
Lake	8	9		
Patterson	13			31
Conley	11	12	15	32
Smith	12	12	14	36
Root	9	13	18	38
Cadham	12	10	17	44
T. Brodie	13	12	17	34
B. Brodie	11	12	20	37
Turvie	11	10	14	42
Wye	9	11	17	39
Walker	14	11		36
Black	10	12	16	42
Yates	10	9		35
Thomson	6	13	18	41
Howard	11	14	13	32
Turner	7	8		16

MANUFACTURERS OF SPORTING GOODS FOR FIVE GENERATIONS

A unique instance in Commercial history is furnished by the Bentley family which for five generations—over 125 years, has been known on the field and in manufacturing cricket bats, Lawn Tennis racquets, and other sporting goods: The firm was founded in 1786, by Henry and John Bentley, who from 1800 to 1826 played cricket for England, Middlesex, and The M. C. C. In 1813 John Bentley became lessee of the now famous Lords cricket ground, and kept the ground and tavern until about 1820, Henry having his factory adjoining the ground. He was the first to make bats for the public. Previous to that every player made his own, the bat being “whittled” from a single piece of willow, and shaped something like the present day baseball bat, but with a flat face for playing the Ball. The leading players then began to revise the rules and the bat became of standard width and has remained so ever since. Henry Bentley was also the author of Bentley’s book of Matches, which all the later writers on cricket refer to in their prefaces as being the authentic record of the early days of the game.

The next to take up the business was Charles, son of John, born at Lords Cricket ground in 1815. He played for Middlesex for about five years, then went to Oxford and was tutor to the University for five or six seasons. In 1856 he was permanently engaged at Torquay in Devonshire where he was during the 1889 season still coaching and managing his business. He was for many years coach to H. M. S. “Britannia” the training ship at Dartmouth, and had the honor of being

appointed by His Majesty, the late King Edward VII, instructor to their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Prince George of Wales, now King George V. The next, John Bradford, son of Charles, born 1846, commenced his Cricketing career very young, and when only sixteen played for the players of Devon. He was one of the vastest bowlers, and one of the biggest hitters that the cricket field has ever seen. Wielding a bat weighing nearly three pounds and with a wrist like iron, the ball would come at the fielder as a shot from a cannon. He was, as well, one of the formost coaches of his day and among his pupils were the two sons of H. I. H., The Grand Duke Paul of Russia. John Bradford is still manufacturing Sporting Goods in London England, and it is an old joke among some of the big players and at the Universities that “A Bat with Bentley on it will play by itself.”

Next Walter, son of John Bradford, born in London England in 1868, went into business with his father, and some seven years ago came to Canada, and settled at Niagara Falls, founding the present business of which he is the President and managing director. Walter Bentley plays both cricket and tennis, but devotes most of his time to looking after the wants of other players.

Lastly son Arthur, and Cecil, sons of Walter born in London England in 1890, and 1892 respectively, both players of the games, and practical makers of the goods. They are now sales manager, and secretary treasurer of the Walter Bentley Co., Limited.

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The most notable event was C. C. Plummer's win in the Grand Canadian Handicap; scoring 94 ex 100 from the 22-yard mark. "Doc" Seager and George O'Connor gave Plummer a real run for the coin. George at 19 and the doctor on the 23-yard peg each broke 93.

Not content with his great work in the Handicap, Plummer also annexed the Novice Bowl for High Aggregate with 288 ex 300. "C. C." was going some!

The hard-fought Two-Man-Team event went to P. Schwager and H. Morrison of Dundearn, Sask. with perfect scores—each getting 25 ex 25.

E. Harris and A. Throop made a neck-and-neck race of the Consolation Handicap—tying at 92 ex 100. In the shoot-off, Harris nosed out his rival with 23 ex 25.

S. Vance of Tilsonburg did fine work in the Merchandise "Miss and Out"—having to his credit 17 straight.

Of the 20 Bowls offered as prizes in various events, 10 were won by followers of the "Red Ball" Brand. Among those who brought home the bacon were P. Schwager, C. C. Plummer, H. Morrison, R. G. Robinson, H. L. Taylor, E. Sturt, W. Hart, C. Vance, J. J. Heney and V. V. Rogers.

No wonder the Remington—U. M. C. crowd wears the "smile that won't come off".

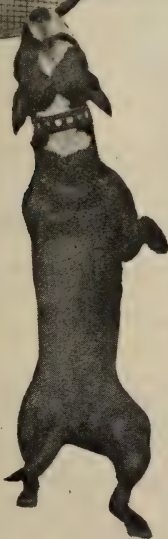
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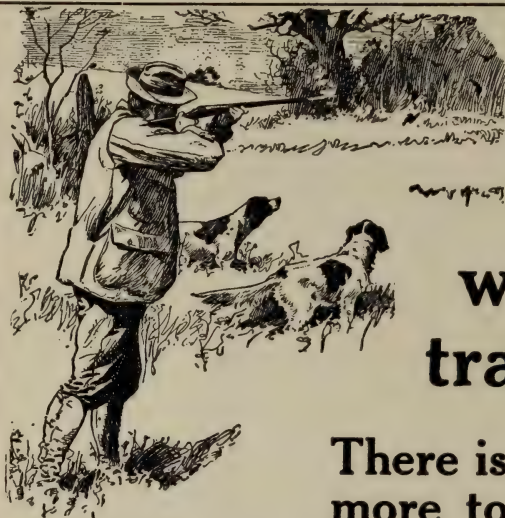
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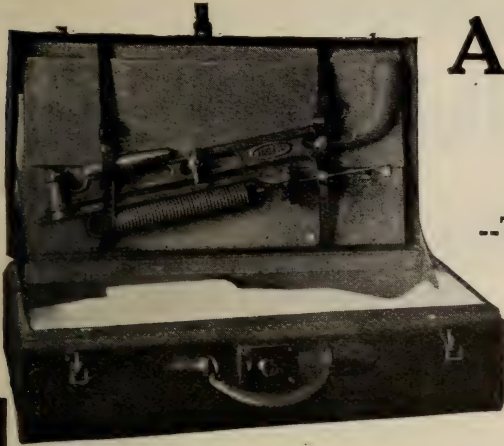
CONTENTS—Back firing, Blow-back of gas into carburetor, Popping noises, Buzz in coil (other than contact breaker buzz), clatter and grind in gear box, Compression, faulty, Compression, none, Explosions, Irregular or uncertain running, Metallic or puffing noises, Misfires, Resistance slight when operating starting handle, Start, failure to, Steering erratic, Stoppage of engine, Water escapes, Air lock, Batteries, Bearings, Bent axle, Brakes, Carburation, Change Speed gear, Clutch, Coil, Connecting rod or crank shaft broken, Contact breaker (High tension magneto), Contact maker, Knock in bearings generally or in Transmission system. Leaks: Loss of power, Gear, Governor, Hunting, Ignition, Lubrication, Misfires, Muffler troubles, Noise, Overheating, Pipes burst out or fractured, Piston troubles, Popping in carburetor, Pressure leaking (in case of pressure feed) Pre-ignition, Short circuits, Spark plug, Steam bound or air lock, Steering, Supply pipe choked, Tining, Tires, Valves, Valve springs, Water circulation, Wheels.

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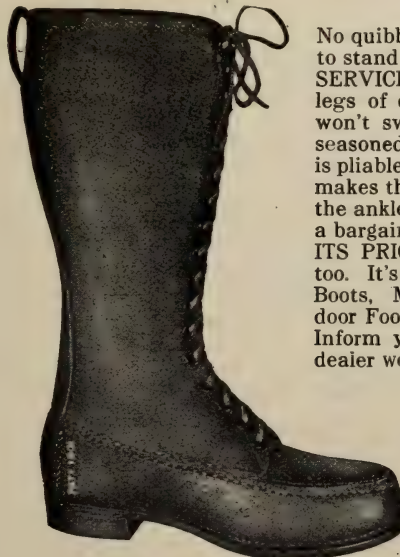
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AUGUST, 1915

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Chaloupe

On The Trail
of Old Bigfoot

The Last of
The Whalers

A Night in the
Woods

While Rescuers
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The Indian Fur
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NUMBER 3

Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, August, 1915

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A WATER HAUL

Being an account of a trip up Unuk River after Gold

EDWARD T. MARTIN

THE man who complained of the Rocky Road to Dublin, would have called that historic thoroughfare a smooth and pretty road to travel had he ever been through the wilds of North Western Canada.

There he would find rocks, more rocks, then rocks again. Mountain sides covered with a rocky coating, valleys filled with solid granite boulders, rivers choked by them, rocks everywhere. Those on the hills ready to start a rolling on the slightest provocation, gathering strength and velocity at every bound until a death-dealing avalanche irresistible in force, was formed, carrying destruction to anything that might be in its path.

Knowing this, Dick suggested a trip up the Unuk River, through the heart of this country of rocks. A trip prospecting for gold, gunning for game. When he invited the writer to go he was told he was crazy—plumb crazy; that his home should be in some "maison de sante," expressed in that way to soften the blow. Or if that was too aristocratic in fact as well as in title, then in some plain every day bughouse where neither name nor condition gave the idea of frills, decorations, or even comfort, so that every time he had a "spell" and tried to inveigle some innocent friend into making a crazy trip to unknown wilds of little traveled lands, a straight jacket would be his fate and close confinement on bread and water, his sentence.

Did that feaze Dick? Hardly. He laughed and said: "The Alaska boat sails in four days from pier "C." Get your stuff together and be on board by noon."

"Hold on," I called as he walked away. "Where's that river and what's the need of so sudden a departure?"

"That's more like it," he replied, coming back. "The Unuk? Well, it rises in the mountains of British Columbia, turns and twists until it finally empties into the Inside Passage 20 miles North East of Ketchikan, the most Southerly town in Alaska. It is the only stream of consequence between the Portland Canal and the Stikine river. Does that locate it for you?"

"Exactly," I told him. "Only I have no idea where the Portland Canal is and never heard of the Stikine river."

"My, my!" Dick answered, "and yet I suppose in your younger days you went to school and studied geography. Well, I'll show you," and taking a folded map from his pocket he traced the course of river and canal. This last being no canal but a long, narrow arm of the sea. "There!" he said, "you see they are six or eight hundred miles North of Vancouver. The Unuk is right here," touching the South Western corner of Alaska, "and here," making a sweep of his hand that included most of North Western Canada, "is where

it flows through British Columbia, and here," indicating much of the rest of Canada, "is where it branches into many small rivulets and creeks, the sands of which show rich pan-nings of gold. Besides there are outcroppings of quartz in the hills that are worth investigating. If nothing else develops, there is game in abundance, good fishing and plenty of fur bearing animals if you care to take any traps."

"Well," I answered, "you are as enthusiastic as a kid with his first trousers, but you prognosticate too well. Gold, Game, Fish, Fur. Isn't there something else? Diamonds or radium, for instance? Never mind; I'll go, just to look after you." That is the way the trip was planned and how, two weeks later, we both happened to be in Ketchikan looking for a launch to tow a row boat already hired, through the Inside Passage, and across the Unuk river bar.

Once in that river nothing burning gasoline could stem its current. Nothing force a boat up stream but the muscles of its crew with oar and pole. In places there was an eight per cent grade; eight feet in a hundred, making a fourteen mile current.

The boat, decked at bow and stern was a double ender, light and strong, accommodating our party of ten—ourselves, crew, and cook—with ease, as well as all the impedimenta needed in a protracted stay away from civilization. When we reached the river mouth, a strong incoming tide meeting the rush of outgoing river water, kicked up such a sea, the tug Captain declined the issue, saying, "Wait until slack water. I will not risk my boat and your lives trying it now." So wait it was.

The delay was not tiresome. A constant movement of wild life in air and sea removed all monotony. Salmon were jumping in every direction as far as eye could reach. With them were trout and along the shallows a herring-like kind of small fish. Eagles, hawks and gulls, were circling over the water and ever darting down with extended talons seeking their prey.

Close by the launch a large osprey sunk his claws into a forty or fifty

pound salmon which put up a gallant fight, now drawing the bird almost under, then in turn being raised nearly out of the water. The battle lasted many minutes. At last the bird tired and with a scream of rage loosened its hold, flew to shore where, perched on an overhanging rock, it sat preening and drying its feathers, as long as we remained in sight. Three small whales, blowing thin streams of oily vapor, passed close to seaward. Large flocks of waterfowl were much in evidence: scoters, megansers, bluebills, whistlers, old squaws, among which swam thousands of white grebe, a bird of the arctics whose skins once were an article of commerce, sales running yearly into tens of thousands, at good prices, but now under Federal law protected and the traffic confined entirely to Canadian points.

Finally the flood tide slackened. The bar ceased to be dangerous and the tug towed the row boat across and dropped it in shelter of a long rocky point where the current was slight and preparations could be made for the up river trip.

The men ran an anchor ahead which was hooked around a stump and with four pulling on its line and two aft pushing with long poles, the trip began. It was slow work and not so very sure either. Often the bank was steep, the water deep, with no place where the anchor would hold; then oars and poles formed the motive power and it was strain and struggle to make the smallest gain. Sometimes the current getting the upper hand, twisted the boat around until it was broadside on, all but capsizing it before the crew recovered mastery. Then it was when the labor of hours was lost in minutes, and stern way made so fast it was discouraging to think how long it would take to recover the distance.

So close to the arctic circle days were long, the nights no nights at all. This day of starting an hour before midnight with it yet light, a little cove with a speck of sheltered beach two miles from the bar was reached. Here Daily, boss of the boatmen, said, "We will camp tonight." No one objected. All were glad.

During the hours of fighting the rapids, when the river was shallow, everybody, crew and passengers alike, had been ready at the cry, "All out now," to jump into the water and boost the boat along or hold it steady while Daily ran his anchor ahead. Each tripped and fell or was carried off his feet many times. From the first time we stepped over the side and found the water, feet instead of inches deep, until the trip was ended neither Dick nor the writer were at any time perfectly dry, more than often they were very wet. This first night out Dick, instead of trying to dry himself by the fire while "Pollyvou" was cooking supper, dumped the potatoes from a dish pan and began washing for gold and the writer, equally crazy, shot gun in hand hunted the brush for a rabbit to fry with "Pollyvou's" bacon. Truthfully speaking there was no more gold than game although both men persevered until the horn sounded long and persistent information "Supper is ready—Supper is ready."

For weeks one day was the same as another. As the river narrowed, progress became slower and slower, the current faster and faster until, with everybody working hard, a day when a mile was gained was the exception, when it wasn't, the rule. It was now a country where man had seldom been, of rugged mountains and giant trees. Pine, Hemlock, Fir, Spruce and Cedar. Some of the trees were arrow straight 250 feet from crown to base with 10,000 feet of lumber, board measure in a single one.

The top of the range was bare, no trees, no underbrush, nothing but ice and snow with huge protecting rocks. The whole was one great glacier 50 or 60 miles long and as much as 500 feet thick, vertical, which, light blue in color reminded one of the still water of some skyline lake in a calm day, although the top in spots was white from snow and melting ice. In summer time great chunks keep breaking loose and sliding down, gaining in volume as they fall until with roar of mighty waters and crash of prehistoric thunder, they sweep everything before them.

The river channel had been cut

through these mountains by glacial ice in the long ago. In places the granite of the hillsides stands vertical 800 feet or more and is marked with grooves and laminations, all horizontal, showing where in irresistible force the ice of the days of the world's creation ploughed its way through.

Where small, deep canyons run to the water's edge there are flat benches affording camping sites. These are tracked with many footprints, carnivora coming for fish or drink. Now a big grizzly. Then deer or the smaller fur bearers. Scores of them and never a trapper white or red in all the many miles of virgin country. And fish! The trouble was to find them small enough for such tackle as we had to hold. All even of medium size had been chased away else eaten by the big ones. And these would strike at anything; even at a camp made lure of white cotton and red flannel. Strike and break line or leader until tied up odds and ends was all the tackle left. Salmon too were abundant. Great fellows. Gaunt and hungry looking as wolves. Once—only once—"Pollyvou" served fried salmon steaks. They were as palatable as pine chips and the remarks from the boatmen of course, were so rough and uncouth, he never tried to experiment a second time.

It was quite sporty amusement watching the bears a-fishing. They mostly were shy and timid, all except the browns and grizzlies, and were off as soon as they caught sight or scent of man, but with a good pair of glasses one could be brought so close that every gleam of his little eyes, every wrinkle of his nose were plainly seen.

A fishing bear would stand as motionless as chiseled rock by the shallows of a little creek, paw raised, and wait and wait. Patient as an Indian he would seem never to tire. Then a salmon would come, more likely a pair, slowly working upstream. If the silent fisher were seen, the fish failed to distinguish him from stump or stone until there came a lightning swipe of that extended paw, then it was too late, for the salmon found itself flopping on the bank where the bear could feast at leisure. It is surprising how strong and rank one

of these fish-eating bears will become. Outside of the skin, there is no part of one that is fit for use. Nothing to do after the pelt is removed but to throw the carcass to cat and wolves. In a cat country a set of traps around the remains of an old fishy bear will certainly account for several of the felines one of which might be a cougar.

Some days on the trip half a dozen of these salmon catching bears were seen and we did much figuring on the material we would obtain for rugs when homeward bound. We saw only one otter. He, shy and wary, was sunning himself on a flat rock, near which was a half eaten steel head trout. He slid into the water long before we were close enough to risk a shot.

The nearer the source of the river the more signs we found of game and fur. We saw some elk. A few big horns, many more bears and signs everywhere of the smaller fur bearers. Elk and sheep were protected so we made no attempt to hunt them. Only watched their actions with the glasses. The sheep could find foothold and climb what appeared a vertical wall of rock. With wonderful intelligence they avoided crumbling ice of the glacier or the side of a hill where even their light tread might start the loose rock sliding and start an avalanche that would sweep them away.

The 41st day out we reached our destination, a little spot of sand forty miles above the river bar. Here the tent was pitched, sheltered by a solid slab or mass of granite close to a thousand feet in height. The sand was trodden and packed hard by the many animals coming down a nearby canyon for water or else fish.

"Will have lots of company tonight," "Pollyvou" said to Dick as he cleaned a trout for supper. Dick was too busy for conversation with the cook. He was washing pan after pan of gravel from the river side and searching with a magnifying glass for trace of gold. As the aroma of the frying pan filled the air it brought an unbidden guest. A large brown bear shuffled down the canyon pointed for the cooking fish, then when the man scent reached his nostrils, stood up

and with his beady eyes snapping, said, "W-o-o-f," and hesitated whether to run or to remain and eat. No such doubt troubled the men. They ran to the boat for their guns, as yet unpacked. Dick dropped his pan over which the cook stumbled, falling almost in the river, while the bear cowardly by nature, when he heard the racket, the rattle of the falling tin, the shouts of the men, turned and loped off up the gulch.

In the anxiety to even up things with the shaggy visitor, supper was forgotten. Rifles were unpacked, then Dick and Daily followed up the canyon after the bear. As for the writer, he stayed to keep camp, the boatmen having to cut wood for an all night fire and "Polyvou" insisting, "If you folks expect any grub when you get back, somebody with a gun has gotter stay with me."

As the hunters climbed up the gulch they found their bear friend was not alone. His mate with low growls told them she too had scented frying fish and was angered at losing her expected treat. Once out of the canyon the bears went in different directions. The male kept on as if to top the range. The female followed the rim of the rock which gave shelter to the tent; and although the light was none to good, could be plainly seen against the sky line from where the writer stood near the camp fire. It has always been his maxim: "If you don't shoot, you don't get," so he took a chance and made a very lucky shot, his bullet entering the bear's throat from below, passing through the neck and severing the spinal cord at base of her brain. She thrashed around a lot, muscular contraction probably, and finally managed to kick herself over the edge and falling, struck the tent on one side wrecking it completely, then bounded or rolled towards the fire, upsetting a pan of hot grease and scattering the burning fat in seventeen different directions, most of which however were the cook's way, some of the fat landing on his face, some on his arms and some, his hands.

It took a lot of fixing to patch that tent so as to make it habitable again. Also half our supply of soda to ease

the pain where "Pollyvou" had stopped the sizzling grease. And the bear? Oh yes. She weighed as nearly as we could guess over 500 pounds. Her fur was thick and fine. Her flesh, strong, fishy and tough. And her lard! Don't mention it. We tried eating some pancakes fried in it. The flavor was of rotten salmon twice condensed and then intensified. Ugh! As I write I can seem to taste it now!

Bright and early next day we began prospecting. There was gold. So there is in sea water, but mighty hard to get. In these Unuk river deposits even a Chinaman would fail if he tried to wash gold enough out to pay for his rice. It was not there; no values of more than a cent or two to the pan. Very few that good. The best close to the tent and that small and not worth bothering with. Gold was the real object of the trip. Two weeks were spent examining various veins of quartz, or looking for placer deposits. Then Dick told Daily, "It's the back track tomorrow."

The boat boss protested sullenly. Said, "Give me time; I'll prove to you there's gold here."

Dick who was a good mining engineer shook his head. Then Daily said, "You haven't hunted or trapped as you expected to. You go after the Big Horns for a few days. Never mind the law. No one will know how many you kill. That big game shooting is the thing. While you're sheep shooting I'll find a vein of quartz that will make your eyes stick out."

"No use," Dick told him. "Expense counts up too fast to spend much time shooting. We'll start

down stream in the morning." We did, as soon after breakfast as we could pack the stuff and get ready intending to kill a few bear as we went. Daily was off color. Wild eyed, crazy acting. He insisted on doing the steering. A difficult task in that rapid current even for a sober man. The first quarter mile, twice he barely missed half sunken rocks. Then he did it. Ran head on into a large stump. The swift water whirled the boat broadside against the stump. It tipped, filled, cracked and broke squarely in two. Everybody and everything went into the water each man doing his best to reach dry land. Some by swimming, some by holding to the wreckage, the rest by drifting. The writer being no aquatic bird was in the last class. He was whirled head up, then feet up, all under, nearly all out until Dick grabbed him, shunted him into shallow water like he was a log and so saved his life. When he reached the narrow sand bar he looked like a rooster after a recent shower bath and felt worse. Provisions, Guns, Tools, Traps, Notes, Camera, Clothes, everything was lost except a can of fishy bear fat. This, a few roots, berries and an occasional rabbit was all the food we had on the overland trip to Ketchikan. We staggered into that town after an absence of more than two months, satisfied that while there might be gold and there certainly was game, fish and fur in the Unuk river country, it was there for someone else. As for Dick and the Writer, we were satisfied and didn't care for any more Unuk in ours.



CHALOUPE

E. RUSSELL PATERSON

SEE dat ol' horse in de fiel', m'sieu? Dat belong to Jeremie Blanchette, ma neighbour, an' he's call heem "Chaloupe"—dat mean boat. Dat fonny nam' for horse, m'sieu, n'est-ce pas? I tell you 'ow dat come.

Dat Riviere Rouge over dere she's verra nice reever mos' all de tam. But wan year—dat's eight, nine year ago—she's come so swole in de spring dat we have un deluge all over roun' here. De snow she's melt verra queeck dat spring, an' de Macaza an' le Diable—dem reever come into de Rouge way up nort'—dey all swole up an' come over deir bank, an' de Rouge she's swole up al-so, an' manny de farmer leev on bank he's los' hees house an' evrayt'ing in de deluge.

I nevaire forget 'ow dat reever she's look on day w'en de water she's highes—all yel-low wit' de mud she scrape up, an' de wave an' de bub-ble mak her lak she's mad, an' all de tam she's grab for de house an' de tree on de bank. Dat's lot of t'ing come floatin' down on de water—de branche of tree, an' ol' log, an' rail of fence, an' piece of barn, an' sometam de body of cow or horse dat come drown. Dat's not nice for watch.

Ma farm she's good piece back from de reever dere, an' de water she's don' tak not'ing from me. But we all be go down to bank of reever for help de farmer dere try for save deir stuff. Me an' Jeremie Blanchette ma neighbour, we work for help Octave Gervais. Jeremie he's verra beeg, strong man, but he's lak tak moche de w'iskey blanc, an' den he's come verra wil' an' cra-zay. De water she's col', an' we're work in it mos' de tam, so Jeremie he's bring de bottle wit' heem, an' he's tak manny drink for warm heese'f.

Wal, we bot' have our horse dere, an' we work hard for help Octave Gervais all de mornin'. So he's come tam for go home for dee-ner, an' me an' Jeremie we go out de water an' tak our horse for go to our house.

Jus' den Octave Gervais he's geev yell an' point to de reever, an' we look, an' w'at you t'ink we see, m'sieu? Dere's beeg piece of house come floatin' down de middle of dat water, an' on de house dere's man hol' on so hard he can. W'en he see us on bank he's yell for help, an' we see dat he's tire' an' goin' drop off an' go drown verra soon.

But we don' have no boat dere, an' if we have boat de reever she's too fas' an' strong for be safe, so we don know w'at for do. Den Jeremie he's tak nodder drink for help heem t'ink, s'pose, an' den he's geev yell lak sauvage, an' he say, "I go, me!" an' he's grab de harness off hees horse an' jomp on hees back. So he's commence kick de horse wit' hees boot an' yell so hard he can, an' he's mak de horse go in de water.

Den me an' Octave Gervais we see w'at he's be goin' do an' we yell, "Jeremie, you be cra-zay, you go drown, come back!" But Jeremie he have lot of w'iskey inside by dat tam, an' he's wil' man we'n he's drink, so he's only yell more loud an' kick more hard.

De horse he's don' lak go in water. But Jeremie have beeg foot for kick, an' he's strong man, an' he's mak heem go splash, splash right out from de bank. Pret' soon de water come deep an' more deep right up to neck of horse, an' de horse he stop an' commence mak de fuss. But Jeremie he's grab beeg branche dat come floatin' along, an' he's dig dat horse behin' wit' de branche so hard he can. So de horse he's geev beeg jomp, an' he's jomp so queeck Jeremie slide off hees back.

So Jeremie he's grab for de horse 'cause he can' swim heese'f, but hee's be tak off all de harness before he start in de water, so dere don' be not'ing for grab. Hees han' slid along de back of de horse until he's reach de tail, an' den Jeremie he's grab hol' dat tail an' hang on so hard he can.

'Course de horse he's try for turn roun' to de bank, but Jeremie poke hees head on top de water an' yell some more lak sauvage—only I s'pose de sauvage dey don' know so moche swear word lak Jeremie use, m'sieu—an' he's twis' de tail hard, an' turn dat horse so he swim out in de water encore. Jeremie he's verra strong man.

Me an' Octave Gervais we stan' on de bank an' yell for Jeremie come back, 'cause we don' lak see heem drown. But Jeremie he's be wil' man wit' de wiskey inside, an' I s'pose he's don' t'ink w'at he do by dat tam.

So Jeremie he mak dat horse swim wit' heem out in de reever. Dat's jus' lak man wit' oar at back of boat de way he steer dat horse. He's twis' de tail dis way an' dat way, an' de horse he can't turn back lak he wan' for do, an' he mus' go lak Jeremie steer heem. An' all de tam Jeremie yell an' swear so hard he can.

Pret' soon me an' Octave Gervais we hear heem yell lak he's in boat—

"A droit, a droit!", an' he's twis de tail so de horse he's go for right.

"A gauche!", an' he's twis' de odder way.

"Au large, mon vieux, kip out de shore! Watch out dat log! Doucement! Plus fort!"—I t'ink de devil be in dat beeg man!

So he steer de horse out to de piece of house w'ere de man was hol' on. We t'ink every meenute he have for let go de tail or be hit wit' de log an' branche dat come floatin' down. But de bon Dieu or de Saint or de Devil tak care of heem—I don' know w'ich—an' at las' he get to de piece of de house.

"Jomp in!" he's yell to de man dat

hol' on, "dere's lot of room in dis boat. All aboard!"

So de man he slide on de back of de horse an' catch hol' hees neck, an' Jeremie yell "Au large!" an' start off de horse back to de shore. 'Course by dat tam dey drif' down way pas' de place w'ere Jeremie start out. But me an' Octave Gervais we get our horse an' we ronned down de bank, an' we kip up wit' dem.

Dat's more hard work for de horse come back wit' two man, an' we t'ink lot of tam dey all go drown. But Jeremie he's yell more hard "Plus fort, mes amis! Pull on de oar! We get dere soon!" an' he's twis' de tail all de tam so dey go straight.

So pret' soon dey come w'ere de water she's not so deep, an' de horse feel de groun' wit' hees feet. But he's verra tire' wit' hees swim, an' de man on hees back he's nearly fallin' off, so me an' Octave Gervais we go in de water an' help dem out. Den we see dat de man Jeremie save was Tomas Dubois dat leev t'ree mile up de reever.

W'at you t'ink Jeremie do, m'sieu, w'en he's come on de bank? He's near drown wit' all de water he swaller, an' he have hard work stan' up on hees feet. Tomas Dubois commence for try t'ank heem for save hees life, but Jeremie don' seem for hear heem. He jus' feel in de pocket at back hees pant, an' he say, "Sapre" he say, "I los' ma bottle!" Den we tak heem to hees house.

So Jeremie he's nam' dat horse "Chaloupe" lak I say, an' he's mak leetle oar from wood an' fassen it on de harness jus' on top de tail. So w'enever he drive dat horse now we see de leetle oar fassen on de harness. Jeremie say dat be more easy for steer nex' tam.



ON THE TRAIL OF OLD BIGFOOT

A Moonlight Hunt in New Brunswick

L. G. READ.

IT was the full moon of November, and "our tent pitched low, where untamed things, the wildest, grow" we had finished our supper and, as was my custom, when camp was to be broken for an early start, we had the grub set aside for breakfast, and everything else packed.

I had just finished a smoke and had rolled into my blankets when Dona, my guide, crept to the flap of the tent and, in a whisper, asked—"you hear dat?"

"No" said "I, I'm too tired to hear."

"Well, by gosh, dat might be de beeg wan, for shur" and he waved his hand toward the valley which stretched out before us and which the blazing moonlight made almost as bright as day.

For five days we had been following, doggedly, persistently, what I felt certain was the trail of the biggest bull moose that ever lived—and I was bent upon overtaking him; that is, if the grub—and my legs would hold out. The weather was just right to hold the four inches of snow and just cloudy enough to save it from the noon-day sun. I wanted that moose, partly because of those huge tracks; partly because of the conditions being ideal for stalking; partly because of the thrill of being led into depths of a wilderness which I had not visited before and, I think, partly because of an awakened primeval instinct—to track the quarry to its death. And, too, I am opposed to the "calling" of bull moose, for I believe, to arouse an animal's mating instinct, for the deliberate purpose of bringing him

out—to be shot—is not sportsmanlike.

Dona Mercier, a sturdy, French Canadian guide—my friend and real companion on many a long trail, stood waiting; waiting for me to say the word. Would we break camp then and there, and follow, by night, as well as by day, the trail of Old Big-Foot? Already, we had plodded behind him for seventy miles, or more, and, already, my back was sore from the pack and my legs were fagged, for a sixty pound pack, a pair of heavy snow shoes and a rifle was my limit; although Dona, whose physical prowess I shall never cease to admire, seemed to think nothing of sixty-five pounds on his tump line and a seventy pound canoe on his shoulders.

"Dona" said I, "do you know where we are?" "Yes sor. I tink de Muddy River, he off like dat—'bout t'irty mile"—with a sweep of his hand to the south.

"Are you game to go on now" I quietly asked, knowing full well that the question should have been put to me instead of him. I had hardly finished the question when Dona jumped for the tent ropes and had it down and rolled up before I could get into my coat and, in a few minutes we, or at least I was feeling the thrill



MEN REPAIRING A SHACK

of a new sensation—tracking big game by moonlight.

Over ridges, up hill, down hill, along the shadowy lanes of old logging roads we plodded on.

For the first few hours the tracking was difficult and we travelled slow, but as the moon rose higher and higher in the heavens and the shadows grew shorter, we could increase our pace, and at three A. M. the moon was nearly squarely overhead and the shadows no longer interfered with our keeping that everlasting trail.

At six, we made a hasty and noiseless breakfast, with the full intention of keeping right on, but it was no use; my legs demanded rest, and using the tent as a poncho, we rolled into our blankets and went to sleep.

When we awoke, the sun was high and the snow was fast beginning to melt. The outlook was distinctly bad. The big tracks led toward a lake, not a mile away and if his Lordship crossed that lake, we would surely lose much time in picking up his tracks again. However, we lost no time in getting away, for the two hours we had meant to sleep had stretched out to over five and, I confess, the game looked anything but hopeful. We fairly ran that mile—sliding the canoe down hill—toboggan-fashion. At the lower level we could not get a good view of the lake, but Dona put the canoe quietly into the water, and as I was in the act of stepping in to the bow seat, Dona, almost paralyzed with tenseness, whispered, "look at dat" and there, across the lower end of the lake, in a small cove, stood a big, splendid bull—the very one, no doubt, whose huge tracks we had hounded

many miles. With head half raised, ears forward, he stood, looking squarely at us. Why didn't I shoot? I had my rifle in my hand. I had spent my nerves, my strength and, indeed my hopes to get sight of this prize, but standing just on the balance in the narrow bow of a frail canoe was not the position from which to try what seemed to me a 250 yard shot. I was afraid to risk it and so decided to let him move on into the woods. Taking a final, enquiring look at us and raising his nostrils to try again for the scent, he disappeared.

Fortunately it was up-wind to cross to the spot where he went in. We remained silent and motionless for something like a minute—watching him until he was out of sight and, being sure that he was not watching us, we paddled across. There were his tracks—the same, without doubt. And now that I had actually seen him, and was satisfied that he was no ordinary specimen, my hopes again took a skyward flight. He looked to stand all of six feet at the shoulders and, although the spread did not appear to be great, the length and size of his head and the great bulk of his body were immense. So—on we went, once more; along a high ridge for some distance and then down again into heavy woods. At sundown the trail led us along an old lumber road and at dusk we reached a river. The snow was unbroken on the opposite shore, the water was very shallow and a thin fringe of ice was forming on the edge. There, again, were his tracks—not two hours, perhaps not half an hour old, for all afternoon we noted, by the angle at which the hoofs went into the snow and the little flecks raised up at the toe of the tracks that he was not traveling fast. Through the clear water we could see the big tracks in the sand. He was headed down stream and although I felt certain that he would leave the stream within a quarter of a mile and that we could readily pick up his tracks again—with no loss of time—yet dark was fast coming on and it would be two hours or more before the



A SCENE ON A PORTAGE

moon was high enough for us to follow. A short distance up stream we could see the remains of an old logging camp. It offered us an opportunity to make supper and camp with no noise and little or no smoke. Biscuits, tea, cheese and chocolate—and in a few minutes we were in our blankets and dead to the world.

Despite my fatigue, however, I went to sleep with a fixed resolve to awake in three hours; that is to say, about ten o'clock and, according to the psychological rules of auto-suggestion, I did awake at that hour, but if my objective mind responded to the call, certainly my legs did not, for they refused to move. I roused Dona—the Always Faithful and Ever Ready who, having gone to bed with his hat on and his pipe in his mouth, was up on the instant. He rubbed, pounded and pulled and gave me a new and painful version of native osteopathy, but it was a successful treatment and, after more biscuits, cheese and tea, we slid the canoe into the water and started down stream—watching both sides for tracks.

About half a mile down we found again the big tell-tale prints. We drifted to the spot and, leaving Dona in the canoe, I followed the trail, just to reconnoiter, and found, as I had hoped, that the trail followed the same general course as the river and, believing that he would get into the river again before or by dawn, I returned to the canoe and we decided to drift on down and watch for the trail. Should he not come to the river again, but strike across the country instead; well, we would simply be beaten. Anyhow—I was fagged out and had secretly resolved to stick to that river—wherever the moose might go, or wherever the river might lead us, for I knew that if it was not the muddy River it would,

in all probability, lead us to it, for we had not crossed the height of land, and, with this very unambitious resolution, I made myself comfortable in the bow of the canoe. Slowly we drifted down, like phantom spirits, with the silence of the night broken only here and there by the gurgle of the water around a projecting log or a hidden stone. The wind veered around to the East and in another hour it began to snow—gently at first, then hard. The moonlight had gone—and all my hopes of success with it. Excepting the canoe's green sides, we were soon covered with snow and must have presented the appearance of some strange, unearthly thing—as, indeed, I felt we were, and bent upon a wild, nocturnal voyage.

We went ashore, shook off the snow, got out our rubber shirts, started a fire and had a good, long smoke and otherwise recklessly enjoyed ourselves, for I was determined to have at least one hour's relaxation from that everlasting tension which I had begun to fear might render me permanently ossified—if kept up much longer. Then came the reaction of my spirits. I felt that by this reckless recess I might be throwing away the very chance of success on which I had already expended such a tremendous effort. At this we resumed our journey and I my watchfulness. But there is a limit to one's power of mind when the body is



A NEW BRUNSWICK TROPHY

fagged, and I went to sleep—dreaming of moose tracks and seeing bulls on both sides of the river. Then something like a vise seemed to grip me by the shoulder. It was Dona's left hand, while his right held the canoe still, by the paddle on the bottom. Fortunately, I roused without noise, and there, in the grey dawn, about a hundred yards straight ahead of us, stood the majestic figure of a big bull moose—centered in the most magnificent picture that could be imagined. His huge, dark bulk was profiled against a background of snow-covered boulders, and again he was looking squarely at us.

At last the moment had come, the moment to which all our strength, all our endurance, our hopes and our instincts to kill had led us. Would he wait the few age-long seconds for me to work the lever of my rifle—and let

me put that little white beaded sight just right for the shoulder shot?—or would he break for the woods? While these and a thousand hopes that he would stand another second were thumping through my brain—I pulled the trigger. He turned slowly, took a few steps into the stream and dropped to his knees. Then Dona shouted "Shoot 'im agin. Quick. He git away, for shur," but I waited. Slowly he struggled to regain his feet, and slowly we drifted nearer to him. The death gurgle was in his throat, and he stretched himself in the shallow water at the edge of the snow.

Old "Big Foot" was mine.

To-day his huge head looks down through soft, brown, taxidermist's eyes upon the general ticket office of the Canadian Northern Railway in Montreal—to whom I loaned what I consider one of my best trophies.

DUCKS CANNOT ALWAYS FLY



WING OF PINTAIL IN MOULT

Many veteran duck shooters, says Mr. E. T. Martin, will be surprised to learn that there is a time every year in the life of a wild duck when it has not the power of flight, namely when it is in moult and the old wing feathers have been shed and the new are not fully developed. The accompanying photo

of a sprig or pintail duck was taken at the California State Game Farm and is a perfectly healthy bird, one hatched and raised on the farm. It can readily be seen that while the duck's body is well feathered, such is not the case with the wing and that flight would be impossible.



"THE DECK WAS BESTREWED WITH ROPES, BARRELS AND HARPOONS."

THE LAST OF THE WHALERS

VINCENT J. MCHENRY

THE *Herman*, direct from the Arctic, rides at anchor in the Oakland estuary.

She was the only whaler that sailed through the Golden Gate last spring bound for the ice floes of the North. And she has returned. Carefully stored in her stifling holds are the bones of nine whale, dried a bluish black, and in bundles not unlike huge shocks of corn; also, sundry trading stores that had failed to attract the primitive eye of the Indian.

There is something about a whaling vessel that is not commonplace. At least I was so impressed. The quarterdeck, bestrewed with ropes, barrels and harpoons; and above this the wooden davits, the intricate confusion of rigging, and surmounting all, the crow's nest, from which the whale are sighted and the kill directed—cannot fail to imprint upon one's mind visions of struggle and slaughter, and yet, they suggest the chilled thrill of adventure.

The captain, a squarely hewed, intelligent Norwegian escorted me through the narrow companionway, past the dingy kitchen, into a white enamelled dining room which contained every conceivable contrivance to counteract the roll of the sea—even to a hammock for the catsup bottle—then, finally, into his own commodious cabin amidship.

"Whaling has reached its ebb," he began, regretfully, "there are so many substitutes for whale oil on the market today, that we now secure only the bone—and that's hardly worth while."

One glance about you will verify this statement. Close to the *Herman*, more than a score of whaling vessels are decaying due to inactivity. The writer is personally acquainted with one captain who has not raised anchor in six years, and many, no doubt, will be hoisted only for junk.

The reason for this lack of use is obvious. Before the discovery of oil in California that of sperm whale was in constant demand. Regularly, each Spring, these vessels sailed for the northern seas, returning in the Fall with their cargoes of bone and oil. But this is now only history. The great conical derrick and the centrifugal pump has supplanted the whaler—mother earth having revealed a hidden substitute for the Arctic mammal.

One could not help regretting with the captain, who has whaled ever since he was old enough to sail a skiff, this condition of affairs. "There is no substitute for whale bone?" I suggested.

"No. And worse, there isn't any demand," replied the captain as he fingered a brass dart shell which was lying before him.

"The women," he continued with a smile, "are somewhat to blame. The changing styles of dress and the hygienic ideas in corsetware have had its disastrous effect upon us whalers."

Whaling was a good business—once, the captain informed me. Many a fortune has followed a successful year. One whale has brought as high as ten thousand dollars,—

when the going was good with bone at three dollars a pound. And to realize that one of these vessels is capable of handling from twenty to thirty whales, besides the valuable fur available in the North, one can at least, imagine the profits which accrue.

The average whale caught in the Arctic this year weighed two thousand pounds. And the price paid today in San Francisco, for bone delivered would leave an expedition hopelessly in debt.

Naturally, the price fluctuates with the market. Before the European war, bone was selling at from two dollars to two-fifty a pound. At this price even whalers reluctantly left their moorings. But what now? Bone has dropped to seventy-five cents a pound, with no market in Europe, where was consumed two-thirds of the bone obtained.

The solution is evident. These vessels will continue to depreciate and rot in the Oakland harbor, as they are doing at present, until, in years to come, they will be remembered only as things of antiquity.

I gazed about me in the rectangular cabin, with its Indian basketry and blankets, until, presently, my eyes rested upon a short, solid brass gun, which resembled a sawed-off shot gun only much heavier and single barreled. The captain's alert eye read my curious mind.

"That's the gun we kill the whale with at close range," he informed, "the one to your left is the harpoon gun."

"How do you sight and kill a whale?" I asked at length, anxious to have him demonstrate the use of these curious looking firearms.

The captain stopped fingering the brass shell and glanced toward the ceiling for a second as if to refresh his memory.

"The whale," he began, "is one of the most sensitive to motion and keenest alive residents of the deep sea. One revolution of the propeller, or a single splash of an oar may drive him a hundred miles from the ship. I tell you this so that you may the better understand what precautions must be taken in whaling."

"About fifty miles North of the mouth of the Mackenzie a whale was sighted. The boats were lowered and the sails set. Straightway ahead water was spouting, just like one of those geysers you read about—only not quite so high. This was the two thousand pound whale I'm telling you about."

"I was in the stern of the boat and Oily Lon was harpooner. Besides, there were three other whalers in the boat—always there are five to a boat, and five boats after that whale. Oily Lon, as we called him, has harpooned more whale than any single man in the Arctic. That is why we called him Oily. He stood in the bow with that harpoon gun to his shoulder," (the captain pointed toward a long gun which stood in the corner) "ready to fire when within range."

"A heavy breeze carried us along. One of the boats struck a block of ice, but her men were soon picked up. All of a sudden, when we were within fifty feet of our prey, he took a deep breath, spouted, and dove again. But Oily Lon was too quick for him. He fired a harpoon that anchored itself firmly. Then the fun began."

Here the captain arose, picked up the long

gun from the corner and placed a rusty harpoon in the socket underneath the barrel. Its appearance now was of a gun with a bayonet fixed ready to charge, except, the bayonet or harpoon had a line fastened so that it might hold the victim that came in contact with its arrowed point.

"The whale," continued the captain, "now stung by the harpoon was heading for the ice. Right here let me add that the ice is the worst enemy we whalers have in the Arctic. It is to the whale, what the hole is to the gopher, with the odds in favor of the whale. If he once gets under the ice, well, good-by Mr. Whale Bone and Blubber."

"The brute was making for the ice. Oily had the line made fast to the boat. We were skimming through the water like a forty-horse power motor boat, leaving the balance of the fleet far in our wake. Every man in the boat caught hold of the line, but still he headed for the escapes."

"I frankly confess that an Arctic sweat came over me. It meant death if we struck at such a speed. The boat was about seventy feet from the foaming brute and my gun could carry only fifty."

"Still we neared the ice. Every man was down on his haunches pulling in on the line. This was the only way we could hope to get near the whale. After we'd gained about ten feet the brute stopped suddenly and swung around, heading straight for us. When he got within range, I ups with that sawed-off yonder and let him have one of these shells" (he held up a brass shell about four inches in length, with flanges of brass at the bullet end, which, when fired opens out like feathers on an arrow, and explodes when coming in contact with the whale.)

"As I said I let him have it. The whale gave a dying leap for the ice, leaving a path of blood in the water as it went."

"Did you land him?" I queried in eagerness.

"You bet we did. Got him marooned under the ice, with a deep gash in his side; and he was the heaviest two-thousand pounder that ever ran away with a harpoon."

With this final remark the captain smiled broadly. The incident I have just narrated may have been a "fish story," but, I can personally attest that it *smelled* principally of whale.

To come back. Whaling is an industry of the past. No more will this type of vessels be built to hunt the Arctic mammal. Whether the women, the war, or the California oil wells are responsible, suffice it to say that the whale has no ill feeling for either—nothing but joy at the good news.

It was now growing late. Taking leave of the captain at the dangling rope ladder, I descended into a skiff. As I rowed past the *Herman*, her bow, with its ornamentally carved woodwork, loomed huge above me. I glanced from the estuary toward the tottering line of whalers. The story of Oily Lon came to my mind, and the spirit of adventure surged through me. I rowed along in silence—a silence befitting my feeling for the captain and his lost adventures.

THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF WATERTON LAKES PARK

MAX MACD.

THE extension of the boundaries of Waterton Lake National Park in Southern Alberta from 13 square miles to 500 square miles has made necessary the appointment of several new officials. Among these is that of Superintendent. "Kootenai" Brown has been, for several years, forest ranger in charge of this pleasure ground, but the enlargement made necessary the creating of the new office of Superintendent.

Robert Cooper, the subject of this sketch, is the man chosen to guide the destinies of this

large undeveloped play ground. He is "from Bruce County" in Ontario, born at Underwood, near Port Elgin, the son of Robert Cooper. In 1891, his parents "went west" and located in Calgary. Here "Bob" as he is yet popularly known, attended the only school in the city and received his education.

Saddlery appealed to the growing boy, and when he had finished his schooling he went to work for the Great West Saddlery Company on Eighth Avenue, Calgary. In 1900 he moved to Edmonton where he occupied a similar position. Moving to Okotoks in 1902, Mr. Cooper opened a shop of his own and the next year pulled stakes for Pincher Creek in Southern Alberta, where he has conducted a saddlery business with exceptional success ever since.

In 1904, Robert Cooper married Miss Mary Blain of Macleod, and to them has been born a son, Ralph. Mr. Cooper is a member of Spitzee lodge of Masons at Pincher Creek, and a member of the Pincher Creek Club. Polo has been a favorite pastime of the new Superintendent, and from his stables have gone several horses that have given good accounts of themselves on the tracks of the province. Fishing and hunting big game have contended for much of Mr. Cooper's spare time, and his experiences in the wilds of the province fit him well for his new position.

The subject of our sketch was a member of the first town council of Pincher Creek and has always taken a live interest in athletics, racing, agriculture and the general progress of town and country. Mr. Cooper was a Captain of the Alberta Rangers, and prominent in work at military camp.

Mr. Cooper knows the mountains of the park well. He has travelled the trails, hunted the valleys and fished the streams and is in a good position to advise where the centres of interest should be located. He is interested in the protection of game and offenders against the game laws of the park need expect no leniency at the hands of this new official.

Next year, a fine new residence costing somewhere in the neighborhood of \$10,000 will be erected for Mr. Cooper in Waterton Lake Park.



Robert Cooper, recently appointed Superintendent of the new Waterton Lakes Park—the new 450 square miles of recreation ground in the mountains of Southern Alberta.



A NIGHT IN THE WOODS

BILL RIVERSIDE

THE pleasure of spending a night in the woods alone is something only a few experience or enjoy. History tells us the notorious Nero once offered a fortune to the person who would introduce a new style of pleasure, and I think it was Emerson who said "why did they not take him for a walk in the woods?"

I would like to make an amendment to Emerson's suggestion by adding the clause,— "and have him spend a night in the woods alone." I should not use the word "alone," however in its usual sense. The term bespeaks a hollow heart and vacant mind as no properly constituted person should feel solitary when alone.

For real thrilling pleasure I think nothing can equal a night in the woods occasionally during the Spring, Summer and Autumn.

One afternoon in May Katherine and I drove away back into the country to what is called the Black Swamp. The name would imply an uninviting, dismal place, while in reality it is a beautiful cedar swamp surrounded with hardwood.

At a point about half a mile from the swamp we parted company, Katherine driving back towards town, while I struck across the fields for the woods, carrying a tightly rolled pair of blankets on my back, and a smaller bundle under my arm in the bosom of which lay hidden a goodly supply of food stuff, together with a small hand axe, some wire nails and a tin cup.

After crossing a meadow I came to a stumpy field through which I strolled along a crooked pathway, sitting down occasionally to rest and dream and listen.

Just as I reached the edge of the woods I came upon a lone man digging a ditch, and stopped to talk with him. He asked me where I was going and I answered "down into the woods to stay over night." Looking at me as if in doubt as to my sanity, he said "Say mister won't you be afraid to stay in the woods alone?" "Afraid of what?" I asked. "Why the wild things mister. I hear them often cryin' in the night." "No, No" I said "the pity is they're all afraid of me."

While giving me a sympathetic look he said, "You can stay with me overnight, mister, just as well as not—I live there," he said, pointing to a little house away across the fields, and putting his hand on my shoulder he assured me he was sorry for me and had plenty to eat, to which I was welcome. "My house is small," he continued "and I have a wife and six children, but we can make room for you. We'll make a shake down on the floor for you mister."

He evidently considered this a tempting inducement, but up to this time had given me no chance to make reply.

I had never received such fervent expressions of sympathy as I did from this simple ditcher; so much so indeed that I was inclined to feel sorry for myself.

I wore an old seedy looking overcoat and a most rakish cap, and he no doubt based his sympathy on the supposition that I was a poor unfortunate tramp. He suggested that I take up ditching for a living, assuring me (confidentially) that there was a good living in it for a man who knew how, and that it would be so much better than wandering about the country.

He was the only man I had ever chanced upon who seemed fully satisfied with the world and his lot therein. I thanked him for his kindly interest in me, but feared I was now too old to take up ditching.

"Hark," I said drawing his attention to the ringing notes of a Veery over in the woods. "Yes," he answered "that's one of they birds of some sort, lots of 'em 'bout here. I don't know their names. But, say Mister you should hear my Martha play the Jew's-harp."

When he found he could not prevail upon me to go home with him, or promise to take up the ditching profession he seemed disappointed, and as I was about to go on my way he pointed to a big oak tree on the edge of the ditch some distance from us, and told me that when cutting through the roots that afternoon at a depth of three feet in the blue clay he had dug up a flint arrow-head and a human skull. They must have been there before the oak tree started to grow, he thought.

I asked him if I might have them. "Why fur sure, Mister," he answered, "They's no use to me" and I knew by the twitch in his eye he wanted to add, "or you either for that matter." What use could a tramp have for an old skull and arrow-head?

We then shook hands and parted but I had not gone far when I heard him calling after me,— "Heloo Mister, if you won't stay all night won't you come and have supper with us and hear Martha play the jewsharp?" "Thank you" said I, "not this time," as I waved him goodbye, feeling a bit sorry at the parting for he had taught me something.

I now looked at the time and found it was five o'clock, which brought me to the realization that I must be moving along in order to get settled down before night-fall, and after a smart walk of about half an hour I came upon an admirable spot in the heart of the forest on which to camp for the night. Selecting a dry knoll beneath a beech tree, where the ground sloped down to a little spring creek, I proceeded to cut some small cedars that grew at the foot of the hill and with the branches made a fine deep bed in front of which I drove a crotched stake for one end of the ridge pole, nailing the other to the tree, and by leaning leafy branches against the ridge made a domicile fit for the fairies, and no doubt they took possession after I left.

I then sat down for a while on the side of my bed to rest. A flock of crows engaged in a wordy war near by, and a Water Thrush struck up his wild ragtime.

The last of the daytime singers to be heard was the White-throated Sparrow, whose soft sad notes seemed to add a magical charm to the stillness.

Up to this time it had not occurred to me that I should be hungry, but when the spell came over me I said,—“Now Bill, you must have something to eat before the black darkness sets in,” and the suggestion was promptly acted upon.

Katherine had provided me with food enough for a dash to the North Pole, and I had augmented my supply on my way in with some nice tender leeks. What more could I wish? Bread and butter and leeks, with a cup of water from the creek. I don't know that I ever enjoyed anything more. What a privilege it is to have a good appetite and plenty of plain wholesome food.

After supper I had a struggle with myself to refrain from breaking out in song. I felt light hearted and wanted to sing “Tenting to-night on the old camp ground” or “Lead kindly light amid the encircling gloom.” By the way; I have been told I should never attempt to sing where I could be heard, and I assume this would apply to the woods as well as the home.

Perhaps the reader will say “Why did he not light a camp fire?” But you must remember I came to the woods to hear things, not to frighten them.

The stars were now beginning to shine and I looked out through an opening in the tree tops and saw the square of Pegasus and Cassiopeia's Chair, but could see no Queen. The chair seemed to be vacant.

On an old rotten log a short distance away I had placed the arrow-head and skull given to me by the ditcher and from where I sat I could catch a faint outline of the skull in the gloom. I soon found myself deep in retrospection, wondering whose skull it had been. Perhaps that of a chief who had fallen pierced to the heart with that flint, a thousand years ago, shot by a brother mortal. What about his Mother and Father and friends? What did he do? Ah! that's the point. Yes, Yes; his body made fertilizer for the sapling oak and it outgrew all the other oaks and lived on and on a thousand years. He had been slain at the right time, in the right place. In this case we owe as much to the slayer as the slain for the production of that mighty oak.

If we could all be instrumental in producing oaks when we depart, how much more useful they would be to humanity than mere ghastly hollow eyed skulls. May our friends plant acorns on our graves.

The real gloom of night had now settled down and silenced all the daytime sounds. I don't know why I say gloom; it should be delight.

Back in the edge of the clearing I could hear the Whippoorwill inquiring “What of the night?” “What of the night?” The call of the Whippoorwill has a peculiarly sad emotional effect on most people. To me it's joyous.

It's a singular fact that the innumerable songs and sounds of the woods affect people differently. A friend once told me that the weird long drawn notes of the Wood-Pewee

in the twilight always awakened sad recollections in him.

The first nearby sound I heard was that of the Flying-Squirrel. One had evidently flown from a branch at some distance and alighted with a squeal on the trunk of the tree against which my wigwam leaned. Others soon joined this, and although I could not see them, I quite enjoyed their squealing and playing about, especially on the tree above me. After half an hour or so they either went to bed or to some other part of the forest as I heard no more of them.

The hooting of the “Great Horned Owl” was the next attraction. When I heard it first it was some distance away, but after a short silence its bill snapped and it blew its fog horn roar quite near me. How many of my readers have ever heard the “Great Horned Owl” hooting in the tree above them. It's one of the awesome, indescribable sounds of the woods. I don't know why, but I always couple it with “Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark Sea.”

During the night the sound-making things seem to have due respect for each other and seldom cut in like human beings while others are speaking.

After the owl hooting there was deep silence, so still indeed I could hear my heart beating. As I listened intently my ear caught faint sounds, becoming more audible as they approached in a light gallop, gallop, gallop on the dead leaves, with intervals of silence which could be accounted for by the fact that only in patches were there sufficient dead leaves on which to make such sounds. As I stared into the darkness a large and beautiful Skunk presented himself at the very threshold of my domicile and seemed anxious to force his acquaintance upon me. I had no desire to make a heart to heart friendship with him, nor did I wish to reject his advances in a manner that might spur him into action. Had I given vent to my feelings I should have roared “Get to Pangee out of this and go thy way,” but that would have put other things on the alert, and spoiled my chances for hearing and seeing. The aromatic beauty would go galloping away a little piece and then back again as if to look me over more carefully. I have heard it said that the Skunk is afraid of nothing but another Skunk. (A sort of mutual co-operative scare, so to speak). Finally Mr. Skunk galloped away into the darkness and I saw no more of him. Perhaps he got a sniff of my leaky breath.

It was now about midnight. I knew from the fact that the moon rose about that hour, and the sky was lighting up. Dead stillness again prevailed.

I wonder how many of my readers know what dead stillness means. That deep hollow sounding silence. Have you heard it? You will get an idea of it by putting your fingers in your ears. “What is it?” I asked a friend once and he said it was the “vibrations of universal cosmos.” Perhaps that's it, but I must confess the explanation baffled me more than the sound.

While speaking of unaccountable sounds. Something I had not thought worth mentioning before had been attracting me at intervals

all night. It was an uncanny hissing apparently coming from the old log on which the skull and arrow-head lay. The sound was so faint I could not have heard it at a greater distance, and it reminded me of a person blowing hot porridge to cool it, and it always happened when I was not expecting it, as the long intervals between acts always threw me off my guard.

I thought I knew all the sounds of the woods but this was something new. Had I been superstitious I should have connected the uncanny sound with the skull as each time my attention was drawn to it my sight caught the big hollow eye sockets of what was once a man, and I wondered how many ages had passed since he roamed the forest here. Was his life blighted and made miserable by the fear of hell, or, did he lose his individuality and forget his duty to life's eternal every day in mythical dreams of here-after hunting grounds.

I was now nid-nodding about half asleep when an old familiar cry smote on my ear. It was the whinney of a coon far down in the swamp. Had I not known it well I might easily have mistaken it for the Screech Owl, the only difference being the omission of the long drawn prelude. I had not heard one for many years. When a boy my brother and I had a tame one and it used to call in the night and receive answers from others back in the woods, and again in later years when shooting in British Columbia I trapped one and had it tied up near my cabin, and to my surprise, it had the same call as the Coon of Ontario. Although divided by thousands of miles of prairie and the Rocky Mountains, and although they must have been divided for thousands of years, yet they retain what must have been their original calls and habits. We find with birds and other things that distance produces distinct varieties; for instance the eastern and western Meadow Lark, but it would appear that time and distance and evolution has had little if any effect on the coon.

I enjoyed the coon calls very much while they lasted, perhaps twenty minutes in all. There were three of them engaged in the conversation as I would take it to be. One within two hundred yards of me and one so far away I could scarcely hear it, while the third appeared to be about half a mile to the East.

When they ceased there was silence again. More of that "Universal Cosmos," and I had difficulty in keeping awake. I took another glance at the skull and also heard the mysterious hissing, but in spite of it all I was soon midway between wakeland and dreamland, picturing myself a boy again, trapping Mink and Coon and Beaver.

How often we catch ourselves thinking the impossible. We dream more while half awake than when sleeping soundly. Within a few minutes I was a young man again, just home from the West, immensely rich, and Mother coming down the pathway to meet me, her hair shining black as it was forty years ago. Why do we so often think such thoughts? Mother is feeble, old and grey, and unable to walk, and I can never be young or rich.

I then fell to wondering how Katherine was getting along back in the busy noisy town. She warned me the last thing not to eat any Nightshade, or Cowbane, or Wild Parsnip, or Poison Ivy or any other poisonous substance. Katherine used to be afraid something would eat me. Now she is afraid I will eat something.

I then unintentionally fell asleep and slept soundly for what seemed hours. Out of this sleep I was awakened suddenly by the wild thrilling bark of a Fox, and Oh, My!—how it brought back my early days. Although some distance away it was drawing closer and closer, evidently running and barking at intervals of three to five minutes; each time making the wild woods ring. The last recital was within a stone-throw of me, and I have neither words nor sentences at my command that will describe the emotional force of it. Talk about Bells of Shandon or the Echoes of Killarney. They are tame.

Foxes bark only occasionally. You may live in a district where foxes are common and not hear one bark in ten years. Not that foxes would not bark during that time, but people are not out at the right time of night.

Why do they not bark more often or why do they bark at all? They seem to bark at nothing, or at the moon as some dogs do. Come to think of it human beings often bark at nothing, and sometimes whine also.

I listened eagerly for a time expecting to hear more of the fox. It was music I might never hear again, as the average out-of-door man hears it only a few times in his life.

While still listening and listening, something in the mighty overwhelming night folded me in its soothing soft embrace and pressed down my head upon the cedar pillow. It was the "Sand-man" and when I awoke it was daylight with all its morning charms; birds singing and calling and whistling all about me in the most enchanting manner. The voice of gladness was in my heart that morning as I looked through the tree tops at the clear blue sky. "This is my country and my forest" I said dramatically as if addressing a multitude. "See the birds, O my people, and the violets and the hepatica, and the ground-hog, and the squirrel, and the luna moth and the leopard frog. Why do you neglect and overlook all this, your God-given heritage?"

I then bethought me of the old rotten log from whence the hissing sound seemed to come, and after tearing it to pieces found a beautiful specimen of spotted Salamander, and although I never heard of a Salamander making a sound I am fully satisfied now that they do.

I breakfasted on bread and butter and leeks, surrounded by kindred things.

Katherine had promised to drive out for me, and we were to meet at the hill on the side road at nine o'clock, and although I felt reluctant at leaving the pretty spot, I rolled up my blankets and the few little things I had, and putting the skull and arrow-head in my pocket I struck for the clearing singing along the way in improvised words and tune,—

*My heart strings tingle with delight,
Deep in the dreamy woods at night,
There in my couch of evergreens,
The hosts of God enchant my dreams.*

*The fern, the phlox, the sighing pine
And all the living things are mine,*

*Go where I may, think what I will,
The hosts of God are with me still.*

I was not long in reaching the side road, and away on the hill I saw Katherine waving her handkerchief, evidently glad to see me still alive after a night amid poisonous herbs.



A GRANITE LAKE TROUTING TRIP

R. U. WITHROW

IN one of the most picturesque portions of romantic Nova Scotia securely hidden by huge granite cliffs, in the midst of an almost unknown wilderness of rocks and trees, is one of the finest trouting lakes, that can be found in miles of travel.

Granite Lake, fortunately for those who are in the secret, is known to but few parties, and is for that reason, not fished to death, and so yields as fine a day of real sport, and gives as ideal a camping site, as one could wish to find, if we desire to spend a few days in communion with "Old Dame Nature" when in her kindest moods.

Granite Lake is an enlargement of the Uniacke River, and is reached before you come to Big Indian Lake. The shores are wooded with thickets of alder, and white birch, with plenty of balsam a little higher up the banks, so that it is easy to obtain in abundance the best of fire-wood, clean tent poles, and the finest of mattresses, balsam boughs.

One bright morning, a party of five: George and Alex Murray of fruit basket fame, Chas. Brown a Mr. Murphy and yours truly, their guide, met at the supply station at Uniacke, run by a rather grumpy old chap named Smith; here we made our "buy" for

the trip, for in spite of any personal preference or otherwise, for the old man, his goods are certainly A I.

When we left the Hotel Clarendon, I informed the "boys" that they had a four mile jaunt ahead of them, I will not record their words for I think they repented, anyhow they seemed to feel better when I put the duffle in my pack sack, hoisted the tump line to my forehead, and led the way, while they only had to carry their poles. The pack consisted of grub, leanto, and axe.

We had no startling experiences on the way in, but after an hour and three-quarters of heavy walking for the "boys" we came in sight of our destination, and were soon whipping the waters, in our best style. Fish were plenty, with a good one occasionally, to keep the expectation high, so that when George hooked a big one as he thought, he promptly broke his "patent rod" only to find a noble trout of about six inches in length, securely impaled on his fly.

One incident of the trip, is worthy of notice, but "tell it not in Gath," the man who fished with a crooked birch pole caught the most fish, although none of us broke the legal limit (thirty fish in one day). Our string,



AFTER LUNCHING

however, was such as anyone would be proud of, and no one need be ashamed of. The pleasure was such that none of us thought of stopping for supper until it was too dark to fish: then it was up to us to gather tent poles, wood, and bedding. I located the camp between two large boulders, but here I made a mistake for I had not counted on my companion's breadth of beam and when after a hearty supper we retired it was to find that when one desired to turn it was a necessity for all to turn at once.

We enjoyed our meals. Who does not at a time like this? If the people who suffer from indigestion, would walk four miles fish until late, and then eat at an open fire, the doctors would go begging for work.

We had the usual fish stories, and a pleasant sleep in spite of our narrow quarters. In the

morning all except "yours truly" were ready for a trip to another lake, which was situated across a bad strip of country, and the morning being foggy, and as we had no compass I advised against the trip. I was over-ruled though and so we started, and sad to say were soon completely lost, or at least the "boys" thought so. That good spirit that watches over children and (-?) however led us safely back to Granite lake again, and as their time was limited we reloaded the pack, and returned to the hotel where we arranged for a moose-hunting trip in the fall, for moose sign was plentiful in that region.

Again let me say, that if some city chef could get the same flavor on the viands, in town, that we can get, in the wilds, his fortune would be made.

WHAT HAS THE AVERAGE READER TO SAY ABOUT THE NEW DEPARTMENTS?

Do "Guns and Ammunition" and "Fishing Notes" interest all?

Since opening up the new gun department, "Guns and Ammunition," edited by Mr. A. B. Geikie, and the department which is devoted to matters piscatorial and which under the title of "Fishing Notes" is edited by Mr. Robert Page Lincoln, we have received many letters of congratulation. We presume that these letters have come from those who are especially interested in either the gun or the fishing rod, and who, may, perhaps, be termed with some degree of accuracy gun or fishing "cranks." We would like to hear, however,

from some of those who may be classified only as the "average readers" as to whether *they*, too, find something of interest each month not only in the story part of the magazine, but in the regular departments to which we have referred. We shall be glad to receive letters from these "average readers" telling us what they think of these new departments, both as regards quality and quantity, and shall welcome both favorable and unfavorable criticism, not necessarily for publication, but as a guide to our future policy.

RUNNING RAPIDS

WM. MCCARDELL

THESE Mountain Rivers don't act like sensible rivers at all. Their shallowness and easiness to cross are but lures and you soon find the water swirling around you until you are in a foaming whirl pool. In your light canoe you are rapidly running in the mad blue waters with the speed of the wind. You swing around a bend—you are always wondering what the next turn will bring—and before springs a mass of jagged rocks that comb the oncoming water into white swirling streaks of foam. The rocks are formed in a half moon and you are driving toward them, with no power on earth to stop you—the movement must be forward there is no turning—you wonder between that narrow cleft of rocks, whether there is enough water to carry you between where the current turns black in its swiftness and whether some hidden rock may not rake the bowels out of your canoe. All these thoughts take but seconds. The water is growling, and you plunge into this watery hell and trust to the gods—you of course assist the gods very materially by deftly using your paddle and urging your winged water steed straight for the opening, because after all you don't trust the gods, you think it possible that there may be a hitch between their desire and their performance. You are through and you have a vague memory of that blue water behind the rock palisade struggling to get away and furiously gurgling at the barrier that held it, swirling about like a great monster swishing its tail until it discovers the opening and is away with a leap and a roar, its back streaked with white foam. You remember negotiating the opening and dimly seeing the rocks stare up at you very close to your canoe, there was just enough of the mad current bottled up in this cul-de-sac to carry you over the ledge. Once more you are free—to speculate as to what will meet you at the next bend. A dull thundering comes up to you from down stream. Presently as you go farther down stream the sound grows in volume and you wonder whether you are coming to a falls or a gigantic rapid. It is coming closer and the current again quickens speed and carries the canoe at a rapid

rate, you don't want it to go quite so fast until you know what is coming, what that roar of water means. If you don't find out within the next twenty yards it will be too late to retreat anyway. You are now fairly in the current and your canoe is gliding through the water like a lean hound. Whether it is a great falls, or a rapid split by rocks jutting up and divided into almost impassable channels, you are going willy nilly. Forward is the cry, there is no retreat. On with the current. Ride the watery steeds to wherever they take us, for we are now fairly in the midst of the boiling rapids. Jagged rocks come rushing up at us bent on our annihilation. It is too late for any decision. Too late we see that we are going into those foaming rapids and that the wiser course would have been to portage our canoe. That's the trouble with these rivers. They reveal their menaces when it is too late. You are sweeping grandly down a bend of the river. At the next corner you stumble on a rapid at so quick a turn it is too late to decide to turn back. Nothing can resist that current, much less a couple of frail human arms. You are a prisoner of the river. You must drive through the foam flecked channel, and perhaps your reward will be a smashed canoe—sometimes a rock smashed canoe is a short cut to the nether regions—especially in a mad rapid, where the water steeds run rampant in their wild stampede with their foam flecked mains flying in the wind—their eyes gleaming with their wild speed. They show their teeth when you come within twenty yards of them—in the span of life and death—before that they lie quiescent and lure you on with their placidity, and then when you are driving in their midst that mad whirl and stampede begins, the dance of the water witches. The snarl of the rapids sound like the incantation of witches, with the foaming whirlpool as their cauldron. But we are through and our canoe has a nasty jag just above the water line. We have lost one paddle, and we float calmly into a quiet stretch of water, and decide to land after this battle with the water-king.

FACTS ABOUT BIRDS AND BEASTS

Pigeons, larks and cockatoos like their baths in the rain. Game birds and poultry take dust baths. The common sparrow likes a dry shampoo in the dust and plunge bath in the water. Reptiles soak themselves; elephants daub their calves with mud, then wash it off. Rhinoceroses, buffaloes, dogs, bears and

tigers like to wallow; the equine tribe favor a roll in the sand; cats, mice and their respective relatives lick themselves clean; bats lick and scratch, and it is said that the continual scratching of monkeys is not so much in the search of parasites as a kind of self-curry-combing.

WHILE RESCUERS PASSED BY

CHARLES DORIAN

THE story has been told and re-told. Newspapers all over Canada treated it as an incident and gave it from one inch to a half-column according to the editorial gauge of its prominence as a news item. But the whole North country talked of it and whispers will be heard of it, no doubt, for many a day.

It happened in October, a beautiful month in Ontario generally, the side-season of Indian Summer lauded by poets and other idyllists everywhere, the last bright flicker of dying summer or the torchlight flare before Jack Frost makes his bow to Nature. And in White River it was more likely the herald of winter or the end of fly-season, according to your mood. In any case it was hunting season in one of the best deer preserves in the world.

White River, be it known, is what is called a railroad terminal or roundhouse town. It used to boast an elect population in those unpopulous regions but it's less thrifty in that respect than it used to be. It boasts yet, though, chiefly about the weather, about its consumption of fly ointment in summer and thermometers in winter. Standing on the station platform on one of its coldest nights the writer remarked upon the frequent cracking of wood as if some giant were breaking two-inch planks for amusement. The frost was visible as well as palpable and one felt that one's nose would stiffen and might crack any moment. It was sixty-four degrees below zero and at every crack of timber the comment which was meant to explain it was heard "Another thermometer busted!"

But it was not winter yet and many hunters returned from the bush before the first snow fell. Two of these came in one day and reported that their partner had got away from them and could not be found. They were all employees of the Construction Company engaged in double-tracking work a mile west of White River—the missing man was Jack McDonald, their bookkeeper.

They had all separated, they said, but were careful to keep within ear shot. They had answered a call from McDonald about one minute before they found that he had disappeared. They went to the spot whence the sound of his voice had come but he was not to be seen. There was no way of tracking him because the dead leaves left no foot-mark. They called and spent tense seconds listening. They smashed their way through dense and tangled brush in circles, ever widening, but McDonald came nowhere within their circumspection. Then dusk descended and they sought the town and were much surprised to find that they were only about half a mile away from it all the time.

That was on a Sunday. Next day a search-party was organized and the engines of the Construction Company sent out regular signals every half hour to guide the wanderer. If he were within range of the whistles he

might follow the sounds and reach the railroad anywhere within a mile of the town.

This proved a great help to the scouting party who once in the snarls of the thickest underbrush wandered thither and yon and made grotesque progress indeed. Some had not left an area of half-an-acre while others described crescents and loops, never getting very far away.

And all the time they called the name of McDonald and never an answering call did they receive. When night came and the little band wandered wearily into town to report no traces of the missing man they were very much depressed indeed.

On Tuesday they diverged in stated directions. They were to attempt to follow as nearly as possible a straight line and spread out but never to get out of voice range.

And all the while the Construction Company's engines blew their half-hour signals and the scouts called out the name of McDonald but no response rewarded them.

And Wednesday passed and the following Wednesday without any word of the missing man. The engine whistles were kept up but the scouts gave up in despair and doubt. McDonald had surely made an escape for some reason unknown to them.

Inquiry followed inquiry and gossip trailed into wonderings. Yes, McDonald was known to have his quiet moods, not exactly melancholic but, oh, just moody. He was a single man not over twenty-five and none of the White River girls sought his society in preference to that of half-a-dozen other very attractive young men. McDonald, when not engaged in his work wrote a great deal. If he had a romantic soul he concealed it creditably. He appeared now and then at bridge parties, ball games and so forth; spent an evening occasionally in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and often took a meal in their dining-room. He went to church, read the "Songs of a Sourdough" and swore only for emphasis. By and large, as a modern novelist would say, he was a good man and well respected. Then, why would he desert his comrades personally chosen by him and he even boasted that he would rather live in White River with all its drawbacks than in Toronto or Montreal—or even Glasgow.

That's the way the North takes some men, it gets them in a grip and holds them—they freeze to the locality, so to speak. And that is why you see so many contented people in the Northern Canadian towns where you would only expect to find Eskimos.

On the eleventh day of the man-hunt (for there were individual searches made) old Peter Potmas, the Chippewa raced into the store of Billy Edwards with the most frightful expression of terror on his face seen by any white man. He had seen the devil—not his body, he was careful to explain, just his head and eyes. The eyes were full of white fire and

they followed him and his two daughters as they fled in fright.

Billy Edwards, accustomed to the superstitions of the Indians, was not so much thrilled by the tale as by the Indian's face. He told the Indian that he'd go back with him and see for himself what the Indian had seen.

No, sir, no!—Peter Patmos would never go into the bush again. He was done with it, chased out of it, warned by it, threatened with eternal white-fire if he returned to it. Peter would die struggling rather than submit to any scheme of re-entering it. And his girls would not go without him. They, however, were not so impervious to reason and Billy Edwards organized a party to convey the young squaws to the spot where they had seen the devil—for he immediately connected this "appearance" with the fate of young McDonald. And the thought uppermost in Billy Edwards' mind was—WOLVES.

They were going afoot and the squaws resisted—they would go peaceably if allowed to paddle, so by the route of the White River they went half-a-mile up-stream, and landed while the ear-splitting blasts from the Construction Company's engines announced their closeness to civilization.

The girls would go no farther but pointed vaguely in the direction of an earth parapet a hundred feet away and hid their faces.

Billy Edwards led the party and they saw him throw up his hands and drop back in his tracks, stumbling to the ground. Sure-footed Billy Edwards turned to them a face livid with horror.

Then they saw what he had seen.

Two steely grey eyes set in a cadaverous head glinted at them from a bed of earth and leaves at the up-turned root of a cedar tree.

And thus they found McDonald alive and conscious buried up to his neck in loose earth and dead leaves. His gun-stock lay ten yards away from him but the barrel was stuck into the oozy earth beside him.

He was taken to a room at the Y. M. C. A. and there he told in a clear voice all his experiences from the time they had missed him.

"You called and I answered and then you came towards me. I could see you struggling through the net-work of branches and while I watched you I walked on. I walked towards you. Then I tumbled and found myself at the bottom of a ten-foot dyke or beaver-dam with a sprained ankle.

"I tried to call out but the pain from my ankle drove all the vitality out of me and I just whimpered in silence. Your voices grew nearer and nearer and then began to wander off.

"I shouted feebly but no answer came. The pain caused me to faint and when I revived from what was a long sleep it was dark and I was chilled.

"I dragged myself to a hollow made by the root of a dead cedar tree which had been wind-fallen. There I sat and took off my shoes and packed earth around my sprained ankle. I scraped about me a heap of dead leaves and covered myself up for warmth. And again I slept.

"I awoke at daylight, sick and thirsty. I found that my back pained, too. I had wrenched it in the fall. I tried to rise but fell back. Then a sudden fear overcame me. I realized my predicament but my greatest fear was my gun. I wanted to shoot myself and end it. It was a sweet temptation because the pain was unbearable.

"So to save myself I broke the gun and threw the stock away. My thirst increased and I jammed the barrel of the gun into the earth and drew up a lot of moisture. It was earthy but refreshing.

"I could hear the work engines going out to the double-track and soon a series of whistles that scared me. They were repeated at intervals and I knew their import. Several times I shouted. The whistling kept up into the night but no sign of help.

"I got cold. The pain left my foot for it was frozen. My hands numbed but I kept heat into them by rubbing. Voices came very close to me over the dyke. I tried to call out but I had no voice. I was chilled through.

"I lived between hope and despair. The whistling cheered me and then irritated me. My whole body became numb. I craved for food and satisfied it with a draught of seepage. I wanted to die but the voices came near again and hope warmed me.

"The gun barrel froze into the earth at last and my lips grew numb and my fingers stiff. Then it snowed. The little warmth in my body melted it but it froze again and I was coated with ice. I must have looked ghostly or like a snowman.

"It was hope that kept me alive so long. I could have died easily because I had no pain any more. I wanted to talk to Peter, the Indian, and I tried to make him see how badly I wanted to talk to him but my very earnestness must have scared him because he bolted through the woods like a wild animal and left me. Then all hope vanished. I was prepared for a great rest when Billy Edwards came."

Thus he talked and prattled child-like. He was carefully fed milk and arrowroot like a child but the thawing out had revived the pain. He seemed to feel it but little and wanted to talk incessantly. At last it all became incoherent. He went over his experiences in a half-mad fashion and in the delirium came the Gentle Silencer that had tantalized him there in the bed of leaves. At the critical hour before daylight all traces of pain had left his face, and peace came.



THE INDIAN FUR TRADER

MAX MCD. TAIT

IN the early days of fur trade in Canada the posts of the fur companies depended chiefly on Indians for hunters and trappers. The prospects of good bartering, the advances of goods and provisions and the promise of more, induced the Red Men to go forth in large numbers for furs and hides.

What the fur trade meant in these far-away times may be gleaned from reports of the companies doing business. As early as 1784, the Northwest Company had imported supplies for a year's trade amounting to \$125,000, and by the close of the century the gross amount of goods for barter in the store houses of Montreal Companies was \$600,000. In 1780, Mr. Charles Grant, in a letter to General Haldimand, stated that the fur trade, taking one year with another, was producing an annual return to Great Britain in furs, of \$1,000,000.

The Hudson's Bay Company was trading in furs as early as 1670, and about 1800 the French firm of Revillon Freres entered into competition. Other smaller traders came in later and there was always keen rivalry among the companies. Spies were sometimes placed around the habitations of newcomers and Indians and half-breeds on their way with furs were intercepted, bribed, and terrorized. There was much drunkenness, quarreling, boasting, and the like among these fur traders. The union of the companies in 1821 cut adrift a large number of Indian hunters and trappers.

Some idea of the frightful slaughter of fur-bearing animals about this time is given in the following figures which represent the catch for an average season: 106,000 beavers, 32,000 martens, 11,800 mink, 17,000 musquash, and other pelts that make a total per season of not less than 184,000 skins. Hunting and trapping for the fall of 1913 and winter of 1914 proved very lucrative, the income from this source amounting to \$1,176,540 in provinces of Canada alone. Prices for fur were on the increase and the catch compared with the ten years previous had not perceptibly diminished. Muskrat fur was steadily increasing in value, and apart from Hudson's Bay Company sales; there were 4,646,500 skins offered on the London market in March, 1913, the price paid being 50 cents per skin.

Farm products and wages earned are the only sources of income to the Indians of Canada that exceed hunting and trapping. Fishing amounts to only about half; stock-raising to about a quarter; and all other industries to about half that of the fur industry. The Indians are beginning to manifest an interest in the raising of foxes for breeding purposes, but fur-farming has but reached the experimental stage.

Hudson's Bay Company Breaks Custom of Two Centuries.

Last fall, when the first news of war reached the Hudson's Bay Company, it, with the other fur companies in the far north, stopped all

advances to the Indians. It has been the custom of this company for two centuries to stake the Indians in the fall in the form of a "debt" of provisions, which was fixed according to the hunting abilities of the debtor. When the season opened the following year the Indians and Eskimos redeemed the debt with furs. In good years a neat balance would be left over for the Indian and his squaw and the family revelled in new blankets and gewgaws, became possessed of more guns and traps, much powder, and many balls (for they hunted with the old ball and cap guns), and grew fat from well-feeding.

With these advances cut off the natives were in a serious predicament, and if the government had not come to their assistance, many would actually have starved.

W. E. C. Todd, of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg, spent six months last fall on the shores of James and Hudson's Bay. On his return to civilization he stated that the Indian trappers of that region were suffering to a great extent through being robbed of their fur market and shut off from supplies through the fur companies. Mr. Wilson, the Hudson's Bay Company's manager at James Bay showed the scientist a store-house of furs, which at ordinary times would be worth \$100,000, but which at current market prices could only be sold for \$17,000.

At White River the Indians were in a distressing condition. When Mr. Todd arrived in a sailing boat the natives came out in canoes to meet him and by diverse means, mainly by pointing to their mouths, made him understand that they were badly in need of food. A white whale and some porpoises were caught later which tided them over till a packet arrived with government supplies. As it was, Mr. Todd's flour was confiscated and distributed among the trappers. Had it not been for the timely aid given wholesale starvation would have prevailed for the country bears but the minimum of meat animals.

In the territories north of Alberta and Saskatchewan the Indians are in a very bad condition. Jack Hughes, a well-known trader and trapper after a 1000 mile "mush" with huskies from Chippewayan, north of Great Slave Lake, to Calgary, Alberta, discussing the situation in his country, said:

"I came out because there was nothing to do. The bottom has dropped clear out of the fur market, in fact, there is no market for furs at all, and the trappers have been in a very bad way this winter. The Indians are in especially bad shape, as an Indian never has anything anyway, and as a rule gets very little for his furs at the stores. This year he has got practically nothing, and would have starved unless the government had come in with supplies."

Worse Since Whites Came.

"God made the game and the fur-bearing animals for the Indian, and trade goods and

money for the white man", said an old Indian recently, "and they shouldn't be fixed, for when they do the Indian always gets the worst of it." The situation could not have been more aptly summed up.

Commenting on the condition of the Red Man today, a recent writer has this to say:

"Before the white man came the Indian lived successfully by what he gained from the chase. Then, fur gathering was merely a side line with him. With the establishing of fur posts by the white men the Indian began gradually to trap more and hunt less, depending on the proceeds from his fur which would buy white man's grub and thus make up the deficit caused from his neglecting the hunt."

In the old days an Indian, to buy one of the old-fashioned long-barreled rifles known as "trade guns", was required to pile up skins one upon the other till they reached in height from the butt to the end of the rifle barrel. At Fort Nelson, British Columbia, a place far in the interior, the following prices were in effect in October, 1910: Flour, 30 cents a pound; tea, \$1.00 a pound; bacon, 50 cents a pound; rolled oats, 50 cents; and sulphur matches, \$2.00 per quarter gross. At Fort Murray, much nearer civilization, 1914 prices were per pound: tea, \$1.00; flour, 20 cts.; sugar, 25 cts.

Considering these prices, which are a very fair sample of prices charged to the Indians, in many parts of the north, it is to be doubted whether the Indian is as well off as a trapper for the white man as he would have been by remaining an independent hunter.

Fur Values by Provinces.

There are nearly 25,000 Indians in Canada engaged in hunting and trapping. Of this number about 6,000 are Indians and Eskimos in the far north outside the boundaries of the provinces. Quebec and British Columbia each have 4,660; Northern Ontario has nearly 4,000; Manitoba and Alberta, 2,000; Saskatchewan, 1,200; and the remainder are in the Maritime provinces. These hunters are equipped with 10,000 shot guns and 8,500 rifles; while the trappers are using nearly 150,000 traps of various sorts.

The total value of the fur catch for 1914 was estimated at \$1,176,540. Manitoba led with a trade estimated at almost half a million dollars. The Indians at Norway House alone had \$333,500, and Fisher River \$62,000 from the sale of furs. Saskatchewan in its northern reaches was responsible for \$242,174, and the largest producers were the Indians at Isle la Crosse with \$65,000 credited through the sale of skins. Toughwood Hills reserve fol-

lowed closely with an income of \$62,000; Onion Lake had \$42,000; Carlton, \$24,000; and Duck Lake, \$20,000. The wilds of Northern Ontario, which, however, are sparsely settled with Indian population, gave up to the Red Men furs valued at \$160,000. Savanne Reserve is credited with \$53,000 of this, Kenora and Fort Francis, beyond the Great Lakes near the Manitoba boundary, each had between \$25,000 and \$30,000; and Sturgeon Falls, \$16,000. The Province of British Columbia, while lying largely in the Rockies, is not a large producer of fur in so far as this industry affects the Indian. The total for the province is \$143,700. New Westminster Indians trapped to the value of \$30,000; Nass, of which Metlakatla is the Indian village, gleaned \$20,000 from pelts; Stuart Lake ran to \$20,000 in value; while Babine and Upper Skeena produced to the worth of \$15,000. Quebec had \$116,000 in traps and chase, Bersimis and Lake St. John getting about \$44,000 each of this amount.

Figures that would accurately represent a season's fur trade among the Indians of Yukon Territory, the North West Territories, and Ungava, are not available and are not included in the total estimate of the Indian fur trade in Canada. With these out posts included the aggregate would probably run to a million and a quarter of dollars.

With these figures in one's mind it will not be difficult to realize the dire results of a dead fur market. The Department of Indian Affairs, of course, has been able to draw on a reserve or "Trust Fund" amounting to some \$7,653,000, but this is available only for treaty Indians living on reserves within the provinces, and \$5,000,000 of this is allotted to Ontario alone.

The circumstance which makes the situation unfortunate is that the Indians most needing aid are not treaty Indians, and so, in the strict sense of the term, not wards of the government. Provision, however, has been made for these by special grants of money and supplies distributed through agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, and other fur companies, the Royal North West Mounted Police, and other sources. With the passing of winter in Northern Canada, the suffering has lessened and with lakes and rivers open to navigation food supplies are more easily secured and transported to those in need. The Canadian Government has always made provision for its Indian wards, and in this crisis in the experience of the Red Men of the gun and traps, the legislators at Ottawa have not been found wanting.



A WEEK OF FREEDOM: FISHERMAN'S LUCK ON EAST RIVER, N.S.

“PUERKO”

WHEN it becomes a pleasure as well as a necessity to relieve a spirit so bottled up that disaster threatens the bottle, there are so many ways of finding relief that it were absurd to insist upon any particular one for the alleviation of the many suffering spirits.

I found one, however, on the banks of the East River at Sheet Harbour, N. S., than which there is no more beautiful river in this Province, and that is a conservative observation. Here, for nearly a week, my spirit found freedom, and did all the stunts that free spirits are supposed and have the right to do.

True, the river was low, but who cared for that when up to 9 o'clock or half past p.m. the two of us heard from the tent, the thump and kersplash of a couple of salmon annihilating the casual miller. The guide, too, was excited, and predicted great things for four a.m. He was part Indian by birth and mighty little white by habit, and insisted on our getting up at that green hour in spite of our statements that the doctor had prescribed much rest.

There were two pools directly in front of the tent. I took the upper and my companion, J. M. Weeks, who had proposed the late trip, and who had been there twice before, took the lower. I cast a small Jock Scott in the riffle and as it crossed the edge something in my left innards jumped for my throat as a high roll of water made in the direction of the fly; but the “something” sagged back when the roll stopped short, and the fly came back light. I sat down on the rock, filled my pipe, and took a look at J. M. He had made two or three casts and, while I was critically observing his method, he was into a “jumper.” George, the Indian, gave a war whoop and, being exceedingly enthusiastic grabbed the gaff and made a flying leap into the water. Then for fifteen minutes our spirits sang from first tenor to fourteenth bass until the gaff, getting below the silvery acrobat, sank into the shoulder and drew forth eight pounds of fight.

Meanwhile my pool, not being disturbed by the turmoil, I assayed once more, and again the tantalizing roll, but no real strike. This occurred all the morning, flies being changed, rests given, prayers muttered, and a few other things said, but no fish. I retired to help eat J. M.'s jumper for breakfast, and later went down stream about half a mile to another rocky pool, where I got into a twelve pounder and fought a great fight in a difficult place, being obliged to follow far down to prevent

sawing the line on the sharp rocks. George was with me and I know very well that I could not have saved the salmon without his help.

The next day we went up to Malays Falls a mile and a half above camp, and there I saw a most fascinating spectacle. The river being low caused the falls to concentrate to one side, covering a space of about fifty feet wide. The height from the basin was twelve feet, a slanting shelf being projected half way upon which the heavy flow of water broke white. To this shelf some thirty or forty fish were constantly attempting to leap. A few of the heavy fellows, salmon that would go twenty-five to thirty pounds, made it and escaped above, but the most leaped short and tumbled and scrambled back into the basin. I saw several large trout attempting it also, none succeeding. What struck me as curious as it was futile, was that the little grilse or smelt were the most persistent, some of them not over ten inches; yet they kept at it, never jumping more than two feet into the overpour and never getting near the friendly shelf. Earlier in the season there is good fishing in these upper pools, but at this time no attention was given to anything but the passage of the falls.

We remained an hour or so watching the struggle and on the return to camp I picked out a six pound grilse with a D. Ranger.

On Sunday we dragged George's punt through Grant River, a long winding, damp spot, which, we were assured, is a raging real river in the spring. At the upper end we came out upon a most beautiful lake surrounded by hardwood ridges, the shores all around gently sloping to the water, and tapering into it with reeds and then lilies. Here we picked up some fine trout and enjoyed a loaf in the sun for a couple of hours. Returning to camp as we came, we put in some more restful hours, entertained by the woods life around us. A flock of young black ducks fed in the still water above; a mink stole a piece of the salmon cut for dinner; a squirrel made off with some bacon rind; a loon laughed; kingfishers chattered; numerous birds sang; two broods of grouse scurried through the brush; a rabbit looked amazement; and George remarked that it was a great country for moose in the fall.

Five days we spent in intense enjoyment of spirit and body, killing eleven fish and losing many more, and when we heard in the distance the horn of our car signaling, we broke camp with as intense regret.

"THE DAY"

H. W. GILMORE

THERE'S only one place to go for bass."

"I like your assurance, Maitland—almost equal to Kaiser Bill—."

"Where's that?" inquired the other loungee in the smokers' camp in the end of the car.

"Georgian Bay, of course; that's where you get the real, gingery fight-to-a-finish, loop the loop, kind—and when you get 'em home they're the taste-rite brand of clothing for a camper's stomach." The Doctor smacked his lips in lingering memory and a musing glint played a melancholy game of hide and seek in the twinkle of his eyes.

"Well part with it," said Maitland, looking at the ashes of his cigar with a bored expression on his face, a mannerism which invariably provoked the Doctor to his best effort.

"Who said I had a yarn to tell?" snorted the Physician.

"Nobody," meekly replied Maitland from a cloud of smoke.

"But I have something to say—."

"Usually have; in the present instance, audience small but appreciative."

"Evans," said the Doctor in a confidential tone, and turning an aggrieved face from the offender, if you have any ambitions of this variety, go to Georgian Bay. Our friend here has a mansion up there in that troubadour, ladies' land of moon-shine etc. but if you wear corduroy—Oh I'm saying nothing against your Lovers' Paradise—"

"Yes, I get you," encouraged the friendly listener.

"Well, get up on those shoals around Kaignashene or Minnicog—and send me a few."

"Sure sport, eh?"

"I was just going to tell—ah—er speak of a peculiar circumstance I learned about last summer."

Maitland gave a sniff.

"Our friend here has a touch of winter hay-fever but this reference to the amiable Kaiser was worthy of a clear head; I was cogitating on the celebrated and mysterious "The Day" at that precise moment."

"Can't see the connection," observed Maitland.

"Live and learn, my son! Last year I cut loose from the grumbling multitude and shot up to Restem's house-boat just about all in—shaking like a last year's leaf on an apple tree in a March wind; for a few days I didn't care a hoot whether there were fish or not—didn't have life enough to feel the mosquitoes even—but I got into my stride at last and went after the prey—well, as a man of my profession should."

Lawyer Maitland sniffed again.

"But we kept the law—inches and number. I forgot to say that Jim Latham was one of

Restem's party (this for the benefit of Maitland) brought there under a storm of protests against Georgian Bay. Well I showed that bit of fringe on ladydom a thing or two about a man's job in the world." The Doctor chuckled in reminiscent delight, then resumed: "I got a hunch on a spot the fifth day and came back to camp like a three-year-old at the Fair—that's when Maitland's moon-shine began to suffer eclipse, but the very next day I got a tumble; it was too good to last."

"What about the—ah, German Toast; how does it come in?"

"Don't you interfere, my son," raising a squelching hand to reduce Maitland. "The great day came in due time and the whole army went to slaughter. Joe LeBlanc led the charge and it was Joe who gave me the ground-floor tip on Georgian Bay fishing."

Maitland didn't sniff.

"Oh no, I'm not parting with it, son, but I just want to tell you something few seem to know. Up in that far country of summer Prodigals there are compensations for its bluster and savage remoteness."—"Tut tut, man, I know how golly-darned well you look in your blank white togs—I'm talking to a good sport."

"Go on Doc," said the other in the tone of the peace-maker.

"For ten days we drowned worms, frogs, shiners and every other living thing we could stick a hook into; we—but I'll just say we did everything humans could devise to get fish and we didn't get. It was ten days of calm, blistering sun—calm did I say? I mean there was not a breath; old Sol danced and flung himself at us till we looked like dried herrings—we were ashamed to fish we weren't calm for that period but we drank some."

The audience was attentive.

"I asked Joe if he thought the world was about to melt with fervent heat, but he only shrugged his fat shoulders. I noticed the grease coming through his shirt and the rendering of Joe made me thoughtful. 'Hee's ver' warm tam for sure but noder day hee's come leetle win' mebbe? Joe's an optimist so I didn't bank on the outlook but Joe was right. Next day was "The Day". Of course we had toasted for it, as I've been trying to tell you, yet the advent was a mighty surprise."

"Is that all there's to it?" asked Maitland briskly for the Doctor had picked up his paper.

"No, only don't tell anyone that you know anything about black-bass fishing till you have tried out Georgian Bay in the blow which every year follows the flowering of its sun-kissed tidal depths."

A FIGHTER TO THE LAST GASP

F. V. WILLIAMS

PERHAPS you've never been 'a-fishin'. Perhaps you are too busy making money, or you don't have time, or just don't want to go. We have heard of one man if our memory serves us correctly who had been 'fishin' but 'never saw any sport in it.' He told us confidentially that his idea of 'fishin' was to take a bamboo pole, with a good strong line, hook to match, a can of bait. Stick the butt of pole in the bank, aforesaid pole being held in place by a forked stick cut for the purpose. After having gotten a "rest" for his pole in the forked stick, and seen to it that the butt was securely held in the bank, he went back farther in the shade and had a good 'snooze' or perhaps read a few chapters from the last novel. When this became monotonous he'd go "try" the line to see if any unsuspecting catfish or perch had hooked itself. This performance repeated often enough would on some days net him two or three catfish or perch, but as for 'sport' he couldn't see why some people got so very enthusiastic about 'fishin'.

Well—there are all sorts of fisherman, from the man (not to forget "yours on the spot" the small boy) with the blue jeans, alder pole and a can of earth worms, to your gentleman with the latest in reels, rod, flies, waders—and believe us some of these fishermen have an array of insects, flies, etc. that would make nature herself envious.

Some of us loaf around until nine or ten o'clock A. M. before making a start, and fish during the nice warm part of the day. Others again like to start out, say between five and six, fish until it begins to get pretty well along in the day, then take it easy until just before sundown. Oh yes, there are night fishermen also, and they get their fish too, but most of these fellows know more about fish than the fish themselves. Away back East there's a goodly sized brook that comes bubbling and gurgling along past an old stone church where your friend has sat many a Sabbath morning with his thoughts not where they should have been, "on the sermon" but away "up the brook" wondering how many big fellows there were at the "old mill" in a certain eddy under the foam, or still farther up at "Dwelly's Dam"—(an old logging dam which had long since been broken down leaving a few big, quiet pools where the big ones used to lie and wait for whatever the current brought down). The chosen day was Saturday of course (no school on Saturday you know) but how we used to wish for a foggy or overcast day. Even a light rain would not spoil the day, as in this particular locality these were ideal conditions. The rod of alder, or young birch cut from beside the stream, a can of earth worms, and an ordinary linen line, no leader but hook tied on line. This tackle worked on a stream overhung with bushes, and filled with sunken logs, as well as any outfit an "expert" could choose, and it was not as easy as it sounds to drop your hook beside logs

and alongside the big boulders without getting "snagged." To lose a common trout or bass hook those days was almost a calamity. To get back to our subject,—our friend on the cover is one of the boys who likes to get an early start. The dew heavy on the bushes, a steady drip, drip, as it strikes the water in the quiet spots along the stream almost gives the impression of rain, and one gets more than impression (it almost amounts to an immersion) if he has any scrambling through the wet brush to do. One hundred yards away the trees and foliage along the stream fade into the morning mists, but the birds are beginning to sing, and here and there a squirrel or some belated night prowler rustles the leaves as they scurry past preparing for the coming of "old Sol" who will in a few hours make everything in the open too warm for comfort. A "big ring" on the water here and there as some old "green sides" comes up to investigate, shows to those who know, that "they are there all right." Across from the old log where the two branches hang out over the water is a good place to get a strike when the sun is bright as there is a nice cool deep hole thereabouts.

This morning however Mr. Fishermen has no waders and the water is a little too cool for wading with "shoes". So he fishes from the bank. He is using a light spinner with a gorgeous red feather (no live bait being obtainable this time) and casts out just beyond the end of the old log, more of a trial cast than in expectation of getting a "strike." When Zip-biz z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z. You begin to think he's going to lose the whole line (that's one of the things about fishing "Mr. Man and Mrs. Woman who don't know" that makes it exciting. It's most always the unexpected that happens.) then of a sudden, (after five minutes part of which "Greensides" spends in the air) he makes straight for the old log. If he ever succeeds in getting to those old water-soaked limbs sticking down into the mud under that log, it's "goodnight" or goodbye Mr. Bass. Every rush he gets a little closer, he's tired now, but remember he is a "scraper", so out goes our friend on the log. That log is mighty slippery, and the soles of his boots are wet, and he has to watch his fish as well as the log. *Souse*, in he goes, as he partly loses his balance, just one leg though, and he scrambles back to his log, getting a hold with both feet once more, and as luck will have it the bass is still on the other end of the line, but closer to the log. Now then! Oh he's tired all right—and the landing net is almost under him when he makes one more upward rush, and as he falls back he's in the net. Carefully a foot at a time on the slippery log and fisherman and prize are ashore. And it is a prize. The scales say 4¾ lbs. Well, if our friend does not get another fish he's had pretty good luck for one day, and it's early yet. It's not all of fishing to fish, and the quiet lunch and the big woods have lots of

interesting things for the fisherman, especially is this true along the banks of most any stream that flows through heavy woodland, or that has a lot of sheltering brush along its banks.

We'll leave him now and let him have the rest of the day to himself. We know he'll have a good story to tell tonight at any rate, and here's good luck to the brother fishermen who read this.

A CAMPAIGN AGAINST FOREST FIRES IN THE DOMINION PARKS

G. GERALD BLYTH

DURING the months of Spring and Summer, thousands of Canadians find their way to the delights of stream and forest. In practically all the eastern and the extreme western sections of the Dominion no individual has had cause to complain that Nature has denied this country either water or woods in superabundance. Only on the plains is the sparseness of tree growth keenly felt.

Centuries ago it is not improbable that the writers of Syria and Palestine and China similarly congratulated their fellow citizens on the wealth of playground, the beauties of green ravines and bubbling streams. But Syria to-day is a skeleton nation. Towns and villages have dwindled to squalid hamlets. The valleys are parched and lifeless. The mountain sides, summer and winter,—bleak and without nourishment for man or beast. Of the great cedar forests of Lebanon, only a few gnarled remnants proclaim their famous ancestry. So with Palestine and China, once magnificently forested, with wide rivers and fertile lands—now largely sterile with starving populations and a hopeless future.

It has been a matter of history that when a country's forests disappear, agriculture takes the same direction and national impoverishment is certain to follow. Upon the forests depends the even flow of the rivers, the equiability of the climate, the nourishment of surrounding lands, a cheap and constant supply of timber and pulpwood, and many other highly important factors.

The one great foe of the Canadian forest is fire. There are other foes, but good laws and public sentiment are robbing them somewhat of their power. Fire remains, however, the dominant destroyer. During the last fifteen years, eight times as much timber has gone up in smoke as has been cut by the lumbermen. This seems almost incredible, but careful estimates declare it to be quite within

the facts. Experts declare that instead of Canada's forests being inexhaustible—a condition existing only in the orator's vocabulary—Ontario possesses only enough trees at the present rate of cutting and fire destruction to last thirty years more. "The present rate" however need not continue and it is to the campers, surveyors, prospectors and others concerned in the welfare of the country that this appeal is made.

In 1913, Dominion fire rangers reported 210 fires to have been caused by campers, surveyors and others using the woods for pleasure or other purposes. The railways caused 204. Lightning was responsible for 28. Only two fires were declared to be deliberate, and the non-specified causes were 179. The total list of fires were 730 and the damage ran into many millions of dollars. Thus it will be seen that carelessness on the part of human beings is the underlying cause of Canada's frightful forest losses every year. France and Germany with many large forest tracts have, practically speaking, no fires at all. This immunity may not be possible for Canada, for the conditions are different, but one certain thing is that the 730 fires known to the Dominion rangers in a single year could be cut one tenth that number if human carelessness and indifference could be eliminated.

Let every camper this season persuade himself that he, personally, is a *forest steward*, that Canada has not an acre of tree growth to spare, that the carelessness of one man in 1915 may mean loss and hardship for the next generations. Never leave an unextinguished fire when you break up camp. Never toss a lighted cigarette into the forest cover. Your good sense will tell you what is safe and what is dangerous. Don't do it *because* the law threatens you. Do it because you are a good Canadian.



CONCERNING FISHING

Game Hogs, Furred, Feathered and Finny: Sportsman's Ethics

(ARTICLE 8)

NEAL BROWN

THE writer claims due familiarity with the foibles and weaknesses, as well as with the real nobility of the Brethren of Sport. Consequently the above epithet is not accepted in its utmost invidious sense, but only as a preface for tolerant philosophy. As used in certain virtuous publications this epithet is intended to portray a sportsman of porcine proclivities, which proclivities are executed against the helpless victims of the chase.

He is kodaked standing in front of a matter of a dozen deer that are hung to a pole while he leans on his unerring rifle. (It has been noted that this killer is always gracefully postured in the foreground so that his importance as a piece of scenery shall not be minimized).

Or he is pictured in the midst of a hecatomb of wildfowl, or (if piscary be his pride) as standing with his ruthless feet where the brook and river meet, a multitude of fishes piled around him or festooned on groaning wires above his head.

The kodak, without difficulty, is always able to depict upon his visage a vast look of fatuous complacency.

He has been execrated and pilloried in many sportsmen's publications. In this way the editor can pay a cheap and inexpensive tribute to his own untarnished virtue.

It is only charitable to say that in many such cases the sportsman has thus lent himself to vain display because he was young, or was temporarily carried away by the intoxication of great success and thus made unmindful of the rules of the craft.

Many a veteran sportsman who has arrived at years of modest restraint looks back on some such early exhibition of himself in shamed remembrance and would be glad if he could expunge the record.

For modesty is conceded to be the chief excellence of the perfect sportsman. He should not pridefully allow himself to be snapshotted in the midst of his slaughter. It may be said that by the same token he should not be pragmatic or allow himself to speak on mooted things with any air of final authority.

This element of modesty is mentioned because the thoughtless may aver it to be violated by sundry dictums found herein.

But the purpose is only to admonish and suggest.

In further condonation of the slaughter set forth by many kodaks as well as much that remains unadvertised, it can be said that it is only now and then that a sportsman can make a distinctive killing. Many are the days in which he will return at nightfall with a meager creel; many the days when he finds the grouse are hidden past all finding; many the hunts

when no deer falls to his rifle, many the barren forays after wildfowl.

And if a sportsman who has had a dreary round of these bad days, is visited by an hour of supreme luck, he should be treated with forbearance even by the most zealous game warden or the most rabid editorial hater of game hogs.

If this virtuous editor could be led into the wilderness and there made to suffer the toil and privation of unrequited days, and at last have fortune tempt him with a sudden horn of plenty, or several horns of plenty, in the great happiness of this laggard reward, he would understand.

It may be he would go back to his tripod and fulminate less lustily against game hogs.

For I have seen a St. Anthony among sportsmen, one apparently capable of resisting any temptation, chase the elusive ruffed grouse all day through tangled thickets, forbearing to take anything but wing shots because he deemed it degrading to pot a sitting bird.

Then at evening, on the ride home, this high minded gentleman, incontinent would pot a vacant minded grouse sitting so close to the roadside that it drew its head back to avoid being hit by the muzzle of the gun. I have known a virtuous sportsman to be rendered so desperate by his inability to hit a flying bird during a long day that he would pot a careless prairie chicken on the open ground at a distance of two rods—and this in the face of his jeering companions.

Once on a time came to a deer hunters' camp a very Bayard among sportsmen. He carried with him for free and generous distribution the maxims and principles of his caste.

"The true sportsman should be chivalrous—he should only kill a buck, never a doe. This chaste duty being performed, he should thereafter kill no more, but rest and dream under the winter sky.

"The killer of does or fawns, or of more than one deer, and that a buck, was a low butcher, unworthy the name of sportsman."

Thus did Sir Bayard homilize. The camp of merry butchers scoffed at such standards and prayed for his downfall.

For five days he ranged industriously over barren fell and through jungly swamps, without reward and in scatheless virtue.

In all this time he did not see the flirt of a single snowy tail.

He bore his thralldom to stern ethics with a high head, but the breaking strain came.

At last, as he sat on a runway disconsolately worshipping his beatitudes, the wing of virtue suddenly moulted all its feathers.

Fickle fortune set upon him a whole flock

of deer, and he slew three of them in as many moments—and all of them were does.

Worst shame of all, he was compelled to go to camp and notify the coroners to come to the place of slaughter and hold their inquest. This they did with many fleers and jeers, wickedly rejoicing over the downfall of high virtue.

He tried to make peace with his deities by vowing that he would never kill another deer.

The moral being that it may be good for a preacher to establish virtue in others, but more conducive to happiness in himself if he but follows the primrose path of dalliance.

These reflections beget the further thought that there is a difference between the theoretical ideal and the practical ideal.

In these revelations and admonishments we can only urge adherence to the practical ideal.

Must the sportsman after he has attained the legal allotment of trout refuse a chance to make a few more casts in the hope of getting that three pounder the dream of every angler?

Especially as in many past days he was unable to secure a scant dozen between sun and sun, as there will be many future days when he must suffer like deprivation?

Shall the sportsman forbear killing another deer for a deerless companion?

We are content to leave these important questions to the rebuking conscience of all game wardens, editorial oracles, and virtue inflated sportsmen of Brahmin caste.

It has been assumed by high authority that a true sportsman must have all the fundamentals of gentle breeding, and that there is a better mixture of these elements in those who find their chief earthly pleasure in hunting and fishing than can be found in the devotees of other sports.

For in these two major sports the contest is not between two matched players, each struggling, and sometimes with bitterness, to defeat the other. The art of the sportsman is not pitted against a brother of his craft, but against the cunning of the wild habitants of wood and stream. This sportsman is not often greatly tempted to abate any courtesy to his fellows.

Not so with the many inferior games and sports. It is said that golf leads to many peevish encounters among its idolaters. I knew a certain golfer who once on a time fretfully rebuked Rockefeller for thoughtlessly impeding the course. A misprison like that of this golfer might well make one tremble.

Cards and other games of chance have their asperities, especially if there be stakes that rouse the wolfish gambling instinct. It is said that in these vulpine contests the female of the species is—

But gallantry forbids the completion of this thought. But let us turn again to our own artistry.

No true sportsman can have antagonism against the companions of his chiefest joys because of their success, nor can he intrigue to secure a swinish share of their joint gains. But all sportsmen are not true; there be a few of ignoble traits.

It is our purpose to treat of one or two specimens of this latter genus. Mere inordi-

inate vanity in such a sportsman would as, compared with his greater vices, amount to virtue.

No matter how skilled his avidity may be in the lore of the chase, he always seems to be out after meat. His major trait is acquisitiveness. He dearly loves to go home loaded with game and to count and gloat over it, even as a miser his hoard. He will do mean things and rob the common store in order that he may be heavily laden.

He is like the thrifty woman of old fashioned picnic days, who always took nothing but pickles to the picnic but always returned with chicken pie. In camp he appears to be studying how best he can lay claim to the largest share. There can be detected in him a look of furtive appraisement, of avid anticipation of his gains.

As he cons the bag of game, the catch of fish, engrossed, visually devouring it, he looks like a tapir nosing an ant hill. It is probable that this is a case of atavism. The cave man acted thus over a joint kill.

And here is a modern instance:

A sportsman had invited a fellow angler to join him in despoiling the choicest trout streams of the host. The guest was given every advantage of place. Their catch was something scandalous, and they returned to camp heavily laden. The guest casually remarked that he would like to take home a few trout. The host assured him that he could take what he wished. This is the conventional formula of the craft.

Sportsmen have a confidence in each other that is rarely abused, and each does commonly protest against even fair favor to himself.

Each seeks to avoid taking the lion's share, only consenting when he is strongly urged, and when it seems fitting and satisfactory.

Generosity contends with generosity.

Not so, however, in this exceptional case.

When the time for parting came the guest laid the trout out in one vast moraine, and began to carry out his own system of division, subtraction, and asportation, without as much as saying by your leave. He elaborately weeded out four-fifths in number, taking the largest, and snugly packed them for carriage to his home. He left a few small fingerlings for his friend, locked up his safety box, and absconded in safety, leaving his friend in an awed and incoherent condition.

The latter had watched the porcine process, not flinching or crying for quarter, nor did it avail him that he had caught most of the trout. He took the few small trout that remained and generously gave them to the small boy who fished for chubs on the bridge, counted his tin spoons to see if they were intact, and recovered bravely from the shock.

This is one specimen of the game hog. Here is another:

A party of deer hunters met at a certain camp for the autumn hunt.

It was in the days when each hunter was entitled to two deer. Most of the deer secured by the party were killed on drives, participated in by the entire party.

In making a drive about half the hunters station themselves on runways, just outside of a thicket or tract of timber, which may be

all the way from eighty rods to a mile in width. The rest of the hunters go through and drive the deer upon the stations.

Those who drive have little chance of shooting a deer, owing to the noise they make. The place of the drive being practically surrounded, the hunters that wait in silence on the stations get the deer. I have seen three killed by this method in an hour's time.

On the next drive the positions of the hunters may be reversed. The watchers then turn drivers, so as to give all a fair chance.

Chance being a great element in this sport, it sometimes happens that the most faithful and industrious hunter may fail to shoot a deer. Yet he may have driven a number of deer to be shot by his companions. The driver's task is the most arduous, for often he has to plow in deep snow through deep jungles, while the watchers on the runways can smoke and take their ease.

I never saw a camp of sportsmen make any invidious distinctions in favor of the hunters who actually shot the deer, except in the single instance now exposed. In this instance there were two deer apiece for all of the party except one, and although he had driven many

deer that were shot upon his companions, he did not actually shoot a deer. He saw each of them tag two deer and take them away.

He returned home, deerless and unsatisfied, no offer of fair division being made him. Yet in addition to aiding in killing the deer on many drives, he had helped drag the deer that were killed up hill and down into camp. Next to portaging a heavy boat, I know of no more heartbreaking work than to drag a heavy deer through the brush even a distance of a few rods.

No one has ever been able to understand just what ethical standards the sportsmen guilty of this offence had established for themselves. They are here put on the unfair list as a warning.

Happily for my faith in sportsmen, I have never met with many specimens of this kind. I have found that the vast majority of sportsmen were not out after meat, but after sport.

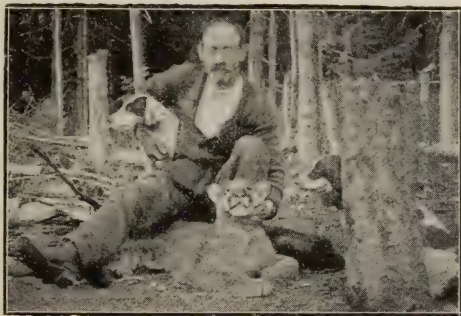
When the loving toil is over and distribution begins, they are careless as to the allotment of the spoils. The settler who joins you in your tramps is not less unselfish than your brother of the anglers' club or of the rifle guild in town.

A. B. C. COUGAR DISPATCHED

The accompanying picture is of a cougar shot by Rev. G. Larder of Widdicombe ranch, Craigellachie, B. C. within 100 yards of his house in May last.

Mrs. Larder was the first to see the brute as she was going along a trail through dense brush on her way to the pipe line for water. Her fox terrier, "Buster" pluckily rushed into the cougar's hiding place and a fierce battle ensued. Mr. Larder, hearing the unusual noise hurried to the scene, thinking some strange dog was fighting with "Buster." On coming closer he found it was a cougar and shouted to Mrs. Larder to run home for safety. Mrs. Larder called off her dog and the cougar slunk off into the bush while Mr. Larder, who was unarmed, covered the retreat. Later Messrs. Larder and Lehman, armed with rifles, took up the trail and "Buster" found and treed the cougar within 100 yards of the house. Mr. Larder took a flying shot at it as it rushed up the tree and barely touched one of its feet. His next shot, however, went through both its shoulders and killed it at once.

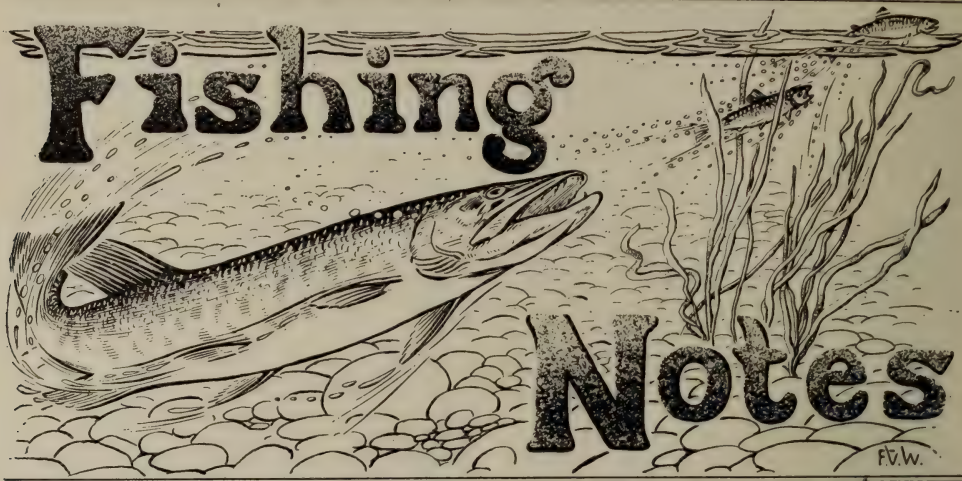
The school teacher and several of her pupils had passed along the road within 30 feet of



REV. G. LARDER, WIDDICOMBE RANCH,
CRAIGELLACHIE, B. C.

where the cougar was first seen, only a few minutes before, not knowing that the dangerous creature was in that vicinity. This cougar is the first one shot in the vicinity of Craigellachie for several years. Mr. Larder has had the cougar mounted by Mr. H. W. Edwards of Revelstoke, to whom we are indebted for the photo from which the cut was made.





THE BLACK BASS, PISCATORIALLY SPEAKING

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THAT to the bass fisherman the tackle box is a very necessary and handy thing goes without saying. A tackle box with the right number of compartments in it is most convenient and in some instances indispensable. Anyone who has ventured upon a fishing trip without a tackle box, and who has carried his many hooked artificial minnows, loose, in his pockets, knows what it is to be without a tackle box. With a fair-sized tackle box one can feel that he is prepared from the outset. Of course, there are tackle boxes and tackle boxes. Personally were I to have a tackle box equal to holding my raft of baits, past and present, accumulated at an unstated expense, it would be about the size of a refrigerator with apartments without end. But then there is no need of such a large tackle box, for not more than six or eight baits are necessary; in that list you can include some of the foremost artificials extant. To keep these baits from becoming a hooked and tangled mass is something that everyone should strive for. Such a box should have apartments for at least four or five baits. Now, I have found out one very good thing, namely, that the bait should be kept in the box it comes in, and this box may be inserted in the tackle box without taking up so very much space. There are any number of good tackle boxes on the market; for my part I have used various Cream City tackle boxes off and on for years. The Cream City boxes have the right number of compartments; some for the baits, and others for spoons and hooks, as well as smaller chambers for smaller hooks. In the bottom of the box the reels are kept. Taken all in all, as a moderately priced box, within the means of the modest man, here is a likely proposition. The bass fisherman, after a little survey of the problem, and the elimination of many useless things,

can make his tackle box light and at the same time not have it lacking in good and worthy appliances. An artificial minnow should never be laid away wet in the cardboard box it came in. This will spoil the box and if thrown around the hooks will rust and it will soon prove a most untimely thing, from whatever angle it is viewed. Since artificial minnows cost something it is a good thing to care for them in proportion to the care you extend to other things in the outfit. The careless fisherman is also a careless stower away of his fishing appliances and paraphernalia, and his success is far from moderate.

Those who care little or nothing for the commercial tin tackle boxes make their own. However the proportion of well-made, that is handmade, tackle-boxes, to the ready-made purchased tackle-boxes is as ten to one. A handmade tackle box may or may not be all right, this depends vastly upon the ingenuity, method and insight of the maker. If he has had a great deal of experience, and has his outfit sized up pretty well, he will make a good box wherein to carefully stow each individual thing without having it jump around and get messed up. But to make a really truly good box one must know how—and that takes considerable experience and practice.

Assuredly it is a fact that some exceptionally attractive and wonderfully efficient boxes can be made if certain rules are followed. Slipshod work however will not produce such. Care must be exercised in every detail.

One of the best accounts of details of tackle box construction I know of that has appeared in open print, was an article on the subject in Outer's Book magazine, in the April, 1912, number, written by Charles H. Hall. Merely a glance at the photos attracted me and follow-

ing his directions I made a box that in every detail was the best and is the best I have ever seen. Mr. Hall, in the beginning decided that trays for various things were inefficient, and that drawers would be better; accordingly he made drawers. He first made an inventory of all the things desirable in a tackle box, including all those odds and ends that come in so handy at certain times; and then he built his box to surround them all. This man has found out, as I have found out, that metal or tin commercial boxes, when set down in a leaky boat will take in water, and the bottom and all that is in it will get wet. He says:

"To mount the box on knobs, or legs, was an unworkmanlike solution, dismissed almost as soon as conceived, nor was the difficulty surmounted until the idea came to build the box in two distinct sections, the lower one merely a shallow, watertight box, hinged to the back and locking to the front of the drawer above it. This would give the necessary lift to keep the drawers up out of the way of boat-leakage, besides affording ample clearance for sliding the lower one in and out. And best of all, the whole upper section could be tilted back on the hinges, giving ready access to every nook and corner of the shallow box below, which would need no other cover than the drawers above it. Of course this upper box, or section, would be simply a chest of drawers with the front side of the casing swinging out of the way to permit their sliding in and out. And instead of making this swinging front, drop downward, why not tilt it up, and backward, until it should be supported by the carrying handle on top of the box? And further, why not utilize this up-swung surface to present, ready to hand, the pliers, oil-can, screwdriver and other tools that are in such frequent use. All in all it was an arrangement that seemingly would withstand the tests that had downed all preceding ideas, and practical enough, at any rate, to warrant going ahead and trying it out. What about materials—especially for the drawer part? Wood would swell and warp, besides being too bulky; aluminum would not solder; brass would be too heavy, and copper too soft; fiber and leather, would soak and sag. No, I would have to come back to tin—tin drawers with tin runways, tin partitions, and tin even for the case that must hold them all together. But in order to protect both this case and its contents against dents and jamming, which would cause the drawers to pull hard or stick altogether, I decided to make a light wooden outer-jacket of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch oak, dressed down, and well oiled and waxed against the weather. Of this oak, maybe a sixteenth heavier in gauge, using dove-tailed construction throughout, I would make the shallow lower box. The partitions in this lower part would also be oak, glued and braided in place, the whole thoroughly impregnated with oil to exclude the wet that it must inevitably endure. A trunk factory would readily supply the brass corner pieces, lock, hinges and handle—behold my box, all done, except the making of it."

Mr. Hall wished to get from six to eight artificial minnows into his box, but how to do this, and to utilize all available space, greatly puzzled him until he finally stumbled upon the

idea of using diamond-shaped compartments, which may be noted in the drawings made from the original photos that accompany this article. This is a very efficient method, and in making my own individual box, and consulting with the tinsmith, I have seen no better way of getting around the question. Like Mr. Hall I always have at least eight or nine artificials with me. And that these artificials should be contained in one drawer, just for that purpose, is a notable improvement. Each thing in its place is what spells efficiency in the making of the right tackle-box.

Of course the tinwork is submitted to a tinsmith, for careful work; and excellent jobs can thus be had, at no very great expenditure. The metal parts are then treated to two coats of black asphaltum paint which thoroughly prevents rust getting a hold upon the tin. This little safeguard should be carefully noted.

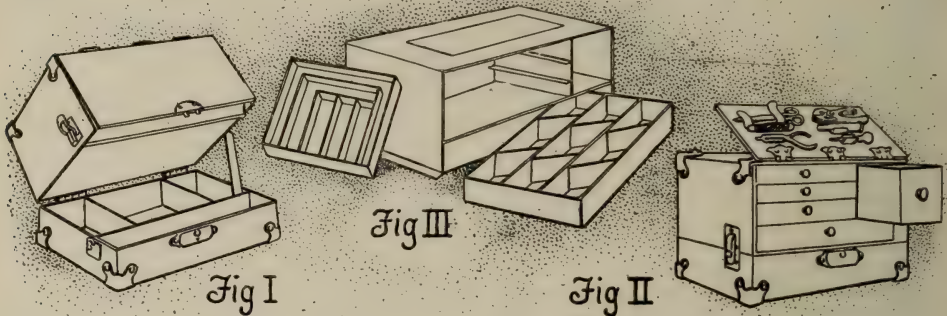
Careful work in putting together the outer-woodwork, or jacket of oak should be the rule; a little attention in this respect will give good results. Of course all of the hinges, lock, clasps and various trimmings of metal, and screws, etc., are purchased at the stores where such things are handled. When this box is finished it should stand eight inches high, be eight and three fourths inches from front to back, and the whole thirteen inches in length.

There are any number of things that can go into a tackle box of this sort. And the good thing about it is that you have these things practically at your finger tips. All you have to do is to draw a drawer out, and there you are, everything in its appointed place without mixup and clatter-trap tray arrangements that make efficiency a thing impossible. Here you have inside the drop-cover of the upper section, each inclosed in a metal clip, the scissors, knife, pliers, one drop cartridge-shaped oiler, also the screw-driver. These are only a few of the handy things that can be found room for, they take up but little space, and do not materially increase the weight. The lower section I find will easily accommodate four good reels beside any number of other things. In the drawers everything, hooks, lines, flies and spoons are laid away with care, each in its place—making it the best all-round box I have made, and I had made many prior to this one. This box made the building of other boxes a needless waste of time.

Lines for bait casting is a subject that has received not as great attention as should in reality be accorded it. I am therefore taking the time and space to here detail some of the good qualities of a virtuous line, also to give some suggestions as to sorts, their treatment and other pointers that may not be amiss to the amateur bait-caster. Practically the only really true and efficient bait casting line is made out of silk either in the soft-braided or the hard-braided styles. There are cotton and linen lines but a little experience will prove their practical uselessness as an addition to the outfit. The silk bait casting line combines all the required characteristics of a good line. With care and consideration the silk bait line will last longer, is light and will not pack up so fast or so clumsily as the cotton,

linen or enamelled lines. The enamelled lines should never be used for bait casting. I thought everybody extant knew that enamelled lines were not for bait casting, but after seeing seven or eight using them with indifferent success last summer. I came to the conclusion that everybody does not know, or appreciate, what a good bait casting line should be. Being soft, a line winds well; an enamelled line, however, casts poorly, and makes a core in no time. The soft braided line is the line I have found to be the best. Your selection then should be between the soft braided line and the hard braided silk lines.

that holds him. With skillful use of a light line with the proper give and take and using the thumb correctly, there is no doubt but that a very light line will bring in a very big fish. But the rank and file of the piscatorially inclined cannot do this. Such capability belongs only to the man who has studied and who has fished with especial care for years—and just how much coolness is required to make success of such a performance I would not be prepared to say, but assuredly it takes coolness in no little quantity. At all times one needs to exercise care in dealing with large fish. They soon tire out if you play them right, but get excited, jerk the line, etc.,



THE TACKLE BOX

Now it is generally well known that the hard braided line is the stronger line. The rule is, for durability—choose the hard braided line; for flexibility, and good casting efficiency—choose the soft braided line. Of course no thoroughly efficient bait casting line has both softness, and good casting powers, also durability. If the bait caster desires durability and does not care much about long-distance casting I would suggest that he try out the hard braids. Note that I choose soft braids for long distance casting with artificial minnows to suit, that are weighed in proportion to the strength or lightness of the line. But when I am looking out for fish and am suited to short in casting, I choose the hard braided line. It is always best to have two or three spools of each constantly on hand. Then you can suit yourself and your own individual inclinations. If I have a rather heavy lure for instance I always employ the hard braided line, and *vice versa*. Take the case of the coaxer. Jamison found out that he needed a special line made for casting this light bait, for the Coaxer as an artificial is an exceptionally light bait. Therefore he put out a line, a very light one that was both thin and flexible, and that well serves the purpose for which it was designed but assuredly that line cannot be expected to show superiority in durability as well.

It depends much upon how you fish, as to how skilled in rod manipulation you are, and as to how well you can use a light line against the insinuating rushes of a finny victim that is from five to ten times as strong as the line

and soon you will find yourself minus both fish and line. I believe in using a twenty pound test silk line for large fish such as maskinonge and pike, though far be it from me to say that they cannot be taken on the very lightest of lines. I have done it and I know that there are multitudes of others who can do it.

In judging any silk bait casting line one should remember the vast amount of work it is put to. Not the least of the destructive element in this respect is the wear against the guides of the rod as it is cast out and as the line is taken in. Especially is the friction hard on the line when a fish has been captured and the wear of the line comes heavy on the tip guide. It is for this reason that I have always advocated rods having agate guides throughout. In the long run it will save you many lines, besides being of more all-round service to you than will a rod having the unagated guides. Water will permeate the bait-casting line, and it will fray and rot out if it is left on the reel wet and packed. Do not expect a long life from such a line for this is impossible. It is too much to ask even of the best lines on the market. Take care of your line and you will have more service out of it, and it will last longer as a result.

There are some of the line manufacturers notably the Kingfisher people, who have put out lines for bait casting that are waterproofed. The virtues of such a line are many. One thing, but a trifle of water ever gets into the core; in other words, it will "ship" little or no water, as will the unwaterproofed line. Also such a line can be counted upon for more

general strength throughout; and at the same time, despite its adaptable waterproofing, it is more soft and workable and casts with every degree of success. This line is undoubtedly the best line that the Kingfisher people put out and they put out a great number. The length of life in any line depends upon how much you use it, and also how well you take care of it. Handled rough some lines last three or four days. Taken care of, and used rather often they may last two weeks. And by this I mean the real, good lines; not the poor grade of material, which has here no place.

The Kingfisher lines were the first ones I ever used for bait casting, and I still adhere to them. At the beginning of every season I buy certain of their wares, that have proven themselves to me to be exceptionally good. I use both their original old timer, the "Bait Casting" sort, also the new waterproofed line which I would not be without. They also put out some exceptionally durable lines that are certainly a happy addition to the tackle box, such as the Silver Sheen, the Chester and Diamond Back. These lines are reliable, to say the least. In fact the Kingfisher lines have always appealed to me in a singular fashion, perhaps this is because from them I have had the best service, also the longest wear.

Among the artificial minnow manufacturers who have made lines especially to use with

their baits may be noted the production of W. J. Jamison. His Coaxer baits were so light that he needed a bait especially made for them. Therefore he put out a special casting line that turned the trick well enough, and with it my lightest Coaxer can be cast a great distance with every degree of success. Of the Jamison lines there are three or four styles. There is the light line, the medium line and the heavier, or maskinonge line. That these lines are very good I can assure my readers, and I always have them on hand for use during the height of the bass season.

The Kingfisher and the Jamison lines I have tried out; there are other lines on the market, of course but since I have not tried them out I can only say little or nothing about them. For my part I have found it unnecessary to shift from one line to another. Having found a durable line I have stuck to it, and since I have treated it well, it has treated me well also.

In the June number of Rod and Gun, in Queries and Answers, I spoke of how to care for lines, and counselled oiling them now and then. These little precautions should be noted for they often mean a great deal in the long run.

Lastly, in closing this article remember that the autumn months are the best for the bass. Then they are in the shallows, and inshore again and many of the artificial underwater, and the top-water erratic or wobbling contrivances will bring them to net.

THE OUANANICHE SALMON

(ARTICLE 19)

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

AMONG the salmon family in eastern waters, and Canadian waters in particular, we come upon the Ouananiche which has the reputation of being a fighter upon the barb, such as to win the esteemed and considerate regard of every true and worshipful angler. Whatever may be the reputation attained by the Atlantic salmon, surely that of this the ouananiche out-classes it. It has been extensively commented upon by angling authorities of note, both past and present, and it will always hold its reputation as being the Canadian fish that exceeds in reputation all others, despite the many vigorous finny fellows that inhabit the streams of the north. We may turn to that prince of outdoor writers and eminent angling poet, Henry Van Dyke, and listen to his words in praise of this spectacular fish. He says:

"But the prince of the pool was the fighting ouananiche, the 'little salmon' of St. John. Here let me chant thy praise thou noblest and most high-minded fish, the cleanest feeder, the merriest liver, the loftiest leaper, and the bravest warrior of all the creatures that swim. Thy cousin, the trout, in his purple and gold with crimson spots wears a more splendid

armour than thy russet and silver, mottled with black, but thine is the kinglier nature. The old salmon of the sea who begot thee long ago in these inland waters became a backslider, descending again to the ocean and grew gross and heavy with coarse feeding. But thou, unsalted salmon of the foaming floods, not land-locked as men call thee, but choosing of thine own free will to dwell on a loftier level in the pure, swift current of a living stream both grown in grace, and risen to a better life. Thou art not to be measured in quantity, but by quality, and thy five pounds of flesh-less pure vigor will out-weight a score of pounds of flesh less vitalized by spirit. Thou feedest on the flies of the air and thy food is transformed into an aerial passion for flight as thou springest across the pool, vaulting toward the sky. Thine eyes have grown large and keen by peering through the foam and the feathered hook that can deceive thee must be tied deftly, and delicately cast. Thy tail and fins, by ceaseless conflict with the rapids, have broadened and strengthened so that they can flash thy slender body like an arrow up the fall. As Launcelot among the knights, so art thou among the fish, the plain-

armoured hero, the sun-burnt champion of all the waterfolk!"

Within the confines of this chapter I shall not treat the two varieties of the so-called land-locked salmon separately, but shall consider both under one heading, believing that the two are so closely related that it would be taking too much space to cover each individually, under separate chapter headings. Herein therefore I shall consider the Ouananiche (*Salmo ouananiche*) and the Sebago Salmon (*Salmo sebago*) found in Maine.

There is not a wide range of difference between the landlocked-salmon and the sea-run, Atlantic salmon. These salmon are called land-locked from the fact, as aforementioned, that a great time ago, supposedly when the earth was undergoing revolutionary changes, these fish were hopelessly walled in and could not get out of their native lakes where they grew in freshwater, knowing fresh water alone, and never finding any inclination to run seaward. It has been pointed out that these salmon have by nature become innate adherents of freshwater; that there really are streams by which they can reach salt water but that they consistently avoid it, in contradiction to their relatives the *Salmo salar* species. Says David Starr Jordan in his monumental work:

"The ouananiche does not differ greatly from the Atlantic salmon and is apparently even more closely related to the Sebago salmon. Some ichthyologists, and many anglers, have maintained that all three are identical and that the Sebago salmon and the Ouananiche are not worth even a sub-specific rank. But specific or sub-specific rank is not determined by the amount of greatness of differences, but rather by their constancy. However small the differences might be if they are real and constant, and do not intergrade, they indicate specific distinctness; however great they may be, if not constant, or if they show intergradation, they can be of no more than sub-specific value. Sub-specific characters are usually associated with more or less definite geographic or environmental isolation, and the characters of the sub-species and those of the parent specie will intergrade where the two habitats join, or over-lap. It seems certain that both the Sebago salmon and the ouananiche are geographically isolated forms, each possessing characters by which it is readily distinguished from the other and from the Atlantic salmon as well. Whether the differential characters intergrade, or not, has not been fully determined. If they do not, then each should rank as full species and bear a binominal instead of a trinominal name."

Differences between the Atlantic salmon and the land-locked salmon are notably as follows: The head of the ouananiche is more solid and determined in conformation; the eyes of the landlocked salmon are larger, and the general outlines of the fish more plump and proportional with its length. The spottings are thicker on the landlocked salmon, and it may be said, that they are larger, the determinedly traced Saint Andrew's cross-marks being set near to each other. Another noted difference is the black spottings upon the gills, some-

times round, sometimes otherwise, but by far more distinct upon this fish than upon *Salmo salar*. Larger teeth are also noted in the ouananiche; it has a broad tail and the fins are well and strongly built for the breasting of rapid waters. These above characteristics, distinguishing the *salmo salar* from its land-locked relative we have at our command, and small as they may seem, and surely different, changeably so in various places, still they may be told from the sea-run fish. The ouananiche is found in great numbers in Lake St. John, Quebec, and is also found in profusion in the lakes and streams of Labrador, where it is angled for by various methods.

Since it is always desirable, in an article, or account of this nature to present the views of authorities on the various sidelights broached, it may not be out-of-place to give some of the views of Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, author of "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," on this subject. In remarking upon the early history, the range, and especial location of this singular fish he says in part:

"Mr. A. P. Low, the late head of the Geologic Survey of Canada in 1894-5 brought back with him from above the Grand Falls of the Hamilton River, and from the waters of its Ashuanipi branch in the interior of Labrador, the skin of a fish that unfolds a novel and interesting story to anglers, and ichthyologists alike. Prior to Mr. Low's discovery of the ouananiche in many of the large rivers flowing into Ungava Bay, Hamilton Inlet and the Atlantic Ocean, its geographical distribution was popularly supposed to be confined to Lake St. John and its tributary waters. Now, its Canadian environment is known to include the whole Labrador peninsula, excepting perhaps that part of its westerly slope drained into Hudson Bay; and the angler who would find it and fight it under the varying conditions in which it may be found must traverse a vast region of mountain and lake and forest and stream, as practically unknown as the interior of Africa, save to the Montagnais and Nascapsee Indians whose hunting grounds it is. For countless ages, the aboriginal Red Man, with his bone or stone-pointed spear, snatched from the rapid water in which the fish is found the biggest specimens that came to the surface in the quest of insect food. "Wan-nan! as they pronounce it—"There!" or "Look there!" or "There he is!"—they ejaculated, as the fish came to the top of the water, and the "Wan-nan" came to signify the name of the fish. Its discovery by white men was first announced to the civilized world in 1647 by the Jesuite Father DeQuen, the first European to set foot upon the shores of Lake St. John. In its clear waters he found the fish and correctly classed it as a salmon, reporting the discovery to his Superior in Paris, in his "Relation" of that year. The original French settlers, in the land of the ouananiche, did not confine themselves to the largest specimens when capturing the fish for food, for not having mainly to depend, like the Indian, upon the spear as a means of taking fish they captured all sizes in their nets, and the Red Men used their diminutive terminology when describing the catch,

calling it "*wannan-iche*" little "*wannan*." But there is no "*w*" in the French language, its sound being represented by the letters "*ou*." Thus "*Ouananiche*" and not "*wannaniche*" is the original written form of the fish's name, as employed by those who first produced it on paper, and according to the inflexible law of priority in nomenclature, "*ouananiche*" it has remained, and it is likely to remain, for it has now found a place in the new mammoth lexicon of the English language known as the Oxford Dictionary, at present in course of publication.

"It has been perfectly well-established for a score of years past that the habitat of the ouananiche is co-extensive with the great Labrador peninsula, excepting only the latter's western slope. In 1894-5 it was found in the Koksoak river for a distance of nearly 200 miles below Lake Cani-pascow, and the lake and river stretches of the upper part of the George river, which also empties into Ungava Bay. On the eastern watershed, the Low party frequently caught the same fish on both branches of the Hamilton river, above the Grand Falls, and also in great Lake Michikamow at the head of the North West River. That it is not a landlocked salmon is patent to the most ordinary observer. In the Lake St. John waters, where it is best known to the majority of writers upon the subject, it has unobstructed access to the sea by way of the Saguenay river and the Lower St. Lawrence. The most accessible ouananiche waters are in the Grand Decharge of Lake St. John, but they do not contain the biggest fish. Many visit them annually to experience the sensation of shooting the rapids in the Indian canoes of birch bark. Large and plentiful as are the ouananiche in the Met-abetchouan river, and wild and beautiful as is the scenery of the Grand Decharge, the angler after sport and adventure of the most attractive kind will prefer to scale some of the mighty wild ouananiche rivers of the interior of Labrador. Take the Peribonca for instance, nearly three hundred miles from its mouth is Lake Manouan, containing ouananiche from five to eight pounds in weight. Several years ago I ascended the Peribonca for fifty miles, as far as Lake Tschotagama, and the trip occupied a week, nearly four days being required to ascend stream. In that distance ten large water-falls had to be portaged around; it was necessary to pole the canoe up furious rapids and to camp in bear-infested woods, more than a score of miles away from any human habitation. But the scenery was of the grandest and most magnificent description and the fishing in the pools below the falls was marvelously good. In Tschotagama it was wonderful. There it is no unusual experience to have a brace of ouananiche at the same time upon the rod, each weighing five or six pounds.

As a rule the ouananiche is very chary about taking the fly, and sometimes will not even rise to the most tempting specimens of the fly-tying art. In such cases the live bait system is the only way to work in a capture which is done by a great number of men who are not over-sensitive to the edicts of sportsmanship. There are, however, exceptions

to the rule, for in the Grand Decharge this lusty little fighter will take the fly often with the avidity of the grilse. Such fishing may be had throughout the month of June, and half of the month of July; after this time they are very slow at rising and only live bait will win a capture. During the month of July the ouananiche may be taken on Lake St. John, and some hold that the fishing is best there later on, in August, to be exact.

The ouananiche salmon never grow to a very great size, the average fish weighing something in and around two or four pounds. Now and then some larger specimens will be taken, eight pounds being considered as a fine size. The ouananiche is a spectacular fighter and will leap time and again into the air in a fashion to tickle the heart of the most Mis-sourionic Waltonite. In the lakes where the waters are deep, as I have mentioned, the bait-system is practically the only method that will do, and often the ouananiche have to be fished for deep. As a rule a rather stiff bait rod can be used for the purpose in view as well as any other. The steel rods of the Bristol Co., are especially recommended; such a rod, with a tip that has a decided springy give to it to answer the rushes of the fish, will do very well indeed. Some prefer, not steel, but bamboo, and solid wood rods which are also very good. An eight ounce rod is generally conceded to be very fair. Light tackle, used with these fish, allows of a very brisk, exhilarating fight. The lighter the tackle the more sport there is and the more keenness the angler must use in contriving a capture. Many forms of bait, or lure, are used in the capture of the ouananiche in this manner. The Archer Spinner, with minnow bait; artificial minnows of daring hue, and blended coloration, often prove winners. There are times it will be found in this deep fishing, whether for the ouananiche, or the Sebago salmon, or lake trout, that many baits will have to be tried out before the right one is struck. Fishing close to the surface in the middle of the summer will usually bring up no fish. One must so weigh his line as to have it run deep, if the fish are lying deep. This is of course presuming that you are using the silk line. It must be added here that while a silk line is very favourable, the braided metal lines have their place and are here recommended for use on all heavy fishes, especially when you are trolling. It may be noted, the metal line needs no sinking apparatus; it sinks of its own weight, a strong point in its favour. Fifty yard spools of this line, two spools connected, may be purchased at two dollars the spool and they are well worth the price. The inside of these lines is silk, and the outer braidings are of copper. Some will think that this line will prove clumsy and will not pack tight on the reel, but this is not true, for the line is flexible, and will not kink as will other lines. Two spools of this line, or one hundred yards upon a suitable reel make a very good addition to the outfit. It is not, however, necessary to use metal line. Silk line has strong points in its favour. If you select this kind, get one hundred yards, and I would strongly recommend that it be in size E, waterproofed.

In the selection of a reel I would choose, not the quadruple-multiplying type, but the double-multiplying kind. By double-multiplying it is meant that the spool turns twice one turn or revolution of the handle. These reels do not come very high in price; and one is able to get a reel in nickle and rubber very moderate in price, though I would not select that kind. It is not durable enough. The German Silver and rubber reel is as good as any I know of. A Julius Vom Hofe reel, coming in the one hundred and fifty yard type, (which by the way is the size to use with one hundred yards of line) will cost you but five and one half dollars. It is a very durable, serviceable reel. In using live bait upon the hook, and a single hook, with a light rod, one is given great sport.

Perch make very attractive bait for the ouananiche and it is suggested; other minnows may be used, that are the natural food of the fish. In the case of the Sebago salmon it will be found that smelt cannot be surpassed as bait, for this is the most general food of the last-mentioned fish. Hook on the minnow so that it will ride back up the water; any other way may prove unattractive to the fish. The swivel system, used in collaboration with the hook, will prevent the minnow turning, and the line from kinking; this answers, not only for this fish, and fishing, but for all manner of fishing in this line.

Next to the ouananiche comes a consideration of the Sebago salmon, of the Sebago Lakes, of Maine. The habits of the Sebago salmon are very like those of the Atlantic salmon; in fact this salmon is more like *Salmo salar* than the ouananiche, in my opinion. The spring run of the Atlantic salmon, obviously for food, is followed likewise by the Sebago salmon pursuing the smelt up the rivers, they being then in the spawning stage, and making good food for the preying fish. After the spring run like the *Salmo salar*, the Sebago salmon return to the lakes and make their second run up the rivers in accordance with the program followed by the Atlantic species, and spawning finds itself ushered in. The fish then return to the lakes, and take up their habitat following always the same routine. The Sebago salmon is, as a rule, much smaller than the Atlantic salmon, but it is more rounded, it has larger scales and the coloration is often very different from that of the Atlantic salmon. Specimens taken have been noticeably green on the back and with the spottings half-subdued; while the sides are silvery, but they possess a fascinating, changing set of hues that run the gamut when appearing in strong light. The salmon found in the Grand Lake region are not nearly so large as those found in the Sebago Lakes. Five or eight pounds is considered a very good size in this latter territory though it may be said that Sebago Lake salmon have been taken reaching well over twenty pounds. That the Maine salmon are taken on the fly, there is only the word of hundreds of anglers to guarantee; and especially along the Grand River and torrential waters of the Presumpscot will these fish, at times, rise well to the artificials, great sport being the rule in the

early summer, June especially, though fly-fishing there is also good in the late summer.

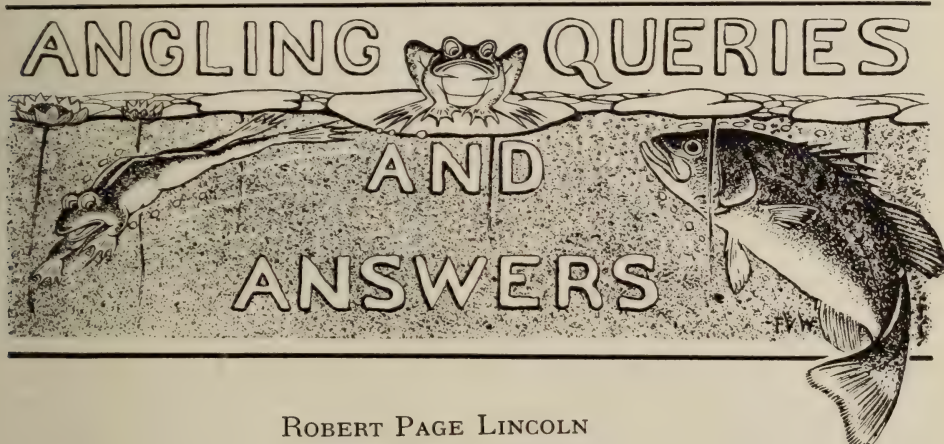
Like its near relative the ouananiche, the Sebago salmon is most often taken by means of bait, in trolling, or in casting, but there are times when he will take the fly very well, though no special times for this can be set since the fish, like bass, and others of the fish family show their quixotic fancies taking one bait well now, and another fairly well at another time. When fishing in the lakes practically the best known method is trolling for them. This is done much on the order of trolling for the muskies and the pike. The rod should be rather stiff as a rule when trolling for large fish as being in the lake waters one may have to contend with a fish every bit of a king. A Bristol rod of good quality may be used with success, or bamboo rods of strength and durability may be inserted with equality of value. Artificial baits, and Archer spinners not to mention the live bait, can be inserted, and much success results from their use. By far the best live bait for taking the Sebago salmon is the live smelt. The smelt, since they form the principal fare of this fish, naturally work well as an attraction upon the hook. The fish should be hooked, as I have in the fore-part of this chapter mentioned, similar to the hooking on of the perch when fishing for the ouananiche. That is, so that the fish will ride back up in the water, without whirling in the water as a bait will sometimes do when no swivel is in connection with the hook and the line. Often the hook may be inserted through the gills of the fish, and thence drawn back and hooked into the side of the fish. Care should be taken that the fish is hooked only in the meaty part; if hooked in the backbone, the fish will not live long and a dead minnow is of little or no use in any variety of fishing. There are many ways of hooking on these minnows, the Archer spinner being a very good one for the purpose in view.

In regard to the method of catching this fish, I may quote from a writer on the subject who gives some insight into it. He says:

"In lake fishing of course a boat will be required, and in that case a boatsman who should be acquainted with the ways of the salmon as well as perfectly familiar with the water fished. There are boatsmen and boatsmen just as there are anglers and anglers, but when a real angler is fortunate enough to employ a real boatsman the result is a combination both happy and successful. The boat should be rowed slowly through the water, propelled with long steady strokes. When the salmon is hooked the boatsman keeps the craft where the angler will have plenty of fighting room and is ready with the gaff or landing net at the critical moment. In the early spring, surface fishing, or trolling is resorted to on large lakes like the Sebago, but when midsummer approaches the only successful methods are those of the deep-water fisherman, near to the bottom. In river fishing one may stand on the bank and allow the current to carry the bait down the stream as in brook trout fishing, and the rapid water in addition to the combativeness of the fish conspires to produce a very pretty and

satisfactory battle. The landlocks, like their cousins or brothers, as the case might be, the Atlantic salmon, leap on a slack line, which is a tackle testing manoeuvre and the quintessence of gameness. I know nothing that

will thrill an angler like the leap of some bravely fighting fish, shaking the silvery drops of water from his iridescent body. The one count I have to bring against the brook trout is that it does not leap on a slack line."



ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

No. 24.—My only excuse for writing you at this time is that I might learn the best bait for speckled trout. I intend to make a trip to Mongoose Lake, which is some 73 miles north of Sault Ste. Marie on the Algoma Central Railway, about the first of August and I am informed there are a good many speckled trout in this lake. I would therefore like to know the best bait that could be used at that time of the year.

Frank E. Aiel, Toronto, Canada.

Ans.—As a rule we are used to consider the speckled trout as being stream-fished, about nine-tenths of the time; the other fraction belongs perhaps to the beauties of lake fishing. That speckled brook trout are found in lakes is well known to some, to others it will appear as something new. Yet trout are found and can be caught in lakes by the ordinary fly-fishing methods. The speckled trout fishing along the north shore of Lake Superior for instance is undoubtedly the best and the leader in this respect among them all. Along the reefs there will be found excellent fishing opportunities, for these reefs are the natural feeding grounds of the fontinalis tribe that live in the lake. The water wherein these trout are found is from ten to fifteen feet in depth and some very good sized ones may be found. Either flies or bait is good for these lake trout in the month you name, and I would particularly suggest that you fish at the mouths of streams entering the lake, if such there be. I am not acquainted with the lake you mention but undoubtedly such is the case. The trout stay around these inlets, for there the feed is good. They lie with their noses pointing upstream.

Lake casting is either done from a boat, or wading in the water along the shore and cas-

ting. The winning part about fishing from an open boat is that it aids facility in putting out line, with freedom of arm and line.

The flies that are used on the streams make good flies on the lake. Any of the standard trout flies are good; the hackles and the palmers, Professor, etc., also the Silver Doctor, Scarlet Ibis, Royal Coachman and Parmachene Belle. The flies are fished in the water, that is to say they are drawn and released to give the "open and close" motion, or animation so necessary to attract the attention of the fish.

In the matter of bait I certainly suggest the humble earth worm, or the minnow. The worm is hooked through the middle so that two squirming ends have play, this to better entice the lordly one. The earthworm always attracts a great number of fish and a good many captures will follow from its use. Now in using the live minnow (which is the method of enticing the big fellows) you simply hook the minnow up forward of the tail so that he can swim along with the hook without inconvenience. Be sure and do not injure the backbone for that ends the life of the minnow. In fishing in this way in the lakes it is often best to fish right close to the bottom, and one will often have to use split-shot sinkers, proportioning them to the demand of wind and weather. In many cases it will be found that the artificial flies, rightly manipulated, will prove successful.

In the matter of hook sizes in this sort of fishing I would certainly suggest that you do not go too big, which is a common failing among many lake fishermen. The sizes 10 to 12 in my humble opinion are as good as any, and certainly they will get the fish with as much ease as the larger hook.

One writer suggests that in lake fishing for the speckled ones the multiplying bass reel be

used for the reason that sometimes one must do some speedy reeling. This is not at all an unwise precaution, though in many cases it is unnecessary. But one should have a rod a little bit heavier than usual, if such a rod can be procured. The six and one half and seven ounce rod is just the thing, especially for the bait fishing manoeuvres.

R. P. L.

No. 25.—I have read your articles on fishing with a good deal of interest and am anxious to know where I can procure a reliable bass bait of the minnow variety. What would you recommend as the best artificial minnow bass bait for the month of August to be used for trolling from a boat on Lake Champlain where there are no weeds to bother? Most of my bass fishing is done in the different bays of the Lake where the bottom is stony. I enclose a stamped envelope, addressed. Thanking you in advance,

Henry Van Vleet, St. Valentine, P.Q.

Ans.—You are certainly in ideal grounds for bass if you are not bothered with the weeds. Many bait casters will agree with me here, and the handshake will go around. We who have to peg away in lakes where the water is crowded with grass, moss and pads and every variety of obstruction know that there are very few really weedless baits. The South Bend people put out some underwater minnows (I am not mentioning their small-bodied, bucktail combination minnows here), of the rainbow type, that are exceptionally good for deep water trolling. One especially I have in mind has two gangs of hooks, one on either side, with a trailer gang, which is an ideal trolling lure where weeds do not obstruct. The Heddon company put out some underwater lures that are hard to rival; and I certainly would suggest that you look into their ware, especially for the coming of the big bass season, in autumn, when the best, most vigorous, really spawned out fish are taken. Now the places you mention, where the underwater coves and nooks are, there the underwater artificials will prove enticing. But of course they are not the only lures that will get them. I am just picking out a brace of examples, that's all. Here are a pair more. Pick out that new South Bend weedless hook, with the small hook on which to insert the very nose of the frog, and use that trolling deep and you will get them. And try out that pork rind. The pork rind bait has proven its merits only too well in the past to need further comment. The additional use of a pair of small spinners will make the bait all the more pleasing and attractive to the large mouth brethren (for as I understand, the fish you were speaking of in your letter were the large mouth).

Nor is this the only method of getting bass in the month of August, when, as a rule, the great majority of the bass, during the high hours of the day at least, have retired to the deeps; the live minnow proposition is then an exceptionally good one. If you can locate where these bass run in these rocks the live minnow mayhap will get them where no other

method would. Some fair sized, lusty chubs, or shiners are the best for this fishing, which is essentially still fishing. The minnow is hooked just forward of the tail (the same process goes here as that mentioned for the trout in the letter before where, note my reply) so as not to injure the backbone; the minnow will then have as much life as ever and will swim right along as if unharnessed. This is generally too much for the bass and I have known times when the limit has been taken with this method. Find the right place and they are yours. In this method the steel bait casting rod and the reel is used. The fish being hooked, the reeling in process is identical with that used in casting, and playing a fish; therefore it loses none of its appeal, save that the fish was taken in a slightly different manner. Since small hooks are used they must be of very good material, having the pronounced neck bend to them. Keep a taut line, for the hook, tearing a hole in the mouth will set the hook free if the fish is given a bit of slack. Other varieties of bait can be used besides the minnow,—the frog, helgramites, grasshoppers, crawfish, grubs and crickets are fine for taking the bass.

In a former letter you asked what hooks I would recommend, the double gut or jump, short or long shank; and if gut leaders were used in bass fishing. In my opinion, for casting purposes, there is only one hook, of the weedless variety, and it is without gut attachment; it is eyed and the line is tied directly to it, without any leader whatever. The average bass hook has a long shank; never a short shank for bass fishing. In your speaking of leaders for bass fishing, I understand you to mean such leaders of length from three to six feet. Never heard of it, never tried it, and I believe it entirely foreign to the process of casting, but I have many times wished to try it out and may this summer. But where there has been one try-out there have been a thousand non-tryouts.

R. P. L.

No. 26.—Where can I procure information about fly-fishing for brook trout? Is there any good manual on the subject? Can you recommend a company where I can procure an assortment of trout flies?

Jas. F. Donly, Simcoe, Ont.

Ans.—Any number of articles on brook trout fishing have been published in Rod and Gun, and comprise practically the leading information extant, each point having been covered in as thorough a fashion as possible. Practically the best information to be gotten is through the outdoor press, in the various magazines, where all new things appear and are brought to the attention of the reader, in good time, so that, within the season, various methods may be tried out. There are many good manuals put out upon the subject of brook trout fishing, and the handbook by Samuel G. Camp, "Fishing Kits and Equipment," is undoubtedly one of the leaders. In a rather more elaborate state we have the recent publication, "Trout Fly Fishing in America" by Charles Zibeon Southard, at seven and one half which is just about as good

a volume as could be found. It has colored plates of all the trouts upon this continent, with a complete system as to how to take them both with dry fly and wet fly. Another handbook by Samuel Camp, is "The Fine Art of Fishing," and still another one "Fishing With The Floating Flies," which, in simplified form, as books, cannot be equalled upon the subject. These handbooks sell for 75 cents each, and are individually more than worth the price asked for them. They may be secured through Rod and Gun.

Now in regard to a company where you can procure good trout flies I will say that there are a good number of sporting goods houses advertising in Rod and Gun that would supply you with as good flies, at as right a price as you could find anywhere, and they would have the flies best for Canadian waters too. But if you wish to procure them in the U. S. A. the following firms are good: William Mills and Sons, 23 Park Place, New York City. They supply the best and have an enviable reputation. Abbey and Imbie, Sporting Goods dealers of New York City, also have good material; so also Thomas J. Conroy, 28 John Street, New York City, which firms you might look up. I may here add that good Canadian made flies, hand tied by experts may be procured of T. Wight and Son, Trent River, Ont. Mr. Wight is an old hand at the game, having had thirty-five years experience. Mr. Wight's article in the July number of Rod and Gun was undoubtedly greatly appreciated; he knows his subject and his experience is reproduced in his flies.

R. P. L.

No. 27.—I have fished for trout since youth and I have had many rods but I never have paid over five dollars for a trout rod. The reason I bring this up is that I believe I can do as good work with it as another man can with a higher priced rod. I believe it is not the rod so much as the man behind the rod. For that matter I have never believed that the casting for a long distance was of overly great benefit to the angler. Caution, and a patient study of the fish, and the going about it rightly is what counts more than the so-called finer points of the game. Why some of these aristocratic fishermen, released on a stream, would be completely lost in the game, while a mere lad with an old willow pole and a few worms can bring in a bag full of fish.

I have known many expert trout fishermen in my day, but I doubt whether any of them could cast a fly over thirty feet, because they have never found casting beyond that distance necessary. But one thing they have known—and that is the fish they have been after.

Now I personally believe that the beginner would do as well by investing his money in a split bamboo five dollar rod, for it is unnecessary to go as high as fifteen. The main thing is to study the fish, to know what flies to use, and then use them so that they will look as much like live things as possible; then you will get the fish. It is not alone the high cost of your outfit that scares the fish into entering your creel; but it is how well you fish. When you fish, what manner of lure you use and how

you use it that counts.

John Dean, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

Ans.—As you say, it is the man behind the rod, his knowledge of the art piscatorial and the manipulation of the flies and the line that count above all things. Caution is the prime requisite. Where caution is used success will follow in far greater measure. Now *re* the five dollar, or the cheap bamboo rods. I have always held that if a man could afford it he should purchase a rod of from ten to fifteen dollars, for such a tool, handmade, has far greater worth than the bamboo turned out of the machine, as are the cheaper bamboo rods. While for a time the five dollar bamboo rod has life and energy in no little measure still it cannot reach up to the high mark attained by the rod treated to skilled handmade workmanship. The difference is readily felt when one has worked a machine made rod and then starts in to work the fifteen dollar appliance. The fifteen dollar rod will seem as a rest to the fly-caster. Still, for the beginner, the cheaper bamboo rod will work in good enough, and the money he would pay out for a rod he can use in purchasing other material.

The casting of a long line, as you infer, is not the keynote to success; nor can one be said to be a fisherman just because he can outwin any other competitor. Most of the streams on this continent are small, overgrown streams, and we are often most lucky to snake in our baited hook at all. I hold and have always held that if one is able to attain a casting length of twenty, twenty-five or thirty feet he has learned all about it that he needs to know, for if a man can consistently and readily cast thirty feet without laborious effort he can soon learn to cast up to forty feet. Your tournament caster for instance is not necessarily a fisherman: his pastime has been to learn casting to certain distances only.

With a little consistent study of the trout, and the right time to use the flies and especially study of the entomology of the stream you are fishing, there is no reason why you should not have luck.

R. P. L.

No. 28.—I intend building an artificial pond to stock with fish; could you tell me where I could get the necessary information about fish culture and breeding, also where I could obtain books on this subject. Thanking you in advance,

Yours truly,
Montreal, Quebec. E. N. Hurtubise,

Ans.—About one of the best books on this subject that I know of and can truly recommend is, "Fish Culture in Ponds and Other Inland Waters," by E. W. Meehan, published by Sturgis and Walton, book publishers of New York City. This volume is crammed full of the very best of up-to-date information on the subject and is practical, and easily understandable. It treats not alone of the rearing of trout but of other fish, and tells definitely about frog culture, how to conduct an aquarium to the very best of advantage, pleasurably and profitably. With the increase of interest in the rearing of fishes, and

the great demand for them for stocking purposes no one can be without the volume above listed.

A book by Livingstone Stone, called "Domesticated Trout" should also appeal to you. It is procurable through this magazine. Mather's "Modern Fish Culture" also procurable through this magazine, but published by Forest and Stream of New York City, has a great mead of information for those who desire information on such subjects.

The complete volume of Halford's "Dry-Fly Man's Handbook" contains a great deal of information on the subject from the English point of view. It is a condensed brief of a separate book he wrote on the subject.

In future numbers of this magazine, in my department I shall take up fish culture, with the object in view of treating it in a thorough manner for the benefit of readers wishing to know about this.

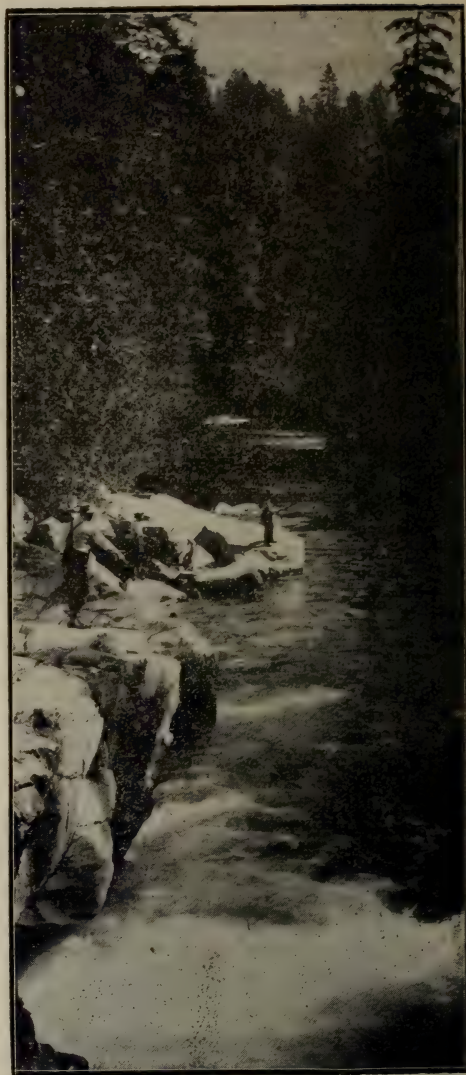
R. P. L.

FLY FISHING FOR BLACK BASS

WALTER GREAVES

Now that the bass season has opened, it may be of interest to some of the readers of Rod & Gun to read a few lines from an old angler who uses the fly exclusively for black bass. I have, in a previous article, in this magazine referred to rods for this purpose, so that it is not necessary to repeat what I said in regard to rods. I have also mentioned the flies I have found to be the most killing and I may repeat that there can, I think, be little doubt but that in most waters the patterns one really wants are the Parmachene Belle, with bright silver body, and my Massassaga. If it is thought well to add to these, you might try the Canada and Dark Montreal. Of course, I could mention quite a number of really first-class flies in addition to these,—including Dr. Henshall's excellent patterns, but, where I usually fish the first two mentioned are all that one requires. They must of course be well and properly dressed on hooks about No. 1, according to my idea. Use a single fly, if fish are plentiful, and a strong single cast of 6 or 9 feet. I prefer forged O'Shaughnessy and Pennell eyed hooks. They are both first-class. Use a revolving-plate reel below the hand, for fly fishing. A multiplying reel has no place on a fly rod. One person should row along slowly and the other cast among the boulders or rocky shores, in water of about 6 or 8 feet deep. Fish your cast out well and give the flies time to sink a bit. Draw them slowly along after they have straightened out or made the turn. You must strike on seeing a rise, or you may lose the fish.

Fly fishing for black bass with a fairly light rod is certainly excellent sport. I cannot understand why more people do not avail themselves of it, instead of bait fishing and trolling, with which I think there is no comparison. Give it a fair trial a few times and I feel convinced that if you have good sport you will discontinue the bait fishing and trolling and use the fly exclusively for black bass in future.



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Nobby Tread
Chain Tread
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THE SWORDFISH

Deep Sea Fishing.

W. D. TAUNTON

MANY catch fish for the sport of the thing. Others catch fish as a means of a livelihood. But it must not be supposed that the men who catch fish as a means of a livelihood derive no sport therefrom. He who says so reckons without the swordfish.

J. K. L. Ross immortalized the tuna, that immense horse mackerel which frequents the waters of the Atlantic seaboard. The sport in connection with the swordfish is yet to be sung.

Anywhere along the Atlantic seaboard from Cape Sable to Halifax harbor the swordfish besports himself. It was not always thus. The swordfish is a late comer. He was not in evidence until a very few years ago, so far as our waters were concerned, and if he was nobody gave him even a passing notice, because he was then of no commercial value. But a few years ago the Americans showed a taste for this fish and the wily Nova Scotia fishermen proceeded to satisfy it.

The swordfish belongs to semi-tropical waters, but he comes on our coast in the summer months and his presence is always hailed with rejoicing by the fishermen, who are now prepared to give him that reception his market value and the sport he brings merits.

The swordfish comes in assorted sizes. You may get one weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. You may get one which pulls down scales at five hundred and fifty. You may get one or you may get a dozen.

When the swordfish appear there is something doing among the fishermen. The boats are overhauled. These are the ordinary fishing boats, mostly power boats. On the bow is erected what the fishermen call the "pulpit." It usually consists of a plank running out over the bow of the boat, and an iron rail protects the fisherman who stands there with harpoon in hand, from falling into the sea.

The boats cruise off the land, generally about three miles, and the fish seem to run in schools. They are generally observed from the large fin on their back protruding out of the water. The boat is so manoeuvred as to allow the man in the pulpit an opportunity to strike with his harpoon. This harpoon is made fast to a line which is again made fast to a small barrel. Immediately the harpoon is driven home the barrel is thrown overboard. This barrel again is made fast to the boat by means of a line, so that the swordfish cannot get away.

There is considerable sport in getting up alongside the fish. It requires skill and judgment to successfully harpoon the monster.

Now, if you want a genuine thrill you should be in the boat when the fish receives the dirk. He does not show fight, but he makes you hold your breath and wonder what will happen next. For he has gone to the bottom, made a deep dive, and will come up again. Oh, yes, he will come up again, but where? That is

the question. He makes this dive in order to reach the bottom and there wriggle the harpoon out of his side. But the fisherman has anticipated this. He knows the depth of water and he has arranged the line which fastened the harpoon to the barrels so that it will not allow the fish to go to the bottom.

Finding himself foiled, the fish turns his sword surfaceward and comes up straight as a die. Nothing is going to stop him. If the boat is in the way, then he runs his sword through the bottom of the boat. This is no unusual occurrence. I have known him to do this several times in one day. One day last summer when I was on the swordfish grounds off Peggy's Point, the eastern entrance to St. Margaret's Bay, three boats were pierced inside of an hour and one fish drove his sword not only through the boat but up the trouser leg of a fishermen, cutting his thigh.

Two small boys were playing in a fishing boat one day on the shore at a place named Dover. The boat was rigged up with the necessary swordfish gear. When the boys had rowed off a short distance from land they saw a swordfish. Then they decided to try their luck. And they succeeded in harpooning him. The expected happened. The sword came up through the bottom of the boat. The lads immediately grabbed an axe which was in the boat and which they had seen used on similar occasions and chopped the sword off. Then they stuffed their caps into the hole to stop the leak and proceeded to shout for all that was in them. Their cries brought some women to the scene and in the meantime the boys were rowing for the land. Finally the women got a hold of the harpoon line and hauled the fish up onto the beach. It weighed four hundred pounds. The fishermen would rather chase swordfish than go to a dance and that is saying something. It is a combination of sport and business and the sport which brings dollars and cents in its trail is not to be dispised. I know it is not down this way.

We have no big game in our woods now, except the moose, but we have big game in our seas and for good, healthy, exhilarating sport the latter cannot be beaten. Imagine a fine day in a good gasoline boat three or four miles off the coast of Nova Scotia, right in the Atlantic ocean. Are you a dyspeptic? Then try this sport and you will eat nails, and digest them, too.

The fishing grounds are easily reached. No gear is required. Arrange with some fisherman for a berth in his boat. You leave the shore before daylight and you return in the afternoon, or earlier if you have had good luck. Peggy's Point, where I have witnessed the sport in all its glory, is thirty-two miles from Halifax. It is reached by travelling nineteen miles over the Halifax and South-western Railway and then driving fifteen miles along the shore through a very pictures-

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Summer**

there's nothing more fun than a .22 rifle. To be sure of your cartridges adds to the pleasure of shooting and helps develop skill.

We are sure of **Dominion .22's** because they were used by the Canadian Cadets who won every test match in England last year, because practically all small bore rifle clubs in Canada are using them and because they are made and tested under conditions in which we have absolute faith.

Dominion 22's—Short, Long, Long Rifle, all loaded with **Black, Lesmok and Smokeless powder** Sold by the nearest store handling ammunition.

Dominion Cartridge Co., Ltd., Montreal

que country, St. Margaret's Bay being one of the beauty spots of Nova Scotia. A letter addressed to the lightkeeper there, Sydney H. Garrison, Peggy's Cove, will secure any information desired. Another point within easy reach is Chester, on the line of the same railway, fifty miles from Halifax. Lee C. Manning, proprietor of the leading hotel there, will be pleased to give any desired information

Chester is the best known watering place in eastern Canada and worth a visit in the summer time when it is gay with tourists, principally American.

I recommend this sport. It is great. It is exhilarating. It is a great appetizer and a cure for dyspepsia and all manners of liver and stomach complaints. And I would advise making arrangements before the season opens.

A BEAUTY SPOT OF NATURE:

Point Pelee is one of the most favored portions of the Western Peninsula

FOREST H. CONOVER

POINT Pelee, extending to the south in Lake Erie, is without doubt one of nature's beauty spots. It is the extreme southern mainland of Canada, a vicinity of some note in Ontario's history, where the Voyagers and Objibway Indians met in battle years ago. From seaward view, the vastness of this scenic tropical portion of Ontario is marked by its long line extending south, dividing partially the western portion of Lake Erie waters. About here lie the hidden and treacherous reefs, like sentinels to a prison, waiting for the Storm King to unfold the mantle registering the number of illfated crafts on the dreaded shoals. It is the boneyard of the fresh water lakes. The balmy summer winds on the water's rippled surface, cradle the sand and gravel beds into a variety of forms, extending for miles along its picturesque shores, that afford shelter on the east in the terrific south-west and westerly gales, to the fleets of fresh water navigators, and the west side of the point also in the sweeping north-easters that pile up the heavy running seas so well known to our lake captains.

The waters on either side of the main land of the Point are deep, affording and permitting close approach of deep draught vessels, the advantage also of total absence of rocks or submarine obstruction. Here would afford possibly one of the most favorable approaches from a marine point of view for commercial interests with the United States of any portion of Ontario.

The scenery is one of grandeur, outspread-ing branches of the broad foliaged trees in summer make cool retreats for tourists and picnickers. A great variety of shrubs are also notable here, as well as the native timber; walnut, butternut, chestnut, red and white oak, hard and soft maple, sassafras, linden, Iron wood, hickory, red and native water elm, hackberry, pepridge, red cedar and white pine. The open sections in many places leading to the beach and water are studded with juniper and small cedar growth, adding a variety to the scenery.

The thermometer here seldom falls below zero in the winter season, and freezing the soil is uncommon in the secluded and shel-

tered districts of the timber growth. The soil is sandy loam and is admirably adapted to the growing of all kinds of fruit. The conditions favor the situation in preference to any section in the West and it may be truly named the Eldorado of Ontario. Peach trees withstand the winter in perfect condition, sweet potatoes and peanuts are grown as common crops. A greater variety of plant growth may be found here than any other portion of Canada except the Pacific coast.

Frosts seldom visit this vicinity until about the 20th to the 25th of October, in mild form. A great many species of songsters and small birds congregate in winter and nest here, not known elsewhere in the Dominion, and not migrating with the many sojourners south. This denotes the mildness of the climate, the absence of the heavy snowfall, with sufficient food. Here you may enjoy a day's drive along the winding course of level roadway, under cover of the shrubbery that has no equal for beauty in the country. The partly concealed cottages by the shrubbery of the squatters indicate homes of a contented life maintained partially by farming, fishing and hunting.

"Point Pelee," known as the naval reserve may be recommended as one of the future small game preserves, and should attract the notice of the Provincial government and game Commission. The northern portion is bounded by marsh land with large ponds and is generally conceded to be one of the finest duck marshes in Western Ontario. All the up-lands are admirably adapted to raising and protecting quail, pinnated grouse and pheasants. There are plants and growth that supply ample feed for winter sustenance of game birds without artificial foods growing here. So perfect is the protection from storms that in the interior the forces of outside disturbances are never experienced in the form of heavy storms and freezing.

Mr. W. E. Saunders, of London, Ont., (Naturalist), visited Point Pelee the last of January and fore part of February, 1915, and found a large number of birds in winter quarters. The following varieties were found: blue birds, robins, hermit thrush, golden crowned kinglet, brown creeper, Carolina

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Shoot either barrel first by touch of thumb

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¶ You can shoot either barrel first by touch of the thumb—it is selective, shoots Right-Left or Left-Right.

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¶ Single Trigger fitted to No. 4 or any cheaper grade hammerless \$15.00—on No. 5 or better grades \$25.00.

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wren, white-breasted nuthatch, brown thrush, cardinal chewink, cow bird, snow flake, vesper sparrow, song sparrow, tree sparrow, chipping sparrow, gold finch, pine finch, w. w. crossbill, Bohemian waxwing, flicker, downy woodpecker, dove, crow, blue jay, prairie horned lark, marsh hawk, coopers hawk, red shouldered hawk, bald eagle, coween, duck, Amerganser, golden eye duck, herring gull.

Thousands of muskrats build in the marsh lands, and at the present time, hundreds are driven from their dwellings by low water and frozen muck, choking up the outlet to the under runs. They are forced to many places in the up-land, where they are killed by shooting, spearing and caught by dogs. The dwellings are also cut open by illegal poachers for rat pelts. The muskrat is a beneficiary in the duck shooter's behalf, in the way of clearing channels, in enlarging flats where the wild rice may grow, and other plant food also, as sustenance for the duck family. The grass and grass roots, with rushes, compose the texture of their dwellings. The grey and black mallard duck, as well as green wing and teal, breed here in considerable numbers and remain throughout the season until shot by early gunners. The present open season for duck shooting begins Sept. 15, ending Dec.

15. The early opening of the season is a facility to a successful season's sport and also prolonging the same. September assumes all the associations of a summer month and is not becoming to this class of sport; encouraging inexperienced persons to destroy later and much better conditions. A more suitable and preferable date would be in order from 15th October to 31st of December for Western Ontario sportsmen, at the same time permitting the Northern Ontario season to remain, if desired, as it now reads. The open water or dividing class of ducks, namely red heads, blue bill, American scaup, ruddy and butter ball, appear from the north about Oct. 20th to 25th. Canvas back come in limited numbers about November 15th. This natural resort for recreation and propagation of game birds should be considered among the prospective and immediate necessities by the game commission. The time is close at hand when the absence of our ducks and quail will be seen with regret. The absence of the timber and thick covered districts is a besetment, each succeeding year revealing plainly the loss in numbers against the increasing army of young gunners, fast repeating guns and modern extermination of the feathered game of Western Ontario.

REPORT OF ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISHERIES

THE eighth annual report of the Department of Game and Fisheries of Ontario reached our office some weeks ago. The amendments enacted during 1914 of chief interest were the provision whereby the season's bag for ducks was limited and the provision for the licensing of fur dealers. That the inclusion of the trappers in this latter provision would have been appreciated was demonstrated after the Act was amended. Several overseers also recommended that every one who wishes to carry a gun, except a farmer on his own farm and immediate vicinity, should be compelled to take out a license, one of the strongest reasons advanced for such a measure being that it would prove a salutary check on the reckless destruction of insectivorous and song birds, which a certain element of the population appears to consider legitimate sport.

Suggestions were made as to the necessity of re-stocking Georgian Bay and Lake Erie, and in this connection an illustration of the value of artificial propagation was commented upon as furnished by the Provincial hatchery at Mount Pleasant near Brantford of which Mr. J. T. Edwards is superintendent. During 1914 the scope of the hatchery was increased by the erection of a trout hatchery and ponds. The suggestion as to the advisability of erecting a game fish hatchery on an adequate scale at some suitable point on the Trent Valley waters was also dealt with. Such a hatchery it was pointed out, should turn out sufficient maskinonge, trout and bass to re-stock the waters of Old Ontario that have been over-

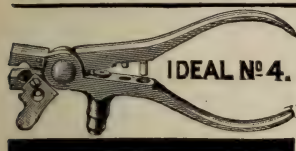
fished besides supplying fry for stocking suitable waters in the newer parts of the Province.

The report shows that while the protective measures enacted have resulted in the preservation of the big game and a marked increase in certain localities there were certain sections of the Province, notably in the districts of Kenora, Rainy River, Fort William and Port Arthur where the brush wolf has become a serious menace and it was recommended that steps should be taken to exterminate this foe, the suggestion being made that in the districts affected a bounty of \$5.00 be offered, it being thought that the animals were in sufficient numbers in such districts to make the business of hunting them worth while. It was thought that such a bounty would revive interest in the grey timber wolf the bounty upon which does not afford adequate remuneration for the trouble involved in hunting that species alone.

Among the game that has responded to protection, pheasants deserve particular mention. These fine birds are reported abundant at certain points of the Niagara Peninsula and there is every prospect that they will be in sufficient numbers to afford good sport during a limited season for years to come, provided the bag is properly limited. During the year the Department imported 100 brace of Hungarian Partridge, which were distributed through the countries of Essex and Kent.

The report showed excellent work to have been done by Supt. Goldworthy of Rondeau Provincial Park.

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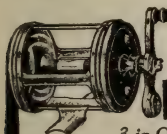
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Price 50c, by Mail, postpaid, if not at your dealers. Ask for Marble's Pocket Screwdriver and other specialties. Write for catalog. Sample Nitro-Solvent Oil free if you mention dealer's name.

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Draw your line, silk or linen, through rag moistened with 3-in-One. Makes it stronger and last longer. Will not rot, twist or tangle, preserves, lines, nets and traps in either fresh or salt water.

FREE Try 3-in-One at our expense. Write for liberal free sample and booklet. **3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY,** 55 New St., New York

THERE'S double the charm and pleasure in shooting when you have exactly the right gun. You buy the best when you buy a *Marlin*; and we want you to have exactly the right *Marlin* for your requirements. That's why we make

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The standard 12's handle heavy trap and duck loads easily. The medium 16's and light-weight 20 bores are perfect for snipe, quail, partridge, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits, etc.—they handle fast and with wonderful precision.



Note the beauty of build and balance in this 5-shot 20-gauge *Marlin* repeater.

All *Marlin* hammerless guns have solid-top receiver, side ejection, matted barrel, take-down construction. The solid-steel-breech and safety devices make them the safest breech-loading guns built.

Select your gun now! Send 3 stamps postage today for our new 140-page catalog of repeating rifles and shotguns. It will help you select the right gun. Do it now!

The Marlin Firearms Co.
67 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.



A NEW .22 HI-POWER

EDWARD C. CROSSMAN

WE have acquired the habit of thinking "Savage," when we think of the .22 HiPower. It is right and just, because forsooth, the Savage Co. brought it out—they got their feet wet doing it.

Yet the .22 HiPower is after all but a cartridge, made by four different companies, not copyrighted nor reserved to any one company. To prove this, note the photographs accompanying this story, showing a .22 HiPower that develops the full possibilities of that cartridge.

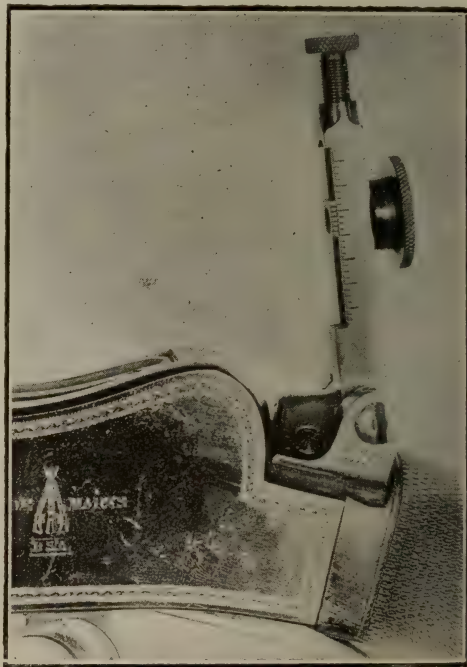
The coming of the war broke in rudely on the plans of the makers of this rifle. Thus far, but two of these rifles have been brought to the United States, one a sample sent to the importers, the other sent to me for trial. Queerly enough the English makers forgot or failed to record the fact that they had sent my rifle just before the embargo was laid on the exportation of rifles, and they wrote expressing their regret—while the rifle reposed peacefully in the gun case behind me.

It is made by the Birmingham Small Arms Co. of Birmingham, England, now very, very busy making Lee-Enfields for the British army, and little interested in sporting rifles while this huge demand lasts.

The action is the reduced Martini, the neatest, fastest to operate, quickest of ignition and easiest to load of any single shot action in the world. The rifle is take-down, the barrel unscrewing from the frame, similar to the Greener gun. The frame is split at the bottom; a strong bolt passes through with lever-head so it can be turned out with the fingers, and binds this split frame tightly on the barrel when it is screwed up.

The same bolt serves to hold in the entire mechanism. Take out the bolt, slip a finger into the trigger guard, give a yank, and the

entire mechanism slips out into your hand, breech block, firing pin, striker, trigger, indicator, and all, complete. Of the gun, then, there is left only the frame and the stock and the barrel, and the barrel unscrews from the frame.



A closer view of the Martini action, and that No. 8 sight. One shown has larger disc than the .22 Hi-Power sight.

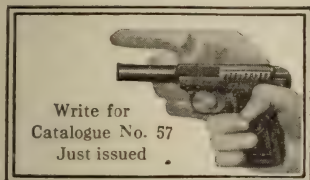
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The Hunter Arms Co., Inc. 29 Hubbard St., Fulton, N. Y.

The slender, symmetrical, handsome little gun has a barrel 30 inches long. It thus has 10 inches the better of the Savage. Short guns may be handy for the saddle, but never did short gun handle like this beautiful British arm.

The barrel is tapered and tapered until it is smaller at the muzzle than any .22 low power repeater made. With all the 30 inches of tube, the rifle weighs only 6¾ lbs. or less than most of the .22 HiPower Savages I've weighed.

With a 30 inch barrel, and with but 6¾ lb. weight, the rifle has the true shotgun balance, long, yet light, and full of life. If you've handled long barreled well balanced 20 bores you'll understand what I mean. The work on the gun is beyond reproach, exquisite walnut, rifling far better than the average in this country, clean, crisp, trigger pulls—it is a gun de luxe like most of these B. S. A. Martini productions.

The rifling is left handed, quicker in twist than that of the Savage, and the cone or lead ahead of the chamber is not that of the Savage. To either the quick twist or the different chamber is due the fact that the rifle is just about doubly as accurate as the Savage with the same ammunition.

The extra 10 inches of tube raises the velocity by actual test, from 2800, to better than 3,000 ft. secs. Thus the energy is raised from 1206, to about 1440 ft. lbs. or close to that of the .30-30. Needless to say, the shock of the bullet is far greater than that of the .30-30.

Because of the accuracy, and the greater wallop of this rifle, to say nothing of the longer sight radius and superior handling, I would choose it for open country work any day, to the short, stubby repeater which we associate with the .22 HiPower cartridge.

The front sight, covered with removal hood, is a large platinum bead. The rear sight is the B. S. A. No. 8 tang sight, with special small eye cup, adapted to game shooting.

The rear *open* sight folds down flat on the barrel normally, but still it is there. The

barrel is not slotted anywhere. The front sight base is a "stool" type, part of the barrel itself. The tang sight is a beautiful bit of work, apparently as substantial as the Lyman, but with clean crisp clicking elevation screws, an elegant target sight.

As we get a 33 inch inter-sight distance, you can imagine how accurately the rifle is pointed when the sights align on the mark. The New Springfield, for example, with service sight, has a 22 inch sight radius, and with Lyman sight it has but 28 inches.

The gun is made with full pistol grip, checked of course, with the same checking on the forestock. Said forestock is tipped with ebony and jibes most gracefully with the outlines of the rifle. Sling eyes are fitted to both forestock, and the main piece of wood farther south.

The lever of the rifle lies along the grip, terminating in a knob and lying out of sight and out of the way of the hand, save for the before mentioned knob.

I think I would class my own rifle, at least, as the handsomest rifled arm I have ever seen—and my Anticorro Mauser for the Springfield cartridge is a beautiful bit of work in wood carving and steel engraving, and gold inlay.

Shooting the little rifle developed that it would group into 5 inches quite consistently for 10 shots at 200 yards. The makers sent me diagrams showing 4 inch groups at this range, from machine rest. The Savage averages up from 9 to 14 inches over the same distance, nor has any experiment on our part served to show where the trouble lies. Apparently it is either in twist or in chamber shape.

Loading the rifle consists merely of laying a cartridge on the top of the bolt and letting it slide down into the chamber. It guides itself. You have to give it a final little push to seat it home, but you don't have to fumble around, hunting for the chamber with the point of the bullet—and "there are rifles so afflicted."

Also when you open this rifle, you move the



Showing the bolt open, lever down, with the rear tang sight.

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or his brain are mighty small marks when the huge legs are rushing the unweildy bulk and wicked thorns towards you.

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"IT"

knob on the end of the lever a distance by actual measurement of $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Some of these cheap American single shots you open by pushing the finger lever about a foot and a half. A little steel blade on the right side of the bolt indicates whether or not the rifle is cocked. If you are not familiar with the Martini action permit me to say that it is hammerless, and the internal striker is cocked as you close the bolt. You don't feel the cocking strain, but the work is done in this way.

The particular fly in this ointment is that either the rifle chamber is wrong, or else the cartridges are not as they should be or else the gun lacks in extracting power. The facts of the case are that a certain make of shell sticks in the rifle unless the bullets are used greased, which tends to oil the chamber, or else the shells are slightly touched with oil. This is true with only one make of shell, and the makers of the rifle, and the makers of the

cartridges, cheerfully pass the buck to and fro. It bothers me not a bit, because on the hunt I can avoid the shells that are at fault, or else I can make them work by using grease on my bullets, which I do as a matter of principle to preserve one of the most handsome barrels I've seen.

Anyhow, the rifle will tickle pink the lover of the fine gun, and also appreciative of the merits of the .22 HiPower cartridge when it is brought up to its highest efficiency. The extracting trouble is evidently a minor detail that will be solved easily when the B. S. A. people have time to think of sporting rifles.

No, you cannot buy them, nor is there any chance before the war is over, and the B. S. A. people get straightened out. That's why I'm chortling so in print about this rifle—I've got one, and I'm just cussed enough to enjoy telling you about it when there's no show for you to get one like it.

SMOKELESS RIFLE POWDERS

K. K. V. CASEY

FEW people realize the great amount of care and mechanical detail involved in the manufacture of smokeless rifle powders. To the average rifleman a good powder means simply one giving great accuracy, high velocity and even, moderate pressures, but to the manufacturer many other considerations must be taken care of.

The rifle powders as manufactured in America today represent the culmination of over a century of experience in the manufacture of explosives, which period of time has been devoted chiefly to the manufacture and development of sporting and military powders.

An account of the early manufacture and development of powder may be of interest.

The inventor of gunpowder will probably remain unknown forever, and it is still impossible to determine just which race or nation first used it. Arabian and Chinese manuscripts dating from 1225 to 1232 mention the use of fire-balls, rockets, and the use of "fire-

pao" or "thunder which shakes heaven." Marco Polo and Joinville relate how the Chinese and Saracens carried with them stone throwing machines which threw fire, and it is related how the Arabians used "firebrands which are tied with cords and filled with saltpeter. When the catapult machine goes off, one sees a cloud spread in the air, which making noise like fearful lightning and vomiting fire from all sides, does break, ignite and kill everything."

These and similar accounts have been misinterpreted by our later historians as implying the use of gunpowder in cannon and firearms. Authorities do not agree with this, stating that the compositions of those early days were not used as a propellant but were introduced into iron or other strong vessels and projected into the enemy's position by catapults or throwing machines. During their flight smoke and fire were developed and the latter of course ignited any combustible matter it fell



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upon. The rapidly developed gases would create a noise in issuing from the container and in the event of too sudden a combustion in too weak a container an explosion naturally occurred. Thus an explosive was unknowingly obtained where a combustive was desired.

About the early part of the fourteenth century these and improved preparations were used for artillery purposes, the histories of this period being noted for their mention of "guns, pieces and rifles" and of persons who made powder for guns."

Authorities have therefore come to the conclusion that gunpowder was gradually developed from Greek-fire or kindred substances, and that it was known and used for years before cannons and guns were thought of. The use of purer materials in the making of Greek-fire developed its propulsive power and led to its subsequent use in firearms.

As can be imagined the powder of those days was manufactured in the crudest manner, probably having been done in stone mortars, and by hand. When the demand became larger, as it soon did, mill-stones were used. Gunpowder mills were established in various parts of Germany as early as the year 1340, and they soon spread everywhere. By the year 1692, France alone had twenty-two powder mills in operation.

From its first days until the year 1886 all gunpowder was the well known, mechanical mixture of saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal and was used by everybody, none dreaming that it was possible to produce a powder that burned without smoke. Originally these ingredients were finely powdered by the various types of mills and then mixed by hand, but in the early part of the sixteenth century the French powder mills began to grain and classify it through sieves. Previously all powder had been in the form of dust and it is not accurately known just when the grain powder superseded the dust. But at the beginning of the sixteenth century the regulations prescribed "that the grains for large guns be the size of a pea and of the thickness of a lentil, but smaller for the smaller guns." Later on, even smaller dimensions than these were given. During the year 1882 the so-called brown prismatic powder was introduced and used in the larger size cannon. At this time the limitations of black powder were clearly recognized, and the necessity for a powder of greater potentiality became apparent. The desirability of a small-bore, high velocity rifle for military purposes was realized and efforts were made to compress the grain of black rifle powder and by getting more powder in the shell obtain higher velocities. This was a failure.

The earlier smokeless powders were accidentally compounded in an effort to invent a "noiseless" powder, the idea that it was possible to obtain a powder free from smoke being considered ridiculous. In 1864, Shultz, a Prussian captain of artillery, invented a powder made from nitrated wood this forming an almost smokeless powder. The firm of Friedr. Volkmann, near Vienna, manufactured during the years 1872-1875 a partly smokeless powder of similar type to that invented by Schultz, but it remained for a French chemist,

Vieille, to invent and perfect the first really smokeless powder, which he did in 1886. His powder consisted of entirely gelatinized nitrocellulose, and was known as "Poudre B" and by its use was responsible for several destructive explosions, it being imperfect and unstable in many respects.

After Vieille's method of manufacture became known Alfred Noble, the inventor of dynamite, incorporated with nitrocellulose a large percentage of nitroglycerin and so created the second type of smokeless powder, nitroglycerin-nitrocellulose powder, commonly known as nitroglycerin powder. In 1888 he patented and succeeded in introducing into the Italian Army this type of powder which he called "Ballistite." At the same time Sir Frederick Abel and Professor Dewar (members of the English Committee on Explosives) invented a smokeless powder consisting of nitrocellulose of high nitration, nitroglycerin and vaseline, which was introduced into the English service under the name of "Cordite." The earlier types of Cordite contained as high as 58 per cent. nitroglycerin, but this proportion has been gradually reduced, the present Cordite containing about 30 per cent.

Simultaneously with the introduction of Cordite every Government was making experiments in the manufacture of smokeless powder and during the six years following 1888 practically every European army was provided with a smokeless powder. At the same time they adopted the modern, small-bore rifle, the greater velocity given by smokeless powder making effective for the first time the small calibre, metal jacketed bullet.

American chemists and powder makers were not idle during this period and some very good powders were turned out and submitted to the U. S. Government. The forerunners in America were Hudson Maxim, Mason E. Leonard and the E. I. DuPont de Nemours Powder Co. It is interesting to note in the report of the Chief of Ordnance for the year 1890 that the powders submitted by Maxim and DuPont gave most promising results and what was at that time considered of far more value, showed no signs of deterioration. As this was in competition with the best smokeless powders from abroad, it may readily be seen that as usual the American manufacturers were fully abreast of the times.

In going over the reports of the United States Ordnance Department during the earlier days of smokeless rifle powders it is of interest to read that the Ordnance Officers at once noticed the disastrous effects the nitroglycerin powders had on the bore of the rifle and were quick to realize the disadvantages of powders of this type. In a summary of the years' work the Chief of Ordnance stated in his report that "The presence of nitroglycerin in small arms powder has been shown to produce a detrimental effect upon the life of the gun barrel, accompanied by high temperature of the metal in rapid firing," and as early as 1893 the specifications given bidders on smokeless powders contained a clause stating that "Preference will be given powder which does not contain nitroglycerin as an ingredient. If the powder contains nitroglycerin bidders will state in what proportion

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this ingredient is used." It was not until the year 1908 however, that a satisfactory smokeless powder free from nitroglycerin made its appearance, and in the following year the DuPont Company placed this powder, its well known "1909 Military" on the market. Until that time the great fault of nitrocellulose powders had been their lack of stability, the powder deteriorating gradually after being loaded into shells, and in some cases exploding when stored in magazines in any great quantity. With the introduction of diphenylamine as a stabilizer all danger from this cause was removed, so that today nitrocellulose powders are ballistically and chemically as stable as any powder manufactured.

Rifleman and designers of modern high velocity cartridges were not long in realizing the impracticability of using any but a nitrocellulose powder in their arms, and shortly after the introduction of "1909 Military" demands were made for nitrocellulose powders to fulfil special requirements or for use in a special type of cartridge. This led to the production of DuPont Military Rifle Powder No. 10 for use in the .280 Ross and similar cartridges and later on to DuPont Military Rifle Powder No. 21 for such cartridges as the .22 Savage H. P., .250-3000 and other modern, small bore rifles, both of which are pure nitrocellulose powders.

The latest rifle powder placed on the market is something for which American riflemen have been anxiously waiting. It is a dense, nitrocellulose, progressive burning powder produced by the DuPonts. Unlike the foreign so-called "progressive" powders that have reached the American market in past years this powder is absolutely stable, will give the ballistics claimed and is as accurate as can be desired. At present only one brand is available, this being known as Dupont Improved Military Rifle Powder No. 15 and adapted for use in the .280 Ross, .30 Springfield and similar cartridges. Brands adapted to other types of American cartridges will doubtless be available before long.

The process of manufacture of these nitrocellulose rifle powders is extremely intricate as well as interesting. Smokeless powders are as almost everyone knows, of an entirely different character from the old standard black powder. This was strictly a mechanical mixture of charcoal, sulphur and saltpeter. Smokeless powders, however, are chemical combinations of extremely complex structure. Nitrocellulose of an exact degree of nitration is thoroughly purified to dispose of all acid properties. It must be free from all dirt and grit and uniform in quality. It is "dehydrated" by forcing alcohol through it by an hydraulic press under high pressure. This dehydration process was developed by the DuPont Company to replace the former air drying method which caused great loss of life and property. Mixed with the proper amount of ether for colloidizing, it is then macerated in a specially constructed machine, strained through steel screens for the removal of lumpy particles and then squeezed through dies having small center pins of accurate dimensions, coming out as a small tube, which, being somewhat hard, is cut in short lengths of equal

size treated for the recovery of volatile solvent and finally dried, blended and glazed. The resulting grains must be identical in every respect.

A "lot number" is then assigned to the quantity of powder manufactured and a small representative sample is selected for inspection. Upon this inspection depends the acceptance or rejection of the whole lot. Ballistic tests giving velocity, pressure and accuracy are carried out, these being made in the various guns to which the powder is particularly adapted. Thousands of dollars have been spent in perfecting and standardizing ballistic test methods, these being constantly checked with "Standards." Chronographs of the electric Boulegne and Holden types are used in making these tests, great care being exercised that all electric contacts and other appurtenances are in the best of condition. The instruments are checked with a Ballistic Pendulum which is recognized as being scientifically and mathematically correct. The velocity of a projectile, being a measure of the powder's potentiality, is determined by the time consumed in travel between two electrical breaks placed a definite distance apart. By the law of falling bodies the time in seconds can be easily converted into feet per second. By varying the distance between the two electrical breaks the ballistic co-efficient can be calculated.

Since the development of the combination type of pressure gun, pressures are taken in some rifles simultaneously with the velocities. In the United States pressures are determined by the "radial" method, this being the action of the expanding gases on a piston placed over the cartridge which compresses a copper cylinder of known length held rigidly against a stationary anvil. The difference between the previous length and final length is figured out in terms of pounds per square inch. In some countries pressures are taken by the "oiled case" method, which depends upon the backward thrust of the cartridge on the bolt head of the rifle.

If the ballistic sample passes specifications for the type of powder, the whole lot is accepted ballistically. Co-incidentally with the ballistic tests, however, various chemical tests are made to determine the powder's stability or keeping qualities. These represent the most recent contributions to explosive chemistry and are more exacting than those of any other country in the world. For example, one of the standard tests requires the powder to withstand a temperature of 135 degrees C. for not less than five hours without exploding.

Since the year 1908 all DuPont dense, smokeless rifle powders have contained diphenylamine as a stabilizing agent, this substance being one of the greatest discoveries of the modern explosives industry. By the addition of the proper percentages DuPont nitrocellulose powders are rendered so stable that they will keep for over twenty years without signs of decomposition.

The Ordnance Department of the United States Army has made exhaustive tests toward selecting the most suitable powder from the military standpoint. In an erosion test

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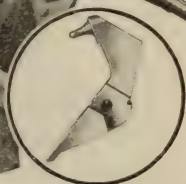
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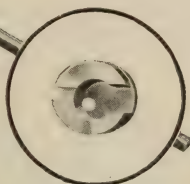
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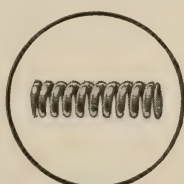
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carried out in 1907 comparing nitrocellulose powder with two other powders, one containing 20 per cent. nitroglycerin and the other 30 per cent, it was found that the rifle using nitrocellulose powder was in better condition after firing 15,000 rounds than the one using 30 per cent. nitroglycerin after 2000 rounds and better than the one using 20 per cent. nitroglycerin after 4000 rounds.

It might also be of interest to note that the accuracy of the rifle firing nitrocellulose powder at 1000 yards, after 15,000 rounds, was superior to the rifles firing 20 per cent. nitroglycerin powder after 4000 rounds, and the one firing 30 per cent. nitroglycerin powder after 2000 rounds, the mean absolute deviation being:—

Nitrocellulose,	15000 rds.	24.5 inches
20% nitroglycerin	4000 rds.	26.5 "
30% nitroglycerin	2000 rds.	26.6 "

(See U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings. Vol. 30, No. 1.)

It is agreed by all authorities that generally speaking erosion is a direct result of the temperatures to which the bore of the gun is subjected by the combustion of the powder charge and they are equally agreed that this temperature is something like 50 per cent. greater with Cordite and other nitroglycerin powders than with nitrocellulose powder.

Since the degree of erosion in a rifle is a direct measure of its accuracy, the average riflemen will do well to consider the above facts if he is desirous of improving his marksmanship. Cool burning, non-erosive, high velocity, progressive burning, nitrocellulose powders are the last word in powder manufacture.

NEW EYES FOR OLD RIFLES

A. L. KING

IT is here at last—came the other day. After expecting a new sight in time for the next "shoot" and having been disappointed several times in succession it was a glad surprise to find it on my desk carefully placed under the evening paper. Needless to say the paper was laid aside on that particular occasion.

The sight in question is the new Lyman Micrometer tang sight adapted to my Stevens No. 45 and it didn't take long to haul said Stevens out of its box and get busy with a screw-driver. As the name implies the principal feature of this new sight is micrometer adjustment for windage and elevation. In form it is somewhat like the old No. 1 Lyman tang sight but with such changes as were necessary to meet the modern requirements of the up-to-date shooter.

The elevation scale as printed on the sight stem is in graduations of ten half-minutes of angle, each graduation corresponding to one complete turn of the knurled elevating sleeve which in turn is divided into ten parts distinctly marked, numbered and accompanied by a slight "click" when turned. The lower or graduated part of the sleeve may be revolved independently of the upper knurled part to allow correction for zero and automatically locks itself too and is controlled by the knurled sleeve.

Lateral adjustment is obtained by the sight being dovetailed into the sight base and is controlled by a knurled headed screw threaded to the same pitch as the elevating screw. This knurled screw head carries a micrometer windage scale graduated and operated in a manner similar to the elevating sleeve. A very distinct scale corresponding to one revolution of the windage screw or ten half-minutes is printed on the base and the makers thoughtfully left the zero mark off the adjoining movable part which enables one to put it where his rifle needs it.

The cup disc may be obtained with any size aperture and may be removed altogether thus giving a very satisfactory hunting peep sight.

The workmanship of the whole sight could not be improved upon, the sight when locked is absolutely rigid and there is no lost motion to be detected anywhere. The photo gives a very good idea of the sight when mounted on the writer's old 45 Stevens.

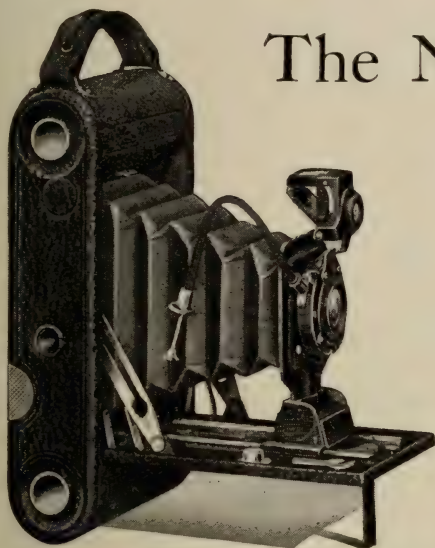
The rifle in question has a 28-inch No. 3 barrel, extra long fore-end, palm rest and a Swiss butt-plate and is used during the winter months for off-hand shooting. At present it is rigged up for prone outdoor work. The Swiss butt-plate is replaced by several thicknesses of sole leather capped by a piece of corrugated rubber hose, all glued together.

The fore-end was removed and a piece of bicycle inner tube slipped over it, which when replaced and the screws tightened, sticks extremely close and gives a splendid grip for sweaty hands. A leather band laced around the barrel to hold the sling does not add to the appearance but is a very satisfactory way to attach the sling and does no injury to the barrel. These little kinks are all for the one purpose of preventing the fingers from slipping and all tend toward picking up a much needed point here and there. Owing to the stringency in the money market this rifle is compelled to take the place of two hence you will please accept our apologies for its appearance in its working clothes.

The very next afternoon after the arrival of the sights was devoted (I say "devoted advisedly") to the pleasant past-time of "shoot-in" the new sight and burning up several boxes of perfectly good .22 Long Rifle Lesmok cartridges.

A group was fired with the sight down to the point blank position, then the elevation was increased as much as possible and a group fired near the top of the target, the shooter

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using the front sight level and working hard. A little experimenting here with a screw-driver and the judicious use of packing under one side of the base finally resulted in the placing of the higher group directly in line above the lower proving the sight stem to be in a perpendicular position. Correction for windage was then made and the zero mark scratched on as deeply as possible.

Having the sight mounted satisfactorily, the remainder of the afternoon was spent in getting acquainted with its method of operation. As the micrometer markings read in half-minutes of angle and with a 30-inch sight radius a change of one half-minute alters the point of impact one-half inch at 100 yards, three-eighths inch at 75 yards, three-quarter inches at 50 yards, and one-eighth inch at 25 yards, accurate adjustment is made with ease and rapidity.

Thus if a sighting shot at 25 yards is a six at four o'clock on the Canadian Rifle League target with $\frac{1}{4}$ inch rings which means the shot is $\frac{3}{8}$ in. below and 1 inch to the right of the centre, elevating the sight five points and a left lateral adjustment of eight points would result in the tack being driven by the next shot—maybe, perhaps. Too much care cannot be taken with the sighting shot. If it is carelessly delivered and changes made on the resultant hit the score is ruined and the shooter all "balled up" right at the start. On the other hand given a "sighter" that got away right no matter where it lands on the target the rifleman has something definite to work upon and if he is using a sight with fine clearly indicated adjustments may go on with confidence.

Experiments with the new sight all proved its superiority. It was tried on the 25, 50, 75, and 100 yard range and then down the line again. Prone firing on the 100 yard S. A. muzzle rest target with 4-inch bull and $1\frac{3}{8}$ inch centre with the sight set for 25 yards the sighter was a skinny "four" at six o'clock. A rise of fourteen points gave the same kind of a "ten" at 12 o'clock and for the third shot two points were taken off resulting in a "ten" which left a splash of lead on the tack. (In accordance with the usual custom we will quit while our credit is good.)

That ought to be quite a handy thing to have around at a turkey match where you have the privilege of sighting-in at a quarter a shot. At the different matches the ranges

vary from 40 to 100 yards or over, which bothers the .32-40 not to mention the poor little .22. By the way doesn't it make a man sore when shooting a \$70.00 target-puncher to have someone come along with a .22 and beat him to it?

In regard to the ease with which changes in sighting may be made, a two hundred pound specimen of the *Genus Riflecrank* all tied up in a sling can lie there right on his "tummy" and do it all. If shooting indoor there is no necessity to go back to the light to tinker with the sight in the middle of a string—the click does the trick. There is no vernier to bother with, no pin to use or lose either as sometimes happens. The thumb and trigger-finger are all the tools necessary. Most of us have a thumb and a great many have some kind of a trigger-finger.

There is no confusion as to whether to turn to the right or the left. If you wish the shot to go to the right simply turn the screw to the right. As long as you don't attempt to lower the point of impact by raising the rear sight there is not much chance of getting "turned around."

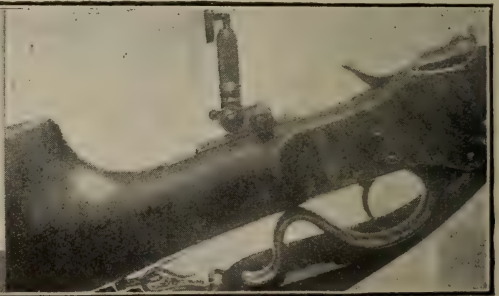
Getting acquainted with your sights and rifle is the best fun ever and it is the writer's intention this summer to put the old rifle through a course of unstruction with the new sight that will be remembered for a while. Besides "doping the wind" at the longer ranges, finding what size groups can be put on, and the differences in elevation required at the various ranges there are a lot of other things which we want to learn. Groups will be fired at every range with sights set for other old range, targets with all the data brought home and put in the *sanctum sanctorum* for rainy days. We small bores do not know much about our rifles after all.

As an example, sight in at 25 yards, then go up to about 12 yards and see if your group is not lower instead of higher as you expected. The distance between the line of sight and the axis of the barrel will be just about the distance between the two groups.

As a beginning to our private course of instruction a series of ten-shot groups were fired on a four-inch bull using the 25-yard sighting with the following results: groups measured from centre to centre of the outside shots and elevation in inches from centre of group to centre of 25-yard group which was $\frac{7}{8}$ inches in diameter; 50-yard was $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches.



Whole view of Rifle.



Stevens No. 45 fitted with the New Lyman Micrometer Tang Sight

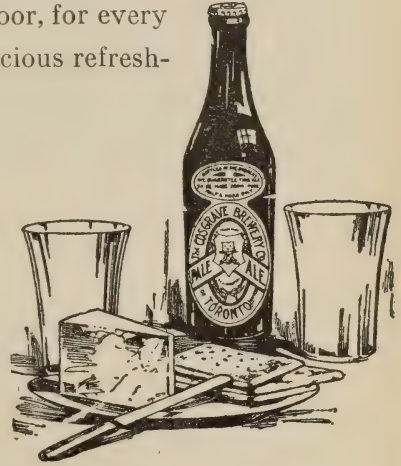
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For workers with hand or brain—for rich and poor, for every kind of people in every kind of life—there's delicious refreshment in a bottle of

COSGRAVE'S [CHILL-PROOF] PALE ALE

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Let's Live in Clover

If you take one of our "Standard Weatherproof" Tents on your camping trip you may depend on "living in Clover"

They are absolutely waterproof and if required we can fit them with Mosquito Net Doors so as to make them Mosquito Proof.

We make Tents in Light weight Ducks as well as Tent Silk for those desiring something light for portaging while on canoe trips.



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Our New 120-page Catalogue will tell you all about our goods. If interested write for it.

Tents, Flags, Sails, Awnings, Pack
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J. J. Turner & Sons
Complete Camp Outfitters
Peterborough, Ontario
(GOVERNMENT CONTRACTORS)



Tent Window and Ventilator
Will fit into wall of any Tent

and $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches below, 75-yard was $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches and $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches below, and the 100-yard group was $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and $7\frac{3}{8}$ inches below. The rifle had fired two boxes of ammunition without cleaning before commencing the target and by the time the 100 yard stage was reached the shooter had a bad case of "wabbles" and didn't know whether to shoot at the bull or the whiskers hanging on it. Our bull's-eyes are too small. One-inch black at 25 yards causes too much eyestrain and the same applies to the four-inch at 100 yards. Of course better scores may be made (which I doubt) on the small bulls but the continued use of these will certainly result in poor scores in the end.

Here we are again getting away from the topic of sights to that of bull's-eyes. They make a much better combination than sights and magpie however.

The result of its first performance in these parts was that the new sight made a hit. It lived up to advance notices. Several of our members tried it and expressed their approval in no uncertain manner. It opens up a new field of amusement with the .22 caliber rifle equal to that enjoyed by the users of military ranges including "doping the sights" and the rest of it.

The Lyman Gun Sight Corporation have given us what we have long been looking for—a mighty satisfactory sight.

KILLING BIG GAME WITH A .22 IMP AND OTHERS

SNIPER

I see so much about the wonderful work of the .22 High Power Savage in the various magazines, how it has killed big game at such long distances etc., that it really makes me sick. The idea of any person who says he is a hunter trying to tell us the qualities of such a small cartridge ought to go and take a slide to himself as he is surely only making a laughing stock of himself to dictate to us hunters who *know* what game getting guns really are.

The Imp may be O. K. in the line of work for which it was designed (woodchuck and squirrel) but when used upon such game as moose they only blaze them for someone else to finish. If you are a lover of walking just use one on deer or moose for a season and if you don't get your heart's content of hunting up your game I am a German. You are only losing time and money.

It has been claimed for this little rifle that the ammunition is so cheap. Take for example a .280 Ross and the Imp which were used by myself and chum respectively side by side last season. When the hunt was over the game and cost of cartridge was counted—my chum had three rabbits, one ground-hog, one squirrel and six partridges while I had one bull moose weighing 1811 pounds three buck deer averaging 196 pounds and three does averaging 136 pounds. My friend had as many if not more shots at big game but only blazed them for next year when he will have his revenge with a .280 Ross. His cartridges cost him \$11.00, mine cost me \$1.40 which goes to show that the mere fact of the cartridge being cheap does not have the effect of getting the game. (There were nine of us.)

I have my chum and also his mate as proof that I shot one buck standing at a distance of 810 measured yards with the third shot and the game never knew what struck him. Another shot at 400 yards (the bullet just grazing his spine and smashing it terribly) could not proceed except by dragging his

back legs and was finished by my hunting axe.

The others were killed instantly at from 100 to 200 yards. My moose was in a long marsh when my chum sighted him first and my friend cried "Look, the moose" I could not see and kept answering "You fire" he replying "too far for the Imp". At last I sighted him in the long grass and fired one shot whereupon he disappeared. "You've lost him exclaimed my chum." However upon going up we walked right upon him dead as a door nail. The bullet had gone in under the right ear and out through the other almost tearing the ear off. We were so surprised to see such effective work done at long range that we decided to measure off the distance at which I had killed him and found the distance to be 776 yards. The moose's horns were 62 inch spread with twelve prongs on one side, and nine on the other.

This was my first season with the .280 Ross having used a .303 of the same make until this trip but every fall for the last three seasons have been with a party who have used them and who would not be without one for accuracy, power and beauty.

There is no getting away from the fact that you can get your game at as great distances as you can see them with the .280.

For the life of you who can do such work with the Imp?

Don't tell us any more of all the big game that is taken with the little .22 Savage. As I said before it is O. K. when used upon the game for which it was designed.

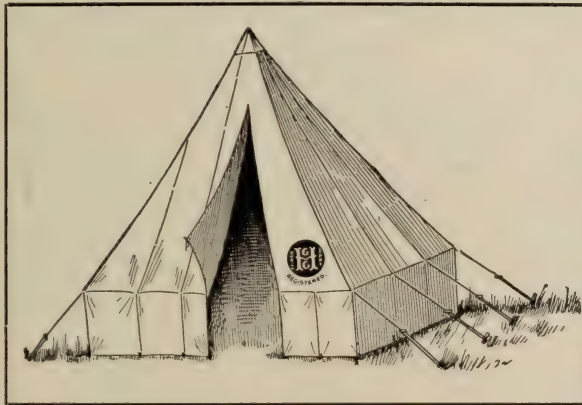
After getting my .280 I had a rear sight like that fitted to the Savage, generally called Rocky Mountain placed on it, which when raised to the shoulder the eye can easily be brought into which is an essential feature of a sight fitted to a big game rifle.

A considerable amount of game is missed by not getting the eye properly into the rear sight.

YE SPORTS OF OLD

—Why Should Ye Be Told
To Purchase G-H-G Tents?

Silk Tents
of all nature
in Khaki,
Green, and
Natural



Light-weight
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Shelter Cloth,
Khaki, Olive,
and Natural

For Comfort in Outdoor Life, Oh, Sports!
You Need The G-H-G Brand

YOUR OUTFIT
—we have it!

Drop us a line, we will help you.

GRANT-HOLDEN-GRAHAM, LIMITED

OTTAWA, CANADA

The readers will doubtless wonder how those distances I spoke of in connection with the killing of the moose were measured. The matter is easily explained. In close proximity to where the game was killed were a party of surveyors engaged in a survey along the Spanish river from whom we procured their measuring chain.

John Edwards who in a recent issue of this magazine asks for advice re the .280, take my

advice and if you want a gun that will do the execution, still be suitable for target and all around sporting purposes, get a .280 Ross and Ross ammunition.

I have hunted every season for the last twenty-five years and have used all kinds of guns and can now safely say got my game with less trouble with a .303 or .280 Ross than any other.

A COMMENT UPON MR. CROSSMAN'S ARTICLE IN THE JUNE NUMBER

CHAS. FORSYTH

IN regards to the article written by Edward C. Crossman, entitled; "Stretching the Twenty-two," and published in the June issue of Rod and Gun in Canada, this leads one to think that he is stretching the .22 a "wee bit," especially in the paragraph wherein he refers to the W. R. F. and Rem. Special, as per following statement, which appears on page 46, to-wit.

Also don't use the W. R. F. or .22 Special or Rem. Special, as the same cartridge is variously known. In actual efficiency it is not one whit better than the Long Rifle, it has but one virtue—that of having no grease exposed on the bullet. The bullet weighs 5 grains more than the Long Rifle, with some companies its velocity is higher than the Long Rifle, with others it is lower. It is less accurate, and never is seen in the hands of these crack riflemen who compete in the various indoor matches, both prone and offhand. Last but not least it costs far more than the Long Rifle, and is actually not so good a cartridge. It is the largest false alarm of the .22 family.

Now anyone acquainted with the .22 family and especially the Remington Special breed, after reading the above would be under the impression that either Mr. Crossman does not know what he is talking about, or else he has it in for the Special, and while I agree and indorse the balance of his article, and am confident that every sportsman would be benefited by following his advice, I can't possibly get salt enough on the above mentioned paragraph to get it down.

Following is the ballistics of the three cartridges referred to.

	grs. powder	Penetration $\frac{1}{8}$ inch
.22 short	3	30
.22 long rifle	5	40
.22 Rem. special	7	45

And he says it is not a "whit better than the .22 L. R." although the penetration is two boards more. Why does he not claim the L. R. is not any better than the short, as the difference in the penetration is not as great of the L. R. over the short, as the Rem. Special is over the L. R. Still, penetration is not a reliable test, nor does it designate the shooting power of any shell unless the bullets are all made from the same formula, as we all know

that a hard ball will penetrate farther in the same substance than a soft ball.

The only infallible and accurate test is range and you will have to give it to the shell that will carry up the farthest, with condition and elevation the same.

I note Mr. Crossman uses a special made barrel, and he evidently gets a little better results out of it than he would with an ordinary factory built gun.

He also states the Rem. Special is less accurate than the L. R. Now there are three of us here that have .22 Rem. Special guns and we find it otherwise. We have all owned several .22 cal. rifles of the various standard makes, but since procuring the .22 Special we find the other rifles more like a toy to the side of this caliber, as we can shoot more accurately shoot farther and do better execution than we ever could with the L. R. shells.

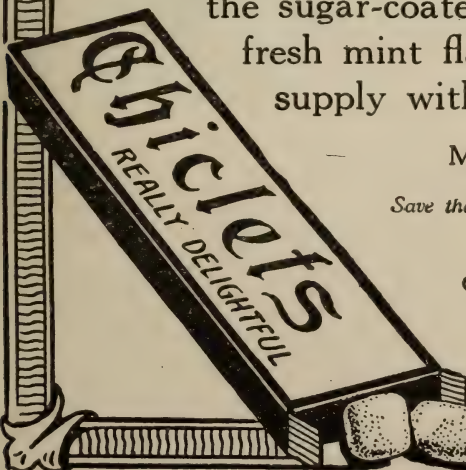
No doubt the Rem. Special is never seen in the hands of these crack riflemen who compete in the various indoor matches, because as I understand it, the L. R. shell is the largest shell permitted in the .22 cal. class, either indoors or on the range. I'll admit that the shells cost a little more than the L. R., so does the L. R. cost more than the short, and if it is a matter of expense, why not use the short, as they are just as accurate as the L. R. and the range is almost as great. In fact I have done better work with the shorts than I ever did with the L. R., and know of a case where a party here killed a cat at a distance of 180 (one hundred and eighty) yds. with a .22 short, point blank range with a little single shot rifle, 18 inch barrel costing \$2.50.

Now I lay no claim to being a crack shot, as the smallest thing I ever hit at any distance was a squirrel's head at 50 yds, and I do that quite frequently with my Rem. Special, but was never able to do it with a L. R., or short either, in fact, would not shoot at them that far away as I knew it would be no use, but now if they are in sight, they are my meat, so if Mr. Crossman will take a day off some time this fall and bring his favorite .22 L. R. with him, we will take him to the timber and show him the difference between the L. R. and the Rem. Special, as to accuracy, range and last but not least—when it comes to bringing home



In the country—by the stream
Where the finny beauties gleam,
Or if camping—in the wood,
Dainty Chiclets—more than good!

An added zest to your holiday jaunt when
Chiclets are on hand. Really delightful—
the sugar-coated confection with the
fresh mint flavor. ¶ Take a good
supply with you.



MADE in CANADA

*Save the Cushion Cover Coupons found in
every Chiclet Package*

CANADIAN CHEWING GUM
COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

something for the pot—execution, as there is no L. R. shell made, shot in *any* kind of a gun that will equal the Remington Special in kill-

ing power.

We live pretty close to Missouri and Mr. Crossman has "got to show us."

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Editor Guns and Ammunition: May I take up a few lines of your valuable space in examining the somewhat extraordinary statements of one "A. D. F." who writes on "another back number" in the June issue of your department.

My attention was drawn to the article by the calibre of the arm which the writer scathingly denounces, being given as ".40-40"—a make which I had never heard of. A little investigation, however, and the fact that A. D. F. testifies that this rifle "is still used to a surprising extent" and further gives some ballistic figures, showed me that he must have in mind, not the ".40-40"—a non-existent arm,—but the .44-40. To be sure he uses this term towards the close of the article, but hardly makes it clear whether he considers the weapon one and the same.

To call the .44-40 an arm which has the .30-30 "skinned a mile as far as inefficiency is concerned" and "absolutely devoid of game getting properties" strikes me as a disregard for facts. The Marlin Co., testify that "up to very recently as many rifles were sold for this cartridge (.44-40) as for all others put together." Now, the .44-40 is but little used for target-work, so where has all this ammunition gone? Manifestly, used on game. As a matter of fact, during the last 40 years, this rifle has been used all over the continent, on all sorts of game, and has given invariably good satisfaction. Though nobody pretends that it is in the same class as the modern high-velocity rifles, yet for shooting up to 200 yards it holds its own even yet as a game-getter with the majority of big-game rifles in the market.

When A. D. F. comes to the question of ballistics he becomes hopelessly confused. He speaks, e. g. of the .30-30 as having 1735 ft. lbs. energy at 100 yards, whereas it has 1136 ft. lbs. The former amount of energy would put the .30-30 practically on an equality with the Springfield. Furthermore, the .44-40 at 200 yds. "pinches only something like 850 ft. lbs."—about 100 lbs. more than its actual muzzle energy. What A. D. F. is giving us is the *velocity* figure for each rifle. But velocity and energy are two different factors

Al. Fraser.

(In reply to your letter would advise that "A. D. F." in his original communication referred only to the ".44-40"—*not* to the ".40-40" which as you state is a non-existent arm. The slight mistake is simply a printer's error and reflects in no way upon the article by "A. D. F." so the only difference existing between you and this gentlemen is in connection with the game-getting qualities of the .44-40.

No doubt when the author of "another back number" reads your communication in this number he will reply to you through these columns in a subsequent issue.

Regarding the errors in the ballistics of the .44-40 as given by "A. D. F." you are correct. In the rush of hurrying through the June number in order to get the magazine published earlier than is our custom the mistakes you mention slipped our notice and were published. As stated above however we may possibly hear from the writer of the article in question and if so will publish his communication. Editor.)

ADMIRE THE .30-30 AS A GAME-GETTER.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have been a regular reader of this magazine for some time and am particularly interested in the new gun department.

The various discussions on the relative merits of the different high power rifles have perhaps raised doubts in the minds of many of us who have one of the older models and are beginning to wonder whether we should still pin our faith to the well tried .30-30 and its kind.

Personally my business will not permit of my being in the woods except once a year but each Autumn when the North winds commence to blow, the call of the woods is upon me. The symptoms are many and easily recognized—Rod & Gun is more eagerly read and my rifle receives an almost daily overhauling.

My hunting trips have been chiefly in Northern Ontario and for the past few years in the Laurentain mountains of Quebec and always for deer. While I have shot deer with all kinds of black powder rifles from the .38-40 to the .45-90 my first and best high power rifles was a .30-30 Model '94 Winchester with standard 26-inch octagon barrel fitted with King Triple Bead front and Savage Micrometer rear sights and double set triggers. Some may say that my rear sight does not allow for distances over 200 yards but I have never yet felt the need of raising the sight for greater distances—most hunters will agree that the majority of deer are killed under 200 or even 100 yards.

I have filed the "horns" off this sight making a slight notch at the centre. This allows of quick sighting and an uninterrupted view of the game. The screw adjustment allows a much finer sighting than is possible with the ordinary sporting rear sight.

While it may not be always possible to use the double set-trigger on deer still for a very careful shot where a heavy pull might throw the rifle off the mark I have found this feature a very effective help.

It has been said that the .30-30 will not stop a deer quickly enough. While my memory does not carry all the details of my hunting still I can say with truth that not one of the eight deer shot with this rifle went more



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¶ It is matured for EIGHT YEARS
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of the Government of Canada
before it is bottled.

¶ Is a pure, mellow product and
DISTINCTLY CANADIAN.

WHEN A BENEFICIAL STIMULANT IS
REQUIRED OR DESIRED, ASK FOR

ROYAL RESERVE

ROYAL DISTILLERY
HAMILTON

than fifty yards after being struck. In the Laurentain mountains the deer are not over plentiful and a hunter likes to feel that if he is fortunate enough to secure a shot at one that his rifle can be relied upon to do its work effectively.

In 1913 I saw only one deer in a week's hunting which I shot through the shoulders at about one hundred yards. This deer—a 160-pound buck did not go out of my sight.

In 1914 on the third day out I shot a 195-pound buck at 100 paced yards. This deer had very heavy forequarters—the bullet entered behind the fore-leg coming out of the point of the other shoulder. I afterwards found that the fore-leg which had received the impact of the bullet was rendered unfit for eating, being nothing but a mass of mangled bone and blood. While above all things I love the woods and the pleasure of trailing down a big buck still I like to feel that after I have brought home the bacon it will be eatable and fit for distribution among my friends—anything which would make a bigger mess of a deer's shoulder than this .30-30 I do not want.

The percentage of wounded deer would be considerably reduced if some of those high power cannon-carriers would endeavor to place their bullets in a vital spot instead of merely shooting at a deer promiscuously and depending on the shocking power of their rifles to "anchor" the game regardless of where hit.

In the good old days up in Ontario when we used to have a turkey shoot every Christmas and everybody used their hunting rifle, what was the arm all the old-timers used? Why this same despised little .30-30 and I can assure you that if one wanted a turkey it was necessary to place the bullet well into the centre of the 3-inch bull at one hundred yards.

While I have not yet had much desire to hunt moose, when I do so I am satisfied to take my chances with the .30-30 and feel reasonably sure that I will not have reason to regret my choice.

I read in the May issue of the so-called "freak" shot at a goose in Nova Scotia. I would like to add my own freak shot to the list. Last fall when coming to camp one night I was passing around one end of a small lake when I saw three ducks about 75 yards from the shore. I was on the point of raising my rifle to shoot at them when they suddenly commenced to fly away from me. Firing as carefully as I was able at one I was somewhat surprised to see it fall. I got a canoe expecting to find not much more than wings and legs and was greatly surprised to find that the head had been cut cleanly off!

Did I hear someone say "next?"

Walter E. Markham.

ANOTHER REPLY TO THE QUERIES OF MR. LEWIS IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I am not much of a hand at writing letters but when a man asks for an opinion about my pet rifle I am right there to give it.

I see in the June number where Mr. G. Lewis is asking for the opinions of those who have used the Remington-U. M. C. high power repeating rifle. I am not very well

posted on the velocity, penetration etc. of rifles so I am not in a position to give much information in this respect but anyway the manufacturers can give those particulars always.

I have used a few good rifles—the .30-30 Winchester, the .32 Special and .38-55 of the same make, .303 Savage, .30-30 Marlin, .303 Ross, .351 Self-Loading Winchester and the new .30 calibre pump action Remington being the principal ones. I have used the latter arm for the past two seasons and have found it the best game getter of them all. It is not heavy and in my opinion is the nicest action of them all, the right hand being free for the trigger and the "pumping" done by the left hand.

The shooter does not lose sight of the game with this gun as is the case with bolt and lever action arms and I believe this action to be the most positive of them all.

There is not much of a variety of game to be found around here, deer and goat being the principal game I hunt and I have certainly found the .30 Remington-U. M. C. pump action rifle powerful enough to stop them, though there is no telling how it might work out on moose and larger game.

The writer shot a black bear at about one hundred and forty yards and he never moved more than five yards after the first shot and a rifle that will do that is good enough for me. I don't think that I have lost a wounded deer since starting to use this rifle and I am able to get in three shots to two with any of the other rifles except the automatic.

Mr. Lewis was asking whether the bullets were deformed in any way in passing through the magazine. I take my rifle along every time I go out fishing and I have been putting the same six shells in every time I go and now that my attention is drawn to it I notice the bullets are getting quite flat on the point, but that is to be expected after so much usage.

The rifle is easily taken apart and easy to clean. I have loaned the gun to different friends and two of them have bought these rifles for their own use and are satisfied with them. Suppose that I have taken up enough space, but my only hope is that Mr. Lewis will get as much satisfaction out of his rifle should he decide to purchase one.

I think the Guns and Ammunition Department the most interesting feature of this magazine and I hope that the sportsmen will keep it going. I own a pump action shotgun which is a Remington-U. M. C. too. Am very glad to see that the "pump gun controversy has been stopped, we have had enough of that.

James Cunningham.

SOME QUERIES REGARDING THE .25-20 .32-20 AND .25 RIM-FIRE.

Editor Guns and Ammunition

(1) Which rifle do you consider the most suitable for shooting such game as foxes, rabbits, and partridges—the .25-20, .32-20, or .25 rim-fire and which of these would be best for deer?

(2) In re-loading the first two mentioned shells what powder would be best?

(3) What is the trajectory and killing power of each?



A CUP OF COFFEE

may mean almost
anything — Good,
Bad or Indifferent.

But a cup of

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

157

**MEANS JUST ONE
THING—the most
delicious beverage
ever poured into
a coffee cup.**

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL

The Biggest Moose Heads

come from the Province of Quebec. Several were secured in September and October 1914, with antlers having a spread of five to six feet.

Mrs. H. G. Campbell Jr. of New York has a record of a black bear and a large bull moose at Lake Kiskisink.

The big bull moose of Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago was killed in Northern Quebec.

Caribou and Deer

are abundant in parts of Quebec Province.

THE BEST TROUT FISHING

in the world is in the Province of Quebec, and so are the best Guides both for fishing and hunting. Read Henry van Dyke's description of some of them in "Little Rivers".

Would you like to own

A Summer Camp

for your family, by a forest-clad stream or mountain-surrounded lake?

You can build one of your own, by leasing a fishing and hunting territory from the Government of the Province, whether a resident of it or not, or by joining one of the many fish and game clubs.

Write for an illustrated booklet on "The Fish and Game Clubs of Quebec," which tells you all about them, and address all enquiries concerning fishing and hunting rights, fish and game laws, guides, etc., to

Hon. Honoré Mercier

Minister of Colonization,
Mines and Fisheries,

Quebec, Que.

(4) Will smokeless powder injure the barrels of any of the above?

"J. R. H."

(For such game as you describe in your letter we would be inclined to select the .25-20 as an all-round arm but for partridges using the ordinary lead bullet this rifle would be found rather powerful and the chances are that a twenty-two caliber rifle might better meet your requirements in this one respect.

For rabbits, squirrels etc, the .25-20 should give very good satisfaction and in this connection would suggest that in the case of using the arm upon game which is intended for the table you use the Ideal sharp-pointed bullet No. 25719 which will land your game without any unnecessary mangling and use the Ideal Express bullet No. 25727 for woodchucks and some of the larger species of small game which generally require a comparatively smashing, crippling blow to secure them. Neither of the rifles mentioned by you are ideal deer rifles though all would doubtless kill such game. A high power Marlin, Savage, Stevens or a .280 Ross would be a much better arm for this purpose.

(2) In reloading either the .25-20 or .32-20 we would suggest any of the black or low pressure powders as are recommended in the Ideal Hand Book such as:—DuPont "Gallery No. 75," King's "Semi-Smokeless," F. F. G. black powder etc.

It will be useless for you to undertake the work of re-loading rifle ammunition unless you secure a copy of the above-mentioned Hand Book as it goes into great detail regarding the process and as it can be obtained for a couple of stamps no riflemen can afford to be without it.

(3) The energy of the cartridges mentioned by you are as follows:—

.25-20 single shot at the muzzle 380.08 foot pounds.

.25-20 single shot at 100 yards 245.00 foot pounds.

.32-20 W. C. F. at the muzzle 381.50 foot pounds.

.32-20 W. C. F. at 100 yards 261.00 foot pounds.

.25 rim-fire at the muzzle 208.00 foot pounds.

.25 rim-fire at 100 yards no data.

The trajectory figures are as follows:—

	at 100 yards height at 50 yards	at 200 yards height at 100 yards	at 300 yards height at 150 yards
.25-20 single shot.....	2.74 inches	13.52 inches	35.80 inches
.32-20 W. C. F.....	3.62 inches	16.93 inches	43.55 inches
.25 rim-fire.....	no data	15.43 inches	no data

(4) None of the powders mentioned above will injure the barrel of your rifle. A. G.)

A REPLY TO MR. LEWIS

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Noting the inquiry of G. Lewis in the June issue of Rod and Gun re the Remington high power pump action, repeating rifle, will say that I have used a .30 cal. arm of this type, for the past two seasons deer hunting and it has been very satisfactory. I have found it fast and reliable in its action and the balance and hang suit me fine.

The first season I used it with the regular factory sights and felt handicapped as I had never used a rifle with the front and rear sights so close together,—only 17 inches apart,—therefore the least variation in aiming accentuates a correspondingly greater amount at the target than would be found when using a rifle with a greater distance between sights.

The past season I fitted it with a rear peep, which to my mind is the only sight for this rifle, and had good results.

Mr. Lewis states that "the makers claim that the cartridges do not touch each other in the magazine." In this he is in error if he has been quoted correctly. The makers claim "that the spiral magazine prevents any bullet in the magazine from coming in contact with the primer of the next cartridge ahead." From my observation, I judge this to be true.

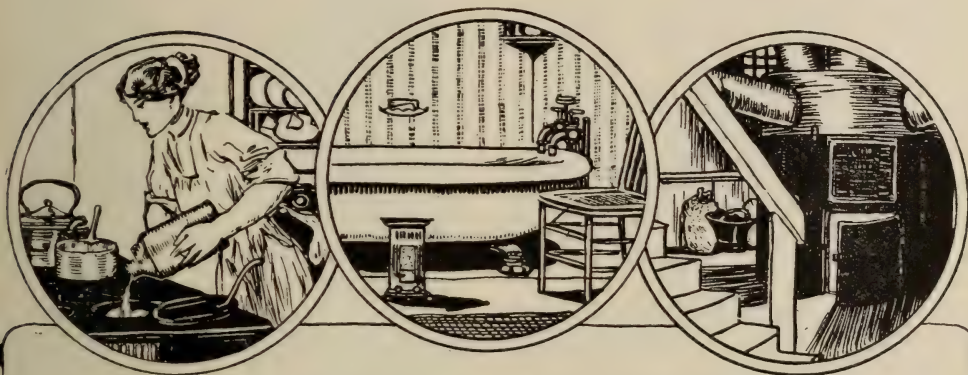
As to bullets being deformed in passing through the magazine, I think he will not find any trouble on that score. I have loaded the rifle, using the same cartridges over again three or four times, and this resulted in nothing more serious to the bullets than scratches.

My only objection to this rifle is that I find it bad for dirty weather. Rain or snow will work in around the fore end and magazine and action bar. Of course, this can be partly overcome by a coat of grease, but nevertheless I feel it necessitates a complete take-down after such occasions. I infer from his remarks that Mr. Lewis is aware of its take-down features. There were three of these rifles in our party of six last fall and the other users were well satisfied with them also.

While I have used this rifle considerably for all round work, I have only shot four deer with it; three of them were clean kills, the exception was the first I used it on. A big husky buck scampered across in front of me about seventy five yards away. He went down in a heap when I fired, but started to scramble to his feet again. Being uncertain as to the shooting quality of the gun, I sent in another. When I reached him, I saw that either shot was sufficient to prevent him getting away; one bullet having gone in just back and a little above the radial joint of the shoulder, the other—I presume the first—higher up but not high enough to effect the back bone.

Although it is not my pet rifle, summing up all its points, I consider it a mighty nice gun; good enough for deer and a margin to spare, despite the fact that some are out with their hammer against the .30-30 and its class.

If the last sixteen lines of the article by J. S. Hicks in the June issue were put in the form of a motion, I believe that ninety per cent. of the real hunters would second same by saying "Them's my sentiments."



Which is Your Danger-room ?

What is the **danger-room** in your home? Kitchen—where a careless servant may hurry a fire with kerosene? Bathroom—where an oil heater may be accidentally overturned? Cellar—where an overheated furnace may sometime cause a tragic fire in the dead of night?

Wherever it is you can protect your property and the lives in your household by lining walls and ceiling with

LINABESTOS FLAME-PROOF BUILDING BOARD

This fireproof building board is composed of Portland cement and asbestos fibre, combined under tremendous pressure into strong, light sheets, all ready to be nailed to the studding. **It can't burn**—and will hold an incipient fire in the place where it starts long enough to give you a good chance to put it out. Linabestos has a pleasing, pinkish-gray color, and is commonly used without surface covering. It is, however, easily treated to a thin "smoothing coat" of plaster for tinting or papering if desired.

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TENTH ANNUAL TOURNAMENT

of the Canadian Indians,

held at Niagara-on-the Lake, June 30th to July 3rd, 1915.

The tenth annual tournament of the Canadian Indians held at Niagara-on-the-Lake from June 30th. to July 3rd. inclusive was well up to the standard of former events. The weather was ideal with the exception of the closing day when a good portion of the shooting was done in a drizzling rain. The attendance of shooters was considerably in excess of last year and the demonstration of their ability to break a high percentage of the targets proved exceedingly entertaining to the large crowd of spectators. Out of 41 who shot through all of the regular events 18 broke 90 per cent. or better. Over eighty shooters participated in the various events.

Grand Aggregate—Toronto Cup

E. Sturt of Hamilton, who made such a splendid showing at the recent Dominion Tournament at Ottawa again demonstrated that he is one of the crack shots of Canada. He was high average in the regular events, breaking 475 out of 500. Only two of the five professional shooters in attendance beat his score. F. G. Bills, Winchester professional, broke 482 and J. S. Boa, Dominion Cartridge Co., broke 476. J. E. Jennings was the closest competitor among the amateurs, his score being 473, only two less than that made by Sturt. A handsome trophy of gold and silver known as the Toronto Cup will be held by Mr. Sturt for the ensuing year.

Butt Trophy—Handicap Event

To Major Singer of St. Catharines goes the honor of winning the Henry Butt trophy, a handsome and expensive solid silver candelabra. This trophy is open for competition among Canadian Indians only in a handicap event. Fourteen entered the contest this year and the result was a tie between Major Singer and G. L. Vivian, each breaking the possible 25 at a handicap of twenty yards. In shooting off the tie Major Singer broke 23 and Mr. Vivian 21.

Five Man Team—Queen's Royal Hotel Cup

The contest on the closing day among nine five-man teams for the Queen's Royal Hotel Cup was one of the most interesting events of the program. Stanley No. 1 broke 119 out of 125, with Hamilton No. 2 second and Brantford third.

Canadian Indian Two Man Team

There were ten entries in this contest. E. Sturt and T. E. Houghton were the victors breaking respectively 23 and 25. S. G. Vance and G. L. Vivian were close competitors, breaking 23 and 24 respectively.

Tribe Shoot (Olympia Rules)

For the tribe shoot the Canadian Indians appeared in their full war paint and feathers as usual. This is always one of the most interesting events of the tournament. The twenty-four braves who participated in the event were showered with congratulations on their splendid appearance. The costumes were much admired by the large gathering of spectators. In the contest W. T. Ely and Major Singer tied with a score of 24 each. In the shoot-off Mr. Ely broke 24 and Major Singer 22. Two beautiful trophies donated by High Chief Tiny and Chief Signmaker went to Messrs. Ely and Singer.

Regular Event Prizes

Thirty beautiful trophies were offered for competition in the regular events, one to the high man in each of the thirty events, no shooter to win more than one. All ties were shot off in the succeeding events. Following are the winners in order:—

J. E. Jennings, T. E. Houghton, E. Sturt, C. Ball, S. Hopkins, W. R. Fenton, H. D. Sherwood, W. Ely,

A. E. Millington, Geo. E. Tuckett, Major Singer, W. Thomson, P. Wakefield, J. Summerhayes, F. N. Jerauld, W. H. Joselin, S. G. Vance, C. Summerhays, T. Taylor, F. I. Fox, G. L. Vivian, N. Long, J. Payne, H. Lennox, E. Brown, P. J. Booth, J. Vance, W. Barnes, J. Elberts and Geo. Beattie.

Grand Consolation Event

An added feature of this year's tournament was the Grand Consolation Event for amateurs who had shot through all the regular events and had not won a trophy. Ten prizes were offered and only thirteen were eligible to compete. The names of the winners will be found in the detailed scores which follow.

Merchandise Event

The Grand Merchandise Event was for 75 targets on the walk-back system, the shooters being divided into three classes. Class A shooters moved back one yard for each target shot at, Class B one yard for each two and Class C one yard for each three. Fifteen valuable prizes were offered for competition and were won as follows:—

Gun donated by D. Pike Co., won by W. Ely; case of shells by Ely Bros., Ltd.—J. Payne; case of shells by Ely Bros., Ltd.—G. L. Vivian; 4 bottles of Black and White by D. O. Roblin—E. Sturt; 4 bottles Black and White by D. O. Roblin—H. Lennox; 4 bottles Black and White by D. O. Roblin—J. Vance; coffee percolator by Chief Wendigo—Dr. Jordan; silver inlaid dish by Chief Wendigo—W. Barnes; fishing rod by Horton Mfg. Co.—J. Summerhays; fishing rod by Horton Mfg. Co.—C. Choate; automatic fishing reel by H. J. Frost & Co.—S. G. Vance; fly book by H. J. Frost & Co.—J. McLachlan; ½ doz. cut glass tumblers by Chief Wendigo—M. Goodale; ½ doz. cut glass tumblers by Chief Wendigo—Norman; pipe and pouch by Chief Dan-Bow Kek-Ma-Wim-Ne-Ne—Usher.

Jennings Trophy

A trophy was donated by J. E. Jennings for competition among the five shooters making the lowest scores in regular events and who had not won a trophy. Only three had shot through all the regular events without securing a prize, namely Messrs. Hogarth, Pow and McGillivray. In the contest among these three for the Jennings trophy Mr. Hogarth was the winner.

Du Pont Long Runs

Following is a list of the straight runs of 50 and over showing the gun used and the kind of shells and powder. The Du Pont Powder Co. is offering a gold watch fob for the first straight run of 50 or over made by any shooter at a registered tournament and for each succeeding run a watch fob bar. Amateurs making 15 straight runs in 1915 or 1916 will be presented with a gold watch.

		Powder	Shells	Gun
F. G. Bills, (pro.)	53	Du Pont	Leader	Winchester
F. G. Bills, (pro.)	55	"	Leader	Winchester
F. G. Bills, (pro.)	80	"	Leader	Winchester
F. G. Bills, (pro.)	56	"	Leader	Winchester
J. S. Boa (pro.)	84	"	Canuck	Winchester
C. Ball	82	"	U. M. C.	Parker
A. E. Millington	58	"	U. M. C.	Smith
E. Sturt	60	"	Leader	Winchester
W. T. Ely	68	"	U. M. C.	Baker
F. G. Bills, (pro.)	56	"	Leader	Winchester
W. T. Ely	51	"	U. M. C.	Baker
J. S. Boa (pro.)	83	"	Canuck	Winchester
T. E. Houghton	70	"	Leader	Winchester
F. G. Bills, (pro.)	53	"	Leader	Winchester
G. L. Vivian	71	"	Arrow	Boss Co.
J. S. Boa (pro.)	54	"	Canuck	Winchester
G. L. Vivian	52	"	Arrow	Boss Co.
Major Singer	87	"	U. M. C.	Parker



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Shooter
How to
Shoot

IS YOUR BROTHER A SHOOTER?

A WAVE of enthusiasm in restoring American prestige with the gun is sweeping the country.

Shooting is virile sport with a strong appeal to that inherited protective instinct that made our forefathers the greatest marksmen in the world.

The best place to learn to shoot is at a trapshooting club, but novices shy at the idea of making a start in the company of a bunch of experienced shots. To satisfy the demand for an organized arrangement for beginners, we planned a

National Beginners' Day Shoot

at which your inexperienced brother, son, wife, daughter, or friend may learn in company with various other beginners. Briefly, the plan provides two trophies

A FOB FOR MEN, A SPOON FOR WOMEN

The bronze fob illustrated at the left is for the best score made by a beginner, man or woman, at each of these beginners' shoots. The sterling silver Nemours teaspoon is for each woman, beginner or experienced, who makes the best score at each of these shoots.

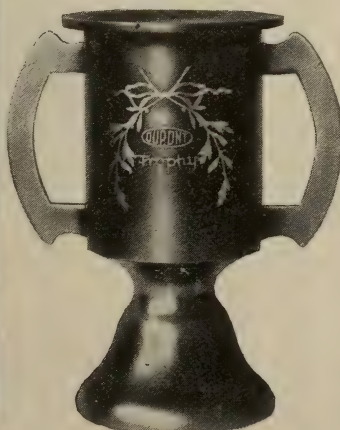
BEST HUNDRED CLUBS GET CUPS

The handsome bronze cup trophy illustrated will be given to each of the hundred clubs having the greatest number of beginners contesting in these shoots.

Any club may hold a shoot any day or days in August.

Write at once for full details and conditions.

**HUNDRED CLUB CUP
8 INS. HIGH**



LET EVERY MEMBER GET A MEMBER

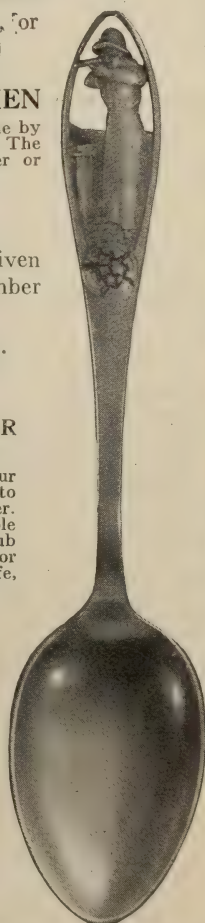
Get every member of your club to pledge himself to bring at least one beginner. Here is your chance to double the membership of your club and do a real service for your brother, son, wife, daughter or friend.

Get the details quickly
from Trapshooting
Department

**DU PONT
POWDER CO.**

Wilmington,
Delaware.

P.S. If you are a beginner write us for letter of introduction to the Secretary of the nearest club holding a Beginners' Day Shoot



Following are the scores:

REGULAR EVENTS.

1st Day 200 Birds, 2nd Day 150 Birds, 3rd Day 150 Birds.

F. G. Bills, (pro.)	1st Day	18	20	19	20	20	20	19	19	20	20	195
	2nd Day	14	13	15	15	15	13	15	14	13	15	142
	3rd Day	13	15	15	15	14	14	15	14	15	15	145-482
J. S. Boa, (pro.)	1st Day	19	20	19	20	18	19	19	19	20	20	193
	2nd Day	15	15	12	13	13	14	15	14	11	14	136
	3rd Day	15	15	15	14	15	14	14	15	15	15	147-476
E. Sturt	1st Day	19	19	20	20	19	19	20	19	20	20	195
	2nd Day	13	15	13	15	11	13	15	14	14	15	138
	3rd Day	15	13	15	14	14	13	15	14	14	15	142-475
J. E. Jennings	1st Day	20	20	19	19	20	19	20	18	19	19	193
	2nd Day	13	14	15	14	12	13	14	13	15	15	138
	3rd Day	15	14	13	15	14	14	15	14	13	15	142-473
W. T. Ely	1st Day	19	16	19	19	19	19	19	20	20	19	189
	2nd Day	15	14	15	14	14	14	12	13	15	15	141
	3rd Day	14	14	15	14	13	12	14	13	15	13	137-467
H. D. Sherwood	1st Day	20	20	17	18	19	18	20	19	20	18	189
	2nd Day	15	13	13	12	12	15	12	13	15	15	135
	3rd Day	13	14	15	15	11	14	15	14	15	14	144-464
G. L. Vivian	1st Day	20	16	17	18	19	19	17	20	19	20	185
	2nd Day	13	12	15	14	14	14	10	15	13	14	134
	3rd Day	15	15	15	14	14	14	15	15	12	14	143-462
W. R. Fenton	1st Day	19	16	19	18	19	20	19	20	19	19	188
	2nd Day	15	15	12	14	15	15	13	13	14	12	138
	3rd Day	11	13	14	14	15	14	12	15	14	13	135-461
G. S. Walker (Pro.)	1st Day	18	15	17	18	20	19	18	19	18	19	181
	2nd Day	13	15	14	14	12	15	14	15	13	14	139
	3rd Day	14	15	13	14	15	13	14	15	14	13	140-460
Major Singer	1st Day	19	17	18	18	18	19	19	16	19	17	180
	2nd Day	15	14	15	11	13	15	13	12	14	15	137
	3rd Day	14	15	14	13	14	14	14	15	13	15	141-458
W. Thomson	1st Day	19	17	18	18	19	18	19	18	20	19	185
	2nd Day	13	15	15	14	15	14	14	14	13	15	142
	3rd Day	14	15	8	14	13	15	14	11	13	14	131-458
W. H. Joselin	1st Day	18	17	17	18	19	18	18	17	19	19	180
	2nd Day	14	15	14	14	12	15	12	15	13	11	135
	3rd Day	15	14	15	14	14	15	13	14	14	13	141-456
A. E. Millington	1st Day	20	16	18	19	19	18	19	16	20	20	158
	2nd Day	15	13	15	12	14	14	13	14	15	13	138
	3rd Day	14	12	13	12	14	15	13	14	10	15	132-455
S. G. Vance	1st Day	19	17	19	18	20	18	19	18	17	17	182
	2nd Day	14	15	15	12	15	10	15	13	12	15	136
	3rd Day	12	15	15	11	15	13	13	15	15	13	137-455
W. H. Gooderham	1st Day	19	15	17	19	18	19	18	16	20	18	179
	2nd Day	12	15	14	15	14	14	14	12	12	12	134
	3rd Day	11	15	14	13	15	14	15	15	13	14	139-452
R. Day (Pro.)	1st Day	18	19	18	18	19	18	15	20	18	20	183
	2nd Day	13	11	15	14	11	13	13	13	15	14	132
	3rd Day	15	14	14	13	14	10	14	14	14	14	136-451
T. Taylor	1st Day	20	18	20	15	19	18	19	15	18	15	177
	2nd Day	14	14	12	15	13	13	14	9	15	14	133
	3rd Day	14	14	13	15	15	14	14	14	13	14	140-450
F. N. Jerauld	1st Day	18	16	19	19	16	19	19	18	18	18	180
	2nd Day	13	10	14	11	15	13	12	15	12	15	130
	3rd Day	14	15	15	14	15	15	14	10	13	15	140-450
John Ebberts	1st Day	18	17	20	18	19	19	19	19	18	17	182
	2nd Day	15	12	11	14	12	10	13	12	12	14	125
	3rd Day	14	15	14	12	15	14	15	13	15	14	141-448
P. Wakefield	1st Day	20	14	16	19	19	18	19	16	17	18	176
	2nd Day	15	13	15	14	14	15	13	15	12	15	141
	3rd Day	13	13	13	13	13	11	15	13	11	15	130-447
J. Summerhayes	1st Day	19	18	18	18	19	18	17	17	19	19	182
	2nd Day	13	13	12	15	14	14	14	15	11	11	132
	3rd Day	14	12	13	12	12	14	14	14	14	13	132-446
C. Summerhayes	1st Day	15	16	16	18	18	18	16	19	19	19	174
	2nd Day	14	15	12	15	13	13	14	15	14	14	139
	3rd Day	13	14	14	15	14	13	12	11	13	14	133-446
T. E. Houghton	1st Day	18	20	19	19	18	16	19	18	18	19	184
	2nd Day	14	12	10	12	15	10	12	14	11	14	124
	3rd Day	15	15	14	13	13	14	13	15	12	13	137-445
W. Barnes	1st Day	17	16	18	18	17	19	15	20	19	19	178
	2nd Day	14	9	11	13	14	14	13	14	13	13	128
	3rd Day	13	14	12	14	13	13	12	15	15	13	134-440
M. Goodale	1st Day	19	18	17	18	17	19	18	17	20	16	179
	2nd Day	13	15	15	12	13	14	13	10	12	12	129
	3rd Day	13	15	13	14	14	11	12	13	13	13	131-439
J. Vance	1st Day	19	16	17	17	16	16	14	14	20	18	167
	2nd Day	14	15	13	14	13	14	13	13	14	11	134
	3rd Day	13	14	14	12	13	10	15	15	15	13	134-435
Norman	1st Day	17	14	17	20	16	20	17	17	17	12	167
	2nd Day	15	14	14	15	9	12	12	14	14	14	133
	3rd Day	13	13	15	12	13	14	15	14	14	12	135-435
J. Broderick	1st Day	17	14	16	17	19	15	17	18	17	19	169
	2nd Day	12	9	14	14	11	12	14	14	12	12	124
	3rd Day	15	15	14	14	15	13	14	14	12	12	138-431
Dr. Jordan	1st Day	17	19	16	17	18	17	19	16	17	17	173
	2nd Day	14	12	12	13	12	11	12	13	11	14	124
	3rd Day	11	13	13	12	15	12	15	13	12	14	130-427
J. H. Symme	1st Day	17	17	17	16	18	17	19	17	16	20	174
	2nd Day	13	13	13	13	11	11	13	10	13	11	121
	3rd Day	14	15	9	12	12	13	14	13	14	13	129-424
J. A. McLachlan	1st Day	19	15	17	16	19	16	17	18	17	19	173
	2nd Day	15	12	10	14	14	14	11	10	12	12	124
	3rd Day	12	11	11	11	13	13	13	14	15	14	127-424
C. Ball	1st Day	18	18	16	20	20	20	20	18	11	16	177

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	2nd Day	11	10	9	13	10	12	12	12	11	13	113
	3rd Day	14	14	11	14	14	13	14	12	12	14	132-422
T. Hogarth	1st Day	20	19	18	19	17	18	16	15	19	20	181
	2nd Day	11	13	14	9	14	10	12	13	13	8	117
J. Payne	3rd Day	13	13	12	13	14	11	9	12	11	14	122-420
	1st Day	17	17	15	19	18	15	17	15	15	18	166
	2nd Day	12	12	13	10	13	12	9	12	11	13	117
D. J. C. Munro	3rd Day	13	13	15	13	14	11	14	12	12	13	130-413
	1st Day	19	17	16	16	18	17	17	13	16	17	166
	2nd Day	10	11	11	10	13	13	14	14	9	10	115
	3rd Day	14	14	12	13	13	10	14	14	13	9	126-407
Geo. M. Dunk' (pro.)	1st Day	17	14	11	15	17	16	18	12	16	19	155
	2nd Day	14	13	12	14	13	9	10	12	13	13	123
	3rd Day	12	15	11	9	14	13	11	15	11	11	122-400
A. S. Woodruff	1st Day	15	15	15	16	18	18	18	19	17	16	169
	2nd Day	12	12	11	11	10	11	10	13	9	12	111
	3rd Day	11	12	10	12	13	12	12	13	10	12	117-397
W. G. Pow	1st Day	16	18	14	12	13	16	15	15	12	14	145
	2nd Day	13	12	13	12	12	11	13	11	11	10	118
	3rd Day	13	13	12	13	13	12	12	13	12	13	126-389
E. J. Marsh	1st Day	15	15	14	15	18	15	16	16	15	17	156
	2nd Day	11	13	11	12	12	11	11	9	12	11	113
	3rd Day	11	11	8	13	12	10	12	13	11	10	111-380
Mrs. J. S. Boa	1st Day	13	15	15	17	15	14	13	14	13	15	144
	2nd Day	11	13	9	8	8	11	12	10	13	13	108
	3rd Day	11	9	12	10	10	10	11	11	12	10	106-358
Dr. McGillivray	1st Day	16	10	15	14	17	13	11	11	13	14	134
	2nd Day	12	9	9	9	11	6	11	12	7	9	95
	3rd Day	8	9	8	13	8	8	12	12	9	6	93-322
F. I. Fox	1st Day	..	..	..	..	18	..	19	19	16	..	72ex 80
	2nd Day	14	11	10	11	12	10	11	12	14	15	120ex150
	3rd Day	13	12	11	15	13	12	13	13	10	11	123ex150

Shot First and Second Days only.

Geo. Tuckett	1st Day	16	12	18	18	18	20	18	17	19	20	176
	2nd Day	13	13	15	11	13	13	12	13	15	12	130-306
W. J. McCance	1st Day	17	14	19	16	17	15	18	17	12	17	162
	2nd Day	13	12	11	11	13	10	14	11	14	13	122-284
L. S. McCurdy	1st Day	16	16	12	11	16	18	19	14	18	19	159
	2nd Day	11	13	11	14	13	8	12	14	12	13	121-280

Shot First and Third Days only.

N. Long	1st Day	18	17	18	14	17	16	15	16	20	17	168
	3rd Day	12	15	15	15	15	11	14	14	15	13	139-307
D. McMackon	1st Day	19	17	18	19	18	19	13	17	18	17	175
	3rd Day	12	14	12	11	15	12	13	14	13	15	131-306
H. Lenox	1st Day	14	16	17	19	17	19	18	18	17	18	173
	3rd Day	14	14	14	15	13	13	12	14	10	10	129-302
J. W. Nairn	1st Day	15	16	16	14	17	19	13	18	17	17	162
	3rd Day	12	14	13	11	15	13	13	14	14	13	132-294

Shot Second and Third Days only—300 Birds.

H. W. Hunsberry	2nd Day	13	14	13	14	12	13	13	14	14	12	132
	3rd Day	12	13	14	14	14	14	15	13	14	14	137-269
Allan Case	2nd Day	9	11	12	11	12	12	10	11	11	9	108
	3rd Day	10	13	13	12	11	10	6	13	9	11	108-216
G. Mason	2nd Day	..	..	..	..	14	13	11	14	12	12	76ex 90
	3rd Day	13	14	13	14	12	13	14	14	14	12	133ex150

Shot First Day only—200 Birds.

S. Hopkin	1st Day	19	19	17	20	20	19	18	16	17	20	185
Chas Crate	1st Day	18	20	19	16	17	18	19	18	20	18	182
C. G. Syer	1st Day	18	17	18	15	18	20	19	15	18	15	173
F. Kilmer	1st Day	20	15	18	16	18	19	16	17	16	17	172
A. Parmenter	1st Day	16	20	19	14	17	16	15	13	14	17	161
T. Jencker	1st Day	15	16	16	17	14	15	19	16	16	16	160
A. Mager	1st Day	15	16	16	15	14	16	12	17	19	18	158
J. S. Lawson	1st Day	14	15	18	13	12	17	17	17	16	16	155
E. Corby	1st Day	19	15	17	16	16	18	11	15	10	11	148
Col. Page	1st Day	19	20	18	14	18	19	..	..	..	..	108ex120
Doherty	1st Day	17	17	19	19	17	19	..	..	..	..	108ex120
Carruthers	1st Day	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	19	..	39ex 40

Shot Second or Third Days only—150 Birds.

Geo. Beattie	3rd Day	14	15	13	14	14	13	13	14	14	14	150
D. Konkle	3rd Day	14	13	13	12	15	11	14	15	14	14	135
P. J. Booth	3rd Day	10	15	14	14	12	15	14	13	13	13	133
E. Brown	3rd Day	11	14	13	13	15	15	13	12	12	14	132
C. H. Boutlon	2nd Day	10	14	12	12	12	14	14	14	14	14	130
B. J. Pearce	3rd Day	12	11	12	15	13	12	14	13	13	13	128
A. McGee	3rd Day	14	13	10	11	13	14	13	13	12	15	128
R. Axton	3rd Day	13	14	12	12	10	12	15	13	13	12	126
M. Hunsberger	3rd Day	15	13	9	9	14	12	13	14	12	13	124
C. Choate	3rd Day	12	12	9	15	11	12	14	12	14	12	123
Wismer	3rd Day	12	12	14	15	11	8	13	9	11	14	119
J. Monkman	3rd Day	11	8	10	11	13	11	12	10	11	10	107
A. McRobe	3rd Day	14	11	10	9	14	12	6	12	6	11	105
W. Hughes	3rd Day	8	9	10	13	13	8	6	11	13	12	103
T. W. Salisbury	3rd Day	15	10	10	7	8	13	7	8	13	10	101
W. S. Lansing	2nd Day	12	10	8	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	97
Rubens	3rd Day	11	10	11	12	9	8	8	5	8	12	94
J. Turner	3rd Day	11	9	10	12	13	9	..	..	..	..	64ex 90



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STANDING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

Chief Canuck (J. S. Boa, Montreal); Chief Make 'em Yell (Dr. Jordan, Toronto); Chief Big Gun (Major Singer, St. Catharines); Chief Mighty Voice (E. Sturt, Hamilton); Chief Young Eagle (W. T. Ely, Toronto); Chief Follow-the-Trail (G. E. Tuckett, not in costume); Chief Paper Maker (A. S. Woodruff, St. Catharines); Chief Powder Monkey (P. Wakefield, Toronto); Chief Dah bon Kek wa Win ne ne (T. Houghton, Toronto); Chief Scarboro (W. H. Joselin, Toronto); Chief Shawginoosh (A. E. Millington, Paris); Chief Domcart (Geo. M. Dunk, Toronto); Chief Run Fast (W. Thompson, Hamilton); Chief Lay 'em Out (F. W. Matthews, Toronto); Chief Big Canoe (Norman Gooderham, Toronto).



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Canadian Indian Two-Man Team (25 Targets)

Sturt 23, Houghton 25—48; Vance 23, Vivian 24—47; Fenton 22, Tuckett 24—46; Norman 20, McMackon 24—44; Wakefield 23, Woodruff 20—43; Jennings 21, Jordan 22—43; Ely 20, Joselin 22—42; Millington 21, Fox 21—42; Singer 18, Gooderham 20—38; Thomson 18, Case 10—28.

Tribe Shoot (Olympic Rules) 25 Targets

Ely 24, Singer 24, Boa 23, Sturt 23, McMackon 23, Fenton 22, Norman 22, Vance 21, Houghton 21, Gooderham 21, Millington 20, Jennings 20, Case 20, Vivian 19, Mathews 17, Jordan 17, Woodruff 17, Joselin 17, Marsh 16, Wakefield 16, Fox 17, Watson 13, Dunk 12, Thomson 11.

Doubles (25 Pair)

Jennings 45, Beattie 43, Barnes 42, Ely 42, S. G. Vance 39, Dunk (pro.) 37, Long 37, Gooderham 36, Vivian 34, Fox 34, Carruthers 32, Norman 30, Lachlan 29, Hunsbury 26, Vance 26, Sturt 22.

Five Men Team (25 Targets)**STANLEY NO. 1**

Vivian 25, Ely 24, Houghton 24, Fenton 23, Jennings 23. Total 119.

HAMILTON NO. 2

Long 25, Konkle 24, Nairn 24, Lennox 23, Choate 20. Total 116.

BRANTFORD

Axton 24, J. Summerhays 24, C. Summerhays 22, Page 22, Doherty 22. Total 114.

HAMILTON NO. 1

Barnes 24, Goodale 23, Thomson 22, Sturt 22, Beattie 20. Total 111.

TILSONBURG

Payne 24, S. G. Vance 24, J. Vance 22, Pow 22, Taylor 19. Total 111.

BALMY BEACH

Fox 25, Joselin 22, Lansing 22, Booth 21, Tomlin 17. Total 107.

COTTAGE

Singer 25, McGee 23, Ball 21, Munro 17, Bernard 17. Total 103.

STANLEY NO. 2

Norman 22, Gooderham 22, Wakefield 21, Cashmore 19, Hogarth 18. Total 102.

NATIONAL

Pearce 24, Jordan 20, Mason 18, Usher 18, Brown 18. Total 98.

Butt Trophy Handicap (25 Targets)

Singer (20 yds.) 25, Vivian (20 yds.) 25, Jordan (16 yds.) 24, Gooderham (18 yds.) 23, S. G. Vance (21 yds.) 21, Sturt (22 yds.) 20, Wakefield (20 yds.) 20, Norman (18 yds.) 20, Fox (17 yds.) 20, Case (16 yds.) 20, Jennings (22 yds.) 19, Ely (21 yds.) 19, Houghton (20 yds.) 18, Marsh (17 yds.) 16.

In the shoot off between Singer and Vivian the former broke 23 and the latter 21 out of 25.

Grand Consolation Event (15 Targets)

E. J. Marsh 15, Dr. Jordan 14, Norman 14, Goodale 13, Gooderham 13, Symme 12, McLachlan 12, Broderick 12, D. J. C. Munro 11, A. Woodruff 11, Pow, Hogarth and McGillivray also ran.

Notes

F. G. Bills, Winchester representative, was high professional, breaking 482 out of 500 with a Winchester pump gun and Leader shells. J. S. Boa of the Dominion Cartridge Co. was a fairly close second with 476 to his credit. He shot Canuck shells.

E. Sturt, who won high average, used a Winchester gun and U. M. C. and Leader shells. J. E. Jennings, who gave him a close run, used a Smith gun and Canuck shells.

Major Singer, winner of the Butt trophy, shot U. M. C. shells and a Parker gun.

Geo. R. Ginn of the Winchester Co. and Rupert Watson of the Dominion Cartridge Co. looked after the office with excellent satisfaction to those participating in the shoot.

The absence of High Chief Tiny was very much regretted. A telegram conveying his hearty good wishes was received.

Much credit is due to High Scribe Chief Young Eagle upon whom the bulk of the work of arranging for the tournament fell.

"Ted" White, the genial Du Pont representative, was also among the missing ones. It is always a pleasure to watch him at the traps. Nothing seems to worry him.

Geo. M. Dunk of the Dominion Cartridge Co. was untiring in his efforts to make everything run smoothly. No shoot is complete without the genial George.

Major Singer of St. Catharines made the longest run among the amateurs. He broke 87 targets without a miss and the last 42 were shot at 20 yards.

The work of the referees was satisfactory in every respect. Robert Buchanan, J. Massingham and George Cashmore officiated in that capacity.

Jas Thompson had charge of the Merchandise event and kept the trap busy on the second and third days. J. E. Jennings who was among the class A shooters, made repeated efforts to make a straight of 15. Several times he broke the first 14 but each time fell down on the last.

The targets used were the well known Black Birds made by N. Long of Hamilton, who also supplied and had charge of the traps.

The Ewing Trophy for the longest run in regular events was won by C. Ball with a score of 82.

At the annual meeting of the Indians the following officers were elected: High Chief—P. Wakefield, High Scribe—W. T. Ely, Vice-Chief—T. E. Houghton, Council—J. E. Jennings, E. Sturt, F. W. Watson, E. Marsh, W. R. Fenton, Dr. Jordan and F. I. Fox.

J. E. Jennings, second high average for the three days and high gun in the doubles, 45x50, shot Dominion shells.

Geo. Beattie, second high in the doubles, 43x50, also shot Dominion shells.

Counting all events, exclusive of doubles and consolation, Sturt broke 563 and Jennings 556.

**TOURNAMENT DATES**

August 20, 21, 22.—Lake St. Francis Gun Club Registered Tournament at St. Lotique, P. Q.

August 25 and 26.—Eagle Gun Club, Brantford, Registered Tournament. W. M. Doherty, Secretary, Eagle Place, P.O., Ont.

Saskatoon Gun Club.

At a gun club shoot at Saskatoon on June 12, S. E. Fawcett established a record, killing 24 straight birds in the 25 bird competition, many of which were travelling

at such an angle that he had the privilege of refusing them. The 24 of Mr. Fawcett's were completely smashed. Some of the scores were:

S. E. Fawcett 24, Roy Luck 23, H. R. Galbraith 21, W. Green 18, Fred Cole 18, J. H. Beatty 16, D. S. Campbell 15, Mr. Henry 14, Mr. Leeper 13.

Following were the scores made at the Saskatoon Gun Club on June 19th:

Harry Zapfe 24, H. R. Galbraith 22, C. I. Maenab 22, John McRae 21, S. E. Fawcett 21, M. K. Cadwell, North

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Battleford, 21; D. S. Campbell 20, R. Dill 20, A. Schoen 19, J. H. Beattie 18, Dr. McConnell 18, W. Green 16, Dr. Love 15, W. J. White 15, F. Cole 14, Dr. Valens 13, Dr. Norman Wright 10, P. H. Code 7, M. Weighell 5.

Chatham Gun Club.

The third event in the series of shoots for the Brackin trophy was held at the traps June 17.

Twenty-two shooters took part in this shoot, the largest attendance so far.

The results of the three shoots are:

	III	II	I
D. Smith	21	20	20
W. B. Wells	23	23	20
F. Smith	25	21	25
H. Hunter	25	24	24
G. Willard	29	24	23
W. H. Nicols	23	20	23
J. Fleming	25	—	—
P. Taylor	25	24	25
F. Dolsen	23	22	24
H. Smith	22	—	23
J. C. Pullen	18	—	—
W. Paterson	23	19	24
G. T. Crowe	20	24	—
J. Johnston	19	—	16
G. A. Gray	14	18	15
J. Houston	23	23	22
J. Leatherdale	23	20	—
R. Coltart	19	17	24
R. Houston	9	9	—
J. McCormack	22	23	—
B. Jenner	22	23	21
J. A. Aitken	21	23	21

Following is the score of a match held on June 24th: P. Taylor 25, F. Smith 22, H. Hunter 24, W. B. Wells 18, J. Fleming 24, W. H. Nichol 25, G. T. Crowe 20, J. A. Aitken 25, J. W. Pereson 15, H. Smith 22, J. Houston 22, R. Coltart 24, F. Dolsen 22, Geo. Willard 25.

Tillsonburg vs. Simcoe.

At a shoot between Tillsonburg and Simcoe shooters held at Tillsonburg the scores were:

SIMCOE

W. McCall 45, P. Laing 43, G. Haymaker 42, W. Hocken 40, W. Goodlett 39, J. Hocken 39, W. Haymaker 38, J. Carter 38, M. Hewson 37—361.

TILLSONBURG

J. Vance 48, P. B. Neale 44, S. G. Vance 44, J. Payne 43, W. G. Pow 42, A. M. Hare 42, C. Leach 40, T. W. R. Taylor 37, Dr. McGilvery 27—367.

Eagle Gun Club.

The following are the scores of two shoots held, one at Simcoe, and the other at Brantford.

50 Bird match at Simcoe June 3.

Marlatt 38, Carter 41, F. Goodett 28, McAlpine 33, McCall 41, W. Goodlett 34, Lang 36, Hewson 40, Hocking 38, Burk 35—364.

Dennis 45, Stevenson 35, Summerhays 46, Lambden 41, McRobb 44, Page 43, W. Doherty 40, McKinnon 32, T. Doherty 32, Alton 44—402.

50 Bird match at Brantford June 10.

H. Marlatt 38, Hewson 36, Goodlett 33, Lang 37, Hocking 36, Hamaker 42, Carter 36, Goodlett 39, Carter 29, McCall 39—365.

Summerhays 39, Stevenson 39, McRobb 42, Alton 45, Williams 44, T. Doherty 39, Robinson 34, Page 42, Wilkes 35, B. Doherty 42—410.

Jordan Gun Club.

The second shoot of the Summer series of the Jordan Gun Club was held on Saturday, June 12th, under most favorable weather conditions.

Four automobile loads of the Virgil Gun Club paid the Jordan club a friendly visit. Prizes for a special event were given by the Jordan Club to be competed for by the visitors which were won by Singer, Jenckes, Dawson and Walker respectively.

The prize winners in the Dupont Handicap for local shooters were Fisher, Boulton and P. Wismer, who with their handicap, broke 25 each.

Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

Choate 100, 85; Jenckes 75, 68; Fisher 60, 55; Hunsberry 60, 52; Honsberger 60, 50; A. Wismer, 60 50; Singer 50, 47; Walker 50, 47; McGhie 50, 47; Wilson 50, 43; Dawson 50, 38; W. Niven 50, 38; Casselman 50, 37; High 50, 35; Clement 50, 35; Bufton 50, 34; B. Niven 50, 31; Cairns 50, 25; A. Bufton 50, 24; Tracey 50, 24; Hutchinson 50, 24; Boulton 35, 32; Spence 35, 31; P. Wismer 35, 30; D. Konkle 35, 30; Church 35, 22; E. Konkle 25, 21; Williams 25, 18; Price 25, 18; Rubel 25, 16; Nicholson 15, 11; Rooker 15, 11; Gibson, 25 16; Bissell 25, 15.

(First number denotes those shot at, second number those broken.)

Stanley Gun Club.

A very pleasant evening was spent by the members and friends of the Stanley Gun Club at their shoot on Thursday, June 17th from 5.30 p.m. until dark. Quite a few members and friends were present and fair scores were made. For the doubles, the scores were: Jennings 39 out of 24 pairs; Hadley, 18 out of 12 pairs; Hogarth, 14 out of 12 pairs.

The club will hold a shoot every Thursday evening, from 5.30 until dark. All members are requested to come and help boost these shoots. Visitors always welcome. All makes of shells for sale on grounds.

Marsh 115, 91; Case 110, 78; Lewis 110, 80; McGrath 105, 72; Houghton 100, 94; Ely 100, 86; Norman 90, 70; Hogarth 75, 68; Stevens 75, 64; Thompson 70, 49; Jennings 65, 62; Salisbury 60, 44; Hughes 60, 39; Ingham 55, 41; Ten Eyck 50, 41; Hadley 45, 34; Dwight 45, 27; Cashmore 25, 22; Winter 25, 19.

At the Stanley Gun Club on June 24th, Messrs. Stevens, Goslin, Jennings and Mr. Walker of the W. M. C. Cartridge Co., each broke 25 straight, and a large number broke 24 out of 25.

The following is a list of those present, with their scores:

Jennings 150, 141; Norman 145, 143; Stevens 130, 119; Case 125, 101; Ely 105, 86; Walker 100, 87; Vivian 100, 73; Joslin 80, 76; Hadley 75, 48; Salisbury 75, 45; Rolph 70, 34; Tomlin 60, 44; Dunk 65, 48; Marks 40, 28; Ten Eyck 35, 22; Ingham 35, 21; Dey 35, 18; Disdale 30, 17; R. Buck 25, 24, N. Buck 25, 20; James 25, 18.

Hamilton Gun Club.

At the Hamilton Gun club on Saturday, June 19, the attendance was not as large as usual, but notwithstanding it was one of the liveliest shoots held in a long while. The stiff breeze made the targets rather uncertain and it was just enough to make the members work a little harder than usual.

E. H. Sturt lost the championship medal and title of the club which he won at the last shoot, and T. W. Barnes was the successful challenger. It was a twenty-five-bird race, and both went straight to the twenty-fourth bird, when Sturt missed and Barnes got his, finishing up 25 to 24. This emblem was first competed for in 1891.

T. W. Barnes also had the best total for the day with 182 out of 195, and is certainly in unbeatable form. E. H. Sturt was next with 92 out of the 100, and was high in the 50-bird event with 47, winning a silver club spoon. W. Wark is coming along in good shape and put on 67 out of 75. E. Harris had the consistent score of 66 out of 75.

The scores were:

	50 birds.	Total	
		Shot at	Broke.
M. Goodale	43	160	138
J. W. Nairn	35	160	119
E. Harris	44	75	66
D. Reid	39	100	81
E. H. Sturt	47	100	92
W. Wark	43	75	67
T. W. Barnes	46	195	182
M. Carr	43	110	92
J. Hunter	43	100	87
I. Smith	40	75	58
G. Beattie	43	135	116
A. Parmenter	36	80	59
George Stroud	42	110	86
K. Johnson	46	125	112
H. Lennon	41	125	109

At the practice events at Hamilton Gun Club on June 26th, John Hunter was unable to get the championship title from T. W. Barnes although he put up a splendid race, the score being 23 to 25. Barnes is shooting in whirlwind form just now and was high for best total of the day with 145 out of 150. George Beattie did not get going for the first honor events, but he finished the last fifty straight, turning in the nice total of 117 out of 125. D. Konkle put on 46 out of 50 and J. Hunter 91 out of 100. The scores were:

J. Hunter 100, 91; D. Konkle 50, 46; Geo. Beattie 125 117; T. W. Barnes 150, 145; J. W. Nairn 125, 97; M. Goodale 150, 129; W. Wark 75, 65; H. Lennon 125, 100; N. Jones 100, 76; E. Harris 75, 67; Geo. Stroud 75, 64.

A friendly match was pulled off at Red Hill ranges between the 22 rifle clubs of Frost Wire Fence company and American Can company on Saturday afternoon. Each club was represented by nine members and Frost company's team were winners, the scores being:



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American Can Co.—Skinner 39, Howes 50, Adams 34, McAngus 50, Doyle 32, Dunning 41, Weller 27, Ridgeway 54, Douchette 53. Total 380.

Frost Wire Fence Co.—Burns 52, Hoffman 62, King 56, Leeman 44, MacCay 54, Mainwell 44, Truscott 45, Woods 51, MacMahon 39. Total 447.

The spoon contest of Frost company's club was decided in favor of Overholt, the handicap and scores being as follows:

	Allow- ances.	Score Made.	Total
Burns	32	52	84
Hoffman	19	62	81
King	20	56	76
Leeman	22	44	66
MacCay	26	54	80
Mainwell	28	44	72
Truscott	22	45	67
Woods	29	51	80
MacMahon	36	39	75
Overholt	34	55	89

Peterboro Gun Club.

June 17 was a big day at Peterboro Gun Club, the annual tournament of the Trent Valley Trap Shooters' Association being held there. The following clubs were represented: Cobourg, Belleville, Stirling and Peterborough.

Belleville making the five highest scores, were the winners of the challenge flag, Peterborough being second, Cobourg third, and Stirling fourth. The silver spoon, presented by the Du Pont Powder Co. for the highest individual score, was won by Mr. H. Day, of Belleville. The watch fob, presented by the Dominion Cartridge Co. for the second highest score, was tied for by Mr. R. Stafford, of Belleville, and Mr. C. Mills of Peterborough. In the shoot off Mr. Stafford won out by one bird. Two boxes of cigars were also presented by one of the Peterborough members for the two highest scores. Following are the scores at 50 birds:

BELLEVILLE.

H. Day	24	24—48
R. Stafford	23	23—46
M. Sprague	21	23—44
J. Woodley	19	24—43
E. Nerley	19	23—42
A. Mott	21	20—41
G. Harris	20	20—40
G. Dunk	20	20—40

COBOURG.

S. Purser	22	22—44
T. York	22	21—43
J. Jackson	18	23—41
E. Throop	21	20—41
C. McCallum	20	20—40
G. Crowther	20	19—39

STIRLING

M. Cook	19	20—39
T. Wooten	18	19—37
F. Anderson	13	17—30
B. Whitty	14	12—26
A. Sprague	9	16—25

PETERBOROUGH.

C. Mills	23	23—46
S. Coon	21	22—43
H. Routley	21	21—42
Dr. Frank	20	21—41
Dr. Gowan	20	21—41
W. Belleghem	19	20—39
J. Touchs	18	21—39
C. Wood	19	19—38
J. Brightman	20	17—37
C. James	16	21—37
R. Tivey	14	20—34
C. Graham	14	19—33
J. Lundy	14	12—26
C. Lech	11	12—23
J. Bolger	10	10—20

The attendance at the regular shoot of the Peterborough Gun Club on July 2nd., was small, owing to several of the members being away after the holiday. The scores were: S. Coon 50, 44; S. Louchs 50, 40; C. Graham 50, 28; A. Jones 50, 27; C. Mills 25, 17; C. Wood 25, 16; C. James 25, 15; L. Lundy 25, 13;

St. Hubert Gun Club.

Two events of 25 birds were decided at the traps of the St. Hubert Gun Club on June 26th. Mr. V. V. Rogers won the spoon with a score of 47. The scores were as follows:

V. V. Rogers	23	24—47
A. W. Throop	24	22—46
W. C. Little	21	22—43
Geo. Easdale	20	22—42
Geo. O'Connor	19	23—42
Dr. Mohr	20	19—39
A. T. Philips	20	19—39
W. Williams	18	19—37
C. J. Booth	20	15—35
O. T. Ring	15	15—30
W. L. Cameron	16	13—29
E. W. McLennan	15	14—29
Geo. Bryson, jr.	13	15—28

EXTRA EVENT—25 Birds.

Geo. O'Connor	23	22—47
Geo. Easdale	21	22—46
A. T. Phillips	16	18—50
V. V. Rogers	19	19—38

The D. C. T. S. Association Gets New Name

At a largely attended meeting of the trap shooters from all parts of Canada held at Ottawa it was unanimously decided that game protection should form one of the leading features of the organization and the name was changed to the Dominion Game Protective and Trap Association. The officers elected were as follows:

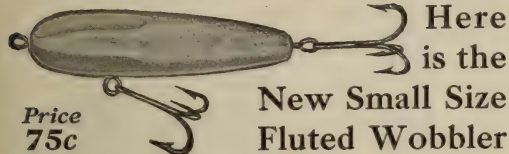
Pres. Robt. A. Sibbitt, Ottawa; 1st Vice-Pres., Mark Sprague, Belleville; 2nd Vice-Pres., R. B. Hutcheson, Montreal, Sec., Alfred Hewett, Toronto; Board of Directors, S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg; Maj. W. H. Singer, Niagara-on-the-Lake; Jos. Jennings, Toronto; George L. Vivian, Toronto.



No place becomes oppressive from the summer's heat or unpleasant through the winter's cold if it is situated in a forest region. It is an established fact that all the renowned Swiss health and pleasure resorts are in closest vicinity to woods and forests whose purifying presence and wholesome fragrance acts like a tonic on the human system.

In certain mountainous regions where landslides, torrents and avalanches would otherwise cause fearful havoc, the forests alone can ward these disasters off. This is the reason why every pine is held sacred in those districts, and why but small tracts of forests are denuded at one time and are immediately replanted.

Fishermen, Ho!



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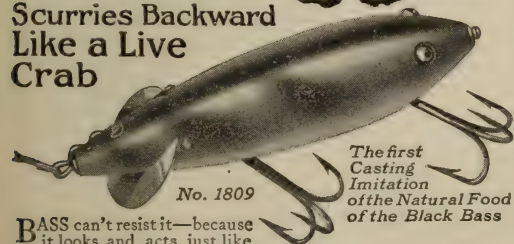
Wilson's Wobblers are now made in these six styles: Cupped Wobbler, surface, new this year; Fluted Wobbler, semi-surface; Winged Wobbler, deep water; Luminous Wobbler, Weedless Wobbler, Small Fluted Wobbler. Each style in six different colors.

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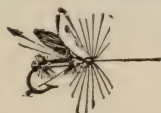
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30c	Regular price... 24c.	Quality B
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75c	for an assorted dozen.	
2.00	Regular price... \$1.00	
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TARGETS and TRAPS

At Kingsville, on June 3rd, Joe Jennings broke 321 x 225, including a run of 180 straight without a miss, shooting at Canadian Black Birds. Several runs of 100 and over at Ottawa D. C. T. S. A. Shoot.

MANUFACTURED BY
NELSON LONG, Hamilton, Ontario.

Strange thing what a perverted sense of humor some sportsmen have. One man writing recently of a squirrel hunt says: "One *funny* incident occurred when my companion shot a squirrel and only wounded it, so that it crawled into a hollow log. My friend then got a long stick and by persistently prodding got the squirrel lost, but in so doing he pulled the squirrel's tail off."

Did this man really think this incident funny, we wonder, or was it just an example of the use of the wrong word to express his meaning, and did he really mean that the incident was strange, peculiar, perhaps even unfortunate?

W. C. Redfield, secretary of commerce, will urge congressional legislation, it is now expected, based on the recommendation of three scientific experts, authorizing the resumption of the killing of seals at the Pribilof Islands next winter.

Canada and Japan which are interested financially in the American herd, by the term of treaty which abolished pelagic sealing made an investigation contemporaneously with the American experts. Both governments have made representations to the United States that the condition of the seal herd warrants resuming sealing operations at once.

Figures showing the growth of the fishing industry in the coast waters of Northern British Columbia made public at Prince Rupert by the fishery committee of the city show that over nine million pounds of halibut, in addition to salmon, cod, and herring were landed there in 1914. Since the inauguration of thorough service between Prince Rupert and Winnipeg over the Grand Trunk Pacific, it was claimed that a million pounds of fish had been shipped east each month to the prairies, Chicago, Montreal, New York, etc. The catch was worth more than half a million dollars in 1914 and in the present year it will be even larger and more valuable.

In Manitoba the season for shooting game birds remains unchanged.

The season for the shooting of up-land and other plover, woodcock, snipe or sandpiper and wild ducks, opens the 15th of September, and closes on the 30th of November. The season for prairie chicken, partridge, ptarmigan or other grouse opens on the 1st October and closes on the 20th October.

It is necessary for all persons other than a farmer or a member of a farmer's family actually residing on a farm in this province, who intend hunting game birds to obtain a license from the Department of Agriculture at Winnipeg before going to hunt. Resident bird license fee, \$1.00.

Non-residents of the Province must also procure a non-resident hunting license before going to hunt birds or animals of any kind; the fees, British subject resident in British territory, \$15.00, other non-residents, \$50.00.

Residents accompanying or aiding a non-resident to hunt or shoot, who have not obtained the necessary license shall be held equally to have violated the law and liable to like penalty.

Mr. J. A. Cholley of Montreal, a hunter's guide in the backwoods of Beauce County, near the main boundary and a Veteran of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, although 77 years of age upon the outbreak of the present war, went to Paris at his own expense and offered his services to the Minister of War in a personal interview. The minister of course could not accept a soldier at that age, at least, "not for the present." These latter words carried great comfort to Mr. Cholley, who hopes yet to account for a few Germans.

During the past year the Canadian Ford Company has spent a million dollars in new Canadian buildings and assembly plants at Montreal, Toronto, London and Ford. All of these buildings have been completed since the first of this year. Already it is said plans are under way for buildings of equal magnitude in Winnipeg and other branch cities, and these will be started in the near future.

The St. John N. B. Telegraph publishes the following news item from Albert, N. B.

"Dr. Carnwath had an unusual experience on Saturday night while coming up from Waterside in his automobile. When part way up he overtook two large moose on the road. One animal got off the side of the road, but the car struck the other big fellow, with the result that the car lamps were smashed. What damage the moose received was not discovered but he was able to make off into the bushes at a gait that showed surprise if nothing more."

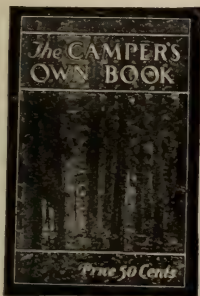
This method of hunting is rather rough on both automobile and moose.

Mrs. Ruth Kedzie Wood Thompson whose travel books on Russia, Spain and other European countries are standard works, and who is now on her way to Alaska, declares that the Canadian Steamships on the Great Lakes compare favorably in the matter of service with any liners afloat.

In a letter to Mr. E. W. Holton, General Passenger Agent, Northern Navigation Co.—Grand Trunk's Lake and Rail Route between Eastern and Western Canada—Mrs. Thompson says, "We found the service on the S. S. Hamonic of your line quite equal to that of the best European Hotels, and the best Atlantic liners. The housekeeping is perfection and the courtesy of the officers and attendants most exceptional. We have travelled so much in every part of the world that we feel that we observe with expert eyes. This vessel impresses us as favorably as any we have been on and certainly we have never had kinder attention."

That mystery which for forty-five years has veiled the origin of one of the queerest and rarest birds known to science has been revealed by the receipt at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, of a pair of skins of the ant thrush, forwarded among other specimens by Leo. E. Miller of the museum's staff.

Only two specimens of this bird had hitherto been known. One is in the British Museum, the other had for many years been in the study collection of the American Museum. They



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say about a hundred little practical details that hold close interest for you; and they spin a yarn or two by the way.

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PETERBOROUGH, CAN.

had appeared in London in 1870, and were bought in the millinery markets. It was supposed that the ant thrush had come from South America and possibly through the plumage depots at Bogota.

Mr. Miller was sent last fall to Columbia, South America, to make explorations and to report on the birds and mammals of the mountainous province of Antioquia. The ant thrushes were among two thousand specimens which the museum just received from him. They were found in the Paramillo region, 13,000 feet above sea level. The place where they were killed by blowguns was reached after the explorer had cut a new five mile trail.

The ant thrush is about six inches in length and in form is light and graceful. The male is slate colored and the female of a rusty brown. In the mating season there emerges from the dull plumage on the back of the male, as if by magic, a large tuft of snow white feathers in the form of a flower. It appears and disappears in a few seconds, and the effect is picturesque and almost startlingly beautiful.

The beak of the ant thrush is curved like manicure scissors and turned up in a peculiar manner. It would look to be no easy task for this bird to catch anything to eat or even take a drink unless he stood on his head, but he manages, all the same, to exist very comfortably and to make a living for himself and his family.

Mr. Miller also found several varieties of forest doves which are entirely new to science and several small mammals which have hitherto escaped observation. The collection includes a spectacled bear, which has not before been found in that part of the world, although its home is in the Andean ranges.

Canada has millions of acres of the finest timber in the world, and the men and the mills to handle it. Many of our woods are not used for certain purposes because they have not been tested for those uses. Sometimes we have actually imported woods when we had better kinds at home but did not know it. To make the best use of our native woods the Dominion Department of the Interior has established in connection with the Forestry Branch a forest products laboratory. This institution is constantly at work testing woods for paper making, building, furniture etc. An investigation of the use of wood for block paving has just been completed and the results issued in a pamphlet entitled "Treated Wood-Block Paving." This gives the latest facts and figures in regard to wood paving in Europe and America and removes many misconceptions. It shows the points to be guarded to secure the best results. All citizens interested in wood-block paving may have a copy of this pamphlet sent free to them by writing to the Director of Forestry, Ottawa.

A. Cornwall paper Publishes a photograph showing three huge sturgeon 400 lbs., caught opposite Cornwall. Sturgeon fishing is of considerable interest in that part of the St. Lawrence and is engaged in by some fishermen who have a license from the Government to capture huge fishes.

Years ago sturgeon used to be speared principally, and one well-known resident, the late William I. Sheets, made his headquarters at the head of Sheek Island, and had platforms built out from the shore, where the rapids are heaviest, and used torches to attract the fish as they breasted the current, and gaffed them. He had one or two storing ponds, in which as many as 75 or 100 fish were sometimes confined. Some were sent to the other side, but a good many were bought locally and smoked for future consumption. A small sturgeon, lightly salted and well smoked, is a delicacy not to be despised. Mr. Sheets was locally known, in this land of nicknames, as "Sturgeon Bill," and certainly earned the sobriquet.

Nowadays sturgeon are mostly caught on night lines, with from 600 to 1,200 hooks each. The hooks are baited with small fish or frogs or any other kind of offal, and the hauling of these up, with several big fish on them, is no boy's job.

Sturgeon are now sent principally to New York, and though the price fluctuates, and is not as good this year as in some previous seasons, it is a fairly profitable industry. One firm, Hitchcock and Lozo, which operates mostly on the American side opposite Cornwall, has shipped over 3,000 lbs. of sturgeon meat and 300 lbs. of spawn, which is used in making pure Russian caviare, and brings much higher price than the rest of the carcase.

"Hunting and Fishing" is a concise and comprehensive guide to the numerous hunting and fishing resorts of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, issued by the Canadian Government Railways. The foreword says:

While Quebec and the Maritime Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were the earliest settled portions of Canada, they still remain its best big game territory—in fact, the latter statement could be extended so as to include the whole of the North American continent and there would be no exaggeration. There are hundreds of square miles of forests and barrens, where the moose, caribou, deer and bear roam as free as did their kind a hundred years ago—nay, in the case of the moose, caribou and deer, they are distinctly better off than were their forebears, owing to the strict enforcement of the provincial game laws, which is also accountable for the marked increase of these denizens of the forests in recent years.

What has been said of this country as a great region for hunting, is equally true of it with regard to the fishing. Although many of the noted streams are under lease, there are still opportunities for salmon fishing, while there is no lack of the best angling for trout. With such a stretch of coast line it will readily be understood there are innumerable opportunities for deep sea fishing. This sport not only includes the ordinary specimens of the finny tribe—cod, haddock and mackerel—but the more exclusive dwellers of the deep, such as tuna and the swordfish.

Excellent wild fowl shooting is to be obtained. Duck, partridge, plover, woodcock, snipe, are plentiful, and the fall shooting of geese, duck and brant are worthy of special mention.

Saves Kitchen Waste

There will be no more throwing away of good food if you keep a bottle of Bovril in the kitchen. Bovril, with its fine flavor and ease of manipulation, helps you to make delightful dishes out of cold food. Better soup, better stews—less expense. But it must be Bovril.

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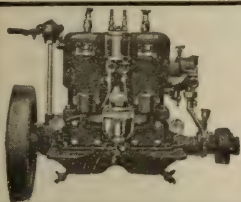
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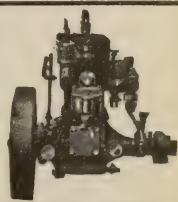


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The guides are well organized and can properly outfit and equip parties for an outing that may last two or three weeks or more, having chains of camps furnished with everything the hunter may require, and the necessary camp wagons and canoes. And this vast game and fish preserve is so easy of access. The sportsman has but to glance at the map, trace the line of the Intercolonial Railway from Montreal to its Atlantic terminus, note how the country is intersected with rivers and streams, and virtually select the station on the line from which to make his incursion into the woods.

The object of this booklet is to help in the selection. The sportsman will be told the kind of game and fish to be procured, and how and where to procure it, the guides and their charges, the best outfitting places, the hotels and boarding house accommodation, the fish and game laws of the various provinces, customs regulations, and useful hints as to the proper equipment. Should further information be desired, and he will write the General Passenger Department of the Canadian Government Railways, every endeavor will be made to obtain the sportsman's requirements.

Mr. Sam Holmes of Chatham, Ont., went in for wild duck raising, it is related, some time ago. In the back yard of his Wellington street home he fashioned a coop and some time afterwards his efforts were rewarded with the sight of 56 fluffy balls, known as young Mallards. A short time afterwards he woke one morning to make the gruesome discovery that during the night an army of rats had invaded his coop and had accounted for the death of 16 of the fluffy balls. There they were scattered about the yard on a miniature Langemarck field. Naturally Mr. Holmes got mad and adopted tactics whereby any future intentions of the rats would be frustrated. Taking the remaining 40 youngsters and the old mother out of the yard he carried them off to his country farm, or rather, back to nature. It was a proud sight as the old duck and the forty fluffy balls were tumbled into the farm lane. Mr. Holmes' views on the duck raising subject were altered rapidly however when the old bird followed by the train of youngsters waddled some thirty feet to a convenient wheat field and were swallowed up in the grass, the migration spirit evidently proving too much for them.

Mr. John Nichol of 22 Blantyre Avenue, Balmy Beach, Toronto, Ont. would appreciate information regarding a formula that is to be recommended for tanning pelts and which will leave same "nice and soft" after they are done. Can any of our readers furnish him with a formula which they have found successful?

Japan, in the number of persons who make their living by fishing, leads the world. In the actual value of fish taken a number of other nations surpass Japan, but in the number of men engaged in fishing and in the proportion of these to the total population, Japan leads the world. It is estimated that

one person in twenty is more or less of a fisherman and that fish in some form appears daily on the table of every Japanese family, in some cases at every meal. Half a million boats are engaged in the fishing industry, with a million professional fishermen, and another million and a half devoting part of their time to fishing.

A Cleveland correspondent writes to ask if there is to be a Toronto Exhibition this year. "Business as usual" is the motto of the promoters of the "Canadian National Exhibition" This is to be "Patriotic" year and the directors are endeavoring in every way to stimulate and hasten the commercial awakening that must follow or precede Peace and towards this end are going ahead with the Fair on a larger scale than ever before. J. O. Orr, City Hall, Toronto is General Manager and from him may be obtained detailed information as to the special attractions which are to be offered this year. The opening day is August 28th. and the closing day September 13th.

There have been rumors regarding the sale of various American ammunition plants to foreign interests and in this connection the Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co. advise, through their Vice-President, and General Manager, Mr. Samuel F. Pryor, that no amount of money which anybody might offer would induce the owners to dispose of the plants and thus prevent the performance of existing contracts. The additions to the plants now under construction are in accord with the policy of expansion adopted by the Company prior to the outbreak of the European war.

With a view to recommending measures for increasing the supply of whitefish in Lake Simcoe, as well as to study the general situation, J. B. Fielding, the new provincial fish culturist, is making a thorough examination of the lake. The visit to Lake Simcoe is one of a great many Mr. Fielding will make this Summer to fishing grounds in Ontario. He completed an investigation into conditions in Long Point Bay in Lake Erie, one of the largest spawning grounds for bass on the lake, chiefly in order to study the effect upon the bass of the carp fishing operations. Further investigation will probably be made, and if the carp fishing is found to interfere with spawning, measures will be taken to protect the bass.

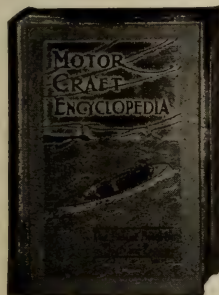
In 1847, Gardner M. Skinner of Clayton N. Y. patented and put on the market the first fluted blade. Since that time the industry has had a steady and healthy growth. until today Skinners baits may be found at every spot on the globe where there is fishing; orders from Japan, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Germany, France, England and other European countries, as well as Canada and the whole United States being received annually. Only the very best material is used, being made up into the finished product by the most careful, painstaking and experienced workmen.

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If you own a motor boat or ever expect to, you should not be without a copy of this book. It costs only \$1.25, but its worth cannot be estimated. It is endorsed by the leading boat and engine manufacturers, motor boating publications and boat clubs. The largest firm of marine engine builders in the world, after reading a copy of Motor Craft Encyclopedia, said: "We never expected that such a useful, practical book, would ever be published. Instead of \$1.25 you ought to charge \$5.00. The information it contains is invaluable.

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W. J. TAYLOR, LTD., PUBLISHER, Woodstock, Ont.

"Standardization" was the slogan of the Society of Automobile Engineers during the summer convention and cruise held aboard the Noronic June 14 to 17. And to carry out the auto builders' ideas, the Northern Navigation Company, owners of the Noronic and other large steamers which make voyages in Lakes Huron and Superior as well as the Georgian Bay district, "standardized" the lunch baskets, as well as their contents, used at the engineers' picnic at Point au Baril on Wednesday, June 16.

Directly the engineers had departed from Detroit and were steaming toward the Thirty Thousand Islands, "standardization" became a much-used word among the cruisers. And as business sessions were held on board the Noronic, the officers of the steamer became enthusiastic over the benefits expected to result from the standardization.

Immediately they laid plans to do a bit of standardizing and when Point au Baril was reached, they presented their ideas in regard to standardization. The lunch baskets for the engineer-picnickers were all exactly alike. On being opened a set of "Specifications" was found to include the menu for the picnic. And the lunch was standardized. Not an engineer secured more than the allotted number of sandwiches, and the other edibles were distributed to specifications. There was ginger ale in specially-made bottles which fitted the lunch baskets. The pickles and olives were all of exact size.

The engineers were delighted with the "standardized" picnic. In fact so pleased were the automobile men, many of whom were accompanied by their families, that the Northern Navigation Company plans to serve similar luncheons this year at all other picnics which are held in connection with the cruises.

"When the barbarous contention that might is right is effectually disposed of for at least another hundred years though at such terrible cost," says Mr. Edwin Tinsley, in the report of the Game and Fisheries department of Ontario for 1914, "it is reasonable to expect that for many years to come our wealthy American neighbors will not seek health and recreation in the blood-stained and devastated countries of Europe, but will wisely decide to seek the rest and recreation they require in the beautiful northern woods and lake districts of Ontario, unexcelled elsewhere for that purpose. It should be the imperative duty of all concerned, viz., railroad and steamboat companies, hotel and store-keepers, guides and others, to show all possible courtesy to our visitors. Extortion or incivility by licensed guides should be reported to this Department."

What Mr. Tinsley has urged upon the people of Ontario whose business it is to cater to the requirements of tourists, applies with equal force to those engaged in a similar work throughout the other provinces of Canada, all of which have their peculiar attractiveness to the tourist or sportsman.

This year there will probably be a greater number of visitors to Canada's lake and river districts than ever before. To these the

appeal is made to protect the waters from pollution. The chief attraction of many resorts is the healthy atmosphere and the excellent fishing. Neither of these can continue unless the summer visitors do their part in sanitary protection.

Respecting the disgraceful slaughter of sea fowl in Gaspé, a reliable correspondent writes as follows:

"A week ago today—Sunday, June 6th—an automobile load of "sportsmen" (?) arrived in Percé, all with guns, and were immediately taken to Bonaventure Island to spend the day shooting sea birds. I was not able to get over there until late in the week but even then the talus shores were spotted with maimed and winged gannets that had dragged themselves up out of reach of the surf to die. As these men did not take a single bird away from the Island and were there avowedly only for the "sport" of shooting it is obvious how wanton the slaughter was.

"It is most regrettable that the Quebec laws do not provide any adequate protection for these birds—they being neither ducks nor perching birds. The acts might be stretched to technically cover such cases but the result would be very doubtful."

It is difficult to find words to characterize adequately such inhuman slaughter of God's creatures.

Canada is certain to be visited by increasing numbers of tourists and holiday visitors during the next few years. Conditions in Europe and in other parts of the world preclude the possibility of safe travel abroad. For this reason Canada should encourage tourists by perfecting and adding to her many natural attractions. The recent action of the Ontario Government in appointing a consulting fisheries engineer and fish culturist is, therefore, to be commended. The new official is Mr. J. B. Fielding, F.Z.S., of Barrie, Ontario, and his work will be to examine the waters of the province to determine scientifically their suitability for the various species of fishes. Special efforts will also be made to develop new and attractive fishing grounds for holidaying sportsmen. Another important branch of the new officials work will be an attempt to improve the strain of some of the Ontario fishes, which have steadily deteriorated within recent years. Mr. Fielding has an excellent opportunity for performing valuable public service.

Absence of organization among Canadian lovers of wild life accounts largely for their failure thus far to check the rapid decrease in our game birds and animals. The attack on game has been systematic and persistent; the defence has been unorganized and ineffective. It lacks the driving force of methodical effort. Indifferent success, if not entire failure, has been the natural result.

There are signs, however, that the awakening is at hand, and that game protection is to benefit by the advocacy of powerful agencies. The Dominion Trap Shooting Association recently altered its name to "The Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Assoc-



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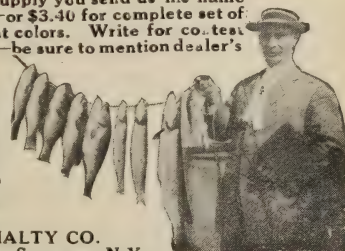
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iation. "The change is due to recognition of the urgent need for conservation of wild life among the sportsmen who compose this society. A second instance of growing interest in the subject of game protection was furnished when the Trent Valley Trap Shooters' League recently passed a resolution favouring the prohibition of the sale of wild ducks in Ontario. This resolution is narrow in application but is a step in the right direction. It aims at the elimination of the most destructive factor, the market hunter.

The birds and animals of Canada have suffered severely from the half-hearted efforts of their protectors. Public opinion has waited on organization and the watch-word now for all lovers of wild life should be "organization and co-operation."

The popular impression in Canada that the preservation of wild life is merely a desirability, not a positive necessity—is fatally false and is responsible for the serious inroads already suffered by our game resources. Public opinion has been powerless to check destruction and will remain so as long as the campaign for wild life protection depends upon an appeal to sentiment for its dynamic force. No conservation issue can progress far on that

basis. The people of this continent move most resolutely in response to economic motives, and the necessary prelude to proper protection of wild life in Canada is wider dissemination of exact knowledge regarding its money value.

Recent experience in the United States illustrates the force of economic motives. For several years, efforts were made in that country to secure federal protection for migratory game birds. The campaign was chiefly an appeal to sentiment and made little headway. The proposal was then extended to include insectivorous birds, wide publicity was given to the fact that insect pests damaged crops annually to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars, and within one year a popular demand, that years of sentimental appeal had failed to arouse, forced congress to pass a law placing all migratory birds under federal control. The preservation of wild life achieved the status of a national business enterprise.

Canada's wild life is as valuable as that of the United States. To preserve it as a national asset we need not pursue the method adopted by our American neighbours, but we do require to gain their sane viewpoint.

UTILIZATION OF FISH WASTE

ONE of the problems that has long confronted the operators of fish canneries is how best to dispose of cannery waste. This waste is usually very heavy. In the case of humpback salmon, it has been stated that "the waste is from 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. of the round weight." The waste from the "red" salmon is rather less, but it constitutes a serious loss.

According to an estimate of the United States Department of Agriculture, the waste at the Pacific Coast canneries amounted to 140,210 tons in 1913, which, at values fixed by commercial operations, would amount to over two million dollars.

The products obtained from the reduction of the waste are fish scrap for fertilizer and fish oil. An average of several analysis of the raw waste from humpback salmon showed that it contained 3.02 per cent. nitrogen, 3.46 per cent. bone phosphate and 10.43 per cent. of oil. At retail prices this would give a value of \$20 a ton. It would seem desirable, therefore, to establish fish reduction plants in the neighborhood of the larger canneries to utilize the waste.

One difficulty, however, has been that the

canning industry is carried on for only a short time each year and, as the fish reduction plants are expensive, considerable capital would be kept idle during most of the year. On the Atlantic coast of the United States this handicap has been overcome largely by gathering in enormous quantities of menhaden, a species of herring, and converting these into fertilizer and oil. Nearly 50 factories, having a total invested capital of over \$3,500,000, are engaged in this latter industry. In 1912, they produced 6,651,000 gallons of oil, valued at \$1,551,990, and 88,520 tons of scrap valued at \$2,138,165.

Again, the kelp resources of the Pacific coast, which are being investigated by Prof. Prince, are without doubt of great value, and may possibly be exploited to advantage by those operating the fish scrap industry. In any event, the utilization of fish waste will not be an entire success until the cost of the process of reduction is lowered or means are found for keeping the plants in operation for longer periods each year. It is a field deserving close attention from those interested in Canada's fisheries.



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DROWNING ACCIDENTS

EVERY summer, a large number of lives are lost by drowning in the various bodies of water in Canada and particularly at summer resorts. Occasionally these are unavoidable accidents but most of them are due to carelessness and are preventable.

The first safeguard against drowning accidents is to know how to swim and it should be an essential part of every child's education. In England much more attention is paid to the instruction of school children in this useful and healthful form of exercise.

Children, after learning to swim, are liable to become too venturesome and should be cautioned not to take risks, as there is always the danger of cramps or heart failure due to the extra tax put upon the heart through exposure to cold water or through over-exertion.

In rescuing the victim of a drowning accident great care must be taken by the swimmer. Do not close in rashly, but act warily and bear in mind that the only safe and ready way to subdue a frantic man in the water is to secure a hold from behind him. A simple and effective way is to lunge unexpectedly for his wrist, and, with a sudden, outward movement, spin him about, throwing your free arm around his neck. Once you have him thus you can, if he is submissive, grasp him by the hair or the neck of his suit and with a quick pull towards you, start him floating face upward, when you throw yourself gently backwards, and proceed to tow him in this position, or by swimming with your unhindered arm and the legs. As a last resort, a stunning blow on the head is effective.

The work of resuscitation includes the following:—

First—Freeing the stomach and air passages from water and mucus.

Second—Forcing the vitiated air from the lungs.

Third—Replacing the foul gases with pure air.

Fourth—Inducing circulation.

Fifth—Restoring natural respiration. This of course is the final and essential aim.

1. Lay patient down carefully prone with face downward. Open mouth wide, and if foul with mucus or foreign matter, clean with hand or cloth. Stand across body, facing the head, pass your arms around the waist until your hands meet over the left side, interlocking the fingers in order to grasp the stomach between your palms. Force out the water by raising the body from the middle, at the same time pressing the hands together. Knead inward and upwards under the ribs from the left side towards the centre. Press for four seconds, then relax, endeavoring to grasp more of the stomach pouch, until water ceases flowing from the mouth.

2. Place a pillow-like support beneath the victim at the stomach. Turn his head to windward and crook his arm on the side

opposite the face and rest the head in the bend of his arm.

3. Kneel over the patient facing the head, with one leg on each side of the body. Rest your open hands on his back, thumbs near the spine, at the height of victim's elbow, with fingers spread over the lower ribs. Throw yourself forward with weight on your arm, and with steady, increasing pressure force the foul air from the lungs. After four seconds straighten up quickly, releasing the ribs, so that they will spring back into place. Bend over again immediately to press for four seconds more, then straighten. Continue this treatment until signs of life begin to appear. Make from twelve to fifteen respiratory acts to the minute. Do not become discouraged if your efforts at resuscitation do not at first meet with success, as often a patient will respond after all hope seems lost.

Authentic cases are on record of victims having been restored to life after being under water for as much as half an hour, and it has at times taken as long as four hours to induce natural respiration in the apparently drowned.

4. As soon as natural breathing sets in strip the patient of all wet clothing, cover the upper body with something warm and dry and start rubbing the limbs with rapid strokes, first from the centre joints towards the heart and gradually working down in this manner to the extremities.

5. After massaging the patient put him to bed and if natural heat does not return promptly, distribute covered hot bricks or water bottles at the soles of the feet, over the stomach and under the armpits.

6. If necessary, give patient whiskey, brandy or other stimulants, diluted in hot water. Administer in teaspoon or tablespoon doses, every ten or fifteen minutes for the first hour, and as often as seems expedient thereafter.

Treatment of Electric Shock

Electric shocks suspend the action of the heart and breathing should be restored by artificial means.

Although the shock may appear to have been fatal, life may often be restored if action is taken without delay, and continued vigorously and patiently.

The steps to take are:—

Remove the body from contact with the wire, cable, or other conductor by breaking or disconnecting the circuit; dragging the patient away by his coat-tails, the hands being protected by rubber gloves or any dry wollen material, such as a cap, folded several times or with a stick or any non-conducting material.

If possible, without discontinuing the treatment, send for a doctor.

After removal do not wait to undo the clothing but proceed to restore breathing by the same method as described above for drowning accidents.—W. J. D.

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J. W. REYNOLDS DECOY FACTORY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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Highest Velocity Rifles in the World.

USE FACTORY AMMUNITION

New American made bolt action rifle ready for delivery about next September. Uses Newton high power cartridges in .22 caliber, .256 caliber, .280 caliber, .30 caliber, .33 caliber, and .35 caliber, also .30 caliber Springfield. .256 Newton, 123 grain bullet, velocity 3100 f.s. .30 Newton, 170 grain bullet, velocity 3000 f.s.

PRICE \$40.00. Send stamp for descriptive circular. We have been delayed in getting machinery on account of the demand for making military rifles for export; but it is now coming in. Sporting stocks and .256 barrels for Springfield rifles now ready, \$12.50 each.

NEWTON ARMS CO., INC., 506 Mutual Life Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The following scores were made at the Tournament of The Alberta Provincial Trapsshooters' Association at Red Deer, Alta., on July 1 and 2, 1915.

	1st Day	20	20	20	20	25	20	20	20	25	30	25	20		
	2nd Day	20	20	20	20	50	20	20	20	20	25	25	20		
Cowderoy G. M.	1st Day	20	17	17	16	24	18	18	18	18	25	23		220	196
	2nd Day	19	19	20	18	47	16	20	18	20				210	197
Logan A.	1st Day	19	19	15	18	22	15	18	16	19	21			220	182
	2nd Day	19	18	17	17	42	12	16	12	16				210	169
Esch A. N.	1st Day	13	18	14	15	17	11	14	16	18				190	136
	2nd Day	13	19	15	15	34	16	16	17	15				210	160
Glenister, J.	1st Day	10	12	13	11		9	17	18	18	13			195	121
	2nd Day														
Mores, W. A.	1st Day	19	18	17	19	21	15	14	15	22	20			220	180
	2nd Day	18	17	18	17	44	15	19	20	17				210	185
Robinson, R. G.	1st Day	17	20	18	17	20	13	19	18	24	21			220	187
	2nd Day	17	19	19	20	45	18	19	19	19				210	195
McLaren, W. B.	1st Day	16	20	15	18	20	20	16	17	24	22			220	188
	2nd Day	16	19	18	17	47	18	19	18	18				210	190
Bishop, R. W.	1st Day	19	17	18	20	23	18	18	16	24	20			220	193
	2nd Day	19	20	20	19	44	17	20	17	19				210	195
Garden, J.	1st Day	16	19	15	17	16	12	12	14	17	14			220	152
	2nd Day	17	17	16	18	43	16	12	16	14	43			260	222
Simpson, H. A.	1st Day	13	17	15	18	18	16	15	16		19			195	147
	2nd Day														
Plaxton, W. H.	1st Day	18	17	17	19	23	18	17	19	24	17			220	189
	2nd Day	20	19	16	18	40	17	20	17	18				210	185
Morris, F. H. *	1st Day	18	17	18	19		15	19	15	21	20			195	162
	2nd Day	18	19	17	19	45	18	19	20	19	24	24		260	242
Campbell, J. M.	1st Day	14	17	12	10		16	16	12		15			170	112
	2nd Day														
Smith, D. A.	1st Day	13	16	11	16	20	20	18	19	19	24			220	176
	2nd Day	17	15	17	16	43			17	18				170	143
Lund, F. L.	1st Day	18	18	19	20	20	18	19	19		17			195	168
	2nd Day	13	19	17	18	43	20	16	15	18				210	179
Garland, D. L.	1st Day	14	16	16	9									80	55
	2nd Day														
Collier, C. S.	1st Day	14	14	15	12									80	55
	2nd Day														
Boode, O.	1st Day	10	15	12	18		13	14						120	82
	2nd Day														
Danner, G.	1st Day	13	15	10	16									80	54
	2nd Day														
Kirk, H. J.	1st Day	13	15	11	17	22	17	15	13	21	16			220	160
	2nd Day	17	16	12	14	13	14	17						170	103
Holmes, W.	1st Day	16	19	13	12	20	17	20	18	23	22			220	180
	2nd Day														
West, G. H.	1st Day	14	18	16	15	19	19	18	15	23	24			220	181
	2nd Day														
Garbe, A.	1st Day	14	18	15	17	19	18	18	12					165	131
	2nd Day														
Stanford, C.	1st Day	14	15	12	16	21	19	18	17	23	23			220	178
	2nd Day														
Pollard, J.	1st Day	16	18	14	12	22	15	17	17	19	15			220	165
	2nd Day														
Segerstrem, C. W.	1st Day	14	18	15	16	20								105	83
	2nd Day														
James, G.	1st Day	15	20	16	16	19			13					125	99
	2nd Day														
Farrell, J.	1st Day	13	18	15	20	21	15	17	17					165	136
	2nd Day														
Alexander, R.	1st Day	14	18	14	19	18		17	13	23				170	136
	2nd Day														
Archer, R. F.	1st Day	12	13	11	12									80	48
	2nd Day														
MacKay, R. J. *	1st Day	18	20	17	18		18	19	19	25	22			195	176
	2nd Day	17	18	19	18	48	15	17	18	19	23	22		260	234
Hare, W. S. *	1st Day	15	14	15	15		14	17	14		18			170	122
	2nd Day	15	15	13	14	31	13	17	13	15	19	18		260	183
Schwager, P. C.	1st Day	18	18	17	17		19	19	19	24	21			195	172
	2nd Day	18	19	18	20	49	18	20	20	20				210	202
Saunders, R. J.	1st Day	14	18	12	16									80	60
	2nd Day														
Davis, W. R.	1st Day	16	18	10	15	14	18	18	14	23	13			220	159
	2nd Day	17	19	16	18	40	16	19	16	15				210	176
Oliver, A.	1st Day	12	14	16	14		17	11	15					140	99
	2nd Day														
Day, S. V.	1st Day	19	18	16	14	22	14	18	19	24				190	154
	2nd Day	16	20	12	19	42	17	20	15	18				210	179
Stephenson, A. T.	1st Day		13	14	12									60	39
	2nd Day														
Estell, Earl	1st Day	19	16	17	18		19	18	16	23	23			195	169
	2nd Day	17	19	20	17	47	17	17	18					190	172
Pettet, W. L.	1st Day	15	16	15	17		13	19	18	20				140	113
	2nd Day	18	18	16	16	43	15	14	17	16				210	173
Hamilton, C. W.	1st Day	15	16	16	16		16	17	15					140	111
	2nd Day														
Parsons, R.	1st Day	15	16	13	16		14	12						120	86
	2nd Day														
Cairns, J. J.	1st Day	16	16	18	15		16	19	17	22	20			195	159
	2nd Day	19	17	17	17	44	16	18	19	19				210	186
Parker, G. B.	1st Day	15	15	13	12		17	19	19		20			170	130
	2nd Day														
Kost, E. L.	1st Day				15		17	16	18	20	21			135	107
	2nd Day	16	19	17	18	40	15	18	16	18				210	177
Allan, R. K.	1st Day				14	18								45	32
	2nd Day														
Carder, F. D.	1st Day						13	16	18					60	47
	2nd Day														
Lanigan, P. E.	1st Day						13	4	15					60	32
	2nd Day														
Esdale, M.	1st Day	18	16	16	15	41	17	17	13	18				210	171

*Professionals



**“No man
is a born
woodsman or
trapper . . .**

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“Those who seek to be trappers today must in a measure, at least, emulate the old-timers’ ways, and, profiting by the experience of others, learn even to avoid their failures, yet achieve their successes. Life is too short for universal personal experiment; the successful man of today is the one who profits by the experience of others—reaps a harvest or reward.”

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Special Values in Motor Boats, Launches, Metal Duck Boats,
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Big Value For Boat-Seekers

Semi-Speed Launch 23 x 4 ft. 3 inches. This is a fast and beautiful little launch and while the Catalogue price is \$220.00 will sell at \$200.00 to make a quick sale. **Strelinger Marine Engine**—1½ to 2 H. P. single cylinder. Little Giant marine engine cylinder 3 inch bore 2½ inch stroke wgt. 60 lbs. including shaft and propeller. Two cycle equipped with jump spark ignition. Supplied with equipment No. 2. Special price of \$53.00.

Attractive Offers For Shooters

Watson Military Rear Sight No. 11—This is the finest sight on the market for Ross and Lee-Enfield rifles. The readings for yards, degrees and wind are on separate thin steel plates. Every one-fifth of a degree of adjustment is indicated by a distinct "snap" which can be both felt and heard. The wind, degrees and ranges in yards up to 1500 are situated right in front of the shooter's eyes so that he does not require to move a muscle to see his readings. Price with two eye-cups \$5.00.

For a limited time we will furnish this sight with the Ross 280 Rifle at the regular price of \$55.00. Don't fail to order now or you will miss a bargain.

Watson No. 10 Rear Sight—The top or adjusting sleeve is held secure by the lock washer which is forced up by the under or lock sleeve. This sleeve does not act as a jamb nut but simply brings two sets of teeth into articulation. It is easy on itself and quick to operate and is the neatest and surest lock ever invented. Price with two eye cups \$3.50.

Mount one on your Savage 1899 Repeater and get results.

Remington 25-30-32-35 Calibre high power rifle complete with Watson Rear Sight \$27.00.

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That Will Suit You?

Sportsmen's Hatchets—These hatchets are handled and complete in sole leather case. They are of highest grade steel and sheath alone is worth 75 cents.

No.	Wgt.	Price
40	¾ lb.	\$.85
41	1 lb.	.90
42	1½ lbs.	.95
43	1½ lbs.	1.00
44	1¾ lbs.	1.10
45	2 lbs.	1.20
46	2¼ lbs.	1.25

Don't fail to enclose postage if you wish same sent post paid.

Little Prices on Great Gun Values

Remington Model 12, 22 repeater complete with No. 3 sight (as above). Price \$14.90.

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Wilson Kamp Kook Kit—54 pieces, price—\$9.50.

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SAME ADDRESS SINCE 1904

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ROD and GUN *IN-CANADA*

SEPTEMBER, 1915 FIFTEEN CENTS



"AFTER THE BLACK DUCKS"

Live Decoy Ducks
and Some Tales
of Shooting Over
Them

Duck Shooting in
the Cariboo

After the Black
Ducks

Two Hundred
Acres of Geese

Duck Breeding in
the Park Country,
Alberta

Seeing Things

Old Moss Back

Where Lake Trout
and Big Game
Abound

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VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 4

Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, September 1915

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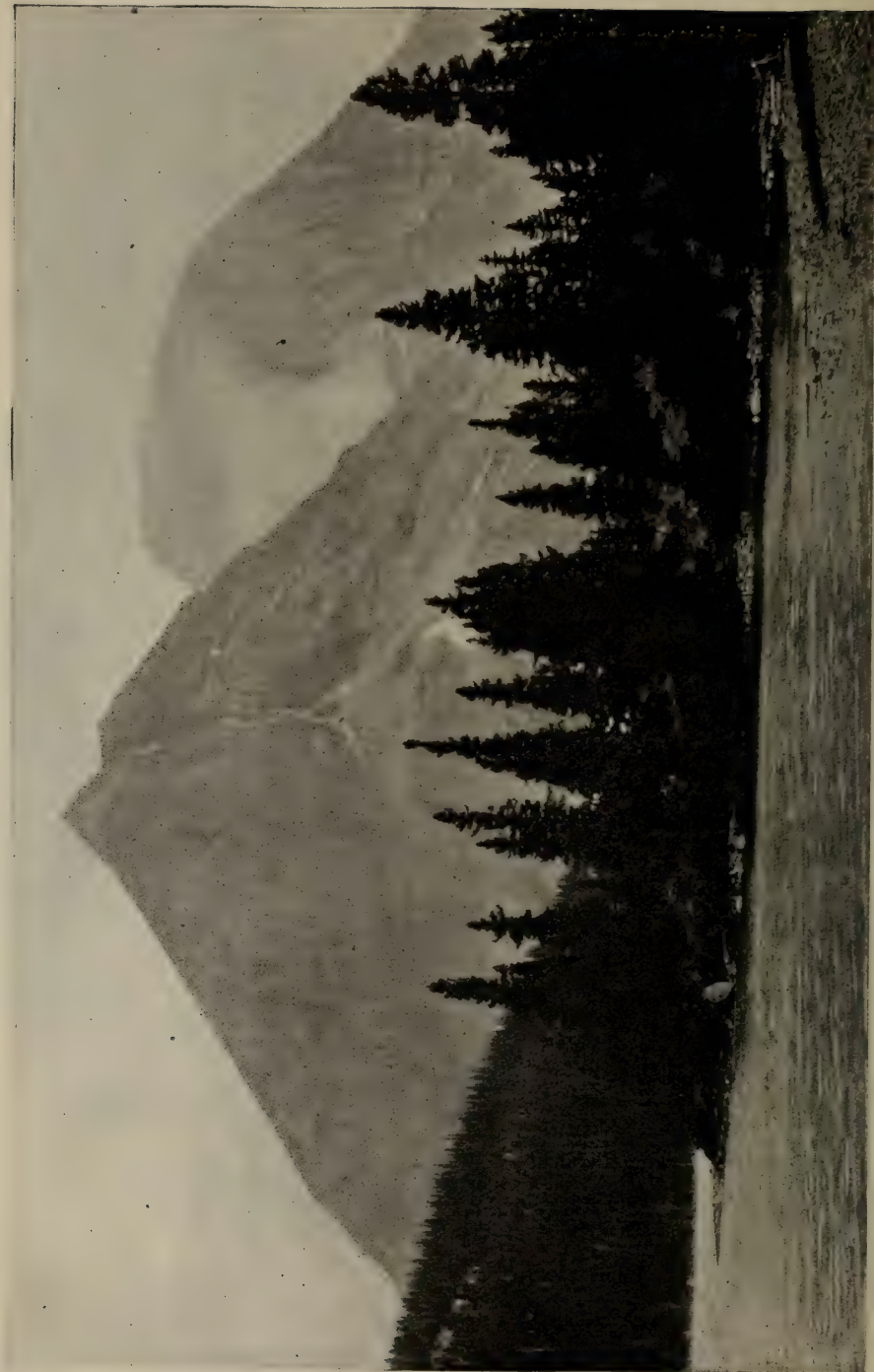
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LAKE ADOLPHUS, ROBSON PARK, B.C.



LIVE DECOY DUCKS AND SOME TALES OF SHOOTING OVER THEM

BONNYCASTLE DALE

CATCH that one!" Now the bally thing is in the marsh. Why, it's coming back." Just look at that!"

We were in the midst of that most joyful work, taking the decoys out of their pens and putting the leg anchors on. Every time we touched one of these excellent looking decoys.—they were exact tame reproductions of the Dusky Mallard or Black Duck.—they called to all and sundry that we were murdering them, making the most fearful row all over the marsh. I do not know what the wild birds thought of that "quacking, myamphing, cackling scabble" but it occurred regularly twice a day just before sunrise and just after sunset. Then the poor foolish things would eat complacently out of our hands as if we were their dearest friends. Look at Darby seated on the bow of the big canoe. Can you distinguish it from a wild black duck? You may say the neck is a trifle too coarse. Not a bit for a squatted duck, you ought to see that same neck when Darby is objecting to being handled. It is as long and as thin as a black snake's then. There is one thing these poor captive birds do not know how to do—that is to eat. They are fairly pining away from starvation. Except for an early breakfast and a few bits of wild rice and an odd crop full of floating marsh weed seeds and a bit of lunch and two or three meals before dark, and then

a gorge, they do not eat much! This pictured bird weighed over seven pounds. She would tuck in so much food that she looked as if she had been in a panic and got all pressed out of shape. All you had to do was to rap on any old tin and up the heads went, up and down in the silliest old dance. Then when they were gorged they would pick up a frog and go through the motions of swallowing just for practice.

Now that our ducks were on the island we found we were not the only animals that desired them. There is a regular runway of large marsh rats—a slightly larger rat than the common house one, with a terrific squeal like a miniature steam engine running away exhaust steam to keep the public awake so that they might move and thus increase traffic. These rats, however, were not wise in their generation for on approaching and locating the fat desirable ducks in the pens they promptly fell to quarreling and fighting among themselves and we sneaked out and dropped a couple of muskrat traps near the pen—and we had a bite pretty quick followed by another and a perfect chorus of squeals from the poor captured rats. After this we put the pen about four feet from the ground and the rats used to sit around and lick their chops until they got cold feet and struck off for their bank-dwelling homes.

Behold us fighting mosquitoes with

one hand and tying leg anchors with the other and fervently wishing that old Mother Nature had given us a third with which to kill the cowardly insects that were backbiting us. Into the canoe pen went Darby and Joan and off we set in two canoes for the shooting grounds. The decoys kept up an undertone of cooing and billing (they really used a very birdlike note) all the way through the dark and silent rice beds, only quacking out in alarm when a paddle struck the pen or a gun slipped and bumped against it. We found just where the mosquitoes were thickest and here we stopped and opened the pen. Darby never waits for an introduction, just dashes right in—so out Darby flopped. Joan more cautious, waited until my hand touched her and then she let out a squeal that made the rice birds and mudhens answer quickly in alarm. Out goes two stone anchors and the birds promptly start to fly away. "Splash, Splash, splash"—that's where they lit when the anchor lines jerked them back to mother earth—or we should say, water. After a few more frantic leaps and splashes they contented themselves by tying the anchor lines into the most abominable mess a duckshooter ever tried to untangle in the insect ridden darkness. No sooner would I get a nice knot loosened than Joan would spring up into the air and bring up a wet slob of lily leaves with a nicē trimming of mud on it plump into my face. Then she crossed Darby's line and I gave up and lighted my pipe and told them to tangle themselves up so that one would not know which was t'other. I then paddled back and threw the mosquito net over me and as dawn seemed a long time in coming I struck a match and looked at my watch. It had stopped at five minutes to four. Why it was that when we left camp, I remembered. The rat trap went off just as I was winding the watch to start it. Here it was 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Fritz proposed that we eat last night's supper over again. I objected.

"Well, you can't prevent me from having last night's sleep over again anyhow." I heard a rustle in the other canoe, then a sigh of content

and soon the frogs were not the only things "more—rumming" in the marsh. What an evil thing bad example is. I too slept.

"I can see the mark it leaves when it's swimming."

The voice woke me instantler.

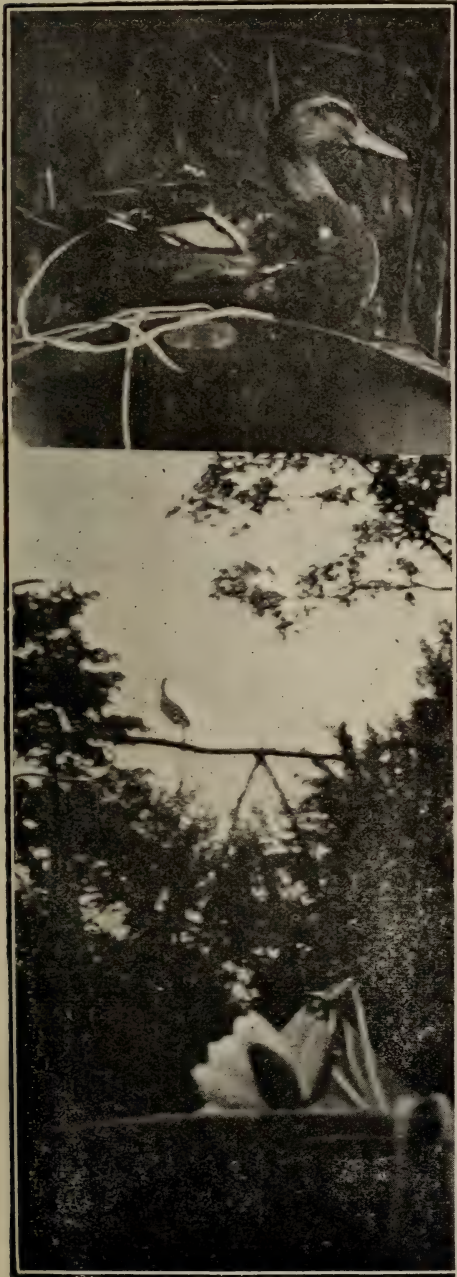
"Don't shoot. They're tame decoys" I stuttered out through the folds of the sleeping net. Then I heard the "tump tump" of the paddles stealing off into the darkness. I called to Fritz but all I got from him was something about it being my turn to light the fire, so I paddled over and wakened him with trickling paddledrops as the dawn was now spreading up the eastern sky.

Just a word about shooting before and after actual sunrise. In the first place few, very few, of the Game Inspectors know the exact moment when the sun rises or sets. They take that ancient and musty treatise, the Almanac for it. You know the book, "January, snow or hail may be expected this month unless it is warm and then we will have rain either early or towards the middle of the month." Standard time cannot be so arbitrarily divided as to give an exact sunrise for, say, the whole of Ontario. The world travels 1041 odd miles per hour so the chap nearest the eastern end of the divisional places would have a nice thirty minutes leverage over the western chap.

Again where is the duckhunter who will not shoot at a bird passing over him in clear daylight even if the sun is not up? Well, he does not live in Canada, I'll wager. As for sunset, why the lazy old sun goes to bed fully an hour before the ducks are through streaming into their feeding grounds and, while I condemn very late shooting, as all the birds are lost, I do most emphatically say that all hunters should be allowed to shoot as soon and as long as they can see ducks clearly. Why make law breakers of a lot of honest men, for they have broken and are breaking, and will continue to, unwittingly sometimes perhaps, break this most silly law.

Well, daylight came at last and "Welcome little stranger" said the decoy ducks, in duck language, mind you, to a passing black duck. They

even went so far as to stand up on their tails and flap their wings in hearty welcome.



1. LOOK AT DARBY ON THE BOW OF THE CANOE: CAN YOU DISTINGUISH IT FROM A WILD BLACK DUCK.
2. I MADE A BETTER FOCUS OF THE WHITE WATER LILY ON THE BOW THAN I DID OF THE BIRD, BUT I GOT BOTH.

"Bang, bang" sang the guns. "Splash!" sounded the fallen bird, and Darby and Joan sat as though carved of wood, motionless, staring at the inanimate stranger, dead, mercifully, instantly. For many minutes they sat still, then Darby picked up a venturesome bug and the game was on again. A passing black-duck called. Both the decoys answered him vociferously—we had not seen it yet but they had. Around swept the wild duck in ever lessening circles. Again the streak of fire and pellets and it fell "thud" into the marsh behind us. Fritz retrieved it in bare feet with a pair of paddles as a causeway. The poor bird was wing-tipped and led the lad a weary dance through mud and puckabrush and willow sedges into great patches of wild flag, over logs and pools to perish at last ignobly beneath a paddle blow. All this time the decoys had been calling and ducks had been answering them and I had been missing, as they all saw the lad dancing like a silly dervish through the sloppy marsh. Suddenly out flew the swallow migration in carefully estimated numbers. There were several hundred thousands to a square mile so millions must be resting in this marsh on the southern migration. Then out came many great flocks of migrating blackbirds, red-breasted Brewers, Purple Grackle, etc.—thousands in each flock and passed over with a noise like a great rushing current. We found it almost impossible to distinguish ducks amid this mass, but our decoys saw them readily. Now a cry of alarm from the ducks and both try to scuttle under. A big Marsh Hawk passed over on sailing wings, unconcerned, harmless, looking for mice and moles and lesser prey. Wood-ducks flew screaming past or splashed dead before us when we held the guns true. (I find the stomach is the basis of good or ill shooting, let this organ be on the rampage and the nerves will shrink before the expected report and under-shooting is the result.)

We were satisfied, so we picked up the dead ducks and with Darby and Joan penned up and chuckling comfortably we made our way homeward

through drowned land and marsh. It was early October and the Yellow-legs overhead answered circling downwards to our whistle calls. A few flocks of Bluebills flew westward above us and a long line of cloud-scraping black ducks flew to mid-lake for a haven. As we went to arrange the decoys on the shore one got loose and the opening words of our story were uttered.

Just a word as to how to tie these birds. A line about fifteen feet long, with two others of three feet length, tied to one end is required. Knot both of these three feet extensions every eight inches, so that you have a knotted V of three feet with a twelve to fifteen foot long tail. Tie over a piece of folded buckskin or cotton wrapped about the leg the first double knot, wrap the line around twice more and tie again. Do it the third time. Now make three half hitches over the foot and over the knotted parts and the bird will always try to draw out of these, which promptly tighten the moment she moves and she will never get at the knots at all. She can readily untie many an unguarded knot, but even when loose the social nature of the bird inherited from its wild ancestors will always make her return to her captive mate. I think two decoys are sufficient. Later they can be placed in the centre or at each end of the flock of wooden decoys with

good results.

We pictured the decoys near the birds they had helped so well to attract. They seemed ignorant of what a dead duck really is, especially as this day we had killed wild-ducks and blue-bills over them.

Of all animals man is the cruelest. Take the gentle clerk that spoils the surface of many yards of ribbon per week for a modest salary. He shrinks with alarm at a pinprick, goes to bed for a slight fever and complains bitterly of a toothache, but arm this same animal with a gun or small rifle and he will inflict the most intense pain on harmless and beautiful things with a laugh on his silly face. Oh, I do wish there was a greater animal than Man that hunted him for its own amusement, then, perhaps, this in-born cruelty might die out. A great deal of it is due to ignorance and lack of a good stiff penalty for maiming and injuring. Look at this really beautiful immature American Gull we picked up in the marsh. One thoughtless moment, one shot, one rejoicing "I did it, I hit it" and the young knight of the ribbon counter has destroyed a thing his efforts the remainder of the year cannot replace. I strongly advocate licensing every gun for a small sum, say \$1.00 per year.

As we approached our camp one day a Great Bittern feeding on the wild rice that had fallen out of our



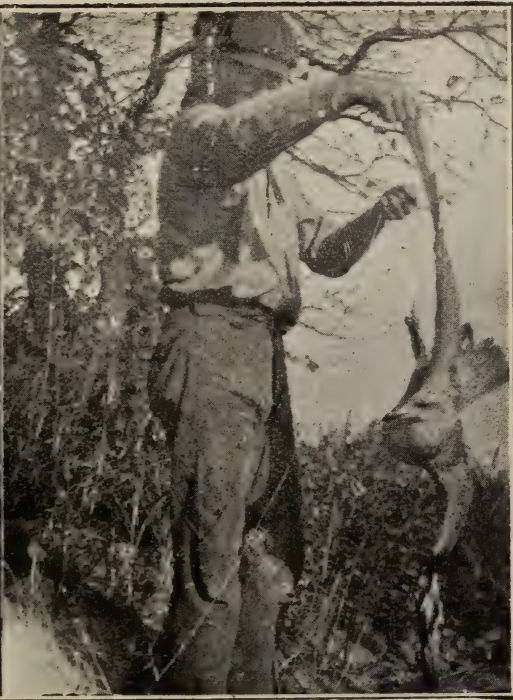
FRITZ WITH TAME DECOYS AND A NICE BAG OF DUCKS BEHIND THE GRASS BLIND.



I PICTURE FRITZ WITH A GIANT FUNGUS.



CAUSE AND EFFECT: GAME DECOY
AND DEAD WILD DUCKS.



FRITZ WITH YOUNG WOUNDED GLAU-
COUS WINGED GULL.

upturned canoes rose from the shore and alighted upon the top pole of the wind-break in front of the fall-camp. I made a better focus of the white waterlily on the bow than I did of the bird, but I got both.

Another curiosity we found on the

new island we have purchased was some giant fungi. I picture Fritz with one in his hand to show you how these grow. The size of the smell after it decayed was many times as great.

The Bohemian Club of Woodstock, Ont., held their annual picnic and outing at Pine Pond, one Friday and Saturday in July and one of the members put on a stunt which will live in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to witness the episode, for some time to come.

Picture to yourself two young men in a flat-bottomed boat in the early dawn on the placid surface of the pond, mid-distance from either shore—in fact in the deepest spot where the fishing is supposed to be the best. One was sitting near the front of the boat and the other in the rear. Nothing happened to mar the unalloyed pleasure of the two fishermen for some considerable time. The birds were singing, the sun was peeping over the trees, and there was an air of peaceful calm on the still, cool waters, broken only by the swish of the fishermen's lines as they alternately hauled in the fish and flung the baited line back in the still waters again. But the big catch was yet to come.

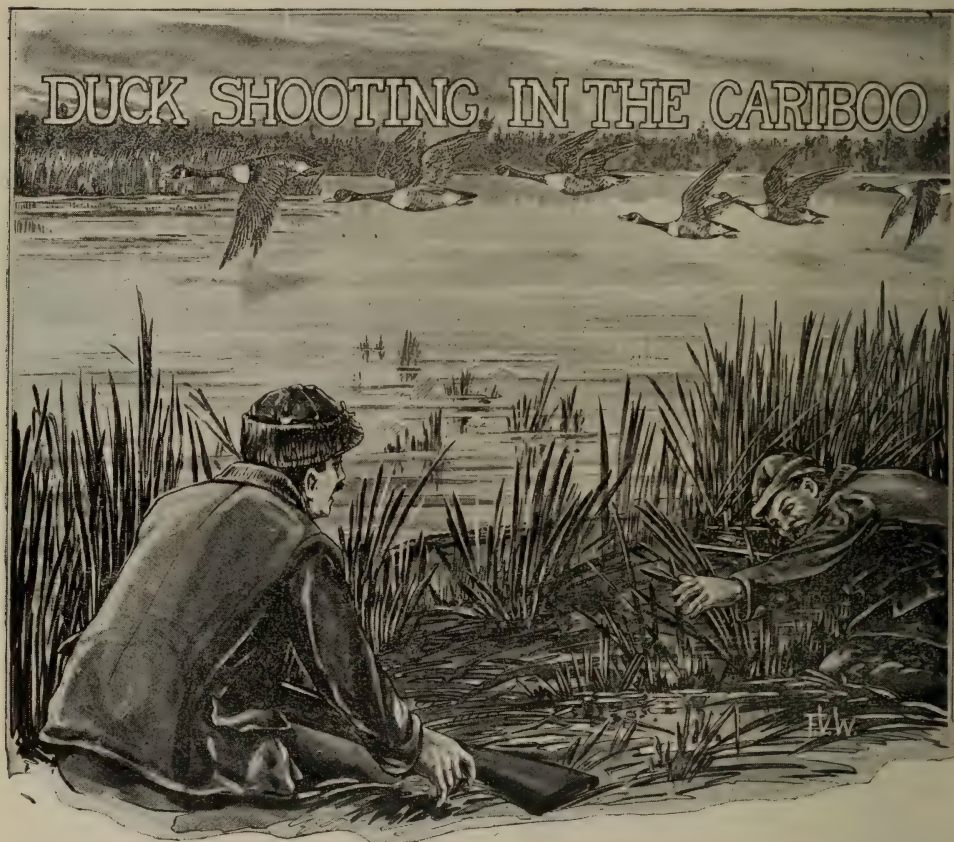
The young man who occupied the rear seat

in the boat, smoking a choice Havana meanwhile, became restless because of the meagreness of his catch and decided to shift his seat. Whether because it was so early in the morning and he was not fully awake, whether he was just absent-minded, or whether—well, anyway, he decided to shift his position, and placing one hand on each side of the boat, and without looking behind him, he raised himself up and projected his body swiftly backward, so as to land in the rear-most seat, but alas! he had really been occupying the rear seat, and, naturally, the next landing place—it can be called a landing place—was the deep, cool waters of the pond. His companion, alarmed by the splash and the sizzling noise which followed, looked around and immediately sent out the S. O. S. call. In a short time the luckless fisherman, dripping wet, was rescued from the perilous depths, minus hat and cigar, but apparently none the worse for his involuntary bath. He is now more convinced than ever of the wisdom of that old adage, "Look before you leap."

TWENTY CANADIAN TREES

A little booklet has just been issued by the Canadian Forestry Association entitled: "Twenty Canadian Trees" which it is hoped may be eventually placed in the hands of every boy and girl in the country in order that all may be able to distinguish readily the more important Canadian trees and have an intelligent understanding of the great uses to which they are put. It is made small so that it may be carried in the pocket on walks into

the woods and parks and along highways. The booklet contains descriptions free from technical terms and illustrations of our most important Canadian trees. The Canadian Forestry Association, Ottawa, through its secretary invites correspondence on the part of those who desire a copy of this booklet or any further information as to forestry in Canada.



V. D. D.

YES, siree, it was a most successful hunting trip we had in the Cariboo country. We are chips from the old Nimrod block, my friend Looee and I.

Did we get any game? Well, I should say we did; slathers of it.

We put up with a Mr. Janeson who lives about twenty-five miles back from town; his nearest neighbor being about ten miles away. We arrived at his house at noon, and right after dinner he walked us out a few miles to a small lake where he said there was

a party of ducks awaiting our arrival. They were there alright, too. He put us in the brush at the lower end of the lake, and then went to the upper end of it and shoed the ducks down our way. Ye gods of Rome! I never thought there were so many ducks on earth. They went over our heads in six or eight swarms of countless thousands per swarm. We emptied our guns at them while they were passing over. I must have had a sudden attack of duckitis, shiveritis, or something of the sort, because I

couldn't get another shell in my duck-extermimator until the hosts had passed miles to the southward. Before I could reload they must have been as far south as St. Louis or New Orleans at the rate they were going and at the rate I was not going.

After the sky had cleared of ducks so the sun came out again, the dog came up with one lonely duck. It had been partially suffocated in the rush and had fallen back in the lake and drowned.

We were not at all discouraged, but we didn't hunt any more that day. We knew we could get plenty of ducks where they were so numerous. We went back to the house with the one duck and two appetites of great magnitude. After we had cleared the festive board of everything edible, we withdrew to the chalet in the back yard with the intention of sleeping the regulation forty knots an hour. The chalet above mentioned is a small, antiquated log cabin of an ancient period. It is used only in the summer time. I mean human beings use it only in the summer time. It is occupied during the entire season by bush-tailed rats—millions of them.

These bush-rats are in a class by themselves. No other creature wants to get in their class or within the immediate vicinity. Mr. Janeson told us that these rats have frozen feet and that they come out at night and dance to get them warm. I don't know about their cold-storage feet (my personal opinion is that their feet are made of bone—size 14-D) but I can vouch for their dancing abilities and for their wont-go-home-till-morningness. They always dance until sun-up. This bush rat is a little larger than our house rat which always likes to die under the back porch or the cellar stairs; his tail is like that of a squirrel, and he has an odor like that of a skunk, only more so.

This cabin-villa, at some time during the middle ages, was papered with newspapers which the rats have worked on with their artistic teeth until it now looks like Mexican drawn work. They carry away everything movable and the unmovable they eat.

While lying there in bed in a state of half somnolence, I was wondering

how close these rats would come to me in their nocturnal festivities. My wondermentations were soon answered. Two of them came through a hole in the wall, just at the head of my bed, and did the light fantastic all over my bed covers, while not less than three dozen played a foot-ball game on the floor. Now, as my hair has grown a little thin from carrying a prayer book in my hat, I thought that it was just possible that they might mistake my head for a certain vegetable and take a nip out of it, so I got up, got my cap, pulled it down over my ears and went back to bed—but not to sleep. Every once in a while I heard Looee's boot hit the floor or ceiling while trying to drive away these denizens of the dark, and it gave me much pleasure and satisfaction to know that he, too, was being entertained. Finally, after a few years, morning came.

Looee was born and bred and buttered in this country, and he knows it like a book so, this morning, he and I went out together. We were walking along through a brush patch and talking over our plans for getting our game back to town (wondering if Janeson had a hay rack we could use for the transportation of said game) when Looee stopped suddenly and said:

"He's settin'."

"Who's settin'?" says I.

"The dog is settin'," says Looee.

I says, "He hadn't ought to be tired so soon, but, if he's settin', let him set till he gets rested and he'll come on."

Without further comment Looee sneaked up to the dog, and up got a bird, which Looee plunked, and the dog brought it to us. Then Looee turned to me and said, "Didn't you see him settin' that bird?"

"Not guilty," says I. Looee said it was a prairie chicken. I ventured the opinion that it was a good way from home for a prairie chicken, but Looee said that's what it was, and he knows.

A little farther on Looee stopped again quickly and said, "There's a good shot for you, fire away," pointing a few yards ahead. Darned if I could see anything so he let go and the dog brought back a bird which Looee

said was a willing grouse. 'I asked why "willing" grouse?' He said because they are willing to be shot. That's why they don't fly. Looee knows these birds and wild animals just like an old trapper.

About four in the afternoon we were nearing a lake. I had stopped to manicure my nails and Looee was a little ahead of me. All of a sudden he turned and yelled in a whisper, "Git down, git down."

I flattened out on the ground. Then he motioned for me to come toward him. When I got up and started he hollered, "Git down, git down."

Once more I got as close as possible to mother earth, and once more he motioned for me to come on, but everytime I started he yelled:

"Git down, git down." Then he hollered back, kind-o sarcastically, I thought:

"Crawl, man, crawl; and for the love of Mike don't make a noise or you'll scare these ducks. There's a million of 'em."

I crawled till I got up to Looee, and then, together, we crawled down one hill and up another, and when we peeped over into the lake, there they were, a million—not one less. I knew we were good for at least fifty here.

I don't know what Looee did, but I let go both barrels (I've got the marks to prove it) and away went the ducks—all but one which was a little out from shore. Looee instructed the dog to get it but the dog couldn't see it that way. He just stood and looked at us in a down-hearted way as if he was discouraged about something. Maybe it was beneath his dignity to go after one duck out of such a horde.

Looee spoke kindly at first then he let go a lot of language which was just like fireworks. After a few pages of this pyrotechnic oratory, he said:

"Look here, you fool dog: you go and get that duck or I'll shoot you right where you stand."

The dog made no effort to comply, so Looee shot him as he had promised—whereupon the aforesaid duck flew away. Guess it was merely stunned by my compound shot. Then we

came back to the cabin which I hereby christen "Hotel de Bush Rat."

Next morning, questioned about rabbits, Janeson informed us that there were "slathers upon slathers of 'em." He said that "just down the road a piece" the rabbits were so thick that when he went out with the wagon he had to take clubs along to help the dogs drive them away so he could get through.

We got a new dog and went to the designated spot, but we didn't have any difficulty in getting through. In fact, not a rabbit barred our way. Looee said we should have brought the wagon. It's the noise that attracts them.

In the afternoon while we were sitting on the bank of a lake (that country is strewn with lakes), Looee gasped:

"Git down, git down, for the love of Gawd, git down."

I couldn't see anything to "git down" for, but presently down the lake came a flock of geese like so many airships equipped with automobile horns. They were out of range of our guns. I thought Looee was going to weep over this, as he had banked so much on some geese to top off our hay-rack load or game. When they had disappeared and their honk had died away, Looee turned to me with tears in his eyes and said: "Do you know, I'd crawl on my belly a mile through the mud for a shot at one of them."

Now I have a long list of things I'd rather do than crawl, but if I must crawl, and I have the choice of weapons, I prefer mud (nice, soft, white, clean mud) to the hard ground we had crawled over before. Right then my hands and knees were shy considerable skin from recent crawls.

Coming home that night we went up the road where the rabbits congregate in "slathers," but, not having a wagon to attract them we didn't expect to see any. We didn't see any.

One morning we went to a pot-hole (which is a place where professional crawlers get the worth of their money the same as Alpinists do when they tackle the Matterhorn.) Just as we arrived Looee blurted out those dia-

bolical words "Git down." I knew this meant crawl and, secretly, I was wishing that whatever was in the pot-hole would beat it. This time we had to crawl around a gulf. It was like crawling from Bellingham to Port Townsend via Seattle, or from Galveston to Key West via New Orleans. Away we dashed on our Marathon. I thought we might get a short distance down one side before our vacation was up. Away late in the day we got to a point where we could see back to the pot-hole, but we were miles from where we should be to shoot.

At this point, much to my astonishment, Looee stopped for the first time since we started that morning. At first I thought he might have had a stroke of sympathy for suffering humanity, but my hallucination evaporated when I dragged what remained of my mangled carcass alongside him. With despondency in his face and tears in his voice he said to me:

"Did you bring any cartridges with you?"

Further investigation and cross-examination developed the fact that neither of us had put any cartridges in our hunting coats that morning. In order not to scare the ducks Looee advised that we crawl back for cartridges. This suggestion confirmed my suspicion that he was rapidly returning to savagery and barbarism. I told him I was going to walk if I hadn't forgotten the art through long lack of practice.

■ We walked back over the miles we had crawled and reached the cabin about sun-down. Loaded down with cartridges we decided to go out "slalhering" for an hour or so. Jane-

son's son came along with a wheelbarrow. The rabbits must have thought it was a wagon because they turned out. I mean one of them turned out. You couldn't expect many from a mere wheelbarrow but Looee said that if an automobile came along it would be necessary to set off a blast to clear the road of rabbits.

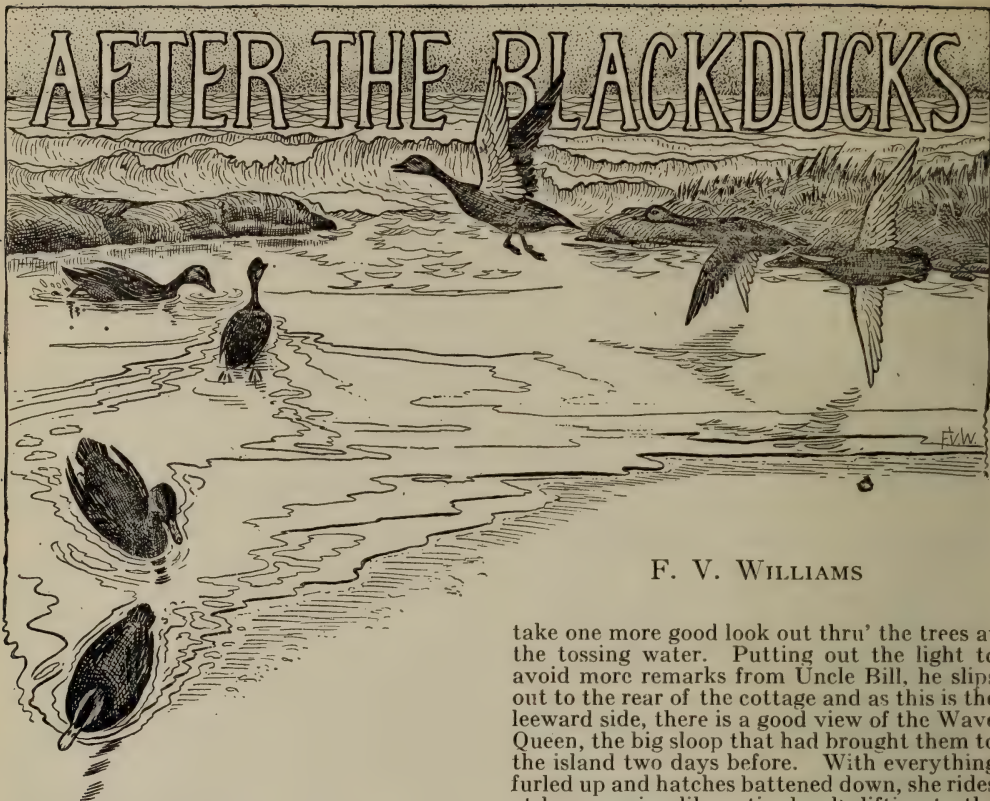
This one, lone rabbit was doing his best to keep up a good pace for the dog when I got my deadly aim on him and fired. Looee said it was a fine shot, but modesty prevents me corroborating his statements although I know what he said was true. Here occurred what might be called a miracle. When we got to the spot where I shot the rabbit there was our dog dead as a door nail, shot right through the head. We held sort of a "hunters Jury", and I testified that I had shot at the animal that was in the lead. There was but one verdict to render: i. e. "The rabbit was chasing the dog." That is as plain as A. B. C.

On our way back to the cabin I intimated that we might not need the hay-rack; that an ordinary carriage might do to transport our game; but Looee was optimistic and felt certain that we would at least require a lumber wagon provided the visible supply of dogs held out.

We had fine weather all the time with the exception of one rainy day. We would have gone out this day, but after experimenting on the cabin floor, we found that we could not crawl with a gun and an umbrella as well.

Well, anyway, we got some good pictures, and Looee and I are going back next year if the skin grows on my hands and knees as the doctor promises.





F. V. WILLIAMS

FROM the shelter of a comfortable little cottage on an island a few miles out from the mainland our duck shooter of last season—

Do you remember the fellow on the September last cover of Rod and Gun, who was having great sport with the mallards?—

He sits inside and by the light of a kerosene lamp tries to get interested in a four days' old newspaper. Uncle Bill has turned in and his parting remark was:

"Young fellow, you better git to bed. You've got to make an early start in the morning." And with all due respect for Uncle Bill's wisdom, it was not the idea of our duck hunter to neglect his sleep. But it was the surf pounding on a rocky beach outside and the wind howling through the trees that lined the shore at this place and made a shelter for the little cottage tucked down beside the cove, that interested him.

(Have you, Mr. Shooter, ever put in a week or two at this kind of shooting? nights like this? with the wind and sea doing their worst, or best, to make way with everything that is movable? Ever sit up and watch the elements "dance?" Some of us may not be impressed, but there are others who realize after a night like the one described what a wee sma' thing is man. A storm raging along the coast is mighty interesting to watch from the shelter of a comfortable little retreat like Uncle Bill's cottage).

That wind kept our friend awake. He finally gets ready to turn in but has to go and

take one more good look out thru' the trees at the tossing water. Putting out the light to avoid more remarks from Uncle Bill, he slips out to the rear of the cottage and as this is the leeward side, there is a good view of the Wave Queen, the big sloop that had brought them to the island two days before. With everything furled up and hatches battened down, she rides at her mooring like a tired gull, lifting to the slight swell that reaches this far inside the cove. We-e-l-l Unc. said it would all die out by morning, always did when the wind swung off the land this way after a heavy blow from the sea, and the off-shore wind "knocks the sea flat in no time." That's what he said, all right, all right, but it looks to me as if it would be a week before we'll ever be able to get outside this cove. A look at the sky and sure enough away up there in the Northwest is a streak of dark blue sky and a star or two twinkling away as if they thought all this fuss an awfully good joke.

I'm for bed—a look at the watch, 10.30 P.M. and Unc. has been snoozing two hours. Say these old fellows certainly do like sleep. Here goes, and everything is quiet with the exception of an investigator in the shape of a wood mouse and his family, who come out of a crevice between two floor boards, and after carefully examining shell boxes, greasy gun rags, etc., find their way to the side-board where Uncle Bill had seen to it that everything in the grub line is safely inside a couple of huge tinned bread boxes kept at the cottage for just such trips as these, and to guard against just such little four-footed rascals as are now in charge of the room.

The moon light streams in thru' the window (the clouds have all broken away now) and right in the midst of a wild game of tag, the little wood-mice stop, and then scamper for cover as a big shadowy figure in wool socks and underwear emerges from one of the two sleeping rooms. Yep, Unc. is on the job

again. He goes to the window and glances out at the sky which is full of stars and a few fleecy clouds now, and after fumbling by the window in the dark a moment, he brings into the light his old friend, 'watch' which he proceeds to 'tilt' sideways so the moon-light shows him that the hands on the dial point to 3.30 A. M. "Wonder how long he stayed up" he remarks and with a huge smile strikes a light and manipulates the hands on the alarm clock to "start the music at four."

Then this old fellow who likes sleep pulls on his trousers and an old pair of soft slippers and proceeds to build a fire, boil coffee, fry eggs and bacon, and slice bread. He has this almost all arranged on the oil cloth covered table, along with the granite ware plates and cups and heavy steel knives and forks, when with a preliminary click, there is a Burr-rr-rr-rr-rr-r and a sudden Bump! as something strikes the floor in the next room.

"Come on or your coffee will get cold," yells Unc. as a sleepy figure emerges with a boot in either hand, into the lamplight.

"Holy smoke! I didn't think I'd been asleep five minutes," said our friend as he hustled into his boots and took a hurried wash in the cold water in the basin. "How long have you been up, Unc.? and he sits down and starts in on the bacon and eggs. "Geel say Unc., you're all right. Kind of thought you were a sleepy head last night, but 'I see it all now.' Say, I'd have slept 'til daylight sure."

Just a touch of frost in the air as they make their way down to the 'shore' with guns, shells, and a few decoys that look to the uninitiated as if they were 'burlesque' ducks.

"Might as well take them along, as there may be some good coot or seaduck shooting after we get through with the black ducks," remarks Unc.

The dory is loaded up with the 'outfit' at the slip, cast off, and with Unc. at the oars we slip silently out toward the sloop looming up—now that the moon has gone down behind the trees—like a black smudge on the water. By the time we are alongside, the visitor's teeth are chattering with the chill of the September air, and Unc. sets him to work stowing away the outfit while he gets the mainsail up, casts off from the mooring, then as he goes off to the helm he lets the "deck hand" put the jib on her and they start for the entrance of the little cove. It still looks kind of 'bobbly' out there but as Unc. has no remarks to make the visitor does not like to ask fool questions. Once they are out of the sheltered cove, however, the wind becomes stronger, a good smart sailing breeze for the sloop, and she 'heels' over and goes smashing through the choppy sea that is running at a rate that makes our novice feel as if the boat was alive.

"This is great, Unc., but where do you expect to get ducks out here? The trip is worth the trouble, twice over, and I am not kicking, but where we are going to get any duck shooting this far off shore, gets me. You know last fall when I started on that trip it was only about a half an hour's paddle in the shooting punt to get to the marshes, and if you remember the picture on Rod and Gun cover of September last, I already had two, another one coming down, and a good chance

at a fourth. —Isn't that proof of pretty good shooting?"

Unc. smiled to himself as he slowly rammed a full charge of tobacco into his old clay pipe, and finally said, "Ye-s-es, that was pretty good sport, but you'll have to admit you've been mighty interested in the proceedings so far? Hey? You see," he went on, "these ledges we are bound for are regular resting and feeding places for black-ducks early in the season, in the moderate gales there's always sheltered places where they can rest and feed as the tide goes out. When the heavier winds later in the fall 'pile' the sea all over these ledges, they scatter and feed and rest in small bunches all along the coast, and by the same token, when it is fine weather, real nice smooth, these same foxy rascals will 'raft' up off shore, even outside the ledges and lay round and 'laze' and sleep until long about dusk when they come back to the ledges to feed and 'gabble' round a spring of fresh water that is located on one of the larger of the groups."

"Say, what's that, Unc.?"

"That's our shooting ground, Mr. Man. Just what I've been talking about. We'll run in back of that high place on the ledge in the eddy and anchor the old boat."

A half hour's sailing and they are pretty well up to the ledge and the 'deck hand' goes forward and gets the jib off her. Then as Unc. comes up in the wind he follows instructions, and throws over the 'mud-hook' and pays out the slack until told to belay. The mainsail is lowered and furled, and by this time there is a big rosy glow in the East. A light fog lies between the boat and the ledge, and as they row toward a low place in the rocks,—splash, splash, splash—a trio of coots go skimming out of sight. The newcomer sits in the stern and hangs on to either gunwale of the dory and if Unc. only knew it, his friend is fighting hard to "keep his breakfast under his belt." It has been a rather rough trip out here this morning and the motion of the Wave Queen was anything but steady. Unc. is cranning his head round and suddenly whispers hoarsely, "Did you hear that?" A faint Quack, Quack, quack-quack-quack and sundry splashings straight ahead had caught his ear—and then suddenly, "there they go!" as seven shadowy forms rush by overhead. Then three more coots come from no where and disappear down the wind, and our friend's seasick gaze encounters two others of a different species, which Unc. says are Old Squaws.

Seasickness and everything else in the universe are forgotten now as scrambling ashore they haul out the dory and take the painter away up among the rocks where it is tied to a jagged boulder, then a few whispered instructions from Unc. to the effect that there is to be no shooting until they are well hidden in chosen positions, "for you know if they get frightened away, without the noise from the guns, the big bunch will break up and come back by twos and threes to investigate." Blundering and stumbling round over the slippery rocks in the half light they finally gain the top of the ledge and a hundred or more black ducks with a few alarmed quacks, sail off into the mist. Our friends get com-

manding positions where they can see both ways as far as possible, crouch down among the boulders and slip in the No. 4's.

Unc. is using an old lever action repeater, 10 gauge, which some people would dub cannon, while our friend uses a double gun and a No. 12. There is a silence lasting perhaps twenty minutes while the light from the east grows stronger, and the mist lifts until it is easy to see two hundred yards. An old herring gull goes over setting his wings and sailing over the concealed gunners with a suspicious twist of his head as he notices the strange figures among the rocks.

Suddenly our friend who has been looking seaward over his shoulder, twists around on his knees and slides the safety catch back on his hammerless. About one hundred and fifty yards away and coming straight for the top of the ledge are two black ducks. One hundred yards now, seventy-five, fifty, and at what he judges to be forty, a smart Bang and Bang, and a fine pair of ducks hit the ledge. Unc. glances approvingly at his visitor, but he too has business on hand as a bunch of five blacks coming from the opposite direction see the last shot, and three of them swinging off go directly over him. It's a long shot, but he gets one, and as the distance is so great, does not shoot again. Bang-Bang! goes the double but this time there are two clean misses. As the three ducks go swinging up over Unc's position, he drops two with a shot to each duck, and the excitement is on for the morning.

This lasts for perhaps an hour, possibly two. The sun is well up now and as the wind is dying out, the ducks cease flying, and the hunters come out of their cramped positions and "stretch their legs" climbing around among the rocks picking up their ducks, seventeen black ducks between them. Ten go to Unc's old ten gauge and seven to our friend. They go down and launch the dory and board the sloop. Unc. glances at the sea and sky and says,

"Guess it's going to die out flat calm and we'll have to use the 'kicker' going back," referring to the gasoline engine in the after part of the sloop. "It used to be lots of sport days like this, before the use of the little 'Engines,' pulling all the way back," he laughed, "but don't worry, you won't have any of the rowing today."

They go 'below' and the little stove in the cabin is soon going and hot coffee and sandwiches enjoyed before starting back. And the stranger has had his first day's shooting at the ledges with the black duck (dusky-duck) a first cousin of the mallards of last year's sport. Unc. says, "The tide does not 'serve' just right for the decoys, and anyhow it's too fine a day. We'll get a whack at that end of the game later on in the season. You've had enough for today to tell the Rod and Gun boys about, and we hope they'll all write in and give us their experiences from East and West and all that lies between."



TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF GEESE

GEORGE MINER HALL

TWO hundred acres of geese! It sounds like a large order, doesn't it? But there they were when we came upon them, stretched away out toward the open water and feeding on the green grass that, warmed by the bright spring sunshine of Sunny Alberta, was putting out just such tender shoots that geese—wild or tame—eat so ravenously in the Spring.

It happened like this; Mac—his business name is F. G. McDermid but his stage name, the one his friends call him, is just plain "Mac"—had a goose hunch and acted with customary celerity. "We've just got to get some of those geese" said Mac. "It's time for 'em to come and if we don't get busy now

they'll be done and gone before we know it."

And so we did get busy and called up everybody we knew, writing some letters to people we would like to know—they being near where the geese fly—and found out a lot in a short while. Most important of all we found a few choice spirits right in our midst, so to speak, who knew where the geese most do congregate within fairly easy reach of Edmonton, and just how to get to the place. These pearls of great price—free to us, of course—were Arthur J. Telfer, Jay L. Conover and Carl J. Kirk, all goose hunters of credit and renown and men who put us right onto where to go, what to carry, and what to do when we got there.

Just to get things started away all right, the

above mentioned shining lights of goose hunting—and they sure do shine when the geese fly—went on ahead and made camp after a long ride by rail and a 14-mile drive across the prairie to the lake.

They started Tuesday, April 13th, having heard from friends made on former trips, that the geese were coming in good. When you get a message of this sort it is up to you to hit the trail quick and hard because the wild goose is a dead ringer for time and tide when it comes to waiting on man. Having made up his mind to come, the wild goose comes with surprising suddenness and when he decides to go he gets up and goes without notification or ceremony—he just goes. Therefore it behooves the goose hunter who seeks success to get good and busy at the first news that the geese have come. And that is what our friends did—they got the message and hit the trail. This trail ended—for habitation purposes—three miles from the lake where the geese were. Three miles is quite a little hike at an early hour in the morning but the homesteader who built this shack where our party stayed, apparently had things other

than goose hunting near to his heart and we were thankful that he did not decide to go even farther from the lake to set up his household goods. Before I forget it, let me say feelingly that three miles is also a long long way from Tipperary when you have six or seven geese to carry. However, to a hunter, a hundred pounds of game doesn't weigh as much as ten pounds of meat that he has to carry home from the store and so the three miles home, with geese to carry was much shorter than the same three miles out, in the early morning and with no knowing whether the geese would be there or in some other place.

Your wild goose is a bird of whims and fancies. He may fly to the grain field in the morning and again in the evening; or take one trip a day; or stay in the lake all day. Some hunters figure that a goose will have his two drinks a day, maybe this is so but it is far from being certain enough to figure on for a fact and there is always the chance that your geese may find another drinking place than the lake from which they fared forth to the fields in the morning. We found that out to



1. THE THREE MIGHTY HUNTERS: TELFER, KIRK AND CONOVER, AND THEIR AFTER-NOON'S BAG.

2. SEVEN EDMONTON GUNNERS AND THEIR TROPHIES.

our sorrow on this hunt and some of us had had the same experience before. So when you go goose hunting don't bank on the geese doing the same thing today that they did yesterday, and then you won't be disappointed—perhaps. After all if hunting were an exact science who would care for it? Being full of surprises is what makes hunting and courtship really worth while.

Telfer and Conover and Kirk went down to the lake on Tuesday. They got there Tuesday night, made camp in the homesteader's shack and went out to prospect for the next day's hunt. Having decided what to do, they went to bed to sleep the sleep of the just—hunters.

Bright and early in the morning—Wednesday morning—they went to the lake, placed themselves and awaited the arrival of geese. Quite a good many arrived and twelve stayed, Kirk getting six, Conover five, and Telfer—out of his usual good luck in getting shots dropped one.

This was good, though not too good, but Thursday morning gave our friends a lesson in the uncertain ways of the wild goose. They went back to the same place and didn't get a goose—they had all gone elsewhere. Thursday afternoon they hiked across country to an arm of the lake, rowed across that and came upon the real goose settlement. Here is where the 200 acres of geese were. Of course, the area is an estimate—nobody ran lines to determine it exactly—and there may have been a few rods short of 200 acres, or something over that. Anyway there were geese as far as you could see nicely and a lot farther than anybody could shoot with a shot-gun.

"Say, there are some geese if anybody should ask you" said Telfer, "and now to get near enough for a shot." Down they went and made themselves as flat as possible which wasn't hard to do because neither of the three packs any fat on his body. By dint of crawling close to the ground they got to a point about 120 yards from the geese before they flew, and knocked down two on the getaway. This was the feeding ground of the geese at the lake. Under the bright Spring sun, grass was sprouting and if there is a thing in the world that appeals to the appetite of the goose, wild or tame—it is young Spring grass. And these geese liked what they had found so well that they were hard to drive away; those nearest the hunters just flew out over the geese farther away and settled down again.

"They'll come back," said Kirk, "and we will do well to wait here for them." Sure enough, they did come back and eighteen went into the bag to swell the count. They were a tidy load to pack back to camp, nearly four miles away.

Friday morning was voted a day of rest for the geese—not all day, but just the forenoon. The house needed clearing and while the geese were having a half holiday the shack was tidied up to receive tomorrow's guests—the rest of the party.

But Friday afternoon was no holiday at all for the geese. Going back to the feeding ground, the hunters dug pits and lay in wait. To dig a pit for a goose hunt is simple. You

just make the pit big enough to hold the hunter, sitting, or lying on his back; with some dead grass to cover the fresh earth and to make the pit merge with the general color scheme of the place, you are then ready for the geese.

And here they come! Away in the distance you see them, apparently flying slowly but really eating up distance at the rate of eighty or ninety miles an hour. Lie low now, until they get fairly near and then you may do as you please and the grey line will not falter but will swing straight along in the flight it started. Shoot when they are coming head on and you are likely to be entertained—perhaps chagrined—by hearing your shot rattle on the thickly feathered breast of the goose that is your target and to see that same goose fly into the distance without losing a stroke of his great grey wings. Angle shots are the best and good-sized shots—ones or twos—will often break a wing and bring the goose to earth or water. Not too hard hit, the wild goose is a hard bird to capture when wounded. He will ease himself to land or water, half a mile—sometimes more—away and is not only clever in getting under cover but hits a hard blow with his powerful wings when cornered.

This time they came good and met men who know their book at any sort of shooting with a shotgun, traps or field. In a little over two hours thirty-three geese were added to the count and then the hunters had to stop because they had no more shells. If they had not short-changed themselves on shells when they started out, fifty geese would have been as easy to get as thirty-three. However, sixty-five geese is a tidy bag and there was still a day to go before the hunt was ended.

And that was the real day because the rest of us arrived for that part of the hunt. As a matter of plain fact, I didn't go at all on this hunt because, after getting right up to the edge of going, I had to make a business trip and leave the goose hunt to the very able representatives who made up the party that did go.

The last contingent was formed of Captain Matthew Esdale and Lieutenants F. G. McDermid, L. L. Pearce and Harry J. Crabbs. The titles are of the United States Colonel brand—purely honorary—but if either of these men ever goes in for a military life, he will be a field marshal at the very least.

"Mac" is the real shot of this second contingent, though. "Mac" can get 'em going, coming, straight away, known or unknown angles, or any old thing you call for, if you give him his choice of weapons and make him choose a camera. At that sort of shooting "Mac" mows 'em down right and left but with a shotgun he isn't deadly beyond a hundred yards' rise. "Mac's" powers of description are good, too, and not being able to go myself, I sent my astral body along in charge of "Mac" and that is how I know all about this sport.

"It is great sport, this goose shooting," said "Mac" but the beggars shouldn't have such thick feathers. I must have hit forty of 'em but I only got one and what-da-ya think? I cut the feet off that one so I should know

him again—because I wanted to cook my own goose—and then some gink grabbed him out of the cold storage place and so I had to eat just a common goose, after all. Believe me the next time I shoot a goose—or geese—I'll take 'em to bed with me and then I'll be sure to get my own birds."

"Another thing I'm going to do is to invent shot with sharp points to 'em so they will go right through those goose feathers and get the bird. This shooting round shot at a round bird doesn't appeal to me at all. If I had had sharp-pointed shot on this hunt, I'd have brought home a wagon load of geese. Just the same, it's great sport."

And so they all agreed. They hired a farmer to haul the geese to the station and all of

their friends feasted on geese for several days. The party got 81 in all; seven or eight grey geese and the rest white geese or "wavies," as they are known in the West. Goose shooting is permitted by law in Alberta both Spring and Fall and ducks do not suffer much by reason of this because nobody will shoot ducks when geese are to be had. Some old-time writer said "The blood more stirs to rouse the lion than to start the hare" and this goes with geese and ducks. You think duck shooting is mighty fine sport—as it is—until you get a good goose hunt and then—

At the same time, we are all waiting for the 1st of September and prospects are mighty good for the duck crop of 1915.

DUCK BREEDING IN THE PARK COUNTRY, ALBERTA

The Crow, the Duck's most serious enemy

A. D. MURRAY

I have just spent an interesting year near Riley on the G. T. P., Central Alberta. Having to drive four miles morning and evening I had opportunity to observe the game, especially ducks. Previously I had been in the Peace River and Lac la Biche regions and was surprised at the abundance of chicken, grouse and especially ducks, around Riley. I do not single out Riley, but refer to that whole section which I might appropriately call the slough belt. You see I am not in the real estate business, but for all that in my opinion the park slough country is the most reliable section of Alberta. The subsoil is a gumbo which is nowhere far below the surface, and outcrops in places, sometimes only a few feet in a field or in large bodies, as between Bruce and Viking. On the average I think the prairie humus is from three feet to six feet. The surface is slightly undulating and the rainfall abundant, especially in the spring. Streams are few and consequently all the hollows are sloughs either during the spring or throughout the year. Where I was last spring one-third or even one-half of the country was under water. Some of these sloughs are shallow and dry later, others fill with rank grasses and some are round and deep, remaining throughout the year. A few are like small lakes. Trees form wind breaks often encircling the water and it is almost impossible to approach unobserved. The water soon warms and teems with plant and animal life. Green and red algae collect on some and the pigs have a habit of wading out and skimming it off the surface.

This belt bounding the open prairie and reaching to the northern tree belt, is the duck breeding ground of the west. I think I am

safe in saying that there are more breeding ducks between the points mentioned, than on the prairie south to the International boundary, plus that north to the Arctic Circle. I have been over all three sections and this is my conclusion: I think others will bear out my statements.

I am sorry now I did not keep an accurate diary of the date of arrival and departure, numbers, etc. of the different species, but the following will give a rough idea of my observations.

The Pintails were the first and arrived with the opening of the sloughs. They were also the most numerous of the species and very conspicuous, especially at the beginning of the season. The drakes remained about three weeks and then departed north.

A close second, and perhaps as early an arrival as the Pintail, was the Red-head, though in not nearly the same numbers. The drakes took their departure in about ten days.

These species were followed in a few days by the Mallards, the drake remaining about the same time as the Red-heads.

After an interval of perhaps a week, a host of other species arrived somewhat in this order,—Spoonbills, Canvas backs, Green and Blue-winged Teal, Gadwalls and Bluebills. The Ring-necked ducks seemed to be the latest arrival. The Spoonbills remained together throughout the season and nested in pairs. A pair could be seen almost anywhere in the shallow reedy places. They seemed to be more domestic in their habits and were more easily approached and observed.

The Canvasbacks are not numerous and almost a negligible quantity, only a few species being observed and in the most secluded spots; their coloring alone drawing attention to them.

The males remained a week at least. The Teals were everywhere in small flocks or pairs, but were difficult to observe.

Next in numbers to the Pintails were the Gadwalls. The drakes appeared to make a long stay.

The Bluebills were also in goodly numbers and the drakes continued north. Ringnecks were a late arrival and paired up like Spoonbills. Whether the drakes continued north or remained I do not know. On a three mile route taken at sunrise the number of female ducks counted were: Pintails 36; Mallards 8; Spoonbills 12; Redheads 5; Canvasbacks 2; Gadwalls 20; Bluewinged Teal 18; Green-winged Teal 5; Bluebills 10; Ring-necks 5; total 121.

The ducks were distinguished in some cases through the drake. A glass was used but notwithstanding the observations are rough and local. Only those sloughs adjacent to the road were taken, some twenty in number. Some species built in the reedy sloughs, but in very many cases the open prairie was preferred, the ducks trusting solely to the grass, weeds and coloring for protection. In some cases, especially among the Teal, there was little or nothing to conceal the nest.

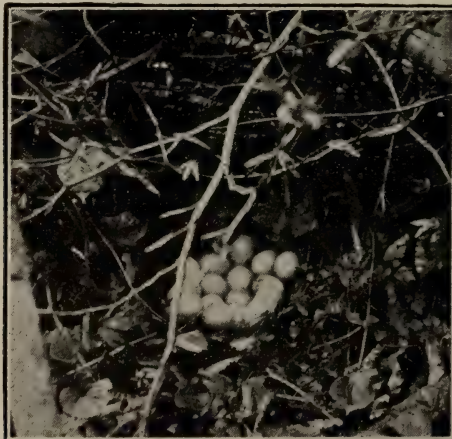
In all cases those nests on the high ground (over a dozen) were robbed by crows. To cite a case in point: A pintail was observed to fly from a certain point on a hill each morning. We failed to locate her nest. Crows from look-out points in the near-by trees shared in the search and attacked the old duck whenever she appeared at our approach. We left them continuing the search. The third morning it rained. On returning that afternoon we found the remains of the nest. The shells were scattered over an acre, more or less. The grass had been borne down by the rain revealing the nest to the crows. So it was in many cases. Of course those ducks over the road were disturbed more often than the average, but considering that all those observed were destroyed the destruction by

crows throughout the whole country must be very heavy.

Crows were everywhere and one or more could be seen at any time. They were always on the lookout for nests. It seemed to be their specialty. If one crow showed an inclination to hurry to a certain spot he always had companions as soon as they could get there. They broke the eggs by flying up a few feet and dropping them, at the same time making a horrible din. If the old duck was seen he was chased, the crows acting as if they would annihilate her which was all a bluff, but must have been real enough for the duck.

We tried a plan which worked nicely. We found that when walking in the vicinity of nests the crows were very watchful and if something on the ground was examined Mr. Crow was sure to investigate for himself. A No. 1 trap, carefully hidden under some grass, with an egg shell or nest egg tied over the pan, nearly always fooled Mr. Crow. The crows' nests which are built in the willows and poplars can be readily seen and destroyed before the leaves appear. Afterwards they are safe, if not previously located.

Although there was a lot of spring shooting and chasing down of squabs, the crows without doubt do more damage than illegal killing, hawks, weasels and coyotes combined. I think the time has come when it must be recognized that the breeding grounds of most of our ducks are within the bounds of civilization or adjacent to them. The cultivation of the country has provided food for the crow and destroyed his enemies. He is wary enough to take care of himself but the poor duck is such a fool that she needs to be protected. The crow reminds me of the crooked shark, while the duck is the simple sucker. Crow and duck might be good descriptive terms for these. At any rate the crow is the most serious enemy the duck has around here. Why not a bounty on crows or a tax?



PARTRIDGE NEST WITH 16 EGGS TAKEN MAY 10, 1915

Photo by Walter I. Keeler, Prescott, Ont.

SEEING THINGS

The Credulous Sportsman

NEAL BROWN

MANY sportsmen have the weakness of seeing things that are not so. This statement does not involve the well established mendacity of certain Waltonians in respect of their adventures. They must not be judged by any conventional standards. In some ancient tribes by custom, lying was elevated into a cardinal virtue. So with anglers.

To confront one with the facts upon which he has builded a Munchausenish fabrication is quite nugatory, and leaves him unabashed. Shameless, O, fisherman, are thy dilations of the fish thou hast caught, or, because of misadventure not controllable by any skill, hast failed to catch—thy narratives of battles with the monsters of the deep! Annanias shall be thy patron saint and Mungo Park and Munchausen thy preceptors!

Twenty years ago I hunted prairie chickens on the marshes near Babcock, Wis., with a distinguished sportsman-author who made magazine pabulum from the raw material of his sport. He wrote up this adventure for a leading publication, and in this narrative prophesied the utter extinction of the prairie chicken in a few years—I think less than ten. (On this hunt one of the party killed the last wild pigeon.)

Despite prophecy, I have since that time hunted prairie chickens every year in the same territory and have found them as plentiful as in the early 90's. With the cutting off of the timber this bird has extended its habitat north of Lake Superior and year by year is spreading into new fields. It is customary now to hunt this bird, as well as other game, with an automatic and an automobile, and the effect of these two deadly weapons cannot as yet be fully foreseen. The automobile to reach the game, and the automobile to kill it makes a very killing combination.

It is good to hold these prophecies of game extinction in terrorem over the too sanguinary sportsman, but with fair protection and the elimination of the market hunter, we need not be alarmed. Originally it was generally claimed that the activities of the game wardens were largely political, yet they have greatly reformed and are now doing much good service. They have been aided by a growing sentiment for game protection, and have been steadily winning the respect of good sportsmen and the hatred of all poachers.

True it is that some sportsmen who are not poachers can see very little good in the game wardens, but they should clear their vision a little. The tribe of conscientious sportsmen is growing. A sportsman finds that it is worth while to cultivate virtue, not only for its own sake, but for the sake of the game warden who may leap upon him from any bush.

If you have a poachless record you will feel really noble and can look the game warden in the eye with only an innocent interest. Few exaltations that can come to the virtuous sportsman are equal to that which visits him, when he can freely offer the inspection of his creel to a chance met warden, knowing that it contains no forbidden inmate, and have the warden say:

"I will take your word for it; I know that there is nothing contraband in your basket."

Or to have him pass up all investigation of your automobile, upon your assurance that you have only the legal number of birds stowed therein. Harrowing it is to a sportsman of this innocence, when he finds himself in the company of reckless law breakers, who have anticipated the season by a few hours and who involve him in a wild pursuit by game wardens.

Last year an author-sportsman and roman-cist wrote for a leading periodical a heart-rendering account of havoc among the trout because of an evil germ that had been allowed to get in one of the state hatcheries. He averred that this germ was killing the trout and infecting multitudes of young fry, so that in their distribution the poison would spread to all trout water of the state. He attributed this plague to mismanagement, and the mismanagement to evil politics in the administration of the state hatcheries.

It must be admitted that there are a good many evil germs in Wisconsin politics, but it is a far fetched conclusion that these germs have bred trout germs. In this fishy diatribe the author simply was seeing things that were not so. In condemning the wicked he was involving the innocent—i. e., the trout and the officials of the state hatcheries.

I hold no brief for these officials, but the fish commission is made up of public spirited gentlemen who are serving the state without compensation. The superintendent of hatcheries, James Nevins, has held his position through all political dynasties for over thirty years, and solely because of his experience and efficiency.

Of late there has been much complaint of Wisconsin officialdom and its multiform excesses, and many of its boards and commissions have come in for caustic criticism, but the state fish commissioners and their official force have universally been placed above reproach. No agency of the state is making greater or more beneficent returns for the money expended than the fisheries department. This is so well known that there is a growing sentiment that the hatchery capacity ought to be doubled.

An investigation of the charges in question proved that they had no more foundation than the fact that in some hatchery ponds a fungus had come upon some of the trout because of

confinement, and that this speedily disappeared with proper treatment, and that it could not in any case infect the fry from the hatchery, or any trout in free and natural waters. Since this scare millions of trout fry have been distributed from the hatchery, and they are now growing up to useful and sportsmanlike maturity.

It is now quite evident that my old friend who thoughtlessly maligned this hatchery and attributed politics and plagues and fungus to it was riotously seeing things that were not so. From time to time such alarms thrill our indignant campfires.

Legends that run from hand to mouth.

These have I also heard—they pass

With each new spring and the winter grass.

"The trout are all being netted out of that stream!"

"The pickerel have invaded this stream and are cleaning out the trout."

"The carp are destroying all the fish in our lakes."

"They are dynamiting fish up by the Big Spring. I heard the explosions."

Usually these tales are vain imaginings. The dynamiting is found to be the work of a harmless and necessary settler, who is blowing out stumps in his field. The netting is a pure invention, imputing criminality to some more skillful angler who can fill his creel when others remain empty.

Of course, pickerel and carp do eat other fish. But these edible victims are equal in reprisal. It is the law of waters to eat and to be eaten. The bass and the pike and the lordly muskellunge can take care of themselves against any carp whatsoever. A pickerel is not more voracious than a trout. In every good trout pool the trout and the sucker lie down together, and no doubt the sucker, if he be young and juicy, is on the inside.

The carp has a bad reputation as a cannibal, but is he any worse than his fellow fish? He is ready to give and take. He is generally looked on as a low, degraded fish. Yet he

was once appellation royal and served as the meat of kings. Tradition has made him a sort of guardian fish in moated castles. Here he was considered not merely as a fish but as an ancestral institution, running with the land and descending to the tenant entailed. In longevity he was the equal of "the many wintered crow that brings his clanging rookery home."

In this new land he has fallen from this high estate, and in various waters where he was once proudly naturalized, he is now being netted out and sold by the ton, often, no doubt, being reincarnated after death as white fish, or lake trout. I am sure I have met him when he was disguised under these titles. May it not be that this hapless troglodyte is unjustly accused? He may eat his betters, but he also furnishes them with food.

It may be well to have him exterminated, not because he is a cannibal, but because he is an inferior.

Among vain imaginings should be placed those warnings of hysterical anglers against rainbow trout. They will aver that rainbow trout in a stream soon will destroy all the brook trout. This never has happened in any stream and never will happen. In all trout streams the rainbow trout always will be in a hopeless minority. He grows lusty and vigorous in all trout waters where the brook trout thrives, and he probably often takes toll of his more exquisite cousin, but he is not prolific enough in our middle west waters to become a monopoly.

In most streams the supply of rainbow trout must be constantly replenished from the hatcheries or it will dwindle away to an occasional specimen. The rainbow trout will not "run out the brook trout." But he will at all times furnish a fighting diversion that will tingle the butt of a rod as no brook trout can do. The brook trout always will be the angler's greatest joy, but the German brown and the rainbow add variety to the social life of streams.



OLD MOSS BACK

"BOB"

QUIETLY the Boy crept up the huge tree root that overhung the widest and deepest part of Snag Creek. Reaching the end he leaned cautiously and noiselessly out over the brink, holding his breath as he did so, and feasting his eyes on the water beneath.

Yes, there he was again. For three summers he had lain there in the hot sultry days, under the shade of the old root. "Old Moss Back" he was nicknamed by old Ike Barrows, who had tried many a time to capture him, but all of whose attempts had ended in failure. What a prize he would have been! Many pike had been taken from Snag Creek but none to equal this one in size or weight. Always on hot days Old Moss Back was to be seen under the old root. Often he had risen to the troll but always, with a snap, had broken away, leaving only a broken hook or line as a memento.

Now he lay almost motionless, save for the slow moving fins. In and out moved the huge gills. Tim Woods watched in whole souled admiration. What would he not give to land him? In fancy he saw himself walking down the village street, the cynosure of every eye, carrying over his shoulder the big fish which was nearly as long as himself.

"Twenty-five pounds if he weighs an ounce" murmured Tim.

All through school the following day Tim sat abstracted. How could he contrive a plan to capture the big pike? Several times Miss Thompson spoke sharply to him. It was only after she had shaken him soundly that he settled himself in a half hearted attempt to master his lessons.

Shortly after four we find him again creeping up the old root with the same caution as displayed the preceding day.

Sure enough! There lay old Moss Back as before, in the same place. Slowly his fins moved up and down, his huge gills opening and closing with slow precision.

While the boy watched, a dead frog, partly skinned, came floating below the surface and passed close to the drowsing fish. With a quick motion he glided forward, only to back away as his nose came in contact with the floating frog. Right there came an inspiration to Tim.

That night he took from his bank a single dime. Going to Chapman's general store he asked for one of their largest fish hooks.

"Going to try for Old Moss Back?" asked Art. Sawyer, Chapman's assistant. Tim, however, vouched no answer.

School the next day seemed interminable. Never had the clock moved so slowly, but at last came the welcoming bell and Tim rose with a sigh of relief.

Farther down from the old root he walked, his eyes on the water. There is what he seeks. On top of a lily pad sits a big black frog. One well aimed blow and Mr. Frog stiffens out quivering. Hastily Tim wades in and securing the frog by one of his webbed feet proceeds to skin both legs. These, with a small piece of body holding them together, he fastens securely on the hook. He has attached to the hook about five feet of timber marking twine. This he fastens to a six foot dried and peeled ash pole. Cautiously he moves up the sloping root. Barely at the edge of the shadow lies Old Moss Back. Quietly Tim moves down, and kneeling at the edge of the root slowly lets the bait sink into the water. Will Old Moss Back take the bait? Scarcely daring to breathe Tim watches the line. His arm trembles so that the pole shakes. Is that the line moving? It must be the current. But no, it moves out towards the centre. A queer sensation creeps over Tim leaving him alternately hot and cold. Instinctively he shoves the pole further out. Then there is a quick jerk. Zip! Up from the water comes a glistening body, it turns in the air, and comes down with a splash—now to the right, now to the left. Frantically the boy holds on. Luckily it is the timber twine that is bearing the strain. Another rush to the centre and the water breaks again. Up he comes. He doubles his body and snaps back, for Old Moss Back is the wisest of his kind. Still the line holds firm, but Old Moss Back is a game fighter. Still the line has one trick left. Down to the bottom he goes heading for the centre of the stream. With a half formed idea of easing the strain the boy, now all excitement, steps forward, there is a slip, a wild clutch, and the pole flies from his hands while the boy pitches bodily into the water. He regains his feet and struggles to shore. Gone! is his first thought. But what is that? His pole is out there. Round and round it goes in a circle. Jiminy! the pike is still on. Out wades the boy. His pole seems alive. There it goes. Now it nears him. Can he reach it? No—but it swings closer. Hurrah! He clutches the pole and starts for the shore. Behind him trails the fish. Tired now, he has not the same vim as at first. Still he thrashes the water as he is drawn near the shore. Now when he is only in a foot of water he seems to gain new life. Once more he gives his mighty leap. But the shallow water impedes his impetus. He comes down solidly on a sharp point of rock. The wind is knocked from the floater. For the moment he is helpless. The boy slips his hands through the huge gills and drags him safely up on the green sod. Old Moss Back is landed at last.

Some Reminiscences of Duck Shooters at George Heard's Swan Lake Cabin

J. D. A. EVANS

AN old time Winnipeg sportsman was recently talking with the writer about Swan Lake, Man., the famous duck shooters' paradise. Readers of Rod and Gun who lived in Manitoba in the nineties and earlier years of this present century, as well as many Ontario sportsmen, will recall George Heard whose home at the base of a hillside was annually visited by gunners. Heard lived here for upwards of twenty-five years. Until quite recently the Pembina valley was a noted resort of the aquatic fowl and among the hundreds of sportsmen who have been out with George one can name leaders in the political, professional and mercantile life of Western Canada.

Heard was born at Fort Erie but in 1897 the claims of Manitoba attracted him and here he took up his dwelling until a quarter of a century later when he moved to a suburb of Vancouver where he lived until his death in 1912.

A few recollections of halcyon days at George's "roost" will resurrect the memories of many of Rod and Gun's readers.

A beautiful morning in September, 189—George was early astir. Among the sportsmen assembled in readiness for the opening fusilade was a gentleman to whom Manitoba is indebted for much of the prosperity enjoyed within its borders. The Hon.— was somewhat corpulent in build and in order that he might make the journey to the lake in comfort a chair was placed in the boat. The lake entrance was reached with safety; at the rear of a nearby reed patch a flock of blue-bills rose. The political sportsman, a first rate shot, fired two barrels of a Number 10, discharged by mistake; the next moment the honorable gentleman was floundering in the muddy water from which with the assistance of George and a boat in the vicinity he was brought to terra firma. Heard never forgot this occurrence, the principal hero of which was a man whose voice afterwards sounded through the Legislative Chamber of Manitoba and scattered his opponents to the tall timbers. The Railway Commission also sought this man's services ere he was laid to rest in a little cemetery on the bank of Crystal Creek.

Another annual visitor to Heard's retreat was a much respected member of the Manitoba Cabinet. On one occasion the gentleman in question, with his wife and a woman friend had had an excellent day's sport under the pilotage of Mr. Heard. About 2 o'clock, however,

a snowstorm came up and the party called a halt. Within an hour a blizzard was raging and the belated guns acting on the advice of George trekked to a wooded hillside for shelter. They were soon joined by a party of Winnipeg men, of whom the writer was one. As the weather conditions continued very boisterous it was decided to gather material for a night encampment. Busy hands carried hay from a stack in the valley. The architectural services of George were requisitioned and soon an actual wigwam was erected. During the night, while the storm raged, songs and mirth whiled away the hours, the scene being lighted up for a time by a solitary candle that Heard had chanced to place in his pocket a few weeks previously.

A noted man of letters, professor in an Ontario University, in company with a prominent Winnipeg divine, was experiencing his first duck shoot at Heard's. The professor, it was subsequently reported, used up one hundred and fifty shells in securing one solitary mudhen, which proved to be the sole result of his day's outing.

Representatives of Winnipeg Realty were also frequenters of George's establishment. It is not recorded however that any attempt was made by them to place his resort upon the market in twenty-five foot lots although this would have been a more reasonable proposition than some Winnipeg subdivisions one might mention.

A foremost citizen of Winnipeg, who has since enjoyed the honor of Knighthood, and is now occupying a high position within that city's judicial circles, was one of Heard's visitors, also, and it is recalled that his marksmanship on that occasion was of a strictly limited calibre.

The English House of Lords was once, at any rate, represented at Heard's when the Earl of——visited the Lake and displayed excellent prowess with the gun. His Lordship was much impressed with the sporting characteristics of George, so much so, that he offered him a good position on his vast overseas estates. Heard, however, on account of advancing years decided to remain on his own little estate.

George has now been gathered unto his fathers, and although the log house at the hill base is still standing, the outbuildings have fallen into decay and a sense of loneliness and sadness pervades their surroundings.





28 LB. LAKE TROUT CAUGHT IN BAD VERMILION LAKE BY A. M. STRUVE OF MINE CENTRE

Where Lake Trout and Big Game Abound

J. A. OSBORNE

WITH the opening up of the Rainy Lake region by the Canadian Northern Railway, hundreds of beautiful inland lakes and streams were made easily accessible to the fisherman and hunter as well as to the tourist who is looking for an outing where nature exists as it did one thousand years ago. Among the many beauty spots where lake trout are found in abundance is Bad Vermilion Lake situated a few miles east of Fort Frances on the Canadian Northern Railway, at Mine Centre. This lake, is a beautiful sheet of water studded with rock-bound shores and Islands. It is about ten miles long by three miles wide and consists of pure spring water. There are no rivers or large streams running into it, but a good sized stream serves as an outlet into the Seine River which empties into Rainy Lake. On the south-east shore several abandoned gold mines can be seen while on the north and west, iron ore and nickle can be found in considerable quantities. The lake is well stocked with trout, a species of land locked Salmon, which attain a size as large as four feet and weighing up to thirty-five pounds. The average fish however which are caught range from five to seven pounds and by reason of the deep cold water make excellent eating being firm in flesh and very sweet. Those who are familiar with this lake say that at one time a portion of it was the mouth of an extinct crater as the water is so deep that no chain has been found long enough to reach the bottom. It has the reputation of stirring up a heavy sea on short notice which accounts for the name "The Bad Vermilion."

To the tourist who is looking for an outing it offers numerous attractions. Situated half a mile from the station of Mine Centre it is very easily reached by a well graded road,

while on the lake shore the Mine Centre Club have a boat house with gasoline launches and canoes, also a club house some six miles down the Lake where one can stop comfortably. Fishing tackle and supplies can all be procured at Mine Centre, also guides and everything necessary for an outing.

North of Mine Centre, Turtle Lake is reached in a ten minutes walk where boat houses, gasoline boats and canoes with a club house on the lake are also at the disposal of the tourists. On a short trip up the Turtle lake to Big Turtle river and up this beautiful river to the first rapids, a distance of some six miles in all, the tourist finds the trip one long panoramic view.

In the river at the foot of the rapids pickerel with an average weight of two and a quarter pounds are to be had in abundance, while sturgeon and pike also abound. Here can often be seen moose and deer as they come down to the water to feed, the former on water lilies and the latter to escape the flies and drink the pure water. On a recent trip made by the writer in company with several members of the Mine Centre Hunting Club, a catch of one hundred and twenty-five Pickerel was made in three hours and not fishing all the time either. We also passed a bull moose as it was swimming across the river. Here are to be seen muskrat houses and beaver dams with new felled trees, the work of the beaver which are plentiful on the river banks. The high rocky hills covered with green verdure and with blueberries, strawberries and raspberries in abundance make an ideal spot in which to spend a holiday. To those who are interested any Canadian Northern Railway Agent will give full particulars how to reach this Sportsman's Paradise.

The Need of Administration for the Protection of Fisheries in B.C.

E. D. SISMEY

THE settlement of a new country has always been marked by the decrease of wild life. Game and fish become scarcer and continue to do so unless stringent legislation is framed for its protection. Game however is better protected, and is in a way better able to protect itself, than are fish in the interior of the province of British Columbia, at any rate.

On the Coast there are measures to protect certain kinds of fish which are important from an industrial point of view. As a matter of fact any fish which makes wholesome food should be considered as a national asset.

Abundance of fish has always been the boast of the province but how long will it continue to be so unless active measures are taken? At one time it was thought that the timber resources of the province were unlimited, but this is now known to be false and the Forestry department of the province are devoting their energies to the protection and preservation of standing timber and to the reforestation of logged off lands which are of no use for anything but the raising of timber.

An example of how easy it is to deplete lakes and rivers of fish can be seen to no better effect than around Victoria B. C. Take for example such lakes as Cowichan, Shawinigan and Sooke. Only a few years ago these lakes teemed with fish, but now since popular summer resorts have been established at these places the fishing is far from being good. The fish have been fished out and no great effort has been made to restock.

Further away from Victoria and in parts that are none too well known there are fish by the swarms. In 1912 I was in the Buttes Lake country and there the fish were so plentiful that fifty or sixty could be caught in an hour and so foolish were they that with a bent pin and a piece of ham on the end of six feet of string you could get a fine meal in about five minutes. A fine country for the game hog that! Suppose now, that several hundred people were to fish this water off and on for several years, how long would it be before the supply became diminished? I suppose that when this district is thrown open to tourists under the name of Strathcona Park the fish will share the same fate as they have done in many other places.

As a drawing card to visitors fishing is far better than hunting. The average city man after a hard season's work would rather fish from a quiet and comfortable camp than take a bag of beans and a cayuse and go out deer hunting. If however he can get his hunting from his fishing camp so much the better.

In sections of British Columbia where irrigation is practiced, fish in the smaller streams are in danger of extermination unless something is done and done quickly. During high water the fish run from the lakes and

rivers up these creeks to spawn, and when the freshet starts to fall they return by instinct to avoid being caught upstream in low water. However in the meantime the dry weather has made irrigation necessary and in the cases of lots of smaller creeks all the water from the creek is being diverted into ditches and canals. The fish finding no water in the creek naturally follow these ditches and are finally cast up on the land where they die.

Such is the case in many of the creeks on the Okanagan and Similkameen districts. A few days ago I was talking to an old timer in the Similkameen and he was saying how fast the fish were disappearing and he was telling me of the small creek on which he was living. During low water this creek has a flow of about 150 to 200 Miners' Inches and this is all used on land. Of this flow he uses himself a continual stream of about 4 or 5 M. I. which flows down a little ditch into a barrel and then spills out onto his garden. During the season of 1914 he took 206 trout of about four inches in length from this barrel and replaced them in the creek. Now if he was finding so many in his little stream how many were there going down the larger ditches? This state of affairs is going on and has been for years and will continue to do so unless something is done.

Another point, to be considered is that on the larger creeks the fish have a very poor chance to run upstream as they are held up by the various diversion dams. On many creeks the dams are so numerous that the creek is cut up into very short sections so that a fish can not pass from one to another and therefore cannot reach the spawning grounds.

At one time the lakes that are situated at the headwaters of most creeks and rivers in this province were ideal spawning grounds for fish, but now owing to the fact that in the dry belt storage dams have been built on many of them their value as a spawning ground has been ruined. The fish, unfortunately, still continue to run up these creeks and when they come to the dam waste themselves in vain attempts to reach the lake.

Another fish which is entirely unprotected, yet at the same time is of no small importance in many parts of the province is the Kikiney, a small trout which comes out of the lakes every fall and runs up the creeks to spawn; the run is very short but while it is on the creeks are full of them where they fall an easy prey to people with gaffs and nets. Tens of thousands of them are caught every year by people who salt them down for the winter, which is right enough but the trouble is that so many are caught that it is only very few of them indeed that ever get upstream high enough to spawn.

The question of preserving the fish is in itself a difficult one. Kikineys might be pro-

tected by limiting the sections of the creek over which they might be caught, but as far as the other kinds of trout go, they can only be protected by limiting bags and restocking. Irrigation ditches should have the intakes closed by a wire screen, this would at least

prevent fish from getting onto the land.

That measures must be taken is certain if we wish to keep fish in our streams and to hand down our natural resources to posterity as nearly as possible in a state similar to that in which we found them.

MY HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

M. W. GUTHRIE

HOW well I remember, Jim, the day we tramped over to Uncle Henry's to fish in the pond out back of his place, and how you grumbled and growled all the way out and back because you were too fat to enjoy a six mile tramp in the sun. It sure was some hot that spring, but you certainly forgot all about grumbling when you hooked that big trout. I don't think I ever saw a man more excited, and then how disgusted you were, when just as you were about to slip the net under him he gave a sudden twist, jerked himself free, and disappeared in the cool depths. You certainly did some artistic cussing about that time.

"Yes, Jim, I have sometimes thought I should like to go back to the old place and spend a few days, but it is a long trip and I don't care about travelling as I used to, and then again things would not be the same as when we were young. There would be strangers in the homes of our old friends and even the scenery would have changed in all these years. The streams would probably be all fished out and those swamps and thickets we used to hunt in would have long since disappeared because you know that was a splendid farming country and every acre of land could be made productive. It isn't like this place where more than half the land is only fit to grow timber. Yes, this is a beautiful spot, but when I came here in search of health nearly thirty years ago it was a pretty desolate looking place. All the heavy timber had been cut off some years before and fires had run over some of the hills and here and there some poor devil had cleared a little place and was trying to wrest a living from the inhospitable soil. There was some fishing to be had, and fair shooting where the second growth of timber had become fairly thick, but there was no effort being made to protect the game or to conserve the timber, and the result was that every, Tom, Dick and Harry was hunting and fishing in season and out, and every little while some of the more careless ones would set a fire and a whole lot of the best timber would be burned over and the young trees all destroyed just perhaps when they were getting to be valuable.

"I came here to this very place and boarded with a farmer who used to live in a log house that stood right where this house stands today, and after I had been here awhile I found that my health was so much improved that I decided to buy a place here and settle

down for a while. Doubtless the fact that one of the neighboring farmers' daughters had consented to become my wife had much to do with this decision, but the possibilities of the country also appealed to me in no uncertain manner, and I thought I had a scheme whereby it could be made not only a very desirable place to live in for a man of my tastes, but also more than ordinarily productive.

"As I said before, things were pretty well down at the heel and the land was cheap so while I did not have very much money, I did not have much trouble in getting control of a large tract of land lying along this valley and taking in a good share of that mountain yonder, nearly a thousand acres in all, some of it splendid farm land, but mostly only suitable for growing timber. Then I went to work to try out my idea. I got all the adjoining farmers together and succeeded in getting them to agree not to allow any shooting or fishing on their land at all for five years, and then only on special permit. I then applied to the Government and with their help succeeded in stocking all of the streams in the immediate neighborhood with trout. Through a friend of mine in England I was able to get a number of pheasants and as I was pretty sure this climate would suit them I had them sent over and turned loose and I must say they fulfilled my expectations in no uncertain manner, and at the end of the five years the deer had become quite plentiful. Long before that the neighboring farmers had seen the wisdom of the scheme and had entered into it heart and soul so that hunting and fishing had been entirely stopped and as a consequence forest fires had become very rare and the fish and game were plentiful. Then we began to advertise in the leading sporting magazines and it was not long until we had a goodly number of sportsmen coming here every season, boarding at the various farm houses and enjoying, to quote their own words, "the finest sport they had ever seen."

"You see that stream winding down through the valley yonder and finally disappearing in the timber down by the bend in the road. Well, there isn't a finer trout stream in the country and just beyond that fringe of timber is as fine a little lake as you will see anywhere, and trout, well they have to be seen to be appreciated, and you can take if from me that there have been some beauties taken from there. We will go down there in the

morning and it will do your heart good to cast a fly where the trout are so plentiful and game.

"We only allow fishing with the fly and the lightest of tackle, and if, as occasionally happens, a hog comes along who thinks more of a full creel than he does of the sport, we take good care that he does not come again, but we find that the percentage of such fellows among the fly fishermen is small, and that the vast majority of them are sportsmen and good ones too.

"Then when the hunting season opens we have as fine shooting as can be had anywhere and you don't have to go away back into the wilds either, as we are only three miles from the railway station here and some of the farms nearer have good shooting to offer, although the fact that it is more thickly settled farther down the valley makes the deer more plentiful up here, but the smaller game is quite as numerous there as anywhere. Of course we are just as careful of our shooting as of our fishing and will not put up with any "game hogs" but we find the same thing is true here again and that the majority are good sports.

"And say, Jim, talk about the conservation of timber. We have certainly proved that it pays. There have been thousands of dollars worth of timber taken off these hills in the last ten years, and yet today there are few places I have seen, and you know I have travelled the woods some, which compare with this in wealth of standing timber and the beauty of it all is that it is right at the door of the market. Of course we could realize more ready cash by cutting and slashing the same as the early settlers did, but we would spoil our hunting and fishing to a large extent, and so cut off a splendid revenue which we get from the sportsmen each year, and the country would soon become the same desolate place to live in it was when I came here twenty years ago. So we prefer to cut only some of the more mature timber each year and leave the younger trees

to develop. In this way we all have a good yearly income from our timber lands, the shooting and fishing remains unimpaired, and the beauty of the country is not affected. We no longer have to contemplate barren hillsides upon which the bare and leafless trees stripped of bark and twig by that arch enemy of timber lands, the forest fire, rear their searred and blackened trunks in mute testimony of the carelessness of man. On the contrary we have a country good to look upon and while none of us are rich in the sense in which riches are reckoned in the large cities, yet we are all prosperous and what is vastly more important, we are happy and content in so far as it is given to man in this world to enjoy those great blessings. I often think, Jim, that if the people in our big cities could realize just what they are missing and just how much health and genuine pleasure there is lying about loose in those old hills just waiting for someone to come along and pick them up, there would soon be an exodus of population to the country and those bread lines we read of would cease to exist, and a healthier and happier generation would grow up to the enjoyment of peace and plenty instead of toil and want which is ever the lot of the poor in the big city.

"Well, well, here it is ten o'clock and you must be tired after listening to me all this time. You see Jim I like to hear myself talk just as well as I ever did, but I guess we had better turn in now so as to be up early in the morning and have a go at those trout before the sun gets too hot, as I have not forgotten your dislike for too much sun, and I do not enjoy it as much as I once did. Besides the trout rise better early in the morning or towards evening so we will have a try at them early, then come up and have something to eat and a good smoke, and be in on the evening catch as well and see if we cannot prove that we know as much about the game as the young fellows."

WILD DUCK FOODS

Sportsmen and naturalists frequently observe that some ponds and sloughs are favourite resorts of water-fowl, while others are seldom visited and then only for short periods. The explanation of this difference is usually to be found in the food supply. Men who have on their estates stretches of water which they would like to see occupied by wild ducks, geese and other aquatic birds, can attract them in large numbers by growing the right kinds of plants.

The plants best suited for duck foods are:—wapato or arrowhead (*Sagittaria latifolia*), which will grow almost anywhere and is relished by all kinds of waterfowl; wild celery (*Vallisneria spiralis*), which is especially loved

by the canvas-back; water-cress (*Nasturtium officinale*); wild rice (*Lizania aquatica*), a fine cereal food; blue duck millet (*Echinochloa crus-galli*), a plant of which mallards are particularly fond; several of the numerous species of pondweeds (e.g., *Potamogeton natans*, *lanceolatus* and *pectinatus*); chufa (*Gyperus esculentus*; and water chinkapin (*Nelumbo lutea*).

In gathering and storing the seeds of water plants, it is important that they be kept wet, as, if allowed to become dry, their power of germination is lost. It is necessary to study the situation in which they are to be planted, the depth and nature of the water, kind of soil etc., and to grow plants which are observed to succeed in similar places.



ALPINE CLUB NOTES

THE Canadian Alpine Journal for 1914 and 1915 has just been received and is a particularly interesting number, both as regards the text and the illustrations. In the section devoted to Mountaineering the major portion of what has been written concerning the Northern Rockies is devoted to the Mount Robson region, including Mr. Foster's vivid story of the first ascent, as well as narratives by Conrad Kain, A. H. MacCarthy, B. S. Darling, and others. Articles by well known climbers portraying climbs and experiences in the Southern Rockies make up the balance of this section.

To the Scientific section Mr. Wheeler contributes two articles one on the Yoho and the other on the Robson Glacier. This section also includes Place Names in Vicinity of Robson Pass by James White, The Expedition to Mt. Kitchi by Miss Mary L. Jobe, the story of the Cathedral Camp by Rev. George A. Mitchell, the story of the Robson Camp by Miss K. B. Hallows, the story of the camp in the Upper Yoho Valley (1914) by Rev. J. Macartney Wilson, and other articles of

equal interest.

The balance of the Journal is devoted to references to club members who have passed away since the last issue of the Journal; to Alpine Club Notes, Reviews and the usual official section.

Copies of the current and past issues of the Canadian Alpine Journal can be obtained from the Secretary Treasurer, S. H. Mitchell, Sidney, Vancouver Island, B. C., from whom also the prices of the back numbers can be obtained. All applications for copies must be accompanied by money or postal note. Cheques are not accepted.

By furnishing the address one can have copies sent to friends.

Donald Phillips started the 1st of July with Miss Jobe and party, including Miss Hinman, John Arnold and David Tyler, for a sixty day trip to Mt. Kitchi and beyond. Phillips has a camp this year beautifully situated on Horse-shoe Lake two miles out of Jasper and known as the Jasper Park Camp.

LURE OF THE OPEN

C. L. GILMAN

You know the way it gets you 'til
You can not work or rest
Because the call of out-of-doors
Makes tumult in your breast.

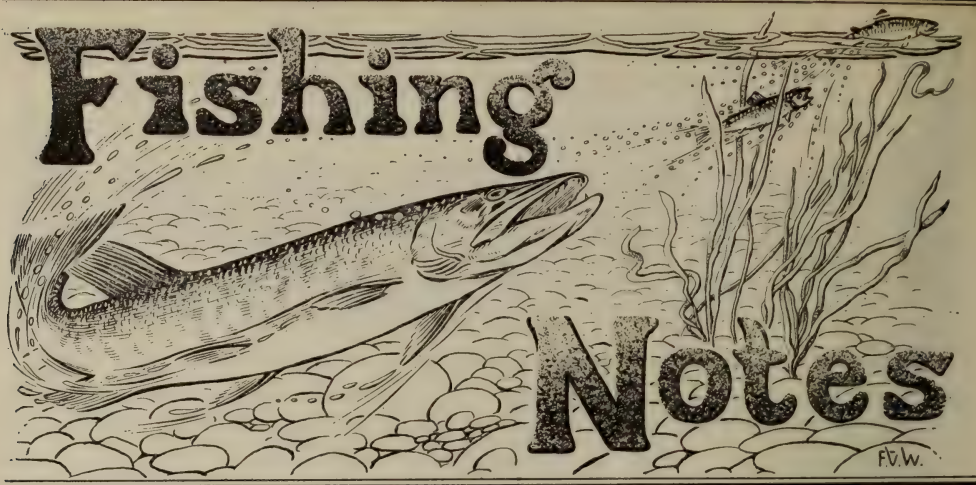
It gets you at the office and
It follows you right home,
This whisper of the springtime that
Invites you forth to roam.

Where little streams are laughing down
Through wooded dells to make

The world more rich with music e'er
They vanish on the lake.

And dancing waves are waiting to
Bear forth your bark canoe
To where the noon-day campfire smoke
Floats upward to the blue.

These are the things which haunt your heart
And hundreds more you know,
Make up the call that summon you
To just break loose and go.



THE ATLANTIC SALMON

(ARTICLE 20)

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Salmon of Labrador

*By the wild Canadian shore,
By the sandy Labrador,
By the rocky Mingan Isles,
And where Anticosti smiles:
Numberless the salmon shoals
Gather where the salt tide rolls.*

*Rivers, streams of crystal clearness,
Pour through that far-reaching strand,
From thy river mouth St. Lawrence,
To the coast of Newfoundland:
Far as where the Belle-Isle strait—
Opens to the seas its gate.*

*Cold, these rivers, as the fountains,
From the wilderness that flow,
Cold as waters of the mountains
Gelid with the ice and snow.
There amid the salt abysses,
Or the river's spring-fresh tide:
Gleaming, flashing, leaping, diving,
Shoals of lordly salmon glide.*

Isaac MacLellan

FLY fishing for the salmon is a sport that has been so long established upon this continent that we wonder if it has not the leadership over that of fly fishing for the charr or the common brook trout; as a sport it has been participated in by some of the best known men past and present among the great angling fraternity; upon the scroll you will find the name of kingly enthusiasts alongside of men whose pens have properly extolled the virtues of the pastime; and on our book shelves are volumes of practical experience and advice as to ways and means, there too will be found the sentimentalist writer

who describes the glamour of the pursuit of the salmon, its fighting proclivities, and the final victory as the mighty one is gaffed or beached. Angling for the salmon has not become decadent despite predictions made long ago that its day was passing. We still find it followed by men who love this valiant sport and who will give good money to realize their desires. In ponds, and lakes and along rushing, rapid-interrupted rivers the salmon fly is still dropping to water in season and still are gaffs working and still are stout greenheart and noibwood rods bending to the rush of the successfully barbed fish. The rivers and streams and lakes that were famous in the past are still the same famous streams and the fish are still there as of yore only waiting for the fly and the shrewdness and wisdom of the piscatorialist to lay them low. That the fly fishing for salmon is an intricate performance there are none who will gainsay:

Salmon fly fishing in New Foundland has become a reputable institution. The rivers in this territory have proved to be some of the best in this western world, and anglers yearly flock there to try their skill and despite the fact that a good deal of money is needed, it is readily paid for by the brilliant sport accruing. In the year 1913 something like two thousand five hundred dollars was taken in in rod tax and during the season which extends from June first to the fifteenth of September over six thousand salmon were garnered in by the valiant. In that year a salmon weighing forty-four pounds was captured on the fly and played upon a ten ounce greenheart rod, the fight lasting over an hour, when it was finally gaffed and landed. There are any number of good streams in Newfoundland open to the

salmon angler. The fame of the Little and Grand Codroy has been much exploited by writers. Along the South branch of this river in one year something like eight hundred salmon were taken mostly upon the deadly artificial fly. Other notable streams are listed as follows somewhat in order of their productiveness: Grand River, Little River, Crabbs River, Robinson's Head, Fishel's River, Harry's River, Portland Creek, Hawk's Bay Rivers and the Main and the West Rivers. On the eastern shore of Newfoundland good fishing is found at Indian Brook, Hall's Bay, Gander River and in the Gambo River and its many tributaries. A short distance from St. John's one will find good fishing in the Trepassey Rivers, the Salmonier Rivers and the Placentia Rivers; on the southern part of the island good fishing may be had in St. Keel's River, Conne River and the Grandy River. Salmon fishing yearly improves owing to the fact that the streams are now carefully watched by wardens; the netting of salmon along these rivers is now practically a thing of the past; the fish spawn and grow to size undisturbed.

The Atlantic Salmon (*Salmo salar*) is considered in the light of scientific knowledge as having in the forming periods of this earth to have been a freshwater fish, it is believed that it was entirely through the changes in the earth's surface that these fish were driven from their inland homes and that they then made their homes there as we note them now. Half of the salmon's life only is spent in the salt water. The earliest we have record of in which salmon were noted on this continent was following the expedition of Cabot, as early as the year 1497, to Newfoundland. Salmon were later found in Greenland, Iceland and also as far north as Hudson's Bay though it has always been a conjecture if they ever occurred as far north as the Arctic. Salmon were also found along the coast of Labrador, westward to the falls of Niagara. They are also found in the rivers or streams in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Maine and more or less throughout the New England States though there it is practically a thing of the past. Those other salmon, the Sebago salmon of New England, and the Ouananiche, which is found in Canada, are what is technically termed as landlocked salmon, or salmon that do not run to the salt water. They are freshwater fish entirely. Referring to these fish, it is thought in the light of some scientific opinion that in the early periods when the earth was undergoing drastic formation they were closed off, or walled in, and in these lakes took up their life and remained, strictly freshwater salmonoids.

A recent writer, whose knowledge of the salmon is such as to render what he says of more than ordinary worth, comments thus upon the salmon.

"Someone has stated that salmon are probably running up and down Canadian rivers in every month of the year; while this is no doubt purely conjecture, I should not like to say it is not true. There is very much yet to be learned about the movements of our noble game fish. We know of the early summer ascent and of the late run of the salmon, and

have no reason to doubt that many fish come into the rivers very early in the spring in the same manner as do their congeners on the other side of the Atlantic; and this leads us to inquire why there should be such a diversity of habit, why they do not enter and leave the streams nearly simultaneously; the explanation I will endeavour to give is the result of considerable thought. In the opinion of many good observers the salmon does not carry out the work of reproduction every year; that is to say, in many cases the fish do not always mature and deposit their ova every year, and some occasionally pass or go by seasons. I do not suppose anyone would undertake to say that all salmon cast their spawn every year or every alternate year, because so far as I have been able to ascertain, nobody has any tangible proof in the premises, but there seems to be very strong leaning to the belief that a certain proportion of the fish spawn only on alternate years. Now the salmon, having performed their great work, have no excuse or reason for longer tarrying in the rivers in which most of them have spent many months, generally without food, and they begin to move down the streams on their return to the ocean, where, by reason of the abundant food that is afforded, they are enabled to recuperate and again become the well-conditioned, vigorous fish they formerly were. But the spent salmon, or kelts, do not always hurry in descending the rivers, some even procrastinating their return to the sea until April, and May. Now my theory is this: those kelts which do not return to the salt water until late in the winter, or even in the spring, cannot possibly recuperate to a degree that would enable them to mature spawn ripe for reproduction in the following autumn, and that they, instead of returning to the rivers, remain in the salt water during the early winter months. But having acquired their full condition, their health, strength, and vigor, the natural process of elaborating and ripening the ova begins and they are then prompted to return to the rivers in which those ova must be deposited, and a certain proportion of them attain that condition very early in the season, even as early as January or February according to the length of time during which they have remained in the ocean; those fish are the ones which constitute the early run. The late run, so-called, most probably consists of those fish which deposited their spawn early in the previous autumn and descended at once to the sea, in which they have from ten months to a year to recuperate. Between the early and late runs come those fish which ascend the rivers during the summer months, most of which bear eggs which will mature in the coming autumn, but some of which ascend the river only in pursuance of the instinct which teaches them to pass up into the fresh water, even if no ova are to be deposited."

There are two distinct runs of the Atlantic Salmon (*Salmo salar*) up the freshwater rivers. The first run will occur sometime in the early spring, or early summer, lasting an indefinite period. The object of this first run has never been conclusively ascertained. Some scientific men closely hold that it is

entirely due to the pursuit for food, and this salmon, like the Sebago salmon of the Sebago lakes in New England run up these rivers after the spawning smelts. It is notable that the Atlantic salmon, though found to be full of food at this period will readily take the fly when cast to surface by the angler. In the autumn there occurs the second run of these salmon and this time there is no doubt as to their destination or as to their purpose, which is spawning. At the beginning of the run they will be in trim condition, alert and absolutely vigorous.

In their spawning they follow practically the same rules as the western salmon, the well-known royal chinooks, during their spawning. As they ascend to the headwaters of the various streams and their tributaries their remarkable vigor and their coloring gradually forsake them; they have been hurtled in the face of elements, they have breasted crashing, tumbling rapids which they have leaped, along with falls, which would seem to present unsurmountable obstacles. Their nuptial coloration will soon become worn and frayed and they assume an appearance more repulsive than anything else; some specimens seen have been quite grotesque, and covered with a slime not unlike that found upon the royal chinook in the western waters. The skin of the male fish presents a sickly, mottled appearance, many colors being noted ere the trip is finished. Toward the end of the journey the jaws of the male have a decided hooked appearance by which they are easily told. Whether or not the fish feed while they are on this run is widely uncertain, though some ichthyologists aver that such is the case; other observationalists hold that they fast, taking no food. It is true that after the spawning they return to the ocean and take up their feeding on crustaceans, shrimps, crabs and other sea life acceptable to them. This is far different from the western salmon who do not take food into their stomachs during the spawning run; as a matter of fact the throat is closed and from the time they leave the ocean onward they take no nourishment into their bodies.

The spawn of the Atlantic salmon is cast far up at the headwaters of various streams. Some aver that these salmon go up the rivers they were born in and cast their spawn practically where they found their individual inception. This is also typical of the western, salmon, for while the royal chinook may be hundreds of miles from the mouth of his river of birth he will journey thither and ascend that river. The second run, the spawning run of the Atlantic salmon occurs in the month of October, or in November. The female fish scoop out beds with their stomachs along the gravelly or sandy bars and there cast their spawn which is directly impregnated by the male who throws his milt over them. At this late season of the year the water is quite chilly and though a great number of the ova have been entered by the male fishes' spermatazoa and given a basis for life, still the winter is upon them ere creation has found its sway. The fry do not hatch out then until the relieving sunlight of spring takes away the ice, and the streams again run life-engender-

ing and sufficiently warm. Only comparatively few of the eggs of this salmon, in comparison with the great deal of spawn cast ever amount to anything. The shifting of the sands will often bury the eggs; parasites assail them during their winter habitat; and fishes feed upon them, scooping them out of their beds and when spring comes very few remain. It is sometime, however, in the late or early spring when the fry come out of the shells into the light of life. For one month and a half the fry take into their bodies no nourishment from around them. They have a yolk-sac forward of their breasts and this they draw upon till they have assumed a likely shape. When the yolk-sac has dwindled and finally is gone the fish assume an appetite for external food. The young fish will then feed upon the parasites that are in the water. One of the astonishing features of this salmon, or any salmon for that matter is its fast growth. During one season of growth it will add to itself at least thirty times its weight, and still gain in proportion. At the age of three months a distinct coloration is noted upon the little fish. It has not the distinguishable coloration of the older, adult fish; it looks, during this stage, more than ever like a trout. There are noted now upon its sides some blue bars; these are called the *parr-marks*. The salmon at this stage is said to be in its parr stage. The fish remains a parr till it leaves its freshwater home and goes into salt water for the first time when it becomes changed in coloration and is then known as *smolt*. In the parr stage, besides the mottled sides and the eleven blue bars there are noted the familiar vermilion spots, upon its sides; these spots are somewhat larger than those found on the trout and they are fewer in number. The fish remain in the parr stage for a space of time extending over two years. Some hold that it stays in freshwater till the third spring when it goes down to the sea, but this is wholly uncertain. Two years would be more closely setting a definite time.

At this stage in its evolution it becomes a *smolt* having attained a length of about eight or more inches. It now forsakes its troutlike garb taking on a coloration like that of the adult salmon, a silvery coloration that is easily and readily distinguishable. The habitat of the smolt in salt water is of uncertain duration before they again go up the freshwater rivers. Some hold it as ten months, some hold it two years and William Harris, author of that great work "Salmon and Trout of America," holds that smolt, going down to the sea in May or June, will run up the rivers again after a space of about ten weeks and will spawn in November at the headwaters after which they return to the sea to repair again thither in the spring as salmon.

It is here noted that when the smolt leave the salt water to go upstream they cease to be smolt, and are then known as *grilse*. Harris holds that these grilse, which will weigh from two to six pounds, actually spawn and he is upheld in this assertion by Dean Sage who avers that the grilse are then in such a stage of development that bringing forth their kind in reproduction is not an impossibility. However, the majority hold

that the fish as grilse are sexually immature and that the spawn bears no fruit. It is however claimed upon authority that the *male* grilse is well developed and more or less mature, and falling in with the spawning run of the adult salmon it will impregnate the eggs of the older fish with evident success. Grilse are so common to Canadian waters that there is always fruit for a controversy among the angling and scientific element. The subject has been ably threshed out by authorities, but there seems to have been no settlement on the problem. Some aver that grilse are immature—and cannot bring forth young; others hold that they are mature—and that they are successful. There they clash. However, be it noted that grilse run to the headwaters in the fall of the year and spawning or no they stay there till the spring when they again go down to the sea coming back the next fall with a weight of twelve pounds or less, and having then abandoned the grilse stage, they will then be mature salmon, well capable of spawning. As an adult the salmon has now a coloration brown above, with sides of silvery and shifting hues; there are noted black spottings upon the head, on the body and the fins; the male adults have also reddish patchings on their sides. The coloration of the salmon is greatly governed by age, food and environment.

The salmon after their spawning, which occurs from the last of October till December stay through the winter as do the grilse, at the headwaters, returning to the ocean in the spring. If these *spent* salmon can obtain food or if they can run into lakes where food is easily reached they will regain their old form, and spring will find them corpulent, some of rather aldermanic proportions. But, as a rule, these salmon find little food and they run down the stream to the ocean so misshapen, so starved, so repulsive in form that they are hopeless in the eye of the angler. These salmon are now known as *kelt*. The run down to the sea occurs in the very early spring. Arriving in the ocean they at once begin to feed and they soon regain their weight and take on more as the months go by. When they again return in the fall to spawn they have increased notably to twelve pounds in the aggregate. Upon their return to the ocean as *kelt* the fish have an appetite that is really enormous and it is little wonder that they regain their old form. In this respect the Atlantic salmon differs widely from the western salmon. The western salmon after their spawning operations

die by the hundreds of thousands. Their bodies float down the streams like driftwood, they line the banks; the smell fairly rises to heaven as one writer says. That nature has laid down a rule of extinction after the official spawning there is little doubt among many observers but this does not hold in the case of the eastern salmon which recovers, though all forces of vitality seem spent—and returns to the ocean.

The weight of the salmon has always been a question open to conjecture. The forty-four pound salmon taken out of the Codroy River in Newfoundland in the year 1913 is somewhat of an exception. Some really large salmon have been taken, the largest I know of being somewhat over eight pounds. In the Restigouche a notable fish has been taken that weighed something like sixty pounds. However these weighs are records and do not by any means determine the average weight. As an average weight I would consider ten pounds as being right and even that in some territories would be going wide of the mark. The conditions noticeable in the eastern United States, in the New England region and those noted in Canadian waters, in respect to this salmon are widely different. While it is notable that innumerable specimens of the grilse are found in Canadian waters, grilse are rarely apprehended in the waters of the United States, in fact some hold that they cannot there be found in inland waters. Others hold that the fish return to the sea as smolt and do not come upstream in the grilse stage but stay on in the salt water, coming up as adult salmon. In the matter of angling for this salmon it may be said that the grilse is by far the best fighter of the Atlantic salmon; it is a well proportioned, capable fish, skillfully outlined and arrowy in flight and will often rise to the fly with an avidity that is exhilarating to say the least. Grilse often shoot out of the water catching a fly a foot over water. As comparable with other salmon the Atlantic species do not meet up with the well known Ouananiche of Canadian waters. The Ouananiche has an established reputation that will not down. Men will always sing the superior qualities of this fish. But for all that the Atlantic salmon has a stern method of fighting and in the coming chapter I will consider it in this interesting respect.

The remarks I have made above are of course subject to some changes when the various waters wherein this salmon is found, its environment, its various changeable foods, etc. are taken into consideration.



THE BLACK BASS--AUTUMNAL FISHING

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THERE is so much fascination in autumn and autumnal fishing, looking at it from the viewpoint of the piscatorial gentleman that I am tempted to discourse long and lovingly upon the subject. Autumnal fishing has wonders without name and that success is to be met with in all branches of the sport is readily understood by all who have gone out in these haloed months of forgetfulness and witchery—of colors multitudinous and weather, bright, cool and refreshing. A day's fishing in quiet waters in autumn leaves an ever-recurring memory that is never quite effaced from one's consciousness, a picture of peace and contentment. One remembers above all, the quietude of the day, the sleeping silence of many things; even those things which are stirring do not seem to give up one sound to shatter the universal solemnity. In these exceptionally beautiful days are staged some of our best and finest piscatorial endeavours. Here we have surroundings par excellence; and a temperature not too disagreeably warm, nor yet too cool. The fish will now have taken on new life and energy. The warmed out waters have become cooler; the fish have left the depths and are now found along the shores, awakened and alert. This is especially true of the bass. But they are not the only fish that are readily taken in the autumn months. The fly-fisherman knows that the trout are well taken in September and in early October. Especially is the month of September a good one for trout. The brook trout are now in their full royal dress, their coloring magnificent; the pigment cells are then working overtime to produce that delightfully susceptible clothing of hues for which this fish is famous. Undoubtedly it is the nervous activity which the fish at this season undergoes that acts upon the pigment cells. Or does nature present to the male this nuptial dress to dazzle and thus better win the regard of the female fish—since now they are on the verge of the spawning season and they are going upstream to cast their eggs, which will not become fish till the springtime has cast its gold and greenery over the world. Now they will be moving about in schools, making for the streams, and going upstream, this one purpose held determinedly in their consciousness. And now, with the insects nipped by the frost, falling to water the trout will rise to snatch them off of the brim as they skim downward, or drop on the water, and become completely submerged. Then the fly-fisherman, using his well-selected flies will reap success in no little measure.

Now also one will find the pickerel abroad, and watchfully lying in wait for his prey. Over there by that deadhead, for instance, or by that clump of weeds, the water is so silent that it is like the face of a mirror—send your artificial, or live frog, plumping downward over there and what happens? Out in that cosy covert there lay a pickerel. He does not lie there now. When he beheld that bait enter the water he shot out—and he smashed

that lure. My, you will say, as that eight pounder is netted, how he did fight! I never knew a pickerel had so much energy in him. But this is easily explained, for it is autumn now and the fish have regained their pugnaciousness. Now also, along the shores, and into the little coves, in deep, silent places, and at the mouths of streams entering the lake, you will find the hardy muscallonge, and the far from obsolete great northern pike. Say, but those fellows fight at this time of the year! As you row along, at the rate of three miles an hour, with a glittering Skinner spoon out behind, to which is connected a stout line, to which is connected a strong, durable, long-barreled, quadruple-multiplying reel, to which again is connected a rod with a lot of backbone in its semi-resilient length, lo and behold, in a moment there is a savage lunge at the whirling affair and as you set the hook you know that you are on the eve of battling with another "freshwater tiger," and if it is a thirty pounder do not blame anyone but yourself and the spoon hook for doing it. Now, also, those pugnacious barbarians, the great northern pike, may chance in to survey your samples of artificials and spinning lures. Wicked-looking, menacing cannibals they are with baleful eyes, and teeth in their various jaws that cause a shiver to run down your honorable back. If he strikes—O perhaps the spoon will not be bent, but I doubt it. And such a fight! A slash and bang from beginning to end, but finally you get him up close and you clamp that automatic gaff down over him right back of the head and he is yours.

All this leads up to the subject I had begun, that of the bass, who is pugnacious also, fighting, jumping and tearing around, that is to say the *mycropterus* brand, especially in the glorious months of autumn when so many of the big fellows are netted.

Among all the fish that may be angled for in autumn, give me firstly and lastly, the black bass. It is then that I like to use those artificials—and I will have use for them all. By using the artificials at this time of the year you will have more of a proportion of catches to the aimless strikes you get. In the spring the fish may be only half-hearted about it, the spawning passion being an engrossing one and taking most of their energy and interest. Now, however it is different. They are awake and very much alert. And when they hit the bait you are on for a lasting fight. Among the best hours of the day for fishing in the autumn surely there can be none to equal the hours from four o'clock in the afternoon till dusk. The waters are then exceptionally still; and tranquility broods over the land. You row lightly and carefully into some secluded place, avoiding the least disturbing noise, and marking the spot you desire to reach, cast your bait with painstaking exactitude. Usually, if you are good at finding the right places you will have a rise the first or second cast. After much fishing of this finny fellow

I have come to the decision that extreme care, and the avoiding of noises will make your fishing more roundly successful. I learned this long ago from an old-timer, under whose guidance I took my rudimentary lessons in the art dominant. Care and deliberation, coolness and judgment were the rules he laid down for success.

Which is the best method for bass fishing, the walking alongshore, or wading in the water alongshore, and casting outward; or rowing in a boat, just outside the weed line, and casting inshore?

If two men in the boat (there must, of course, be two in usual instances, one to cast and one to ply the oars) go about their operations silently it is all right; but I have found that the least disturbance will put the wise old lunkers on the *qui vive* instantly and they will become suspicious, to such an extent that they may not care to strike. Also bass, lying under lily-pads, see a great distance away from them and it is not at all to be doubted that they see you casting from the boat, especially if in close to them. I would rather go alone rowing, and do sitting down casting, than to have a clumsy rower, one who talks and slaps the water with the blades, and who gets in the way of the swung bait. Three times I have hooked men in the head with hooks, and I rather shy at it now. I cannot seem to overcome the suspicion that I am going to hook my partner in the head when I cast, hence I prefer to go alone, if I choose the boat method. But best of all I like the alongshore method, and especially do I like drawing on my hip boots and wading along in the water, to cast out into the pads. The perfection of this method is that you are rarely seen, and wading easily, right close to them, say you are casting from the shadows at eventide, you stand ten times better chance to get them with this system than when going out in a boat. I once stood on one spot and took out ten nice bass in this manner, knee deep in the pads, and I stood in the shadows at that. Here is where the good, true weedless hooks, with live bait come in for special mention. Select for instance a Cooper's Weedless Porker and hook thereto a frog and cast out where you have seen a bass rise, and note what you get. As soon as the frog lights, start to reel easily in the water, then quite fast, alternating between the two. The result will be one certainly worthy of trying out.

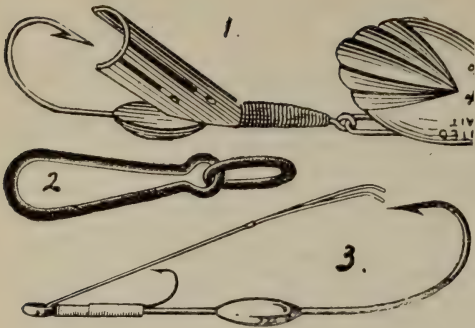
For bass fishing, where you are using a weedless hook you need one that is really a weedless affair. There are some weedless hooks that—are not. They hook up on the weeds anyhow. This is exactly the hook you do not want. A weedless hook, too, should have weed guards that are not too highly tensioned; for in using these the clamp of the bass's mouth upon these guards will not properly lower down. In the early days of the weedless hook the wire guards had the durability and dainty spring of a hay-wire; and usually it was one wire, and at the end of that wire, facing the extreme point of the hook, was a beautiful round silver knob. A thousand dollars reward was offered anyone who could give the right explanation for using that silver knob. There were many aspirants

to the puzzle-solving, but no winners of the reward. Following the single wire guard came the double wire, and it was lighter in construction, with a good give to it, readily yielding to the strike of a bass. The double wire guard, in one form or another, exists today and is perhaps the best one on the market, certainly one of the most efficient. The South Bend Bait Co., hooks are made out of light piano wire, and they have an excellent give, yet will not get hung up on the weeds, which is a virtue in the true weedless hook.

Modern invention has gone a point further in perfecting the weedless hook; as noted in the accompanying reprint of a line drawing of a South Bend hook. It is that small hook in the back, which is just exactly what I have always been looking for, yet never thought of. That's the trouble with a lot of us. When a thing is done, and is placed before our eyes it looks simple enough, yet to make the thing ourselves is another matter. The good point about South Bend hook, herein shown, is that the tiny hook may be fastened to the nose of the frog, and the large hook inserted in the back leg. The insertion of the hook in the nose does not kill the frog, and in this manner you can use one frog three times as long as by using the ordinary process, of driving the hook right through the head, and into the brain. Another point about this hook is its good weed guards for which the South Bend ware is noted.

In another article I have mentioned the good point about the spinner in connection with the weedless hook. This spinner attachment is noted in connection with the Cooper Weedless Porker herein shown. The spinner, or spoon in collaboration is of eminent value. The frog in itself is a singular attraction, and the spinner makes a double attraction in calling the fish in, often from great distances. The silver-fluted spinner is the thing, and the sun striking it, the rays are sent a long way in the water. Always use a swivel with a casting apparatus of this sort, especially with a frog. The frog should ride naturally, back in the water, not belly up, as is ordinarily the case. The swivel attachment is therefore a notable entry. Always have a set of various sized swivels in your tackle box, for there are times when you will need them and they will then come in handy.

Artificial minnows as I have mentioned are of special use during the autumnal months. It is the fish up in the shallows that can be spoken to. But as at any other time of the year, bass may follow up a bait, and may not take it. When experimenting with a certain artificial and a bass comes up to it, I swiftly change and use another minnow. The change will often prove such a surprise that you will get him the first shot. Swift changing from one contrivance to another calls for something better than threading on the hook on a line and tying it. A snap such as is here seen saves time, and a lightening change can be made. Thus if you have wooed an old bass out of his covert, and one variety of bait will not interest him, snap on another with the speed of an express and slam right back at him. This usually gets him while his curiosity is on edge.



1. PORKER WEEDLESS
2. THE SNAP
3. SOUTH BEND WEEDLESS HOOK

It will be found that, as a rule, the artifi-

cials are exceptionally good at this time of the year; wherever you go. Also the fish seem to be gamier. It is seemingly a season when life takes on another lease, and that it reacts upon the finny element there is little doubt. Personally I use both the wobblers and the underwaters during this season. A good underwater bait, wobbling or otherwise, is to be commended. White baits are oddly enough, the best in the fall months. This I discovered only last year. We always keep on finding out new things and this was one of my discoveries. Bass at best are odd creatures. What they will take one day they will perhaps absolutely refuse the next and so on. The best rule is to try out the best of all sorts, and with the use of the snap this quick change can be made without taking up valuable time. Both live bait and artificials should be included in the outfit, for where one sort fails the other will undoubtedly prove the winner.

ANGLING QUERIES AND ANSWERS

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

No. 30—I have just received your interesting magazine for March. In the section devoted to "Angling Queries" I note that "J. B." Alberta, enquires re steel-centred and wire-wrapped rods.

I think the answer given to this query needs correcting, Messrs Hardy, of course, make most perfect rods both with and without steel-centres but the particular process mentioned as 'wire-wrapping' is a specialty of Messrs Foster Bros, Ashbourne, England, under the name of 'Steel Ribbing' and 'Diamond Ribbing' the latter being a process using phosphor-bronze wire.

These ribbing processes can, I understand be also applied internally to a rod, by a special process of double building.

Messrs Foster Bros, a few years ago, applied their method of (outside) ribbing to a fly rod of mine with most gratifying results, to me, the cost being, I think, about 7 shillings. The rod in question was a very weak backboneless affair but after the ribbing was applied, it was a fine casting rod and I should imagine it would stand the weight of a very heavy fish indeed.

I have no connection with Messrs Foster Bros. whatever but knowing from experience

what their process is capable of doing to a very indifferent rod, I think it may be of service to some of your readers to bring this firm to their notice.

Am very interested in the angling notes and stories in "Rod & Gun". I hope some day to be able to try for some of those big trout that appear to be so plentiful in Canada.

The fish in China are plentiful enough but do not appear to appreciate an angler's attentions, I have been unable to find any bait which they will take.

Apologizing for the length of this letter

Walter H. Howell, Shanghai, China.

Ans.—It is just such letters as this we desire for our department. Mr. Howell's letter is both illuminating and interesting. We trust that many of our readers will be benefited by the information contained therein; which is of a most timely nature. That the wire-wrapping process was a specialty of Messrs. Foster Bros., I did not know; and this information was and is valuable indeed. As Mr. Howell remarks the system of wire wrapping a rod greatly improves its efficiency. In the United States very few steel centered or wire-wrapped rods are in use, though

throughout Canada they are more in evidence, since Canada is more in contact with England, and is fished by English and Scottish anglers to a greater extent. On some of the rough rivers and streams of Canada one does need a very strong rod and the wire-wrapped rod is a happy addition.

R. P. L.

No. 31.—Please inform me if the pork rind bait is good for trout and bass. How do you make it and what size hook should I use. We have a nice trout pond near here and I have used flies with poor success so far. Thanking you in advance for a reply.

Yours truly,

Chas. Ross, Walsingham, Ontario.

Ans.—That the pork rind bait has been used, is used, and will always be used with success in black bass fishing is well known to all who have especially tried out this process. In a past number of Rod and Gun I paid some little attention to the making of pork rind baits, but this may have escaped your attention. The rind, with some little of the fatty portion connecting with it is cut in the shape of a frog, with legs and all, though some do not do this, only making it a sort of triangular piece, with the hook at the head; the whole would look something like an ill-proportioned arrow-head. Personally I think that the rind, cut in the shape of a frog, by far excels other patterns, and I always use those of my own make when I use them at all. These pork rind baits may be purchased in the large sporting goods stores in New York City for a small price and they will last a long time. However the home-made rinds are as well and are recommended. The virtue of the pork-rind bait is that it can be used any number of times without wearing out and practically hundreds of bass can be taken on it without fraying, or being drawn greatly out of shape. In nine cases out of ten the pork rind bait is good, though it depends upon the waters you are fishing of course. You cannot go into civilization-ridden, motor boat infested waters and expect great luck with the pork rind bait or any bait. But where it is used, in the weeds and the pads, and among the obstructions, with a weedless hook to which is connected a spoon spinner there is no logical reason why it should not prove of value. When used in the water a great deal this rind turns out a pure white and is easily noticed by and attractive to the fish. The ordinary weedless hook is used with the rind bait, and this hook should have wire guards that are not too highly tensioned; but be sure that it has a spinner with it—and right here I wish to mention that the Skinner people put out some hooks with spinners for casting that cannot be excelled. These spinners may be had in white enamel, silver, bronze, and gold, for all sorts of weather. These spoons are easily shifted and a change from one to another of the spoons readily made. I certainly suggest them for use when fishing the pork rind bait.

I could not say as to whether the brook trout take the pork rind bait or not, but assuredly the rainbow trout of the greater streams will rise to it. With a little skill and

study of the fish in your part of the country you should meet with success. R. P. L.

No. 32.—I have been a reader of Rod and Gun for a long time and am especially interested in your fishing notes, from which I have derived a good deal of profit and pleasure. I am thinking of doing some fishing this fall, and would like to take a try at the brook trout. Is there anything harmful in the fishing of the trout in the autumn months? I ask this because the trout, spawning as they do in these months, unlike other fish, should not be disturbed in these operations. However I can see nothing harmful in this if the fishing is done in September. At that time the fish are just moving up stream and were fish with spawn put back in, there should not be any harm to it. Also what flies would you suggest for the autumn months? I have heard that there is a small moonlight, artificial bait put out by some company for use in trout fishing at night; could you give me the address of this firm and what success is to be had in night fishing. Are the small spinners good for the trout which cut bait in the fall? Hoping that you may care to answer this I beg to remain.

Sincerely yours,

J. A. Stevens, Toronto.

Ans.—It is not recommended that fishing be done in waters where trout are few and far between, but where trout are numerous, in wild regions, there can hardly be anything said against the taking of some of them in autumn days. The trout are now, as you say, on the verge of the spawning season and their coloration is being brought out in its most heightened tone. There are times in fair autumnal weather when exceptionally good success may be had fishing for the trout with flies, then again a bill of no result will be returned. Any of the standard trout flies will do; since it depends much upon the animation that is put into an inanimate subject as to whether it will attract and kill the fish or not. In these later days it is advisable to fish deep for them, drawing the flies and releasing them in the water.

The small trout spinners are always good in wild and rough water. Strips of silver shiner minnow, or chub, are used, as in the spring fishing operations. This affair is started at the head of a pool. The current is supposed to do the rest. Either the single spinner, or the tandem spinner, is good and both are to be recommended.

The artificial, phosphorescent bait that you speak of for use in trout fishing must be the Moonlight Trout Bob put out by the Paw Paw Company, Paw Paw, Michigan, U.S.A. This little affair it has been established is good for night fishing. All fish are to a certain extent attracted to a glowing thing in the water and the trout bob is not the least of these odd contrivances. I certainly would try one out if I were you, if your fishing grounds are good.

Night fishing for trout is a sport that is gradually attracting much attention. Outdoor writers it will be noted are giving the subject some little attention this year. Where there is a moon shining on the water, to aid

the eye sight, these flies, dropped to the surface, are bound to sometime or another attract fish. Twilight and evening fishing have more than once proven high times for the select cast. By all means try out this method. It is suggested that trout, in spawning season, be taken sparingly; that the supply for the coming year be not depleted. R. P. L.

No. 33.—Is it a fact that the teeth of the muscullonge fall out in the month of August, and do they actually get a new set in September. This has been a puzzle to me and I have never quite satisfied myself on the question. I have understood it to be a fact that the teeth do not fall out; that the gums become sore or grow up, partly covering the teeth, a condition that remains thus till September when the gums harden and draw down, leaving the teeth high and dry. I should like to know it if is a fact that the teeth fall out, and a new set grow in.

Yours truly,
Len Franklin, Wis., U.S.A.

Ans.—To the best of my knowledge the teeth of the muscullonge do not fall out, though there is a great possibility that such is the case, new teeth replacing the old in the month of September. Specimens caught in the month of August have had sore mouths; the gums have been very ragged in cases, even lacerated, and the teeth shaky and unsound, pointing evidently to the fact that they are teething, and that these teeth fall out as a matter of course, as do the fangs in the rattlesnake, which are occasionally replaced by new ones coming up in place of the old. But I do not remember an instance where I have seen a muscullonge without teeth, though I have seen many with shaky teeth, which would look as though they were on the verge of coming out. Much I believe depends upon the region these fish are found in. It is a well known fact that muskies are readily taken in some sections of the country in August as well as June and the fall months, and have been equally as plump and healthy looking at that time as at any other. In other sections, especially in the warmed out waters of the northern states of the United States the muskies are inert, and dull, moving little, waiting for the autumn for a return of vigor and the hardening of the gums. That they feed but sparingly in these months there is little doubt. However in the waters of Canada one is liable to find muskies in perfect trim in the month of August. The affliction of soreness of the mouth is not entirely confined to the muscullonge. Other fish as well have this common ailment which is the reason that few are caught in the month of August, or "Dog Days". However with the return of cooler weather and the first early frosts the fish are again in prime condition. About the fifteenth of September should find the muskies fully well, and from that time on till the snow flurries crowd the air they will strike the spoon with a viciousness that is only too well known. September, October and early November are the months par excellence for great northern pike and muskies. September and early October in certain sections of the country at

least cannot be excelled for bass. In closing this the editor would like to ask for some opinions on the subject of muskies "teething", and other points bearing upon this that would serve to clear up the mystery. It is only in this way that the best information may be had. R. P. L.

No. 34.—Some people make a great effort to gain notoriety, while others have it thrust upon them whether they want it or not. Shakespeare says: "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." If he had been a fisherman in this twentieth century he would have found that a great deal depends on a name. If we were to change the name of "Jock Scott" to John Jones or Bill Smith or some other common name I fear its popularity and sale would soon fall off. There are certainly very few salmon anglers who have not either used or heard of the famous Jock Scott fly but I don't think very many know how it came to get that name or of what it is composed. For the benefit of those who may desire that information I will give the story of how it acquired the name as it was told to me near the spot where it was first made.

John or as he was more familiarly called Jock Scott was fisherman to the Duke of Roxburgh and during part of one season the salmon absolutely refused to rise to any of the flies in the fisherman's possession so in desperation Jock sat down one day and tried to see how many different kinds of feathers he could put into a fly with the result that the next day it was a complete success.

It was at once named after Jock who laughingly said: "If it proves as good in other waters as it has done in the Roxburgh cast it'll be heard tell of yet". It certainly has been heard of in every part of the globe where salmon are angled for. Jock's name has been a familiar word to all fisherman for over sixty years. In order to make it properly it is necessary to go into the four corners of the earth to collect the materials, as it is composed of fourteen different bird feathers. I will name them in the order in which I tie them on the hook. First the crest feather of the golden pheasant and a small feather from the breast of the Indian Crow; then one from the breast of a tucan; next a common black rooster hackle over which is a guinea fowl hackle. This composes the body of the fly. The wing is made up of turkey red, blue and yellow dyed swan feathers, Canadian wood drake, bustard, golden chesnut tail and tippet, teal drake, mallard drake, jungle fowl, kingfisher and macaw parrot. It takes all of these to make the genuine original article but the quantities of each are so very small that some of them can very easily be dispensed with, and generally are, as it is impossible to put them all in at the price at which some of them are sold.

Jock was a celebrated fisher in his day and many a good salmon he caught. Perhaps his shade is still hovering around the banks of the Tweed and watching with interest the ever growing popularity of the fly of his creation.

Thos. Wight, Trent River, Ontario.

A NEW FORCE FOR WILD LIFE PROTECTION

DURING the past two years W. T. Hornaday has been laboring at a task that appeals to the imagination. It is nothing less than the building of a great perpetual-motion machine for the preservation and increase of wild life throughout the next two hundred years, or more.

The Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund is all that its name implies. Its foundations "have been well and truly laid," and its income will carry on the work of its originator long after he has become dust and ashes. Happy is the protectionist who can leave behind him such a legacy to the harried and persecuted beasts and birds.

Two years ago Mr. Hornaday decided to make an effort to place his campaign work on an absolutely permanent financial basis. This was possible only through an endowment fund safely invested and yielding an income of between \$5,000 and \$6,000 a year. The plan provides that the principal sum, which is to be not less than \$100,000, shall be managed and invested by two banking trustees, while the annual income is expendable by a campaigning trustee, at his discretion along certain specified lines.

Practically alone and single-handed, the founder of the fund began a quest for larger subscriptions, in four figures or more, and the success, that has attended his effort thus far is most gratifying. Up to date \$80,000 have been subscribed, and of that sum about 80 per cent. has already been paid in.

It is a favorite saying among sportsmen that "Nobody but the sportsmen of our country take any interest in the protection of wild life"; but the list of subscribers to this rather amazing Fund tends to disprove that statement. Of the \$80,000 already subscribed, not more than ten per cent. has come from sportsmen. The list of Founders, who have each subscribed \$1,000 or more, is as follows:

Mrs. Russell Sage, New York, \$25,000; George Eastman, Rochester, \$6,000; Mrs. Frederic Ferris Thompson of Canandaigua, Henry Ford of Detroit, Alex Smith Cochran of New York and Mr. Andrew Carnegie \$5,000 each; A Defender of Wild Life residing in Washington has subscribed \$3,000. The following persons have each subscribed \$1,000: Miss Heloise Meyer, Lenox Mass.; Max C. Fleischmann, Cincinnati; Mrs. J. S. Kennedy, John D. Archbold, Mortimer L. Schiff, William P. Clyde, Emerson McMillin, George D. Pratt, Frederic G. Bourne, George F. Baker, Samuel Thorne, William H. Nichols, Frederic C. Walcott and Edward S. Harkness, all of New York; and Anthony R. Kuser and John Dryden Kuser, of Bernardsville, N. J.

In the above list the names of only three sportsmen appear: Col. Max. C. Flieschmann, Emerson McMillin and George D. Pratt.

The list of persons who have subscribed less than \$1,000 each contains 35 names, as follows:

Cleveland H. Dodge, New York; Frederick F. Brewster, New Haven; James Speyer, New York; Watson B. Dickerman, Mamaroneck, N. Y.; John Jay Pierrepont, Brooklyn; Homer E. Sargent, Chicago; H. A. Edwards, Albany; Miss E. S. Edwards, Albany; Robert E. Woodward, Brooklyn; Mrs. Ethel R. Thayer, Boston; Chas. A. Dean, Boston; William T. Hornaday, New York; John M. Phillips, Pittsburg; John C. Phillips, Wenham, Mass.; C. W. Post, Battle Creek, Mich.; Coleman Randolph, Morristown, N. J.; A. Barton Hepburn, New York; Zenas Crane, Dalton, Mass.; Z. Marshall Crane, Dalton, Mass.; Miss Emily Trevor, Yonkers, N. Y.; Norman James, Baltimore; Franklin R. Brown, New York; William H. Alexander, New York; Henry W. Shoemaker, New York; Gustavus D. Pope, Detroit; Arthur B. Leach, New York; John Markle, New York; Camp-Fire Club of Michigan, Detroit; Alexander V. Fraser, New York; Audubon Societies, Pasadena and Los Angeles, Cal.; William E. Coffin, New York; Charles Willis Ward, Eureka, Cal.; Dr. Emily G. Hunt, Pasadena Cal.; J. William Greenwood, Brooklyn, and Richard Harding Davis, Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Mrs. Russell Sage appears as a devoted friend to wild life. Hurriedly reckoned up, her gifts to date to the wild life protection cause foot up \$204,000, of which \$25,000 have gone to this Fund, \$24,000 to the Audubon Association, and \$150,000 to the purchase of Marsh Island, Louisiana, the greatest bird sanctuary in America.

This Permanent Fund already is the second largest endowment fund in existence for the benefit of wild life. The lines on which it will work are briefly as follows: To stop the sale of game, and all late winter and spring shooting; to stop the killing of insectivorous birds for food, and of all birds for millinery purposes to increase the number of game preserves; to make perpetual close seasons for all species threatened with extinction; to stop the use of automatic and "pump guns" in hunting, and to prevent aliens from using rifles and shot-guns in hunting.

The Fund still lacks \$19,000 of the \$100,000 that has been fixed as the irreducible minimum, and the shortage is now being sought. Several large cities, such as New York, Rochester, Detroit, Canandaigua, Cleveland and Cincinnati are represented by good subscriptions, but others are conspicuously out of the running. Chicago has contributed only \$300, Boston \$200, and Philadelphia,—after a very thorough canvass of its wealthiest people,—gave up only \$25!

The work of the Permanent Fund will cover not only the United States, but all North America, and upon urgent occasions it will even lend a hand abroad. Its purpose is to aid causes that are judiciously planned and managed, and are likely to secure results of practical benefit to wild life. The first great cause which this Fund has inaugurated is the

plan for the enactment of a federal law for the creation of a great number of wild life sanctuaries in national forests, and along with that the development of a great new annual food supply of legitimate game. The plan has received informally the advice and finally the approval of the officers of the U. S. Forest Service and Biological Survey, who will have most to do with carrying it into practical effect. It is now to be submitted by Dr. Hornaday, in person, to the leading business

men, sportsmen and friends of wild life throughout the region westward of the great plains, with a call for their support. To this end he will make addresses, during September and a part of October, in Minneapolis, Denver, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Pocatello, Helena, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Tucson and Albuquerque.

A bill for an enabling act will be introduced in Congress early in December.

WATER GARDENING

Most of the best inland fishing waters in Canada are being steadily "fished out." Planting fry produced in hatcheries is helping to prolong the life of these fisheries, but this only serves to postpone, not to prevent, the depletion of the fish supply. This does not mean that men will have to live without eating fish, any more than the virtual extinction of the wild hog meant that pork would be unobtainable. Instead, it will mean that many small lakes and otherwise waste land will be converted into "water gardens," where better fish, and more of them, will be produced.

Many farms throughout the country possess small streams, bordered by areas of wet, marshy land. Frequently these lands are of little value except as inferior pasture. Why should not the farmer turn such tracts to account by converting them into "water gardens" to supply fresh fish for himself and for his less fortunate neighbors? Much of the waste land can be made to produce excellent forage for fresh-water fish. A series of small ponds, separated by dykes would tend to

prevent excessive waste of the forage and make it possible to produce larger quantities of better fish. In other words, by increasing the available food supply for fish it is possible and desirable to plant more fry, just the same as the farmer who grows most grain is able to produce more and better hogs.

It is essential also for farmers to acquire a knowledge of the life histories and food habits of fishes, in the same way that they have already done in the case of live stock. Such knowledge will make it possible to select varieties of fish, suitable for the conditions to be met with, to provide sufficient and proper food and to control the enemies of the fish.

Producing fresh fish on the farm is an "infant industry" deserving much attention. The increasing cost of living is making it more and more desirable that the open lakes, ponds and streams should be made to produce crops of fish. A few farmers have already undertaken it, and are demonstrating that intensive methods are as applicable to "water gardening" as they are to farm crops.

FISH CULTURE IN CANADA

Artificial fish culture is a necessity in connection with some of Canada's best food and game fishes. This is due in the first place to over-fishing. Then many of the feeding and spawning grounds in the lakes and rivers have been ruined by the careless deposition of industrial and other wastes. These conditions apply with especial force to such lake species as the whitefish, one of the finest of the food fishes. In 1915, approximately 281 million whitefish fry were distributed in the Great lakes. During the present season three new hatcheries are in operation. One of these, situated near Kenora, Ontario, was designed for the propagation of whitefish and has a capacity of 70 million eggs. A second, at Thurlow, near Belleville, Ontario, replaces a smaller one that had been in operation in former years at Newcastle. It will accommodate eight million salmon trout and over 60 million

whitefish, and the third, in Qu'Appelle park, has a capacity of 50 million eggs. The Kenora hatchery however, will be used for pickerel as well as whitefish, although the latter will be the fish chiefly handled, the fry being used in stocking the waters in the Lake of the Woods district.

The Government is to be commended for assisting so materially in the maintenance of Canada's fresh water fisheries. These have an annual value of about \$4,000,000 and, if wisely conserved, are capable of great expansion. Besides, in districts such as the Lake of the Woods region, keeping the waters stocked with game and food fish will serve to further enhance their value as tourist resorts. Canada is certain to be visited by an ever-increasing number of tourists within the next few years, and her fame as a "sportsman's paradise" will do much to increase the number.



HIGH VELOCITY RIFLES FOR WOODCHUCK

CHAS. NEWTON

IN discussing the question of rifles for use in shooting woodchuck, as it is known in the New England and middle states, or 'ground hog' as it is known in the Western states and Canada, we will waste no time in defending this form of rifle shooting. We will leave settlement of the question, "to shoot or not to shoot" to the rifleman and his Maker, assisted by whatever advice may be volunteered from the Pacific slope. We will assume a man so abandoned to all sense of dignity and honor, (there are such recognized in California) as to feel a desire to try a crack at Arctomys (Monax) and to have some curiosity as to what rifle to use.

The subject, like a sermon, resolves itself into three problems:—to hit the chuck; to kill the chuck, visibly, when you hit him; to avoid hitting or killing Farmer Brown, his family, or his domestic animals. This last proposition may well include avoidance of scaring Farmer Brown out of his wits by sending fugitive bullets squealing through the air so quickly he cannot see to dodge them.

To hit the chuck all kind and conditions of rifles have been used, and successfully; yea, even the shotgun, the bow and arrow and the convenient stone. What we are after is the weapon which will give the best opportunity of hitting with a given shot; which will yield the best return in proportion to the skill and care exercised. The .22 long rifle cartridge is considered ideal for this purpose by many whose method of hunting is to stalk the chuck up to within fifty yards and shoot him through the brain. They are true sportsmen, and this is their favorite method. We have no bricks to throw. Our personal preference is to shoot at long range. This requires skill as a shooter, rather than as a sneaker. Likewise we may more often attend to the case of the old

gentleman out in the middle of the meadow, 150 yards from the nearest cover.

To shoot holes into a woodchuck, or other beast, at ranges where one cannot be reasonably certain of a shot in a nerve centre, with a .22 rim fire or other low power rifle, savors of cruelty. Therefore save for our friend who enjoys the stalk (some men will play golf) the rifle should be of such power as to kill the chuck outright. And it is from this viewpoint we approach the subject.

To hit the chuck the rifle must be accurate. He presents but a small mark, and there is considerable "tare" in the fur surrounding the body as seen while nibbling the clover. The .22 long rifle cartridge is accurate, but accuracy alone is not enough. The distances at which he is shot vary from the minimum to which you may approach up to 200 to 300 yards. These are, to a great extent, unknown distances. They call most emphatically for a rifle of flat trajectory. But a slight error in estimating distance, or in transforming the estimate of distance into adjustment of sights, is required to score a miss, if using the black powder type of rifle. With the once prized .32-40 in shooting 200 yards the bullet climbs 12 inches above the line of sight and then climbs down the same distance. Assuming we have a margin of error in the height of our woodchuck of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, this just equals the trajectory height of the .32-40 at 100 yards. Beyond that range we must begin to tinker the sights.

With the .22 Savage high power we get this trajectory height at a little less than 200 yards. The 200 yard trajectory is 2.9 inches. With the .22 Newton and .256 Newton the trajectory height is just two inches, and we have a danger space, within which we need not change our sights or holding, of about 225

yards. Therefore so far as hitting is concerned the high velocity rifles are far superior to those of lower velocity, their accuracy being equal. That their accuracy is equal is attested by the records made in the past decade by the Springfield, model 1906, and the Ross.

The next problem is killing the chuck then and there if you do hit him. Nothing "leaves a bad taste in the mouth" of a true sportsman so much as having a wounded animal escape to suffer. Likewise there is not the satisfaction in the shot, however certain you may be that you held well, in case you cannot retrieve the game. The woodchuck is a hibernating animal, consequently has a low nervous development, and can withstand almost any amount of mutilation from a low velocity bullet, provided a nerve center be not struck, without being stopped. The writer once shot one in the right hip with a .45-70 Springfield black powder rifle, the bullet ranging forward and across and coming out the left shoulder. In height it was about midway of the body. The chuck ran forty feet, without giving any indication it had been hit, before it succumbed. It is practically impossible to stop one with a paunch shot from a low velocity rifle.

With the high velocity type the blow of the bullet transmits such a shock as to at once paralyze the animal. It expends its energy in the body of the animal instead of passing through and expending the greater part of it beyond. The .22 Savage high power, which the writer designed expressly for a woodchuck gun, with its 2800 f. s. velocity will just shoot through a woodchuck crosswise at the middle. It has a muzzle energy of 1190 foot pounds. The .32-40 has 747 foot pounds. The writer at one time used a special .22 rifle the shell for which was the .30-40 necked down and loaded with a .22 Savage 70 grain bullet, developing 3276 foot seconds velocity, and 1625 foot pounds energy. When this bullet was travelling at 3000 f. s. or over it would not shoot through the chuck crosswise, but always stopped in the body unless a scratch hit was made. Thus this little animal of but ten pounds weight actually stopped over twice the energy of the .32-40 bullet. As a result the life was actually knocked out of the victim by the force of the blow, independently of any mutilation or destruction of nerve centres. A blow of equal force from a mallet would kill as quickly, even though the skin were not broken.

From the standpoint of mutilation also the high power rifles give far more than those of lower velocity. Those bullets which pass entirely through the carcass expend far more energy upon the body than do those of lower velocity, and upon exit tear great holes at the point of departure. As a result, a fair hit never fails to stop the chuck where he was hit, and there is no kicking into the hole out of reach. Therefore from the standpoint of retrieving the game hit, and this is a large portion of the satisfaction of the shooting, the odds are all in favor of the high velocity weapon.

The third requirement of the woodchuck rifle is safety so far as the neighbors are concerned. With bullets driven at black powder velocities when they pass through a wood-

chuck, as all which hit do, and strike the earth beyond at a somewhat sharp angle, as most of them do, they glance and whine away across the fields. If Farmer Brown chances to be outdoors, and in the neighborhood, he will swear that it passed about six feet over his head. They always go right over his head, and six feet is the traditional measure of his escape from death. Seriously, the hunting of a glancing bullet is not the most reassuring sound in the world, even to a rifleman of long experience. In fact the longer the experience the less he likes it. A flying bullet, travelling its own way at its own sweet will is always an element of danger. Why does not the high power bullet glance? The ready answer is that it is dashed in pieces the instant it strikes the ground, at whatever angle. Do not take our words for it; here are the mechanics:

In grinding upon the emery wheel it is highly immaterial whether the wheel runs and the work is held still, or the work runs and the wheel is still. The vital points are the contact and the speed. The earth is somewhat gritty and acts as an abrasive. The bullet is in motion when it strikes the earth. A velocity of 3000 feet per second gives the same velocity at point of contact as though the earth struck a wheel four inches in diameter revolving 3000 times per second, not per minute. It is equal to a rate of revolution of 180,000 times per minute. How long would a bullet last if pressed against the surface of an emery wheel running at this rate, were such a rate physically possible? True, the earth has not as good abrasive qualities as has the emery wheel, but assuming it has, but one sixtieth as much abrasion and we have the equal of any emery wheel at 3000 revolutions per minute. Therefore the high velocity bullet which strikes the earth at a sharp angle is simply ground to powder instead of glancing off across the fields, and frightening the neighbors, if doing no worse. So we see that in all three of our requirements the high velocity bullet has all the advantage.

Other points of minor importance have a relation to the relative desirability of the two types of rifle. One of these is expense of ammunition.

There is no question but that the high velocity rifle is more expensive to shoot, and this whether we use factory loaded ammunition or reload our shells. The powder costs more per charge and the metal jacketed bullets cost more than the home cast ones. Likewise the reloading of the shells requires slightly more care, but in case this care be given the result is better ammunition than can be purchased from the factory, as the powder may be hand weighed.

As a rule the high velocity rifle costs more than the low velocity type. Likewise it is less durable in that a less number of rounds of cartridges are required to wear a barrel out. However one who has had the pleasure of wearing out one of our modern high velocity rifle barrels, when used at slow fire as in woodchuck hunting, has most certainly had his money's worth and can well afford a new barrel. The accuracy life of these barrels is now 10,000 rounds or over, and that covers some considerable hunting.

A very small calibre rifle is required. Grains are grains, whether in a bullet or elsewhere. Likewise the energy of the blow increases as the square of the velocity. Square 1200 feet per second and you have 1,440,000. Square the velocity of the Krag and you have 4,000,000. Square the velocity of the 3000 f. s. rifle and you have 9,000,000, or over six times the energy of the same bullet driven at 1200 f. s. This is far too much power for the purposes required. We can reduce this energy, retaining the velocity so essential to flatness of trajectory and killing power, only by reducing the caliber. To shorten the bullet means to deprive it of ranging power. This brings us down to the .22, .25, and .256 calibres. The smaller the caliber the greater the difficulty in cleaning, although the use of the copper jacket has about done away with this form of trouble.

Turning again to the advantages of the high velocity principle as applied to the woodchuck rifle, we find we are coming dangerously near the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the "all around rifle." Taking for illustration the .256 Newton we have a rifle which exactly meets the specifications of the woodchuck rifle, yet has an energy 8 per cent greater than the Springfield at the muzzle and 23 per cent greater at 300 yards range. Yet when loaded with a 100 grain sharp pointed bullet, full metal cased, and a light powder charge, we may shoot grouse through the body without musing a feather. Coming to even lighter metal, the .22 Newton has all the desirable elements of the ideal woodchuck gun, yet equals the .303 British cartridge in power at the muzzle and exceeds it by 200 foot pounds at 200 yards. At 300

yards the .22 Newton paractically equals the mighty .405 Winchester in striking energy. Nevertheless when loaded with the 70 grain full metal patched bullet and a light load of powder the ballistics of the .22 short or long rifle may be duplicated with it. This seems to come pretty near that "all around rifle."

And right here comes in another advantage for this combination: Many of us hunt big game in the fall. We wish, at that time, to shoot quick and true. Shooting quick and true means practice with the same rifle and the same ammunition which we intend to use on the hunt. Where can we obtain the amount of practice, under so nearly game shooting conditions, and amid such pleasant surroundings, as in woodchuck shooting? When we can spend our spare time through the summer in hunting woodchuck, with the same rifle and same load as used upon the big game, we take with us on our hunt a degree of skill in the use of the rifle which can be acquired in no other way. This familiarity with the weapon does not weigh down the pack or take up room in the pocket, nor does it involve doing penance on the rifle range all summer. Its acquisition is a pleasure and a profit, and its exercise a perpetual joy. Think of shooting an 8mm. Mauser or a .405 Winchester on the range until it swung up, held steadily, and let off as easily, promptly and naturally as does your favorite woodchuck rifle.

However, so strenuous a program it is unnecessary to contemplate. By using a high velocity rifle of suitable caliber for your woodchuck shooting, it automatically becomes the big game rifle of the forest, the barrens or the mountains.

IT'S THE MAN--NOT THE GUN

H. W. TERRY

IT has been very interesting to read the articles on the several subjects that have been discussed through the medium of the Guns and Ammunition Department, particularly so the one now holding the centre of attraction, namely the efficiency or inefficiency of the .30-30 and its class.

I have always taken a keen interest in the development of sporting arms, both shot gun and rifle. I killed my first deer with a single barrel, muzzle loader, of about 16-gauge, loaded with three fingers of black powder well rammed and on top of this was firmly placed a lead ball of suitable size. Needless to say, it did its work thoroughly. Since then I have used the .44-40 Marlin, .32-40 Winchester and so on up into the smokeless powder class and as I write this I find myself surrounded by an assortment of eight shot guns and rifles—all in good working condition—representing different periods of development. Three of the rifles may well be included in the .30-30 class namely a .35 Browning Automatic, a .30 Remington pump action, and my old favorite hard hitting .33 Winchester.

It is very seldom that the .33 is referred to in these columns. Why, I cannot say for on different trips, I have run across hunters who use it and have never met a knocker yet. Like myself they prefer its action to the more recent types by the same makers. I have never used the .303 British nor the .401 on game but judging from the results obtained with these three rifles in one camp, after comparing circumstances I believe the .33 has the "edge" on the other two as a moose gun. At any rate, its balance and hang suit me best and herein lies the secret in rifle selection. Frequently and often unnecessarily, power and velocity form the basis for choosing a rifle.

The .35 Browning Automatic is a nice gun and should be placed among the leaders, but for ordinary use I prefer the repeater. I expressed my views of the .30 pump action in the August issue. My reason for stepping down from the .33 to a light .30 is that for the past three seasons my field of operations has been confined to deer hunting only and for this purpose I felt that the .33 was too much

gun both as to weight and power. Note the tendency in regard to the recent development in the shot gun line, curtailing its effectiveness, as it were and substituting features calling for more skill on the part of the user. I know of quite a few hunters who have stepped down in their selection of a deer rifle, some even going back to the .25-20 class. These I consider to be extremists as I also do those who can see nothing but the 3000 foot per second class.

One of the chief reasons given for the adoption of the latter type of rifle is the growing scarcity of game. The only grounds for holding this view that I can see, would be to assume that in the past it has been customary to keep stirring up game and banging away until one was lucky enough to make a kill. If this is their argument, I deem it very far fetched and one that reflects on the *would-be-hunter* far more than it does on the rifle.

"Going further afield" is often coupled with the above reason.

As the length of the journey to our favorite hunting ground does not bear on the efficiency of the rifle and as the efficiency of the rifle does not come into question until we have caught sight of our game, let us produce our line of discussion to a point that can be used as a basis for such arguments.

Strictly speaking the relation between hunter and game is identically the same today as it was twenty or thirty years ago. By this I mean that when you reach a locality where deer or moose are to be found they look upon man as an object of distrust and suspicion, in fact, one of their common enemies, while to man they are the same, alert to danger, quick to get away, the same wary creatures they were in days of yore and possessed of the same measure of vitality.

Now take for example an area of two miles square that thirty years ago had twenty head of game within its confines. Today, let us say, there are only five. Being so much scarcer it will require more seeking on the part of the hunter to locate the game but when he does stir it up, it will be under conditions parallel to former years, namely the same average distance away, singly and in pairs and offering the same opportunities for shooting as of old. Do you not agree with me that this is a statement of facts? I find it so and fail to see wherein the "Growing scarcity" and the "Further afield" reasons apply.

Occasionally I have had a chance to shoot deer at over one hundred and fifty yards and that was while still hunting. When shooting before dogs it is invariably much less.

Down in New Brunswick, where some localities offer a better combination of deer and moose hunting than any place I know of in Ontario, the distance over which one shoots is if anything still less. In the latter province still hunting prevails and calling is resorted to as the favored method of hunting moose. Despite his anticipations when responding to the invitation which he thinks he has received, Mr. Moose is a pretty cautious customer and it is a safe bet that he can be relied upon to take advantage of the best cover available when making his approach, betraying himself more often by noise than

by presenting an opportunity for a shot.

From my own experience, I feel safe in stating that by far the greater amount of shooting at game is done at one hundred yards and under. In the majority of cases the lay of the land prohibits shooting at a greater distance, bringing into view as it does so many obstacles to limit the range of vision. Couple this with the wariness of the game in keeping near cover and I think we can safely establish in our mind the distance at which shooting is liable to occur.

Therefore why this urgent need of scrapping our present .30-30's when we have abundant evidence of the effectiveness of these rifles over the distances commonly used. As many cases have been and can be cited to support this statement, it would only waste time and space to recall old or add new ones.

To my way of thinking the strongest argument against the 3000 ft. per second rifle is the one advanced to support the contentions of its advocates, namely its smashing effect. Never having used it, I am judging solely from the information supplied by others, to this department. Inconsistent as the claim seems to be that the character of the bullet is such that it will hold together and penetrate a certain distance before going to pieces, all are unanimous as to its tearing, pulping effect on game. Heretofore we have understood that the mushrooming of a bullet depended more on the resistance it met with than on the distance it penetrated.

Note the article headed "Some 256 Newton Experiences" in the July issue recounting the effect of this rifle on sheep etc. To that individual who hunts solely for the lust of killing and the trophies he may obtain, or to the one who has little knowledge of the hunter's craft and is poorly skilled in the use of his weapon, the effect of such rifles may seem pleasing, but to the man who hunts not only for the pleasure and recreation it affords him but also for the sportsmanlike idea of making use of his kill, nothing is more deplorable than to have his game mused up and unfit for use. Analyze your feelings when in your eagerness to knock the head off a walking partridge with your deer rifle, you pulled low and blew the breast off. Have you not wished that you had waited a more favorable chance or had let the bird go altogether?

So from the evidence adduced in favor of these high power rifles I conclude that in deer shooting one would be obliged to exercise care in placing his shot so as to avoid wanton waste. If this be so it offsets to a large extent the claim by some against the .30-30, that it requires care, or luck to place a vital shot with the latter rifle.

To introduce features that would tend to eliminate the necessity of craft and skill on the part of the hunter, would in my estimation rob the sport of its chief source of enjoyment.

To my mind the factor of advantage between man and game—considering moose and deer—is today vastly in favor of man. This state of affairs was contributed to more largely by the advent of the repeater than to the more recent development of velocity, energy, and the automatics. Therefore I am free to confess that I do not think that the new type

of rifle will affect the game situation much as a whole for the following reasons:—First I feel that it will present an advantage only in the rare case of a long shot. This will be offset somewhat by the corresponding decrease in the size of the target offered. Second, as the modern game laws limit the bag per man and as the average hunter can get his allowance with the rifle he is now using, it remains that the only additional kills that might be made will be by him who heretofore has hunted in vain or with only occasional success.

Personally I believe that the success of a hunting trip depends more on the man than

on the rifle, providing the latter is in good working order. While we have with us that individual who is unable to hit where he would wish, or whose lack of common sense lets him shoot when he has not a ghost of a chance to kill, we may expect dissatisfaction with rifles.

Summing up my views on this subject I would say that until the game herein mentioned gets bigger and tougher than at present, my selection of a rifle will be along the lines of fit and fancy rather than with a desire for more killing power.

A CONVERT TO THE 20-GAUGE PUMP GUN

M. W. GUTHRIE

YEARs ago when the pump gun was first being placed on the market I bought one. I won't mention the make as it would not be fair to the makers as they have improved their guns greatly since then; but this one was a frost. I got it in the fall late and did not use it much that year but the following spring I journeyed to the wild places and that gun worked every day for five months at the end of which time there was very little gun left, so little that I did not dare to use it any more and I used to be told in those days that I was reckless with firearms. Thus passed my first pump gun and I made up my mind that I would never try another but would stick to the double-barrel and I managed to keep my word for quite a few years. However one day I called in at the shop where I bought my sporting goods and one of the clerks, who was an old friend of mine, insisted on showing me a pump gun. He was well aware of my prejudice but like all good sports when he found a good thing he was bound to boost it so nothing would do but I must look over this new comer in the pump gun line. Finally I gave a grudging consent and out came the wonder and a wonder it truly was, all the pump guns I had ever seen before were about as handy as a fence stake and you had to learn shooting all over and get used to them before you could do anything like as good shooting as you could with the double gun. This gun, however, was different; it handled like a *gun* and balanced as neatly as a double gun. It had a neatly made stock not clumsy like most such guns have, well proportioned with the wood in the right place and not too much of it. The finish on the metal parts left nothing to be desired, but what appealed to me was the general lines of the arm. It was truly elegant, a thoroughbred, and showed it at every turn. The upshot was that I bought one of those guns and took it home with me. That was about three years ago and I have not regretted my purchase yet. I have never made any of those marvelous long shots we read about in some gun advertisements with it but I have killed rabbits and partridge with it far enough to suit me

and I long ago learned that those long shots while they look nice when they land, more often miss or only wound and I consider myself too much of a sportsman to want to wound game and let it escape to die in some secluded nook after days perhaps of suffering, so when a bird or animal get too far away from me to be fairly sure of killing it I let it go. Don't imagine from this that I mean that I kill all I shoot at but I don't often simply wound. I either kill or miss because I do not take those chance shots which are so prolific of wounded game. Personally I seldom use the third shot and never fill the magazine as there is a tendency to flatten the crimp if shells are left in too long so I usually carry two shells in the magazine and then as I always fire two shots before I reload, if I quit after the second shot without reloading the magazine which is the way I generally do I have only the shell in the chamber. In other words I always wait until the last cartridge is in the chamber before reloading the magazine so when I finish shooting I remove this last shell and my gun is empty. In this way I have no trouble with crimp breaking down and I reload a lot of my shells too. It is true that there are some people who will go out with a pump gun and if they put up several birds at once they will empty their magazine after them but these people are few and after all they are the weak minds and as such ought to be treated with kindness. The chief reason why I use a twelve gauge double gun for ducks is because I can get the second shot off far more quickly than with a pump gun and as it is an ejection and I carry a box of shells in my belt same as trapshooters I can get four shots just as quick as with a pump, that is of course in boat or hide, so I am sure I could kill as many ducks in a day with the double gun as with a pump and I am used to both. On the other hand the pump is lighter and after one gets used to it I think they can shoot better over a single barrel than a double. As a proof of this look at the constantly increasing number of traps shooters who are using single and pump guns and the better you shoot the less likely you are to leave cripples. Now to

return to the wonder gun, it is a 20-gauge and mine weighs six pounds though the usual weight is $5\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. It is hammerless as all shotguns should be as it is a gun that is used quickly and hammers retard speed unless one goes about with hammers at full cock and that looks dangerous to the other fellow whether it is or not. Of course a hammerless gun with the safety off is about the same thing but the moral effect on your friend is not so bad consequently his peace of mind does not suffer to the same extent. I know you are dying to know what this gun is, that is what make, but before I tell you that let me tell you one or two more things about it. It is made of the best of nickel steel throughout and though I have used it a lot yet it shows no signs of wear though probably more shots have been fired through it than most people would fire in a lifetime, not by me as I have not hunted for a year, but by friends who by the way all pronounce it the tip top gun.

This gun is a Winchester Model 1912 and as I said above is a 20-gauge using a $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. shell and I want to tell you that for upland shooting it is hard to beat. No, I am not stuck on Winchester products. In fact there are some of them I wouldn't carry home, but this one deserves all I or anyone else can say in favor of it as it is sure a "dandy" gun, and if you take my advice and buy one I will be your friend ever after. Some may object that the 20-gauge is not large enough except for rabbits, squirrels, partridge, quail, prairie chicken, plover and wood-cock. In my opinion it is plenty large enough. I would not recommend it for ducks preferring the 12-gauge in a fairly heavy gun for that class of shooting, but for the game mentioned above

it is heavy enough. How do I know? Because I have used this gauge on all of the game mentioned and found it plenty heavy enough. What is the use of carting around a 7 lb. gun with the consequent heavier shells when a $5\frac{3}{4}$ lb. gun and considerably lighter cartridges will do the trick?

My first breech loading shotgun was a 20-gauge and it used to bring home the bacon all right and if you old timers will hark back to the days of the muzzle loader you will remember that lots of them were 20-gauge or even smaller yet we had no trouble killing fox with them. I well remember my first gun was a single barrel muzzle loader and the bore was just the size of the end of my little finger but believe me that little gun would shoot some.

I would prefer to have this gun of mine handle a $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. or even a 3 in. shell but we cannot have all our pet ideas catered to so I put up with it as it is and in the ordinary way the $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. shell is plenty long enough. There is another point in favor of the 20-gauge which should not be forgotten and that is that it is the most economical shell, that is if you reload your empty cases or even a part of them. Now, don't get the idea that I am trying to make you believe that this gauge is a better killer than the 12 for it isn't but for an upland gun to lug about all day it has a 12 beaten a mile, the killing circle of the 12 is bound to be larger and the velocity is about the same so the 20 needs to be held straighter but no true sport will consider that a defect and when you come to consider weight both of gun and shells, why get a 20 and you won't be so inclined to tote your 12 any more on upland shooting.

COMBINATION GUNS

FRED ADOLPH

RIFLE shots usually encounter some difficulty if they try to shoot a double shotgun. Lieut. Whelen one of our foremost rifle shots and authorities on firearms says about this point in *Field and Stream*:—

"I must confess that I have always had that dislike for the scatter gun that I suppose every true rifleman feels. Perhaps owing to this contempt I could never shoot a shotgun worth two cents, but I had missed so many chances that I came to the conclusion that a combination rifle and shotgun built to handle exactly like a rifle would be just about the ticket. Why could not an arm be built with one barrel above the other to handle just like the Winchester with its tubular magazine?"

The Lieutenant's "pipe dreams" were realized about three years ago. The first cut shows his "Under and Over" combination gun. The upper barrel is a 20-gauge shot barrel and the lower barrel is made for the .30-30 Winchester; a triple folding sight is targeted for 100, 200, and 300 yards.

"It shall be unlawful to use, in hunting fowl or animals of any kind, any rifle or shotgun holding more than two cartridges at one time, or that may be fired more than twice without reloading". If you live in a state where laws like this one of New Jersey are in force you will have to be satisfied with a double-combination—otherwise the number of barrels will not be limited and you are at liberty to buy either a three or four-barrel gun.

The majority of sportsmen may never have laid eyes on such guns—that circumstance will be excuse enough for writing this article.

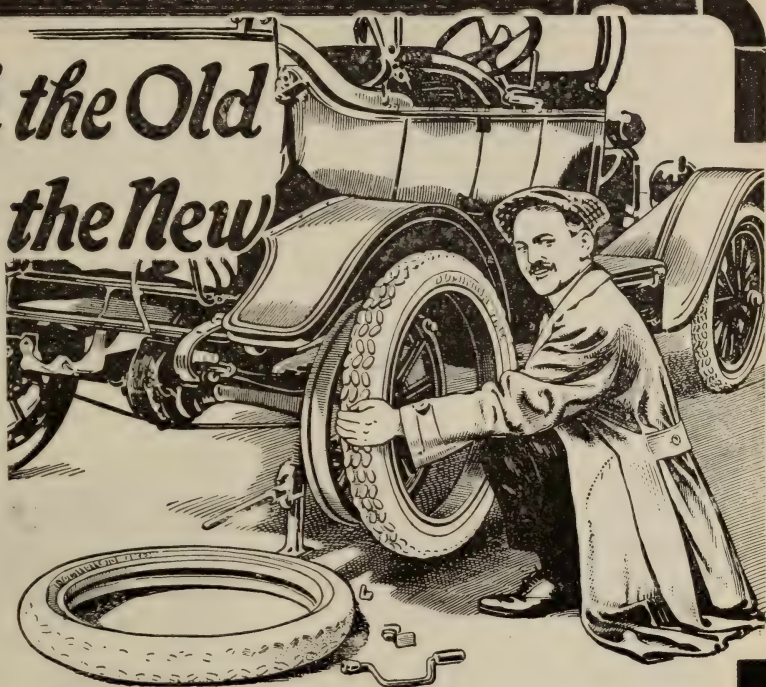
Mr. Chas. Newton in one of his articles about three-barrel guns says:—

"When afield after feathered game how often one has a chance for a rifle shot at squirrel, opossum, fox, raccoon, or other game! The duck hunter finds it convenient to stir up a flock resting out of shotgun range, getting them a-wing, or killing the cripples. The turkey hunter need not gnash his teeth at the wise old gobbler who persists in answering the call from just beyond the range of

Off with the Old On with the New

"I'm sorry, but I guess that good old "DOMINION" Tire will have to go at last. It has held out so long beyond its mileage that I wondered if it would ever wear out. It certainly doesn't owe me anything, and it never gave me any trouble."

"I'm counting on this new "DOMINION" though, to duplicate the good work. With four "DOMINIONS", and one on the rack, I'm never afraid my business or pleasure will suffer because of tire troubles".



Nobby Tread

Best for all-round service, all the time, everywhere. Grips the slipperiest pavements—saves 90 per cent of punctures.

Chain Tread

An effective anti-skid tire at a moderate price—the best for the money.

Plain Tread

The basis of all "Dominion" Tires—the masterpiece of tire-making skill.



Nobby Tread

Chain Tread

Plain Tread

THAT'S the way motorists who are using them, all feel about "DOMINION" Tires. When they make replacements, they "Say 'DOMINION'—and stick to it"—even if some dealer, with a keener eye to profit than to service, does try to sell them some other tire. They prefer to pay a little more if necessary, for the far greater service and satisfaction they get from "DOMINION" Tires.

The best dealers recommend and sell "DOMINION" Tires. If you have any trouble in getting what you want, write our nearest Branch, or our Home Office in Montreal, and we will see that you are looked after.

Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co.
Montreal. Limited

28 Branches In
Canada

HEAD OFFICE:
MONTREAL
QUEBEC.



shot and cannot be enticed nearer. The fox hunter in the northern states, where they are run by hounds and shot with shotguns needs no longer look reproachfully at the bearer of a beautiful brush who stops and sits down, just out of shotgun range and looks back to listen and watch for the hounds unravelling his trail far to the rear. He can reach him where he sits, particularly in the southwest where the quail hunter frequently longs for a rifle to deal with the occasional tiger cat, peccary or even deer which he encounters."

It is of course very difficult to impress on the minds of average sportsmen the fact that a three-barrel gun is not a clumsy weapon. Yet I have seen gentlemen handle my three-barrel guns, praising the lightness of the arm and its beautiful balance and put it away again without even noticing that it was a three-barrel gun. When I have called their attention to the third barrel, their astonish-

ment has been great.

Three-barrel guns with under lever, 20-gauge for cartridges of the .30-30 class weigh about 5½ pounds. The record for lightness was a three-barrel 20-gauge, .405 Winchester made for a gentleman in Philadelphia, which weighed 7 pounds. To appreciate that, you have to consider that a Winchester rifle for this shell weighs 8½ pounds and kicks like a mule. I nursed a blue shoulder for two weeks after the gun had been delivered.

Such powerful cartridges require of course a more substantial gun and guns of this type have in addition to the double bolt on the lugs crossbolt through the extension-rib. Rimless shells don't work very well in tip-up actions and instead of using the .30 Adolph Express the .30 Newton Express cartridge has to be used.

The ballistics of both cartridges are the same, but as shown by the cut the shell is



1. THREE BARREL GUN WITH UNDER LEVER
2. THREE BARREL GUN MADE FOR MR. CHAS. ASKINS
3. ADOLPH FOUR BARREL COMBINATION GUN



Dominion Ammunition

TRADE MARK *Metallics and Shot Shells*



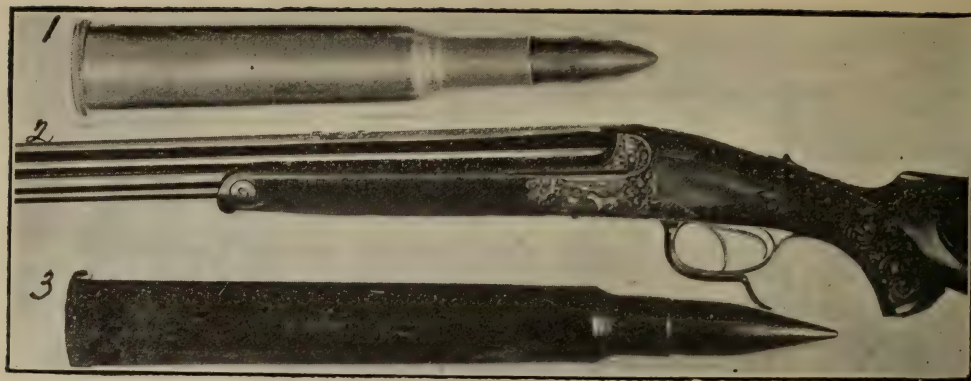
For Your Week Ends this Summer

there's nothing more fun than a .22 rifle. To be sure of your cartridges adds to the pleasure of shooting and helps develop skill.

We are sure of **Dominion .22's** because they were used by the Canadian Cadets who won every test match in England last year, because practically all small bore rifle clubs in Canada are using them and because they are made and tested under conditions in which we have absolute faith.

Dominion 22's—Short, Long, Long Rifle, all loaded with Black, Lesmok and Smokeless powder. Sold by the nearest store handling ammunition.

Dominion Cartridge Co., Ltd., Montreal



1. .25-117 Krag
2. OVER AND UNDER COMBINATION GUN MADE FOR LT. WHELEN. 20-GAUGE SHOT BARREL AND .30-30 RIFLE BARREL
3. .30 CAL. NEWTON CARTRIDGE

smaller in diameter and of greater length permitting more favorable dimensions of the rifle barrel.

The smaller cartridge is the Krag .25—the .30 U.S. shell necked down to .25 caliber. It fires a 117-grain bullet with about 3000 foot seconds velocity and Mr. Edwin G. Little says in November Outdoor Life:—

"This cartridge is more accurate than either the .280 Ross or the .30 '06 Springfield and that is saying a great deal. My Adolph gun conformed absolutely to specifications, including a cast-off pistol grip. It weighs less than 8 pounds, has disappearing aperture and open sights, is sighted for 200 and 500 yards and is a perfectly designed arm; having 12-gauge shot barrels, and .25 calibre rifle barrel, and being the most accurate rifle and ammunition I have ever used."

If Mr. Little who lives in Edmonton, Alta. reads this he is respectfully invited to come across with some more information about the results from his weapon.

If you plan a trip in the wilderness, almost the first question you encounter is, what kind of a gun shall I take along? To be ready for all kinds of game and every emergency you will need a small rifle for small game, a big game rifle for big game and a shotgun for feathered game. It is impracticable to carry these three guns—two of them will always lie idle in the camp. You will come across a bear, when you carry a shotgun; you will see ducks when you carry a big game rifle, and you may see a deer or elk if you stroll around with your .22 caliber.

Instead of being caught thus, carry a four-barrel gun. It doesn't weigh more than your big game rifle weighs—rather less, but you have three guns in one.

If you are after ducks, you have always at your command, besides the double shotgun, a .22 caliber cartridge to kill the cripples and a powerful rifle cartridge if you see a distant deer or bear—no saying: "If I only had my

rifle here." You have it at hand moment you need it.

What has been said about the handiness of three-barrel guns is true also in regard to the four-barrel gun. It cannot be made so light as a three-barrel gun, but is not heavier than a common repeating rifle. Nobody will be able to judge by the cut, that it shows a four-barrel gun. This gun has all the beautiful lines of a high grade English-double shotgun.

There is one advantage a combination gun has over the short-barrelled rifles. On account of its longer rifle barrel much better ballistics are obtained. The velocity of the .22 Savage H. P. is increased from 2800 feet to 3000 feet and if you increase the pressure to about 6000 lbs. by using improved military rifle powder No. 18, it is possible to get 3200 feet, and consequently much more energy—almost 1600 lbs, which is more than the .30-30 Winchester.

A four barrel gun is by no means a complicated arm. It has four locks, and a sliding button on top of the neck changes the gun from a double shotgun to a double rifle. The lower rifle barrel can be made for any rimmed cartridge. The barrel in the rib can be chambered for the .22 Winchester or for a special shell of the same ballistic properties as the .22 Savage H. P. The Savage shell cannot be used in the top barrel being too large in diameter—unless a special design of the gun is adopted, which does away with the extension rib and cross bolt.

The guns are perfect in every way except one—the price. The cheapest of these hand-made guns costs \$100—and that is of course more than the average sportsman wants to invest in a gun. Years ago three-barrel guns were made by a factory in W.Va. Although sold at about half of the price, the concern went out of business and this fact demonstrates that the days of cheap three-barrel guns are not here yet.

Ithaca **10 Bore Duck and Goose Gun**



- † If you want the only real duck and goose gun get a ten bore Ithaca weighing about 10 pounds.
- † It will reach them a little farther—it is ideal for any shooting done from a boat or blind.
- † We make them in all grades hammer and hammerless.
- † We show above our No. 2 Krupp, \$70 list gun, special net price \$49.87. Note the thick heavy breech.
- † Send for large catalog—double guns \$17.75 up. Single Trap guns \$85 up.

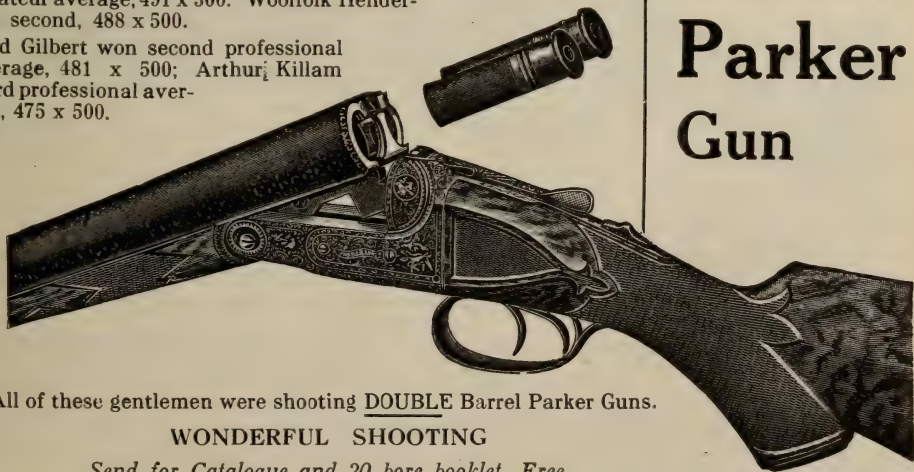
ITHACA GUN COMPANY, BOX 13, ITHACA, N.Y.

Some Shooting with the

At the Indian Tournament, Sandusky, O., June 29 - July 2, S. A. Huntley won high general average and amateur average, 491 x 500. Woolfolk Henderson second, 488 x 500.

Fred Gilbert won second professional average, 481 x 500; Arthur Killam third professional average, 475 x 500.

Double Barrel Parker Gun



All of these gentlemen were shooting **DOUBLE** Barrel Parker Guns.

WONDERFUL SHOOTING

Send for Catalogue and 20 bore booklet, Free

PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn. N. Y. Salesrooms, 32 Warren St.

A COMMENT UPON THE ARTICLE OF "OLD TIMER" IN A RECENT ISSUE

"KANSAS"

IT was with the greatest interest that I read the article appearing in the April issue of this magazine in the gun department entitled "The .22 Hi-Power Savage and Some Others of an Earlier Vintage" by one signing himself "Old Timer". This article, or at least the latter portion of the same took me back in memory to the days of my early manhood when as a young black haired comely youth I was as familiar with Sharpe, Ballard, Colt, Spencer or Burnside as any of my plainsmen mates. My hair is white now and the hand that once so steadily lifted a heavy Sharp to the shoulder is tremulous with age and the eyes that once were as clear and far-seeing as those of a young Sioux are dimming with the film of years.

I have seen a nation of American rifle-men come and disappear and in the regions where hated "border ruffian" once struggled with the champions of freedom in the cause of the oppressed black on endless prairie now verdant pastures stretch in unlimited luxuriousness and the signs of bloody strife have been obliterated forever.

The only land-marks of those days of turmoil remaining are those old animated relics like myself who with fast fleeting strength cling steadfastly to the haunts of their youth and refuse to obey the call of the Last Sleep until tired Nature can struggle no more.

In the spring of '73 when I was thirty-five years old I purchased at one of the out-fitting posts situated in a portion of what is now the State of Kansas a heavy barreled Sharp's rifle of .45 caliber weighing not less than twelve pounds and what was known to the cow punchers, Government scouts, freighters and other inhabitants of that then wild region as a "buffalo gun".

This rifle was fitted with a heavy 30-inch octagonal barrel and was sighted, if my memory serves me correctly, up to 800 or 1000 yards. The stock was of beautiful bird's eye maple, not the cheap tawdry stocks fitted to the modern American \$15.00 sporting rifle, and the grain was beautiful to behold—dark, curly and with an oiled finish and the stock itself was fitted with a small trap in the portion that touches the cheek when the arm is thrown to the shoulder like the cap boxes in the old Kentucky rifles but this arm being a breech-loader this little trap door was for the purpose of holding flannel patches, a small phial of oil and any other needful accessory to the rifle of those days.

The sights on this arm were peculiar to the age of Christian Sharp and the style of front sight is especially worthy of interest. A small brass bead was firmly set into the end of the barrel, not set into a slot but imbedded fast in the barrel itself as is the case of the front sight on the old .44 cap and ball Colt revolver, in fact the sight on this Sharp was of identically the same description.

The rear sight is of the pattern of elevating leaf used even in these days of modern arms on certain models. A neighbor of mine has a Winchester Model 1886 fitted with this style of sight and he being much better versed in the knowledge of modern rifles than my old self tells me that this is the regular form of rear sight supplied on this particular model.

The shell adapted to this rifle was of great length nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long if I remember correctly and the charge of black powder would fill almost three modern .30-30 shells. The bullet weighing about one ounce was paper patched nearly the whole length.

This load would knock over a buffalo as though it were pole-axed and I remember distinctly one buffalo hunt in which I participated wherein I opened fire at a fine fat bull with a splendid coat at what I afterwards found to be 200 yards. He was turned away from me when I fired and the huge bullet entering behind the shoulder whirled him over and down like a limp rag. He tried to recover his footing but by the time I had arrived within about twenty-five yards he was over on his bended knees and wholly out of misery.

Another cow buffalo shot also behind the shoulder at fifty yards ran twenty feet or more and then stood with drooping head waiting the death which could not be evaded. In a few minutes the ears dropped still further and with a plunge the huge mass of bone and flesh lay lifeless with frothy blood oozing from its nostrils.

A better rifle for the largest game could not be found in those days and those rifles were probably in more general use than any other model ever invented, with the possible exception of the Ballard, which at one time was extremely popular and was used by plainsmen from Northern Montana to Dodge City in the southwest; but the Government scout who knew he was in the calling which required the protection only to be obtained by an arm possessing absolutely reliable qualities chose the rifle stamped on the barrel "Old Reliable Christian Sharp Manufacturer".

This rifle never jammed and left the owner to face a maddened buffalo with a useless gun in hand but promptly threw out the empty shell and permitted the shooter to easily insert a fresh cartridge into the generous and gaping breech.

As to the jamming tendency of the Ballard as mentioned by "Old Timer" I would say that only once in my long life on the plains did I ever meet an arm of this model that did not function perfectly but as the one case of jamming which did take place to my knowledge ended in serious injury to one of my companions I will relate it herewith.

A party of us had come across a large herd of buffalo feeding in a gully and (I am ashamed to confess this now) being desirous of obtain-



SAVAGE Rifles Again Honored

The Savage
.250-3000

THE International Jury of the Panama Pacific Exposition has awarded the Medal of Honor to Savage Arms Co. and again placed the seal of the highest official approval on the advance Savage Arms Co. has made in firearms construction.

Since the appearance of the Savage rifle twenty years ago it has led the world. It has received high awards, and been used with brilliant success by the world's famous big game hunters and expert riflemen.

The 303 Savage in the hands of Mr. Harry Storey killed African elephant, hippo, rhino and lion. Mr. Dal de Weese used it on his celebrated hunts in Alaska, and the Malay Peninsula, and Captain Kleinschmidt killed with it every species of Alaskan big game.

But Savage progress evolved a new type of hunting cartridge. The phenomenal little imp, the .22 Savage Hi-Power, introduced a far higher standard of efficiency, it is called by experts the "finest deer rifle in the world." And this year the .250-3000 Savage, with larger calibre, higher velocity, longer range and greater power, supplements it for the biggest and most dangerous game.

These Savage Rifles—the guns that win the medals—have been endorsed by the highest firearms authorities of the world—Lieutenant Townsend Whelen, U.S.A., Mr. T. K. Lee, International Small Bore Champion, Mr. Chas. Askins, Mr. C. L. Gilman, Mr. Ashley A. Haines, Mr. E. C. Crossman, Mr. L. A. Danse, and many others.

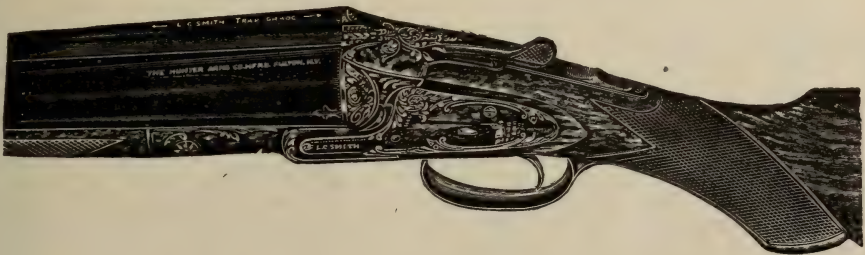
You need the best rifle as much as they do. Write us for particulars.

SAVAGE ARMS CO.



549 Savage Ave., Utica, N.Y., U.S.A.

L. C. SMITH



THE REAL GUN

New designs with Hunter one-trigger and automatic ejector, for trap and field use. They are winners.

Prices \$25 to \$1,000 net.

OUR BEAUTIFUL CATALOG FOR THE ASKING.

The Hunter Arms Co., Inc. 29 Hubbard St., Fulton, N. Y.

ing some hides which were in great demand in those times, we got close to the herd and opening fire secured ten, four bulls and six fat cows.

The remainder of the herd lumbered away at that rolling gait peculiar to this animal and were soon over the ridge and still going.

One of the bulls which had been wounded was making an heroic effort to regain his feet and to overtake his disappearing fellows and seeing that he was as yet by no means finished Dick—as care-free a cow-puncher as ever rode a bucking horse into submission or fired a Colt, rode up with one of those “jamming contraptions” mentioned by “Old Timer”—a Ballard rifle of .44 caliber and recklessly fired the rifle at the struggling beast’s forehead instead of placing the bullet behind the shoulder which would have killed the buffalo almost instantly.

At the report of the Ballard the big mass of struggling flesh got unsteadily to its feet, snorted and charged him. Dick frantically trying to steady his terrified horse held him in with one hand while with the other he quickly jerked the lever of the Ballard—and the action refused to open. The maddened buffalo bore down upon him, charged his horse and bowled steed and his unfortunate rider to the ground and commenced to gore them with vicious swipes of his wicked head.

Dick’s yells for help soon brought a horseman up to the scene of the disaster and soon a .45 caliber ball from a Sharp’s put the buffalo in a position where he could do no more harm.

Dick’s leg was broken below the knee where his horse had rolled upon him and he was also pretty severely bruised from the rather rough handling he had received. He recovered however and in four months was again on the range ready for more adventure with buffalo bulls or anything else that promised excitement.

About this time the Winchester repeating rifle came on the market adapted to the .44-40 cartridges and though this arm was not in the same count as the .45 Sharp’s as regards effectiveness, still the popularity of the gun determined by the number of these rifles carried by plainsmen was enormous. The effective range of this new-comer was understood to be in the neighborhood of 300 to 400 yards—practically half the range of that of the Sharp’s .45 and not nearly so powerful. In fact it was a generally acknowledged fact that two shots had to be fired into a buffalo bull to make it succumb with the Winchester to one from the Sharp’s buffalo gun.

The factor of speed of fire did much to encourage the sale of the .44 Winchester, many buffalo hunters being willing to sacrifice shocking and actual killing power to this.

My shooting days are over forever, I have killed my last buffalo, and my beautiful Sharp’s rifle having been lost twenty years ago in a branch of the Yellowstone I am now without what was deemed in the days of my youth a necessity—a hard hitting and accurate rifle and the shadows fall across the door of my lonely shack and the coyote—the scavenger of the desert howls from across the butte.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

GRIZZLY KILLED WITH A .30-30.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have been out in the hills, the Rocky Mountains, since the middle of April, fixing up trails and exploring around, hunting a few bear on the side. We got a couple of nice bears, a grizzly and a black. The bears were late in showing up this spring and when they did come we were too busy to hunt them. I must congratulate you on the success of your Guns and Ammunition department in Rod and Gun. It is interesting and instructive. Of course one has to make allowance for the cranks who condemn every gun but some young cannon they have had made to suit their own warped ideas. The man who so severely criticized the .30-30, .303 and .32 Special in, I think it was the April issue, ought to have come out here this spring and got wised up a bit. Most of the bear killed here are killed with these guns. A 9 ft. 6 in. grizzly was killed near here a few days ago with a single shot from a .30-30 and I shot one dead, so dead that he never even growled. Jasper Park, Alta. D.P.

EXPERIENCES WITH FACTORY-MADE ARMS UNSATISFACTORY.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have just read the splendid article by Lieutenant

Whelan in your May number and I trust that he will write again. As you ask in Rod and Gun for opinions re firearms for your shooting department may I give mine. My experience with the ordinary factory arms has been a long way from satisfactory, one high power rifle shot out after 700 rounds. I also owned a .30-30 and the barrel of this measured .309 “and some of the bullets in the shells I was buying measured only .305” this barrel soon went. It is my experience that a barrel which is not a very tight fit for the bullet wears out much quicker than a barrel in which the bullet fits tight. After this rifle went I bought a new .32 Special (carbino) this gun was never right there was very little bearing on the bullet for the rifling and some of the bullets which I recovered from dirt after firing showed plainly the marks of fusion. I think that the bolt of a rifle using high power cartridges should lock right behind the cartridge as this would do away with the spring of the bolt. I have used the bolt action now for two years and have nothing but praise for its reliability and sureness. It is the action for a tight corner and one has the pleasure of feeling that there will be no jamming or other monkey work at a critical moment.

I want to speak a word of praise for the rifle

The Ross Rifle

Big Game Will Be Plentiful This Fall

When preparing your outfit for the Autumn trip, remember that the success of your holiday depends largely on your choice of a rifle. Select an arm that you can rely upon in every emergency.

The Ross Sporting Rifle affords a choice of three splendid weapons each one unexcelled in its own sphere.

The Ross .280 High Velocity Sporting Rifle is unsurpassed in finish and design by anything on the market. An extremely flat trajectory gives it remarkable accuracy, while the tremendous power of the Ross .280 Copper Tube Expanding Bullet (patented), will drop even the largest grizzly with a single shot.

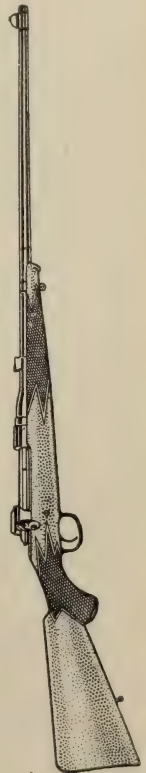
The Ross Model R. Sporting Rifle is the favorite for Big Game among hunters of world wide experience. It is bored to take the .303 British Cartridge, and is a clean cut, well balanced and handsome rifle of remarkable range and accuracy.

Its moderate price and the ease with which ammunition can be procured in the most out of the way places, make it a great favorite with Canadian hunters.

Last but not least is the Ross .22 Cadet Rifle. It is especially suitable for game too small for the higher power rifles, and is directly responsible for many a delicious meal on camp or trail. The mere fact that it is the official government arm for Cadet Corps is a sufficient guarantee of its accuracy and reliability.

A Ross Rifle in your equipment is a great help to a successful trip.

ROSS RIFLES FROM \$12.00 UP



Ross Rifle Company - - Quebec, Que.

I have now, but first let me say that I have no interest in the works where this gun was made but I believe in giving honor where it is due. My rifle is the Manchester Schoenauer .256 calibre and it is finished like a watch and I do not think any rifle could be more accurate. I have had it two years and have fired many shots and to me the barrel appears just as good as ever. I have always cleaned this gun as soon as possible after shooting, using Marble nitro solvent oil and have found it very satisfactory. The velocity of this .256 cartridge is with English ammunition 2560 feet per second and with ammunition manufactured in the U.S. 2100 ft. per second. The bullet while small yet proves to be a good killer on all medium game.

I am interested in the letters with respect to the .22 Savage High Power rifle. To me it appears to be very small for game the size of moose and personally I should prefer a far heavier bullet.

Wynard, Sask.

L. V.

USES THE .280 ROSS

Editor Guns and Ammunition: In your dept. in the July issue of Rod and Gun, W. Edwin Troup asks to hear from readers who have used the .280 Ross on Newfoundland Caribou. I think I am the only user of the .280 Ross here and only last summer it was introduced in the local sporting goods stores. While I have never used it in Nfld., I had it with me in Northern Labrador and Ungava territory the past winter. I don't think there can be but one opinion about it. It anchors them every time. I have used it on seals, walrus and timber wolves, sometimes. In very low temperatures it works perfectly—all you have to do is hold it straight. I darkened the silver bead front sight a little when shooting in a strong glare of the sun on ice and snow and find it better. Last winter I started south before the annual migration of barren ground caribou on Northern Labrador struck the part of the country where I travel, so I missed the chance to use the Ross on them. In 1913 the natives struck one of the migrating herds in April and killed about 600. The only objection I have to the Ross is the cost of the cartridges which is \$11.50 per hundred (wholesale) here. As most of the game up there can be killed at close ranges a cheaper outfit works as well for the natives.

I have also sold the .22 H. P. Savage up there and find it O.K. and would like to try the .250-3000 Savage and .256 Newton mentioned by your correspondents.

R. W. Jr.

WANTED—PRACTICAL BALLISTICS.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have read quite a lot in this magazine regarding the merits of different rifles of varied calibers. I believe that most any gun if it shoots straight is good enough in the hands of a careful and considerate hunter. The other kind are an abomination and should be kept out of the game ranges.

However this is not the point I wanted to discuss. What I wish to know is why will the gun experts keep quoting to laymen figures, which for all I know may be

correct in theory but are certainly wrong in practice. To begin with, we read about the trajectory of a bullet being say in the case of the 1906 Government with 150-grain bullet, 2.95 inches at 100 yards and with the 220-grain bullet at the same range 4.52 inches. That is the height the bullet would pass over a horizontal line at 100 yards from the muzzle if you were holding correctly to hit the bulls-eye at 200 yards.

Now I figure that the trajectory of a bullet is not a true half-circle but is more the shape of an egg with the muzzle of the gun at the small and the bulls-eye at the big end. Now to be fair to the users of rifles the manufacturers should state the highest point reached by a bullet in its course.

Now I happen to know that at 200 yards if you hold the gun exactly the same there is about three feet between the point of impact of the 220-grain bullet and the 150-grain spitzer fired out of the same rifle. What I would like to see is a table showing how far below the bulls-eye a bullet would strike at say 150, 200, 250, 300, and 350 yards if the gun were held so as to make a centre shot at 100 yards. Such a table would give the hunter a lot better idea of what a sporting rifle will do than a lot of misleading figures on trajectories, muzzle energies, etc. etc.

In my estimation there is not one man out of a hundred who can place a bullet every time at 300 yards in the shoulder of a sheep, deer goat, or bear. Most of them are 50 per cent. in luck if they hit the animal at all.

As a game guardian it makes me mad to see a lot of would-be hunters pumping lead out of a high power rifle into a bunch of sheep or deer out of range on the off-chance of knocking something down and I would like to impress on all hunters the absolute necessity of being able to hit a 6-inch bulls-eye at 150 yards every shot before going off on a game hunt. That is why I would like to see a practical table of the flight of bullets given to the hunting public.

Should you think this matter worth discussing you might publish this letter and see what other hunters think about it.

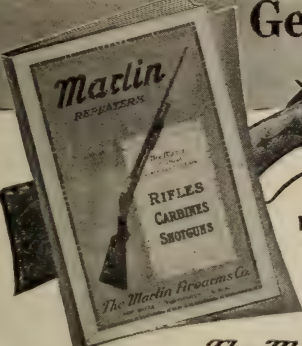
Pincher Creek, Alta.

H. R.

(A table such as you suggest would be of little practical value to the average hunter save in rare instances but the figures you desire could easily be obtained from tests with the rifle held in machine rest and sighted on a measured range.)

The highest point at which the bullet rises at the various ranges can be determined without difficulty by means of screen tests. You will find that your rifle adapted to the '06 Government when fired at 300 yards with 200 yards fixed sighting will throw its bullet 9 to 10 inches low—this with the service spitzer. Using the 220-grain bullet and with shell loaded to give practically Krag results under same conditions the bullet will fall from 19 to 20 inches low.

By carrying on a series of experiments you will easily determine the exact point of impact of the bullets when fired at the various ranges with sights set for lesser distances though of what real value this knowledge would be to you it is difficult to say.



Get This Gun Book!

Know the right gun to buy

A well-made gun lasts a life-time. It pays to be particular—buy the right gun!

Buy a Marlin! For 45 years the *Marlin* has been the thoroughbred in sporting firearms. We make high-grade repeaters only—up-to-date guns at moderate prices—splendid repeating rifles and shotguns in so many calibres, gauges and styles, you have a wide choice of guns for any branch of shooting. They all have the modern solid-top, side-ejecting safety construction; and the deep, clean-cut Ballard rifling is famous for its wonderful accuracy.

Buy the right Marlin! It takes only a few days to get this 128-page book into which we have put that practical information on guns and gunning which you need in buying a gun. Then it's easy to select exactly the **one best gun for you**. Send us 3 stamps postage today—you get the book by return mail. Illustration shows a *Marlin* lever-action repeater for big game. All popular calibres.

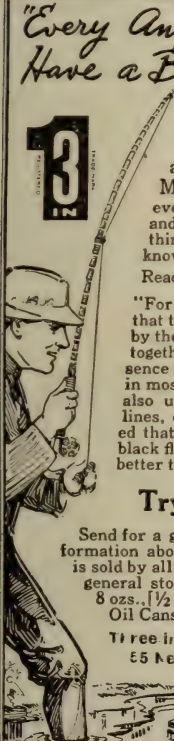
Marlin Repeating Rifles and Shotguns—a gun for every purpose.

The Marlin Firearms Co.

67 Willow Street,

New Haven, Conn.

"Every Angler Should Have a Bottle in his kit"



3 IN

—says Mr. Lody Smith of New York about 3-in-One Oil. Mr. Smith fishes whenever he has a moment to spare; and when he talks about anything relating to fishing he knows whereof he speaks.

Read Mr. Smith's letter:

"For use on floating flies, I find that the feathers are not affected by the hackles and wings sticking together. There is an entire absence of paraffin which is present in most of the dry fly solutions. I also use 3-in-One for my reels, lines, etc., and recently discovered that it was a good repellent of black flees, mosquitos and midgits; better to use than heavy greases."

Try 3-in-One Free

Send for a generous sample with full information about its many uses. 3-in-One is sold by all hardware, sporting goods and general stores; 1 oz., 10c; 3 ozs., 25c., 8 ozs. (1½ pint) 50c; and in Handy Oil Cans, 3½ ozs., 25c.

Three in-One Oil Co.,
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The Ideal Hand Book

New Edition—No. 25—160 Pages.

Shows in detail the enormous saving by hand loading and reloading your cartridges; factory .32-40 High Power cartridges cost \$34.20 per 1000; hand loaded, buying new primed shells, etc., \$26.96 per 1000; **reloaded, only \$13.46 per 1000 (you save \$20.74).** 1000 .32-40 smokeless S. R. factory cartridges cost \$25.20; by reloading you can have 1000 short range loads for \$3.80.

Free



The Ideal Hand Book contains full information regarding powders, bullets, primers and reloading tools for all standard rifle, pistol and shotgun ammunition, tells how to measure powders accurately, and gives information on everything relating to loading and reloading of ammunition.

It lists hand-cast bullets; tells all about gas-check bullets (which take the place of metal-jacketed bullets, giving increased accuracy with less wear of barrel); gives tables of shotgun or smooth-bore gauges; round ball for shotguns; tables of velocity, penetration, etc.; twists in rifling in rifle barrels made by the various arms companies; tells how to find the twist in any rifle barrel; tables reducing drams to grains, tables of powders, primers, etc. **160 pages of information every shooter needs; sent free to any shooter for three stamps postage by**

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67 WILLOW STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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everywhere to ride and exhibit a sample 1915 Hyslop Bicycle, with all latest improvements.



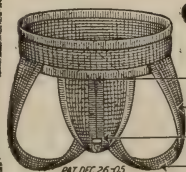
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ONE CENT is all it will cost to write us a postal, and catalogue with full particulars will be sent to you **Free, Postpaid**, by return mail. **Do not wait.** Write it now.

HYSLOP BROTHERS, Limited
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Mizpah JOCK No. 44



Gives you a feeling of real comfort and the assurance of perfect protection while exercising.

Opening beneath Patent flap

Small amount of material between thighs

Perfect pouch

Well-bound webbing

Can be cleaned by boiling without injury to rubber. Fits perfectly. *Can't rub or chafe.* Fine quality elastic webbing. Ask your dealer, and if he will not supply you with MIZPAH JOCK NO. 44, send us 75c in stamps and waist measurement and we will send by mail.

THE WALTER F. WARE CO., Dept. C., PHILA.

As you truly state the prime requisite of a hunter is ability to place his shots inside a circle which would cover say the fore-shoulder of his game at usual hunting ranges. After all everything resolves itself into the question of the skill or otherwise of the man behind the fusil. A. B. G.)

FINDS THE .22 HI-POWER SAVAGE EXCELLENT

Below are given extracts from a letter received by Mr. J. H. Palmer or Treesbank Man., from his nephew D. H. Palmer of this province which was sent to us for publication containing as it does some interesting facts regarding the .22 Hi-Power.

"Dear Uncle:—

I see that you have got a .22 Hi-Power Savage. I have used one of these rifles for nearly three years and have killed 12 deer with it besides hundreds of smaller game. It is the finest all-round rifle I ever owned and I have had a lot of them. I never knew of a deer getting away with a bullet that reached the interior of the body.

I killed one that the bullet raked along outside the ribs and tore the skin and flesh off the ribs so badly that the animal bled to death inside of 60 yards.

A paunch shot from this rifle at short range is just as fatal as a lung or heart shot. A bullet will seldom pass out of a deer, the whole force is spent in the animal. Taking all the deer I have killed with the .30-30, .303 Savage and the .22 Hi-Power Savage, the latter stops them quicker than either of the other calibres.

There is no use trying to tell of the terrible wound that the bullet from this little rifle will make at short range, you must see it time after time to understand the effect.

When I say "short range" I mean up to say 100 yards for as the distances increases the effect is less as the bullet is too short to be a good longrange missile and it loses velocity fast. Yet I know that this cartridge is far superior to any .30-30 at any range. It is much more accurate too. It would be fine for wolves etc. on the prairie. I have shot a lot of foxes with it, sometimes it musses them up quite a bit but sometimes they require that kind of usage.

The barrel is rather hard to clean as it metal fouls from the high speed of the bullet and oil won't touch it. I use strong ammonia which removes the copper fouling then dry barrel well with clean dry cloth patches and finally oil. I load all my own ammunition and have fired about 2000 rounds out of my rifle and it is as good as ever.

Your Nephew,

D. H. Palmer."

EXPERIENCES OF A USER OF THE REMINGTON-U.M.C. SLIDE ACTION HIGH POWER

Editor Guns and Ammunition: In response to the query of Mr. Lewis in a recent issue of this magazine wherein he asks for information regarding the above-mentioned arm would say that I secured a .30 caliber Remington of this model as soon as it came on the market. Before its appearance I had written several

rifle manufacturers to see if they were ever going to market a pump action rifle using .303 shells, so when the little .30 came out it looked good to me. My first trial was somewhat disappointing as I could not hit a 10 in. bull at 200 yards. The power was there but it always hit high. The thing which bothered me was the rear sight being so far from the eye, causing a blur which made it impossible for me to get down into the V.

After several trials I decided to get a Marble peep made especially for this rifle and here I want to state that in my opinion the Marble is superior to any peep sight made because the lock nut when tightened by pliers as the manufacturers instruct cannot be shifted as many are by curious hunters handling your gun.

When the sight was fitted I went down to the rifle range with a bunch of cadets to try the rifle again. The little arm looked like an air gun beside the Ross military but it compared favorably, finding the bull first shot and making 4 out of 6 at 200 yards.

I then changed my sights to 75 yards and have left them there ever since 1913. I took this rifle up the C. P. R. near Chapeau and had the pleasure of killing a buck weighing 347½ pounds with one shot in the front shoulder and he did not need a shot from Mr. Hill's post-hole digger to stop him as he didn't run 100 feet.

The following day I shot a doe weighing 135 pounds in the paunch and she did not go 25 feet after being hit. Another of the party using one of these rifles shot two does—kidney shots and anchored them in their tracks. Last year I got another buck dressing 237 pounds with one shot and this fellow never moved a foot after being hit. Another of our party has disposed of his .32 Special and invested in a .30 caliber Remington because he is convinced that it has better lines and balance and that the trombone action gives better results as to speed.

I have never had the pleasure of shooting a moose but a friend of mine who uses one of these arms was successful in bringing down two, one being a shoulder shot and the other a shot in the neck. Neither animal went 25 yards.

Personally I know of no other action so handy, so easy and so sure as the trombone. I have never had a mis-fire or a shell stick and if I hold my gun straight it hits the mark and needs no assistance to bring home the bacon. I have used the .303 Savage, .38-55 Marlin, .32 Special, .32-40 Winchester, also the .35 Automatic but my choice is the .30 caliber Slide Action Remington now and any time.

In no place do I find the Remington people claiming that the cartridges do not touch but the end-to-end spiral action prevents any bullet in the magazine coming in contact with the primer of the cartridge head. I think if the Remington people would put their rear sight further back for those using open sights it would be a 50 per cent. improvement.

I now have this rifle equipped with ivory bead front and Marble leaf rear as well as Marble peep sight. I use the target disc with 1-16 inch aperture and like it better than the smaller discs that come with the peep as once

This Sporting Boot has Every Qualification

For your comfort on that hunting or fishing expedition, your footwear must be first and foremost, waterproof. Furthermore, they'll have to be pliable, noiseless, soft and comfortable, and tough in wear.

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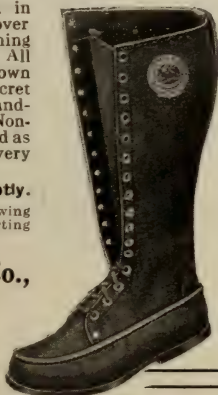
fill the bill in every particular. You can get no better anywhere.

We have specialized in sporting footwear for over 30 years and make nothing but high quality goods. All leather we use is of our own tanning according to secret process. Every pair hand-sewn by our Non-Rip Non-Leak process and as good as we can make them, at every point.

Orders Filled Promptly.

Write for catalog "R", showing full line of waterproof sporting boots and packs.

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Limited
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USEFUL
IN
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WILL KILL
THE
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NOTHING
BETTER
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- MARBLE'S - GUN "TOOLS"

are the kind that good sportsmen like. They're all quality devices intended to keep good guns in good condition. And they do the work for which they are intended. That's why users are loyal boosters.



MARBLE'S JOINTED RIFLE ROD

Substantial as a one-piece rod—more convenient. Brass with steel joints or all steel as desired. Swivel tip prevents twisting of rod, gives whirling movement that cleans thoroughly. For all sporting and military rifles. Mention calibre and length of barrel when ordering. Any calibre, price **\$1.00**



GARRISON PAT.

THE SPRING TEMPERED SPIRAL STEEL CORE OF MARBLE'S CLEANERS MARBLE'S RIFLE CLEANER

Made of soft brass gauze washers on a spirally bent spring tempered steel wire. Gets into rifling—cleans thoroughly—removes lead. Can't harm finest rifle. Lasts a lifetime. Fits any standard rod. State calibre wanted. Price **50c.**

Same style cleaner for shot guns **75c.**

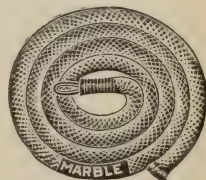


MARBLE'S FIELD CLEANER

Same as rifle cleaner but is equipped with cord—one end with loop—other with weight. Fasten loop to twig, drop weight through barrel, move gun back and forth. For all calibres. Price **75c.** Pull-thru for shotguns—**\$1.00.**

MARBLE'S ANTI-RUST ROPES

Soak rope in oil—draw thru gun barrel—put gun away. Prevents rust and corrosion—keeps our dust. Keeps barrel in perfect condition. For shotguns or rifles **50c.** For revolver **25c.** State calibre or gauge and length of barrel.

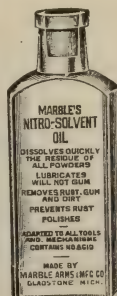


MARBLE'S NITRO-SOLVENT OIL

Best gun oil on market. Cleans, polishes, preserves. Dissolves residue of all black and smokeless powders, including cordite. Stops corrosion by neutralizing acids. For fishing reels and all fine machines as well as guns. **Sample Free**, if you mention your dealer's name.

ASK YOUR DEALER

for any of above specialties. Orders filled direct if we have no dealer in your town. Write for catalog Marble's Game-Getter Gun and Sixty Specialties for Sportsmen.



MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.
581 DELTA AVE., GLADSTONE, MICH.

you put your gun to your shoulder and see your quarry through those sights you are pretty sure of your venison if your hold is steady.

If the Editor is looking for something like this he is free to use it, if not it will probably do to start the fire.

Orillia, Ont.

C. R. E.

SOME MORE INFORMATION REGARDING THE .30 CALIBER REMINGTON U. M. C. HIGH POWER.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I notice M. G. Lewis' query concerning the new Remington forearm action high power rifle. I have used this rifle for the last two years in .30 caliber. It is a most excellent rifle except that it has a poor magazine and a rotten takedown. Also it has a multitude of parts in the action, but no trouble is experienced with them as they are large and strong and nicely finished. The magazine is the best of the tubular type but I don't like it because it is tubular. The magazine spring in my rifle was so strong that it flattened the ends of soft point cartridges if the same ones were worked in and out of the magazine several times. This I overcame by cutting off part of the magazine spring. The takedown is slow,

and this is to be considered as the owner may allow the rifle to remain uncleaned for some time, especially if he is tired after hunting. If the rifle had a box magazine like the Standard (no longer manufactured) and an interrupted screw takedown, it would be perfect.

On the other hand, the good points are many. The action works smoothly and very fast and is not disconcerting to the aim; the forearm is long and fills the hand; the pistol grip also fills the hand instead of being halfway down the stock; the sights are low and come in line quickly; the shooting qualities are of course first class; in fact, the description of it in the Remington catalogue is not at all exaggerated.

I recently sold my rifle on account of the two above-mentioned faults. I recommend that Mr. Lewis scrape off the varnish on the wood parts and put an oil finish on them. It improves the appearance and makes the wood more durable.

New York, U.S.A.

C. H. P.

The communication "A Reply to Mr. Lewis," in last month's *Queries and Answers*, which was unsigned, was contributed by Mr. H. W. Terry of Toronto.

SOME DON'T'S FOR GUNNERS

Don't point a gun at any person in fun. This is no matter for jest. It is always the gun that "we did not know was loaded" that goes off. The only time to point a gun is when you intend to kill.

Don't carry a loaded gun or rifle in a buggy, automobile or any other kind of vehicle.

Don't carry loaded guns through the street, on street cars, trains, or leave them around farm-houses, to have some child playfully blow your head off.

Don't get excited and shoot without making sure that your object is game. Don't shoot until you see the rabbit and then be sure he is clear of both man and dog.

Don't forget to "break" your gun or clear the chamber when standing with others or crossing a fence.

Don't drag a gun under a fence with muzzle pointed towards you.

Don't climb over fences with your gun,

or lean it against a tree until you get over; put it through the fence on the ground, business end before.

Don't hunt with anyone that you know to be careless. Carelessness with three and a quarter drams of powder behind one and one-eighth ounces of shot is inviting St. Peter.

Keep your fingers off the trigger until you are "looking down the barrel at 'Brer Rabbit'."

Don't get intoxicated.

Don't load your gun until you actually get to business. At all other times it should be empty.

Don't use a cheap gun. They are apt to explode when using heavy charges.

Don't rest on the muzzle of your gun.

Don't borrow a dog or a gun or loan either.

Don't shirk doing a little more than your share of the work in camp or boat.

Don't violate the game laws.





Gold Medal Gun of the Exposition



One piece direct
striking
hammer



Rotary Bolt
guaranteed
never to shoot
loose



Unbreakable
coil mainspring
guaranteed
forever.

AGAIN THE FOX reputation as "The Finest Gun in the World" has been justified, the Fox gun having just been awarded the Panama-Pacific Exposition Gold Medal for double barrel shot guns.

This splendid tribute does not make the Fox gun any better; it is only because it is so much better that such a tribute is possible.

This award does not make the Fox any safer investment for the prospective buyer, for it has always been guaranteed for life anyway, but this important, international, conclusive endorsement does make the Fox guarantee even more significant.

Every owner can feel additional pride in his Fox, and every one about to buy a gun can consider the Fox with unqualified confidence.

Throw a Fox to your shoulder! Feel its perfect balance! Cuddle the imported Circassian walnut stock against your cheek! Draw a bead on a target!

Admire the rich engraving—equal to the best of foreign work.

8

Then break her open (a particularly short water table makes this a simple, easy operation). Inside you find the simplest lock mechanism ever put on a gun—and the quickest, too, bar none.

The Fox one-piece direct striking hammer works as quick as thought.

The coil mainspring is guaranteed for life.

The patented Rotary Bolt is guaranteed never to shoot loose.

A Fox grade to every taste.

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All the same Fox quality with the same Fox guarantee.

See the Fox at your dealers, or write us direct for complete catalog, and any special information or assistance you desire. Write us today.

A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY, 4688 No. 18TH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FOX GUN

A FIVE DOLLAR REVOLVER

ALEX. W. C. DRISCOLL

BILL Dewar lived in one of the Western Ontario Counties. He had lived with his uncle since he was a boy of eight and had received his schooling at No. 9. Schooling, however was a matter of no interest to Bill. He learned more on Saturday while roaming through the woods than he did during a whole week of school.

Bill never "cliqued" with other boys of his age or they with him. They said he was "too much of an Indian." Other boys went to home dances, local concerts and sported a girl around on Sunday evenings. Not so Bill, this was not in his line. He would take a nature book, or a sporting catalogue and under the hanging branches of the maple tree he would while the hours away.

As he fingered the catalogue his eyes would linger covetously on the rifles of various models, then on the shotguns and then as he turned the pages his eye fell on a revolver, a five dollar revolver, which it became the desire of his life to own. Five dollars, however, seemed a whole lot to Bill, but he went home musing over the problem and that night dreamed of five dollar bills that floated all around him but always just out of his reach.

During the following week an opportunity came to him to make some money. A book-seller gave him a certain route of territory to sell in, offering him a liberal commission. Bill considered the matter. If he went selling books he would probably be called a "pedlar" and the thought of this did not please him. However he thought of the revolver and how happy he would be when its barrel could be seen bulging out his hip pocket. Perhaps a rifle would have been a better investment, but the idea of the five dollar revolver had become firmly fastened in his mind, and it was the revolver he wanted.

Friday night he went to the book agent and received his order book and instructions to sell. Saturday he was canvassing from house to house in the territory assigned him. The books sold well and he easily filled out the order blanks. Before long he had his five dollars and half of it in addition. At last Bill was happy. He would send for his coveted prize by the next mail and would still have enough money left to buy some ammunition.

This shows to what an extent Bill's mind was concentrated on hunting. Doubtless, if the truth were known, there was some Indian blood in the boy's veins. As the years passed he added to his supply of traps; he purchased a repeating rifle and a second-hand shotgun and was only happy when he was in the bush.

When he was nineteen he left his Uncle's home and went to Northern Ontario, the wild North of which he had read, the same North towards which his heart yearned. Now he was in Cobalt. He knew no one, to be sure, and he knew of no place to camp, but luck was with him and soon he had a rude cabin where he stationed himself. This cabin was quite close to a river bank and on an ideal site.

Bill encountered similar hardships and trials to those endured by other trappers. He soon began to realize that he knew practically nothing as to how bait should be set for big game. Wolves dodged his traps, stole his bait, and ran free. However he was not discouraged. His spirits still kept up and the bad luck was taken as it came.

Bill's sole companion was big Dan Ross who lived down stream. Bill and Dan had become great cronies. Dan admired Bill for his ambition and "stick-to-it-iveness" and consequently gave him all the advice he could as well as helping in many ways. This assistance, along with the experience Bill was gaining for himself, led to final success and Bill's future as a woodsman was assured.

As yet no bear fights had come Bill's way. Neither had he shot a deer, but he was counting on a successful hunt in the fall. He had, however, one experience with a she wolf and had it not been for Dan's help might not have lived to tell the coming tale.

With the approach of winter Bill's heart was filled with joy for now he could track his game. The animals had prepared for a long winter. Through Big Dan he learned how the beavers and muskrats raise their huts for a long winter. Finally the day when Bill was to have his first bear hunt arrived. Bruno, forced by hunger, had left his den and was prowling through the woods. He called on Bill but there was no one home, Bill having gone to Big Dan's to spend the afternoon. This was so much the better for the bear and the door soon gave way, first one hinge and then the other yielding to his assaults. Once in he "sort o' licked things up" and next morning Bill was hot on his trail, carrying with him a '07 Model Winchester and his old "five dollar revolver." He knew nothing about a bear hunt, other than what he had learned through Dan's recital of his numerous exploits but he was determined to learn and to learn unassisted. All day he was on the track of his enemy. Four o'clock came and still no Bruno was in sight. Bill realized he must be some fifteen miles from home and he began to feel the effects of his tramp. Leaning up against a tree he drew his pipe, filled it and lighted it. As he threw away the dead match he saw a movement in the willows. Silently he watched it moving in a circle, then it came out on to a knoll in the clearing. Sniffing along the ground Bruno caught Bill's track and on he came. Bill meanwhile lay flat on his stomach, then drawing his rifle to his shoulder, fired. It grazed the top of the bear's head and again the report rang out, but it went wild. Bill, shaking like a leaf, again pulled the trigger. The bear was close now, and Bill saw that his only chance was to climb a tree. Diving for the lowest branch he caught it and hung on. Up he went to another branch but as he stretched his arm for the third he slipped and down he went. The bear was there and he made good his chance for in the twinkling of an eye he had Bill by the boot and was lugging down his prey.



After Trying All Guns

Mr. Collinson is now shooting a

LEFEVER

Read what he says:

"I have shot a Lefever for several years, both at the trap and in the field. It has fired a good many thousand rounds and is still as good as when it left the factory. I have used all the best American makes of guns and several of the best old country makes and I have yet to see one that will beat the Lefever for either **shooting, balance, or wearing quality.**"

F. A. Collinson, Atchelitz, B.C., July 7th, 1915.

LEFEVER SHOT GUNS

are backed by a thirty-eight years' record of successful gun making. Superior in design and construction with just the proper distribution of weight to give perfect balance. Our exclusive taper system of boring gives wonderful shooting power with least recoil and greatest penetration possible. Our standard of workmanship is unequalled by any concern in the country.

Send for catalog which shows different gauges and styles. Let us tell you about the Lefever 12-, 16-, 20-gauge for \$25 (list). If your dealer cannot show you, give us a chance to supply you direct. You cannot afford to buy a cheap gun when you can get a Lefever at this price.



\$25 Up

LEFEVER ARMS CO., 203 Maltbie St., - Syracuse, N.Y.

NEWTON HIGH-POWER RIFLES

Highest Velocity Rifles in the World.

USE FACTORY AMMUNITION

New American made bolt action rifle ready for delivery about next September. Uses Newton high power cartridges in .22 caliber, .256 caliber, .280 caliber, .30 caliber, .33 caliber, and .35 caliber, also .30 caliber Springfield. .256 Newton, 123 grain bullet, velocity 3100 f.s. .30 Newton, 170 grain bullet, velocity 3000 f.s.

PRICE \$40.00. Send stamp for descriptive circular. We have been delayed in getting machinery on account of the demand for making military rifles for export; but it is now coming in. Sporting stocks and .256 barrels for Springfield rifles now ready, \$12.50 each.

NEWTON ARMS CO., INC., 506 Mutual Life Bldg., BUFFALO, N.Y.



MADE IN CANADA

KANTKRACK Coated Linen COLLARS

Recognised as the Best, by sportsmen, autoists, machinists, and railway men. **Cleaned in a moment with a damp sponge.**

ONE GRADE ONLY AND THAT THE BEST

Ask your dealer for our booklet entitled "A Little Talk on Collars and Dress," make your selection; or if he cannot supply, send us 25c., stating style and size desired, and we will forward by mail.

THE PARSONS & PARSONS CANADIAN CO.

Dundurn and Homewood Ave.

HAMILTON, CANADA

Bill however clung to the trunk most desperately for he knew that if he lost an inch it meant sure death.

Luckily the lace broke and Bruno went down on his back. Bill felt the bear's hold relax and sprang up, like an elastic. Up, up he went until he knew he must be safe, then breathlessly he looked down. His rifle was being madly swung against the tree trunk by the bear—once, twice, he swung it, then it was broken clean off at the stock. Satisfied with this the bear started up the tree. A death-like feeling took possession of Bill's heart and he almost fell. Here was the bear coming up the tree after him. His rifle was broken, what should he do? Then he thought of his revolver and drew it out. In a daze he fired five shots in quick succession. Soon he saw Bruno slinking down. Yes, it was all over.

The lead had made poor Bruno's head heavy and over he toppled. Guessing that it was all over, or at least that the worst was over, Bill hung over a limb and dropped to the ground. Bending over and striking his prize he said: "I think your pelt will pay me for the damage old fellow."

The next step was to find lodging for the night. Pete Kimbo lived a mile away and he struck off for his house. The following morning they lugged the bear home and the next morning Bill left with the pelt. It was a long tramp home but a merry one. The cabin was reached about dusk. After kindling a fire he drew out his five dollar revolver and recalled his early efforts in earning the money to purchase it. "Maybe some one could make a story of this," he ruminated. "I'll just tell Alex about it."

TROUT FISHING IN QUEBEC

A. H. VISSER

IN practically every issue of the Rod and Gun we find tales of the taking of the most gamey fish known, the Speckled Trout. Strange to say very few of these tales relate to this province. Have any of you lovers of trout fishing ever heard of a place called Thetford Mines? Not likely, that is from the fishing standpoint, but perhaps you business men know of it through the asbestos industry, for it is from this town that the world's supply of asbestos is shipped, or at least ninety per cent. of it. Forget business for a few days and come out where the trout jump for any standard fly like a hungry dog after a bone, not the six inch ones, but trout ranging from twelve to twenty-four inches.

Just a few days ago my friend Frank O—— and yours truly left town at 4 o'clock in the morning, drove ten miles and were back at 5.30 in the evening with seventy beauties averaging a pound and a half each. We have often left here in the wee sma' hours for a little pond (you could not call it a lake) about six miles away and brought back with us in the evening over two hundred trout, most of which would go almost two pounds. The pond from which these trout were taken would surprise most anglers. It has a mud bottom and when you walk on the shore line the great pines shake as if with palsy for two hundred feet back in the woods, but the trout are there just the same and it is not many minutes after we arrive before the old collapsible canoe is in the water, and the flies beginning to drop here and there. Suddenly there is a splash and a "got you that time spotty" from

Frank warns me to clear the way and get the net ready, then for ten minutes the fun is on. Whirr goes the reel, and the old lance-wood bends, as back and forth, he goes under the lily pads, now in deep water, now in shallow, until finally the net plays the final trump and Mr. trout is flopping in the bottom of the creel.

Then again we have some brook fishing that cannot be excelled. This is one of the best sports known I think, it is so uncertain. Just this spring after the season opened I was fishing a little brook not far from town and came up to one of my old favorite holes, cast in and was rewarded with a dace or gudgeon (as they are called here) weighing about two pounds. Much to my disgust the hole was swarming with this scavenger of the brooks. Further up the brook I cast hap-hazardly into a small pool and when the fly struck the water a two pounder struck the fly and gave me a tidy fight before he was in my creel. This is what gives the excitement to brook fishing.

It has always been a wonder to me that these waters have not long before this been fished out, but when you consider that from the top of the old Mount Morin you can count fourteen lakes each thickly populated with this gamey fish, and brooks without number running in and having their source in these lakes, the mystery is easily solved.

Come on down some of you fishermen we can give you a few days of as good sport as you can find in all of your widely advertised fishing resorts.



GETTING READY

HALF the joy of the annual hunting trip lies in anticipation. Getting ready—seeing that everything is in shape to meet all urgent demands successfully—is a large half of good hunting. Then is the time to decide on shells loaded with



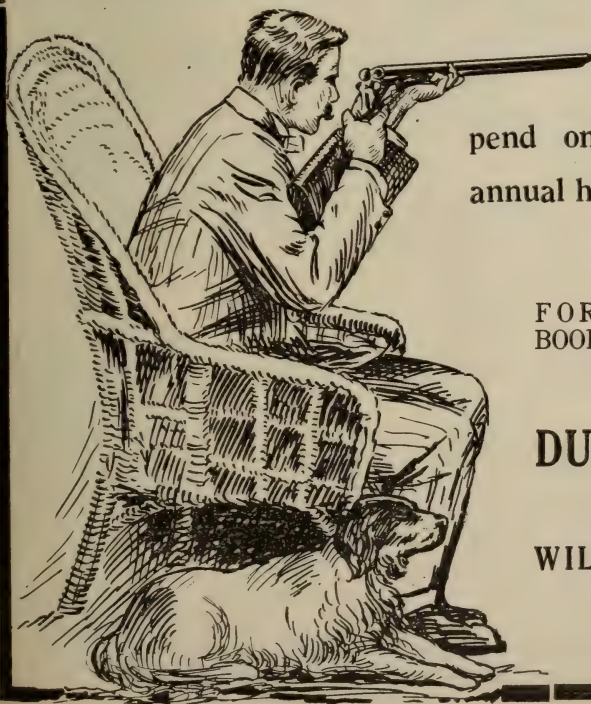
“BULK” OR “DENSE”

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which embody all that makes for uniform certainty of action, and are backed by a century of experience in making sporting

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BIRD SANCTUARIES

Important Preserves in the United States. Will Canada do her part?

Dr. John M. Clark, of Albany, N. Y., Director of the State Museum, was one of the speakers at the sixth annual meeting of the Commission of Conservation. Dr. Clarke, referring to the protection of birds in the state of New York said: "It is very dangerous living in the country where I come from, because, if anybody, by any mischance, happens to hit a bird, he is liable to a fine of \$60, and if he hits two birds or more there is an extra \$25 for each bird that is by chance or intention injured."

Private funds are providing large sanctuaries in the United States for the birds. Among recent gifts may be mentioned that by the Rockefeller Foundation Fund of the Grand Chenier tract in Louisiana, comprising 85,000 acres, at an approximate cost of \$225,000; by Mrs. Russell Sage, of Marsh Island, costing \$150,000. These two tracts represent a district of 500 square miles, with a frontage on the Gulf of Mexico of 75 miles. Another large gift was that of Mr. David Wilcox, of

\$332,000, to the National Association of Audubon Societies, for bird protection. Bird lovers believe these gifts will mark one of the most important steps ever taken for the preservation of migratory birds, because they will stimulate and help to create interest in the establishment of preserves in other sections of the United States and Canada.

The new wild fowl preserve on the Gulf shore of Louisiana affords winter shelter for myriads of migratory songbirds, woodpeckers, and shore birds, all of which are of great service in Canada, when insects are busy in field, orchard and garden. Under the improved conditions for bird life, they will spread out from this sanctuary each spring over the United States and Canada. With Canada thus under such an obligation for the winter care of her migratory birds, it is not too much to hope and expect that she will not be behind in doing her full duty while the birds are with us.

PROHIBITION OF SALE OF GAME

During the past fifteen years, many states have gradually been cleaning house in the matter of the commercial slaughter of their game, and many good half-way laws have been enacted. The original rule was for a state to protect its own game, but to permit the sale of game slaughtered in other states. This essentially selfish basis led to an immense amount of mutual poaching and selling, and the results were most disastrous.

In 1911, the state of New York led the way in a sweeping reform. The legislature enacted the now famous Bayne law, which absolutely prohibits the sale in that state of any American wild game, no matter where killed, and strictly limits the sale of all foreign game. It does permit the importation and sale of six species of game birds and mammals that are

very commonly killed in Europe on preserves and sold for food; and it also permits the sale, under official state tags, of white-tailed deer, mallard ducks, black ducks and pheasants that have been bred and reared *in captivity* in New York, and killed and tagged according to law.

This law had the immediate and visible effect of stopping fully one-half of the enormous annual duck and goose slaughter on Currituck sound, North Carolina, and it directly benefited each of the sixteen states in the line of annual flight of about 150,000 un-killed wild fowl. The action of New York was immediately followed by similar action in Massachusetts; after which, in 1913, the state of California also wheeled into line.

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF BIRDS

The insects that destroy our fruit crops attack every portion of the tree and its fruit. The woolly aphis attacks the roots; the trunk and limbs are preyed upon by millions of plant-lice, scale-insects and borers; the leaves are devastated by the all-devouring leaf-worms, canker-worms and tent-caterpillars, while the fruit itself is attacked by the curculio codling-moth and apple-maggot. By the annual expenditure of about \$8,000,000 in cash in the spraying of apple-trees, the destructiveness of the codling-moth and curculio

have been greatly reduced; but of course that great sum must be set down as a *total loss* to the farmers and consumers, in addition to a shrinkage of \$12,000,000 in the annual crop from insect ravages that could not be prevented.

Now, in view of the foregoing, says Wm. T. Hornaday, is it, or is it not, worth while for serious-minded men to do their very utmost, continuously, to protect from foolish and brutal slaughter man's only allies in the insect war, the insect-eating birds?



Gangs of Tough Boys Breed Criminals

To know criminals, study their origin, study the years spent, as boy and man, with dissolute, lawless, perverted companions. Study the slow, inevitable death of every moral impulse. Study the finished product: debased, diseased, drug crazed—wholly dangerous.

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is well adapted for home defence. It is the most dependable, the simplest and quickest to operate, and the safest small arm that you can own. It is so safe that you can drop it, throw it against a wall or "Hammer the Hammer." Only by an intentional pull on the trigger can it be fired. It is equipped throughout with unbreakable, permanent tension wire springs.

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Through the Peace River Country in a Wagon

NARRATED BY J. BARRETT, SET DOWN BY E. L. CHICANOT

IN the first week of June 1914 my chum, Pete, and I resolved to put to the test the stories we had heard of the Peace River country of Northern Alberta, and to view for ourselves its natural resources and the prospects it offered as a future farming and ranching country. We were not pushed for time and resolved to do the thing in a leisurely manner and with all possible reasonable comfort. We took a pair of medium sized horses, useful for both saddle and harness; and a well stocked lumber wagon we covered with a good tarpaulin cover. A very necessary part of our outfit was a 300 foot coil of rope and a strong block and tackle.

Our starting point was Edmonton and our first destination, Athabasca Landing, the "gateway" to the "Last Best West." The trail between these two points was good for there was considerable traffic upon the road at all seasons. We crossed the Athabasca River at the town ferry and set out from civilization's last outpost upon the Western trail.

We had never imagined or feared being alone upon this trail but the enormous traffic upon the way surprised us. As far ahead as we could see and for miles behind us were to be seen teams and equipages of every description. Horses, mules and oxen—sometimes a mixed team of two species; lumber wagons, spring wagons, an occasional buggy and cart and pack animals in abundance. Sometimes there were as many as thirty rigs travelling together, one behind the other upon the trail. Part of the journey we made with a German from the States, his wife and two children. His outfit consisted of a lumber wagon containing his "Lares and Penates" and weighing about two tons, and a rake and mower, the former being taken to pieces and strapped to the latter. He had a team of Indian cayuses weighing about 1,000 pounds apiece and his method of travelling was to drive on with his wagon and family for a few miles and then leaving them go back for the mower and rake. These he would bring up to the stopping place again, hitch on to the wagon and proceed for a few more miles. In this manner he moved ahead about ten miles every day. He and his wife each possessed two scripts and he had also homesteaded in Grande Prairie district whither he was then bound.

Between the "Landing" and Lesser Slave Lake there is a bad stretch of muskeg extending for about twelve miles and this we took three days to negotiate. We there discovered the wisdom of having brought the rope and tackle.

When we got off the main trail however we found there was one thing we had forgotten—a bell for the horses. Though we had them hobbled at night they would stray considerably and often a great deal of time was lost in the morning hunting them among the timber and scrub. Accordingly when we came across a large herd of cattle with four bells among them I hustled out the owner who

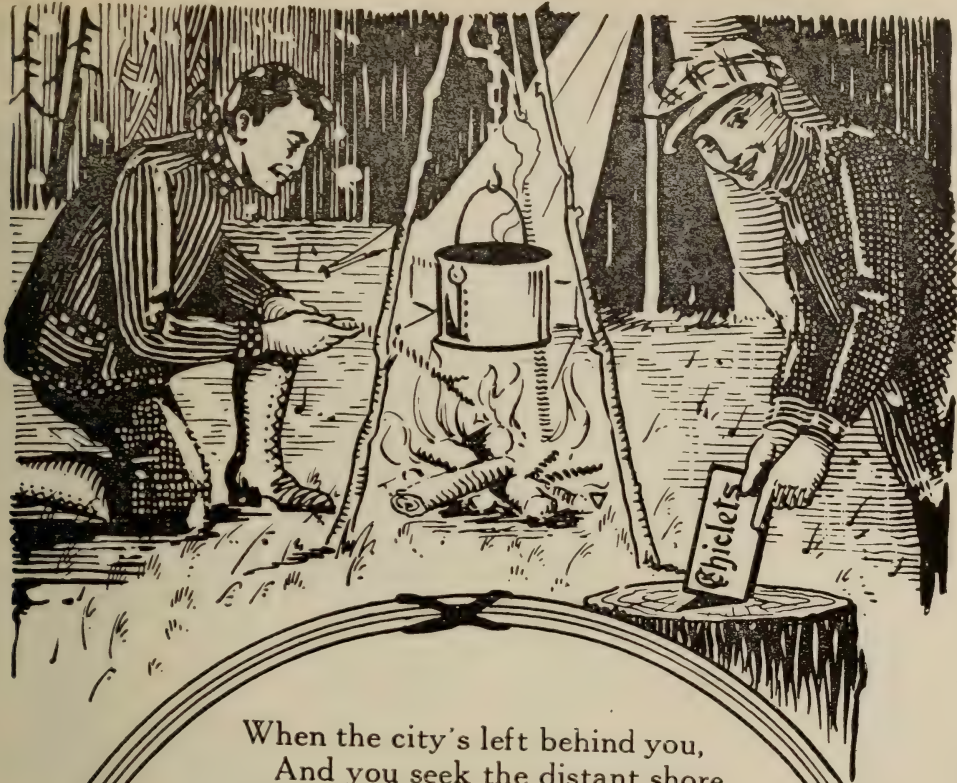
proved to be a half blood and quite a rich rancher. I offered a nominal price for the bell but no, he would not sell. I ran the price up to three dollars and he still refused to sell one of the superfluous cowbells. We had to have a bell and there was evidently only one way to procure it. Spreading some oats over the ground I enticed the herd around the wagon and then roped a bell cow. The only handy snubbing post was the wagon axle and that cow pretty nearly ran us, wagon and all, over the river bank before I could throw a rope over her leg and down her. But we got the bell and so ended our troubles arising from our horses contracting "wanderlust."

The trail along Lesser Slave Lake was fair and the weather good, so that we arrived in reasonable time at Grouard at the west end of the Lake. We stayed here a day or two to rest up the horses and then went on to Peace River Crossing, which town is situated on the water's edge, so that it is necessary to go down the almost perpendicular bank to reach it. It consists of a few stores, including one run by the Hudson's Bay Co., a church, a school, etc. and half blood husky dogs.

Leaving the horses to rest here, we took a boat up the river to Fort Vermilion. The boat service is good, if slow, and the scenery along the banks of the river of unparalleled beauty and wildness in its primal splendour. Save for the inroads of a few trappers taking their annual toll this northern wilderness was untouched by civilization. The town of the Fort is a nice clean little settlement and the surrounding territory seemed to give promise of being a good farming country later on. At different times we sighted moose and deer but as it was close season our hands were, of course, tied.

After spending a week or so in the district we returned to the Crossing and hitching the cayuses again to the wagon, set out for Hudson's Hope and the British Columbia boundary. This was past the big gap in the Rockies and we finally penetrated into British Columbia and arrived at Fort St. John, where we stayed some little time with the Hudson's Bay Factor. The country through which we passed was of great beauty, there being little suggestion of the wilderness except for the shy wild creatures in bush or on the lake. Rather was the expanse like a carefully laid out park of shady groves and open stretches. Innumerable little lakes of crystal clearness harbor all kinds of water fowl, including the grey goose, while the waters contain several species of fish. As we journeyed north it was daylight almost all the time and it was possible at any time to see one's watch well enough to tell the time.

Going north from Fort St. John we just wandered as fancy led us and before turning back must have been roughly 400 miles north and 200 miles west of Edmonton. This we did after being lost for two days in a fog which came upon us very suddenly. We continued to travel though we could not see the sun.



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And you seek the distant shore,
To enjoy the simple pleasures
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My companion persisted we were travelling north while I was equally sure we were going due south. When at length the sun managed to pierce the dark, murky atmosphere it shone upon us heading straight for the Pacific coast.

When we had got properly turned about we hit west straight 'cross country, staying here and there with bands of Beaver Indians. Through a range acquaintance with the Cree I could make myself understood and we got along very nicely together. The beavers are clever, intelligent men and skillful hunters, taking a large toll of the fur bearing animals which in that country grow large and are said to have richer fur than in the southern part of the Province. While with one tribe one of our horses broke his hobbles during the night and got away and despite our search failed to put in an appearance. I managed to explain to the chief of the tribe, who calling his son, spoke to him a few moments, evidently telling him what had happened. The boy appeared to be only about twelve or fourteen but in an hour he came riding into camp on the missing animal, having tracked it from where it had strayed away.

On the way back to Peace River Crossing, which we always looked upon as the centre of out country to-be-explored, we struck the beautiful valley of the Half-way River. There rich prairie hay grew waist high and numerous bands of wild horses grew strong and fat upon the valley. And so, staying a few days here and there with bands of Cree and Beaver Indians we at length made our way back to the Crossing.

A visit had to be made to Grand Prairie and so we crossed the river at Dunvegan for this prosperous farming settlement. Right in the town of Dunvegan we saw a moose swimming the river.

Our next destination was the Spirit River settlement, another community of farmers. To cross Spirit River which is of considerable depth throughout we swam our horses across and then with the aid of our invaluable rope drew the wagon over. While in the district we visited Sturgeon Lake, which swarmed with brook trout and we were able to satisfy our needs by half an hour's fishing with a grain sack on a pole.

Travelling farther south we came to Swan River, and the water's cognomen was fully justified to us by the numerous flocks of wild swans we came across at different times. The river is about half a mile wide and knee deep to the horses.

At the Shaftsbury settlement my companion became acquainted with three prospectors returning to civilization and we travelled for a while together. Part of the trail consisted of three miles of curduroy built in the Klondike days, while another part of our route lay for three miles in the river bed.

At Riviere qui Barre we broke up and it was but a short journey for me on to Holmes Crossing on the Athabasca River, thence to Edmonton which I reached in the middle of September.

My opinion of the Peace River country, as deduced from this trip is that it is the greatest West yet and in time will surpass anything Alberta has shown.

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A Thrilling Adventure With A Bear

FREDERICK ABRAHAM

FEW people in Montreal unfamiliar with the wilds of the country immediately north, would believe that within fifty miles of this city, one of the largest centres of population in America, bears are still to be encountered in all their native security. But such is the case, and every year many are trapped or shot by the natives in close proximity to the metropolis of Canada.

There is a popular delusion that the presence of bears in the late autumn is an indication of a mild winter; but this is not the case. The "Indian" and the "oldest inhabitant" were again in evidence last fall with the usual signs of an open winter, one of them being the frequency with which bears were seen late last fall. It is generally known that most bears hibernate. That depends, however, on the amount of fat he is able to store up before cold weather sets in. If food is scarce and he has not been able to secure sufficient on which to subsist during the winter, he comes forth in search of something to eat. During these periods he is a formidable adversary. The snow makes food scarce and he will attack man or beast to procure means of existence.

■ Recently several bears have been shot in the vicinity of my country house, near Morin Heights, Que., in the Laurentain range. Some months ago Van. Charette, who lives in a mountain valley, above me, saw evidence of bear tracks. Following these he came upon a young bear. He fired, but missed the cub. He was leisurely proceeding to re-load his gun when he heard a commotion in the underbrush and almost instantly a huge she bear leaped into the clearing directly in front of him. She was savage and looking for trouble. As soon as she saw the hunter she gave battle. Rearing herself on her hind legs, she made straight for Charette. Van had just one chance for his life and he knew it. A mother bear on her hind legs means business. Once in her huge embrace his further lease of life would have been a matter of seconds. To run would have been fruitless, and to shoot wild would have meant an early funeral in the Charette family. In the meantime the growling monster was annihilating the distance between them. In his excitement Van yelled at the bear to stop, not forgetting meanwhile to take deliberate aim with the lucky instrument that stood between him and death. By this time the bear, with snapping jaws, was closing in to claim her victim. Van pulled the trigger; the bear reeled and sprawled in the snow. Half of her throat was carried away, and after struggling desperately to regain her feet, she rolled over dead at the feet of her enemy.

The skin was placed on exhibition at Joe Seale's, the Wanamaker of Morin Heights, which is the nocturnal rendezvous of the native population, and where many thrilling tales of prowess and hairbreadth escapes have been spun by local hunters.

Jim Kerr, who lives three miles west of my house, in the valley that drains Lake Ann, near Morin Heights, shot two bears near his home.

Driving north of Morin Heights last fall several wood cutters going into the woods for the winter, encountered a bear which scampered into the bush on the appearance of the men.

The bear is always an absorbing subject of interest to the scientist. With one exception all bears hibernate. An animal in such a state is one of the greatest mysteries of nature. The breathing practically ceases, the heart beats faintly; the temperature or bodily heat of the animal sinks to the temperature of the place in which it lies. Great cold numbs human beings, making them fall asleep—to die. But intense cold has just the contrary effect on the hibernating animal. The sleeper is recalled to life, as it were, by a sudden fall in temperature.

Hibernating bears eat much in the fall, not because they are hungry, but to store up fuel for the winter. If forage has been scarce the instinct of the animal prevents it from hibernating until it has acquired a mass of fat. Otherwise they run the risk of starvation. During these periods a bear is sleepy and hungry, and therefore savage. It is in a similar condition when it comes out of its winter quarters in the spring. A thin, angry bear is something to fear. It will then attack anything. It will go anywhere for food and will eat a man or horse or any animal that has died.

Except the polar bear, all bears can climb trees, which they frequently do for honey. Otherwise they live on berries, roots, tender shoots and perhaps some animals. After it fattens in the spring, man has little fear from a bear. It is usually a most inoffensive animal in the summer, and will almost invariably avoid a human being. Some years ago a young companion of mine, in jumping over a stone fence, landed squarely on a sleek and fat bear. The bear quickly made off. He appeared to be quite as frightened as the youth, if that were possible.

The hibernating bear secrets himself in a place sheltered from the elements, usually in a cave or hole, frequently in a hollow tree.

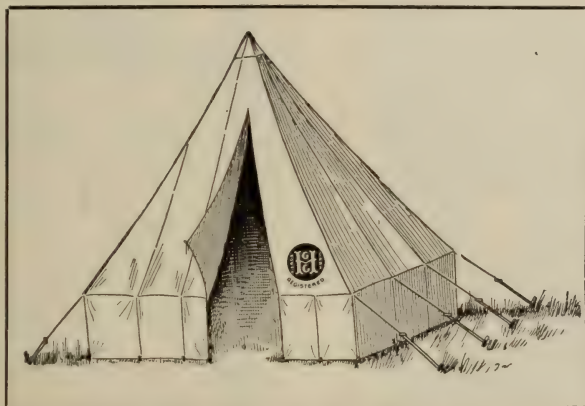
The polar bear is the most interesting of the bear family. It is popularly supposed that they are white; but this is a mistake.

The older ones are a dirty brown. Sailors call them "brownies". The polar bear is the largest bear we know of, except an occasional cave bear. They live on seals, walruses, fish and man, if he can kill him. They are great swimmers, and can move over the ice with great rapidity, due to their feet being covered with a mat of hair, which prevents them from slipping. The male forages the year round. During the Arctic winter the female allows the snow to cover her, her warm breath keeping a funnel open through

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which she breathes. No matter how deep she is embedded in the snow this funnel is always open to the upper air, from which she draws her oxygen, with which she keeps her blood pure. Scientists do not agree that the female polar bear hibernates in the true sense of the term, because of the necessity of this air passage. The scientist insists that an animal to hibernate must be in a state of complete torpor; that it shall be to all appearance dead.

One of the profound mysteries of nature is that after remaining in this condition throughout the long northern winter, the female polar bear comes forth in the spring accompanied by one and frequently two fat cubs.

How the bear receives its name is interesting. Bear is the Anglo-Saxon word *bera*. In German this appears as *bar*, and in Latin as *fera*, meaning a wild beast.

A Race for Life

KATHARINE PARR MCCOLEMAN

THE following incident occurred in the month of March, in the year 1888.

There was at that time many thousands of acres of forest where even the most daring hunter had never camped. Settlers were few and far between. On the borders of this wild tract one great difficulty was the building of roads, but after a fairly passable road was put through a section, the land was soon taken by prospective farmers.

Winter hung on unusually late this year. Cattle and other stock were beginning to experience what half rations in food meant. It was not an uncommon occurrence during those long, cold nights to hear the long, drawn-out call of a timber wolf, urging his comrades to join in some raid on a farmer's barn yard, or to give chase to a deer.

We were a family of six children. Our nearest neighbor lived about five miles away, consequently, not much visiting was indulged in. One Sunday morning, to our great delight, our neighbor, his wife and daughter, (a child of perhaps ten years), came to spend the day. They had walked, and arrived before the sun began to melt the snow intending to remain until evening, when again the roads would be frozen and a full moon would make walking home fairly comfortable.

Horses were scarce in those days, oxen being cheaper and easier to keep. My father had recently purchased a fine young team of horses, splendid for driving, as well as on the plow. My father suggested that if they would remain until about nine o'clock, (when the roads would be well frozen, he would drive them home, and we children would have a sleigh ride. This plan was agreed upon, and the evening slipped away all too soon.

We started out merrily—the grown-ups in seats in front, and we children burrowing in a pile of straw in the back part of the sleigh, enjoying the jingle of a new string of bells that was the pride of our hearts.

After an hour's pleasant ride, we arrived at our friend's house. The horses were blanketed and we all went in to get warm and drink a cup of hot milk before starting for home.

Soon we were on our way again enjoying every moment of that wonderful sleigh ride—when away to the south the long, piercing cry of a wolf was heard, and immediately it seemed that the whole forest was ringing with their awful howls. I heard my father exclaim, "My God" and from that moment we knew it was a race for our lives.

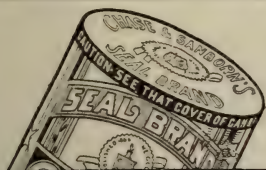
There were three of us children in the sleigh—a brother and sister—both older than I. Our ages were perhaps twelve, ten and eight years. My sister, the eldest, covered my brother and myself with straw and told us to lie flat under the seats. The horses seemed to understand our terrible danger and fairly flew over the road. From the first alarm there was no need to urge them. I saw the sparks of fire flash from their hoofs as they bounded forward.

We were more than two miles from home when we could see the dark bunch of fiends about a half mile behind us. We hardly dared to speak, when Mary, my sister, said: "When I jump out don't tell father—let him keep right on; it will take the wolves a few moments to eat me—that will delay them and you will be safe. How we begged her not to do it! I clung to her and said that I would throw myself out after her, while my brother declared that he would certainly scream to father.

Meantime the wolves seemed to be gaining on us. When less than a mile from home we heard the report of a rifle, then the second report assured us that our brave mother had heard the terrible chase and had taken measures to help us. As we drew nearer home, we saw a large fire—just where we would turn into the barn yard. (A wolf is very much afraid of fire and will not go near it.)

My father had the first Winchester repeating rifles in that locality, and was very proud of them. As soon as mother realized our danger, she became almost frantic, and not being over-familiar with fire arms, hesitated to use them. To build the fire however was her first thought, as by so doing she hoped to stop the wolves until we drove into the barn; then she filled her apron with cartridges—saw that the magazines of both rifles were filled—took both guns and ran out just in time to throw one gun to my father, and together my father and mother held that pack of at least thirty wolves at bay until they scattered, leaving nine dead, while two more were found the next morning a short distance away.

The horses were cared for, the barn and stables were closed for the night, and as we all gathered around the kitchen fire, not much was said, but a wonderful thankfulness shone on my mother's face as she said "Children, your prayers, and then to bed."



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I am well on to middle life now, and sometimes visit the home of my childhood. Only two years ago I drove over the same road where we so nearly lost our lives. The

locality is now a fine farming tract, with abundant orchards and beautiful fields of grain, but I never see a clear, bright, frosty night but I remember the race for our lives.

The Coyote or Prairie Wolf

SEL. J. WIGLEY

*A shadow drifts o'er prairies brown
With easy swinging stride—
A long drawn howl and plaintive whine
Tells where the coyotes hide.
For the coyote is a picture of symmetry and grace,
Deep and cunning too, you always find him
He's out to get his living, taking something from
your place
Leaving naught but fur and feathers few behind
him.*

Mark Twain's description of the coyote found in the States will certainly not apply to the fine specimens of the race found in Alberta. In the Parkland districts they are very numerous for it is difficult to hunt them with hounds and they are far too intelligent to be trapped or poisoned to any great extent.

Of all the wild animals found in Alberta, the coyote is by far the wisest. In a natural state he doubtless prefers cunning to bravery but in captivity he becomes gentle and affectionate. When full grown he is nearly half the size of the timber wolf and is quite a distinct species with a peculiar fascinating cry of his own—half bark, half howl. A coyote pack hunting, in full cry is certainly a sound worth listening to. The colour of the fur varies with the season and also with the locality.

Curiosity is a strong characteristic of these animals and is often a fatal one, especially with the young ones. Imitating the squeal of a wounded rabbit will often bring a coyote within a few yards of the hunter providing he keeps perfectly still. A mother coyote fights bravely to defend her young ones in the den, and will go out of her way to attack and chase dogs from the neighbourhood. The mother of the baby coyote shown in the photo, was shot before any attempt could be made to dig out the young ones she loved so much better than life.

The same pair of coyotes will breed year after year and rarely separate or leave their own neighbourhood.

Collie dogs have little chance in fighting a coyote but wolf hounds are dreaded and coyotes will often leave the country where these dogs are kept.

Coyotes doubtless do much harm to farm stock and wandering turkeys often fall an easy prey. Young calves if separated from the cows are also killed, the coyote snapping at tail and ears till the animal falls exhausted.



YOUNG COYOTE (CANIS LATRANS)

Original photo by Sel. J. Wigley

Sheep often suffer from attacks and are never safe unless watched by a herder and his dogs, for the cunning coyote soon learns the trick of negotiating the best kind of fence ever invented.

The young coyotes are born in April and the first ten weeks of their life are spent in and around their den. During this period the farmer's losses are considerable for the parents are very daring in providing food for their young.

Rabbits, gophers and mice also form a considerable and perhaps the most important item in the coyote's menu and he is not above eating wild rose berries.

The crow is one thing that the coyote seems unable to eat but he thoroughly enjoys rolling on the dead body till the grass around is trampled flat. He will also chase and kill a cat and again prefers a good roll on the dead body rather than a meal from poor puss.

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Hamilton, Ontario

Report of the Chief Game Guardian of Saskatchewan

THE report of the Chief Game Guardian for the Province of Saskatchewan for 1914 recently reached this office and contains much of interest to Saskatchewan and other Canadian sportsmen. Commenting on the agitation among certain sportsmen for an amendment to the law that prohibits the killing of female deer in the Province, the Guardian says:

"One human life is more valuable than much game, and it is established beyond peradventure that where the buck law is in operation the risk of shooting accidents is diminished. To substantiate this statement the United States Bureau of Biological Survey of the period of 1909 and 1910, shows that forty lives were lost in five states having no buck law and that for the period 1910 to 1912 in states with a buck law no lives were lost, at all. Our own experience in this province bears testimony to these facts, for during the past two big game seasons no serious accidents have been reported to the department."

Out of 150 big game hunters questioned by the Department as to whether they advised further protection for the elk, 62 replied in the affirmative, 88 in the negative. Those who were not in favor of giving the elk more protection were for the most part residents of the districts in which elk are to be found, and were therefore not cognizant of the need of protection. As a matter of fact it is stated that there are only about three districts where

elk are obtained by hunters at the present time, these districts being northeast of North Battleford, north-east of Prince Albert and south of Kinistino. The Guardian is strongly of the opinion that elk should be completely protected for a number of years or if not that the bag limit should at least be reduced.

A number of antelope reserves have been set aside by the Dominion Government which is to be commended for taking definite steps to save the remnant of the antelope that now remain. Antelope are now protected all the year round.

It is now compulsory for all persons buying and selling pelts of fur bearing animals to take out a license, and licensees are required before the fifteenth of June to return their licenses together with a statement showing the kind of fur and the number bought and sold during the year.

The agitation for an amendment to the Game Act prohibiting the sale of game was stated to be gaining strength. The Game Guardians were almost unanimous in stating their belief in prohibiting the sale of all kinds of game.

Steady progress, it was shown, had characterized the work of collecting and mounting natural history specimens for the provincial museum throughout the year. This museum is now one of the principal attractions to visitors of the Parliament Buildings.

Old Time Trout Fishing

W. B. U.

SOMETHING like twenty-five years ago, when Port Arthur was in its comparative infancy and her sister town, Fort William, had hardly been put on the map, four of us started out one morning from the first named place for a day with the trout in the vicinity of Silver Hill—so named from a mining prospect that had not eventuated—a point about ten miles to the North. We started out early, just as the sun had cleared the horizon of Lake Superior and was deluging the greyish blue of the water with golden shafts, making a riot of color that the light ripple from the morning breeze caused to sparkle like millions of colored precious stones.

Two of us were residents of Port Arthur, the other two were from the Western Province where, unfortunately, Trout Fishing was an unknown sport, and had been lured to this place by the promise of "Lots of trout." A drive of seven miles through an unsettled, broken country, brought us to the hills, where

we had to unhitch, tie our horses to the trees hoping they would be there when we returned at night, and finish the journey on foot, over slippery rocks and fallen logs, through bush and swamp, a weary pathless way through nature's wilderness.

About ten o'clock we reached the creek—a small stream, held here and there in deep pools, and between them it rattled merrily down a rocky bed.

"Now, you Western chaps," said Joe, "take your stand at one pool and we will go to another. Do not be surprised if you have a good catch for it is said the place is full of trout."

If you do not intend to believe what I am going to tell you, do not read this. It may sound like a "Fairy Tale," or a large sized "Fish Story"; but I assure you it is absolutely true and I can prove it. This was in my unregenerate days of trout fishing when the use of worms had strong attractions, but as an

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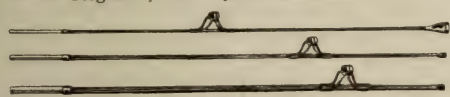
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60c	for an assorted dozen.	Quality C
60c	Regular price... .60c.	Bass Flies
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evidence that I was groping for the light, I, that day, tied a fly on my line as a tribute to my better instinct; but placed reliance on a nice juicy worm impaled in wriggling loops on a hook at the end of the line. The pool was probably twenty feet in diameter, and when our respective baits struck the water about the same time, that pool came to life and trout rushed from all directions to it; the water was alive with them, rushing and crowding to the centre, all eager, yes crazy to get a mouthful. The water resembled nothing less than a huge pot bubbling as it boiled. This kept up for some minutes but with rapidly decreasing eagerness on the part of the trout, until, in the course of half an hour the fishing became steadier. Who has not heard the expression "Pull them out as fast as we could bait the hook?" Well, that is what we did, literally and truly, and had we had a dozen hands and as many hooks, it would have been true of all of them for the first few minutes.

My partner, who was only a Parson, went clean wild, as crazy as the trout! He whooped and yelled and jumped in the air, laid down and rolled and laughed and did all manner of foolish stunts in the exuberance of his feelings over such unlooked for sport.

Presently, the trout quieted down and we moved to another pool where the same thing took place, but in lesser degree.

Well we fished three pools by twelve o'clock and the basket we had between us was full, full to the muzzle of trout. The other two

chaps came back about this time, each of them with a full basket. After a lunch eaten on the rocks it was resolved that we had had enough fishing to satisfy any reasonable persons. Notwithstanding, we tried the rapids before leaving, picking an odd one out of the eddies. In size they ran small—genuine brook trout! I do not think there was one over eight inches and mostly they were not larger than six.

To further test your credulity let me say that while the excitement was at its height several times did we each catch two at a time, and the number of times I caught two at once, one on the bait and one on the fly, were many. Here is another fact that will be hard to believe—true, nevertheless, each of us got a bite and pulled up to find that a trout after grabbing the bait on my partner's hook reached out and snatched mine and was impaled on both hooks—and we *both pulled out the same fish*.

Then we had that weary walk back to the rig and the long drive to town.

We from the West wanted to take our catch home with us, so they had to be cleaned and put on ice. It is no joke to clean 126 small trout by candlelight and I assure you we were heartily sick of the job before it was ended.

As I look back on that trip, after a lapse of twenty-five years, the most prominent features of it are, the wild antics of my ministerial mate and that never ending trout cleaning!

The Dominion Parks Branch and Forest Fires

G. GERALD BLYTH

A campaign of increasing vigor has recently been instituted by the Dominion Parks Branch, Department of the Interior, against wasteful and destructive forest and other fires in the Dominion Parks situated chiefly in Western Canada. This campaign was primarily intended to effect the Dominion Parks but a wider scope immediately presented itself and it is thought that incidentally it will benefit every forested district from coast to coast, owing to the universal nature of the campaign and the amount of publicity being given it by so many different agencies.

From a careful study of fire statistics in Canada and especially their causes, it is apparent that a large percentage of the fires occurring have been caused through carelessness, negligence, and in some cases, ignorance.

The Dominion Parks Branch which has been entrusted with the guardianship of nearly 10,000 square miles of Park land, ideally suited for National Play-grounds, recognizes the ever increasing menace from forest fires.

A considerable number of fires are caused through neglected camp fires or from failure on the part of those who make them to completely extinguish same before leaving. Another dangerous practice is the careless dis-

posal of burning matches, cigar, cigarette butts and the live ashes of pipes. These thrown along the wayside or in the bush, amongst any inflammable material, often cause a fire.

The public seem oblivious of the danger and resultant loss through carelessness in the use of fire, therefore it was considered necessary to bring the matter forcibly to the attention of all those who at any time frequented the woods, and especially hunters, trappers, anglers and tourists. The idea behind the Fire Campaign is to educate as many people in Canada as possible with a view to the necessity of the protection of forests from fire caused through carelessness on their part. To accomplish the desired result, fire warning notices are being displayed through the courtesy of the railroad companies, the match manufacturing companies, the Bell Telephone company, the Dominion Cartridge and the U. M. C. Remington companies, the Walters' Axe company and nearly all the leading tent manufacturing companies. The importance and value of this campaign will be more readily understood when the far reaching effects of it are considered.

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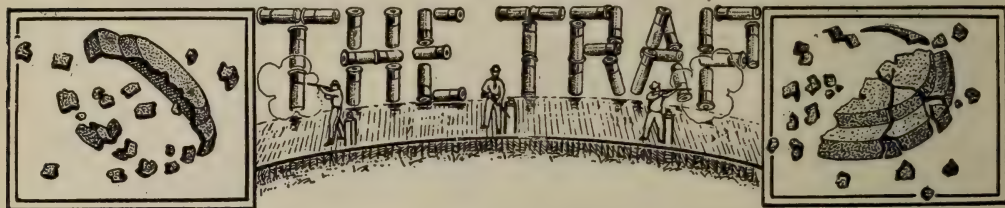
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interested in the preservation of the forests from fire, since they are naturally interested in all that pertains to the out-of-door life. In places where the forests have been seriously affected by fire the game is less plentiful, streams become dried up and consequently there is no fishing. If this were the only loss that results from the denuding of the forests of a country, namely, the curtailing of hunting fishing, trapping, etc., or, in other words, the destruction of bird and animal life, the loss would not be quite so serious, but unfortunately the loss is not limited to this. The destruction of forests means also an adverse influence on climate, disastrous floods, drought, diminished production of lumber and all products of the forest as well.

The companies cooperating with the Parks Branch in this matter, are to date as follows: On match Box covers: E. B. Eddy Co., Hull, P. Que.; Dominion Match Co., Deseronto, Ont.; Canadian Match Co., Drummondville, P. Que.; Eureka Match Co., Halifax, N. S.; on railway time cards and folders: Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk Pacific; on menu cards on railway dining cars: Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk Pacific; in railway coaches: Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk Pacific; in guest rooms of hotels situated in

Dominion Parks, Banff, Alberta: C. P. R. Hotel, Homestead Hotel, King Edward Hotel; Mt. Royal Hotel; in cabs of railway locomotives: Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk Pacific; on labels attached to axes: G. Walters & Sons, Hull, Que; on covers of telephone directories: Bell Telephone Company of Canada, Limited; on inserts in boxes of ammunition: Dominion Cartridge Company & U. M. C. Remington Company; on inside of tents: Smart-Woods Ltd., Ottawa, Bromley & Hague, Winnipeg, Edmonton Tent & Matt. Co., Edmonton, Finnie & Murray, Winnipeg. On inside of tents: Grant, Holden, Graham, Ottawa, Ont., J. J. Turner & Sons, Peterborough, Ont., Western Tent & Matt. Co., Calgary, Alta., John Leckie Tent Co., Toronto, Ont., Alberta Saddlery Co., Lethbridge, Alta., Smart-Woods Ltd., Montreal, Que., D. Pike & Co., Toronto, Ont.

It is calculated that this campaign will do a great deal to reduce the enormous annual loss from fire which occurs throughout Canada. The forests provide unexcelled places for healthful recreation. Every fire that destroys a forested area hastens the day when such places for rest and recreation will be fewer and less accessible. Let this, therefore, be everyone's motto—"Save the Forest."



TOURNAMENT DATES.

August 20, 21, 22.—Lake St. Francis Gun Club Registered Tournament at St. Lotique, P. Q.

August 25 and 26.—Eagle Gun Club, Brantford, Registered Tournament. W. M. Doherty, Secretary, Eagle Place, P.O. Ont.

An International Shoot

The International shoot held at Flint Mich. in July was a decided success, the only drawback being that Ontario's representatives were not enough to properly represent the large number of trapshooters which this province boasts. Mr. Frank Stotts has promised to offer a cup for the championship during his winter shoot at Essex, Ont. The championship Cup at the Flint shoot went to Mr. Fred Bryant of Battle Creek, the second prize to Mr. Noel of Memphis, Tenn., he breaking one more bird than Bryant but being a non-resident of Michigan or Ontario was not eligible. The five man team race was won by Detroit the two man by Battle Creek. D. Wigle of Kingsville made the long run for the day with fifty-five. Mr. Ezr. Hebord of Grand Rapids Mich. was winner of third prize. The weather was ideal with a nice sun shining in the forenoon and clouds afterwards. Everybody expressed their satisfaction with conditions and had a good time.

Regular Event.

E. Hebard 150, 143; Wes. Hort 150, 136; M. Wesner 150, 133; T. Parker 150, 128; J. Parr 150, 110; F. Evans 150, 118; F. Helfrecht 150, 127; C. Foss 150, 123; Krogman 150, 123; Saylor 150, 79; Galbraith 150, 133; Hensler 150, 140; Bock 150, 139; Buegal 150, 134; Bryant 150, 145; Blair 150, 136; Sachrider 150, 124; Lobdell 150, 127; Flanders 150, 131; Sommerville 150, 107; Jobson 150, 125; Lowe 150, 133; Schoonover 150, 129; J. Steel 150, 124; B. Steel 150, 134; Smith W. A. 150, 136; D. Wigle 150, 142; T. Pastorius 150, 121; F. Stotts 150, 128; A. McDonald 150, 113; Geo. Mc-

Intosh 150, 124; O. C. Frank 150, 140; Mrs. Vogel 150, 132; Dr. Winslow 150, 134; John Noel 150, 146; Van Buckirts 150, 133; Osburn 150, 126; Burt 150, 121; Dr. Conover 135, 107; Dr. Brown 150, 122; Cox 150, 139; C. Parr 150, 125; Wood 100, 77; Houran 100, 42; Jones 150, 126; Hewitt 50, 34; Gooderich 65, 50; Green 65, 34; Carpenter 65, 45; C. Obuecht 85, 75;

(First number denotes those shot at, second number those broken.)

Five Man team race 25 bird event.

CANADIAN TEAM.

Smith broke 23, Wigle 24, Pastorius 20, Stotts 23, Hart 25.

SAGINAW TEAM.

Krogman 21, Blair 23, Burt 23, Helfrecht 23, Galbraith 21.

FLINT TEAM.

Flanders 23, Jobson 19, Wesner 23 Jones 22 Hoss 17.

BIRMINGHAM TEAM.

Van Buskirk 24, Lowe 24, B. Steel 20, J. Steel 23, Schoonover 23.

DETROIT TEAM.

G. McIntosh 22, O. C. Frank 24, Mrs. Vogle 23, Dr. Winslow 24, J. Noel 25, Hebord 24, Hensler 23, Back 23, Bryant 23, Briegel 23.

Two Man team race 25 bird event.

Jobson 19, Wesner 24.

Stotts 23, Hart 25.

W. A. Smith 23, Dory Wigle 25.

Flanders 23, Foss 19.

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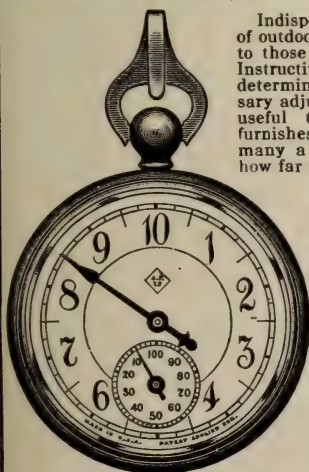
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Look out or you will get to that point where you're so tired that you will not have enough gumption left to make yourself take a vacation and rest. Don't put this matter off so long that your mind keeps working in a circle all the time chewing over the same old troubles. That stage is dangerous to health and your job. Break away now.

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Bock 22, Briegel 23.
Hensler 25, Bryant 24.
Hebord 23, Galbraith 23: Brown 21, Conover 19:
Cox 21, Parr 23.



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	1st.	2nd.
Carpenter	12	15
Galbraith	13	15
Edwards	10	5
Wood	12	14
Schoonover	13	12
Lowe	13	15
Van Buskirk	13	14
Mathews	6	10
Sommerville	13	13
Jobson	11	11
Osburn	13	13
Smith	11	14
Wigle	15	15
Stotts	11	12
Flanders	15	12
Foss	9	13
J. Steel	11	14
B. Steel	12	15
Hewitt	13	10
Decker	12	8
Brown	11	9
McIntosh	14	14
Frank	14	15
Vogel	15	14
Winslow	13	15
Krogman	13	13
Noel	15	15
Obright	13	13
Hart	15	15
Hensler	14	15
Wesner	14	15

Saskatoon Gun Club

Following are scores made at the weekly shoots of the Saskatoon Gun Club:

Weekly shoot of June 26th, 1915.
Roy Luck 25, C. I. MacNab 24, H. R. Galbraith 23, Fred Cole 21, Harry Zapfe 21, D. A. Homes 19, Mr. Leavitt 19, Jno. McRae 19, A. Brown 19, W. W. Ashley 18, Dr. Love 18, W. Green 18, S. E. Fawcett 17, W. J. White 16, Rev. McIntosh 16, Dr. Wright 15, J. H. Beattie 13 J. F. Middlemiss 12, R. B. McCleone 10.
Weekly shoot July 3rd.
John McRae 24, R. J. McKay Pro., 23, Winnipeg; Roy Luck 23, O. L. Lemery 23, J. H. Beattie 21, C. I. McNab, 21, H. R. Galbraith 21, A. Schoen 21, S. E. Fawcett 20, W. J. Beckman 20, Pro.; D. S. Campbell 19,

Dr. Myers 18, R. Dennison 18, Harry Zapfe 17, Fred Cole 17, W. Green 16, Mr. Scott 15, Mr. Levenick 14, Mr. Leavitt 14, Dr. Valens 14, D. A. Hanes 13, Dr. Clare 13, Dr. Love 12, W. J. White 12, W. Green 11, A. A. Duncan 10, H. L. Martin 10, T. Loveridge 8.
Weekly shoot July 10th, 1915.
Mr. Mitten 24, R. Dill 24, W. J. Beckman 23, Pro.; C. I. McNab 23, H. R. Galbraith 23, Roy Luck 22, O. L. Lemery 22, J. H. Beattie 21, D. S. Campbell 21, John McRae 21, S. E. Fawcett 20, R. Denison 20, Dr. Love 19, D. A. Hanes 18, T. W. Hansford 17, W. Robinson 17, Fred Cole 17, H. L. Martin 15, Dr. Francis 14, Mr. Nelson 14, W. Green 13, Dr. McConnell 13, A. S. Parkin 12, W. J. White 12, Dr. Walker 12, H. L. Martin 10.

Fort Garry Club Tournament

With ideal weather conditions prevailing, the annual tournament of the Fort Garry Gun Club was held on July 7th. at the River park grounds. The day was calm and was in every respect a perfect trap shooting day. Although no records were broken, some high scores were registered. S. R. Cuthbert, of Portage la Prairie, sprang a real surprise when he annexed the Manitoba championship cup and gold medal, by making a score of 49 birds out of a possible 50. Mr. Cuthbert's fine shooting created quite a sensation and he was warmly congratulated. Mr. Cuthbert's performance is all the more praiseworthy through the fact that he shattered 46 birds in succession. Plummer, of Swan River, and a marksman of wide repute, having cleaned up down east prior to his coming to the city, came second with 47 out of 50.

Some high scores were hung up by the professional trap-shooters who were present. McKay, a local marksman and Barber, of Minneapolis, broke even for the highest honors. The second high average was keenly debated. Bills, of Chicago, and Morris of Edmonton, sharing the laurels. Brodie, of Winnipeg secured third high average.

SWEEPSTAKE RESULTS.

	15b	25b	15b	50b	15b	25b	20b
Bond	14	22	12	43	13	18	16
Turvey, pro.	10	22	14	33	11	20	14
Carr	11	15	11	38	14	20	15
Wye	14	23	10	41	13	18	20
Conley	13	22	13	41	11	18	18
Bailey	11	23	13	31	11	22	..
Cuthbert	11	25	12	..	13	24	..
O'Reilly	12	21	11	42	14	24	..
Anderson	8	23	10	39	11	18	15
Sturgess	13	18	13	..	..	..	..
Williamson	13	..	11	..	..	..	..
Ameytage	..	18	11	40	..	15	..
Sickgold	..	18	8	43	..	20	15
Simpson, p.	..	..	..	47	..	..	..
Atchinson	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
Walker	9	15	14	..	..	..	13
Millard	11	21	13	34	14	22	15
Osborne	12	23	13	47	12	19	15
B. Brodie	15	21	14	42	13	21	16
Thomson	10	18	10	41	13	21	11
Cadham	11	22	14	40	12	23	17
Hamilton	13	22	12	37	12	23	16
Root	14	21	13	43	14	23	20
Smith	12	19	12	42	11	20	13
Black	14	21	15	40	15	20	11
Lenike	14	24	13	49	15	23	18
Morris, p.	13	22	13	46	15	23	19
Schoeager	13	21	13	44	13	25	19
Sheron	12	22	11	43	..	20	..
Plummer	14	24	15	47	14	23	20
McKay, p.	15	23	14	49	13	24	18
Bills, p.	14	23	12	46	15	23	18
Barber, p.	13	22	15	49	15	23	20
T. Brodie, p.	14	23	15	46	12	21	18
Sutton, p.	13	19	12	37	13	23	19

Interest in this year's tournament was keyed up to a high pitch, and trapshooters from all parts of the country hit the trail for Winnipeg to participate in this season's contest. Quite a number of marksmen from across the border participated, and gave a very good account of themselves. E. G. Lemke from Grand Forks, N.D., showed class in coping the big international event. In the other events Barber of Minneapolis and Bills of Chicago figured prominently in the high-score columns.

High scores and keen competition featured, the second and concluding day of the season's meet, C.C. Plummer, of Swan River, Man., the crack western shot, kept up his high standing career by carrying off the silver cup and medal, which is emblematic of the Dominion championship, by demolishing 47 out of 50 birds. M. N. Sharon, who came from Regina to take part in the tournament, gave Plummer a close fight with a score of 46. Third money went to the three local trap-

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shooters, W. Root, Wm. Hamilton and A. Lickfold, each registering 45. Fourth money went to P. Schwagger, of Dundurn, Sask., and A. Smith, of this city, each with a score of 44.

Some of the high sweepstake scores were: Twenty birds—Sharon, 20; Schwagger, 20; Lichfold, 18; Osborne 18; Brodie, 18; Morris, 18. First 25 bird event—Bailey, 23; Lichfold, 23; Root, 23; Plummer, 22; Wye, 22. Second 25 bird event—Plummer, 25; Sharon 25; Smith, 24. First 15 bird event—Plummer, 15; Wye, 14; O'Rielly, 14; Lemke, 14; Brodie, 14. Second 15 bird event—Root, 15; Black, 15; Brodie, 14; Hamilton, 14; Schwagger, 14; Lichfold, 14.

Bob McKay, the popular pro. shot, had the best average of the professionals during the two days, being high both days. As an appreciation of his splendid shooting the boys presented him with a Bible last night. The scores were:—

	15b	15b	20b	50b	15b	20b	15b	15b
Walker.....	9	9	17	32	13	11	8	11
Millard.....	11	12	16	37	10	17	12	14
Osborne.....	10	10	18	38	11	18	13	11
Brodie.....	14	14	18	37	12	16	13	11
Thompson.....	13	10	13	34	13	18	9	..
Cadham.....	13	13	17	42	12	16	13	9
Hamilton.....	13	14	13	45	13	16	14	10
Root.....	13	15	17	45	14	18	11	..
Smith.....	11	10	16	44	12	12	12	11
Black.....	11	15	17	38	12	18	13	12
Lemkie.....	14	13	17	..	15	19	14	14
x-Morris.....	10	14	18	46	15	18	15	12
Schwagger.....	14	14	20	44	15	18	14	11
Sharon.....	12	13	20	40	13	15	14	14
Plummer.....	15	13	17	47	15	16	13	15
x-McKay.....	15	14	19	45	15	20	14	11
x-Bills.....	13	15	19	43	13	17	15	9
x-Barber.....	14	13	19	44	13	18	15	14
x-Brodie.....	12	12	17	40	12	16	12	12
x-Sutton.....	12	13	17	42	14	17	11	13
Lickfold.....	13	14	18	45	12	18	15	12
Turvey.....	14	13	14	38	12	15	11	10
Carr.....	11	12	14	38	13	13	14	13
Wye.....	14	11	17	44	13	15	14	13
Conlev.....	13	11	15	..	12	18	13	12
O'Reilly.....	04	12	17	43	11	18	12	15
Baily.....	..	..	17	44	14	18	13	12
Schwartz.....	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
Norman.....	4	4	11	..	6	10	7	..
Simpson.....	..	..	..	45	..	..	..	..
x-Professionals.....	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Chatham Gun Club.

A very interesting shoot of the Chatham Gun Club was held at the Exhibition grounds Thursday afternoon, July 15th. The feature of the afternoon was the excellent shooting of Joe Oldershaw who broke 25 straight birds. Joe was right at himself and the record is one to be proud of.

The scores were as follows: Nichol, 19, Wells, 19, Willard, 20, Rankin, 23, Aitken, 25, Oldershaw, 25 and Fritsimons 17.

The gun presented to the Chatham Gun Club by R. L. Brackin for competition was won by P. Taylor who made a perfect score of 125 in five shoots. These shoots were held under a new handicap plan which appears to have met with approval.

The scores of those who were in five matches were P. Taylor, 125; H. Hunter, 122; J. A. Aitkin, 122; Frank Smith, 117; W. H. Nichol, 116; George Willard, 116; J. W. Patterson, 104, and W. B. Wells, 103.

An interesting feature on Thursday, July 22nd., was the shoot for the spoon donated by the Dupont Powder Co. This was won by H. Hunter who made possible. Twenty-five birds were shot at and the scores were: H. Hunter, 25; J. A. Aitkin, 24; J. Oldershaw, F. Smith and P. Taylor, 22; W. H. Nichol, 21; George Dunk, 20; George Willard and W. Patterson 19; H. Bragg, 18.

Jordan Gun Club.

In the Club handicap spoon event at the Jordan Gun Club on July 10th. the winners were C. H. Boulton, D. Konkle and H. W. Hunsberry.

A jolly crowd composed of Messrs. A. Murdock, Albert Cox and Willie Jones, motored out from St. Kitts and did some fine shooting. Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

H. W. Hunsberry 90, 87; A. Wismer 80, 72; Dr. Konkle 60, 58; M. Honsberger 55, 45; P. H. Wismer 55, 44; H. Boulton 45, 42; E. Boozie 45, 41; J. Spence 45, 38; F. Williams 35, 28; W. Nicholson 35, 20; A. Murdock 30, 23; W. Jones 30, 20; A. Cox 30, 20; E. Fisher 25, 23; C. Oliver 25, 18; W. White 15, 12.

Frost Wire Fence Co.

E. G. Overholt proved to be the best shooter at the weekly shoot of the Frost Wire Fence Gun Club held on Saturday July 17. Following are the scores:

Baldwin.....	63	10	73
Hoffman.....	62	13	75
Mainwell.....	58	21	79
Overholt.....	57	31	88
Burns.....	56	26	88
King.....	54	15	69
Woods.....	49	20	69
McCoy.....	48	24	72
McMahon.....	47	39	86
Harris.....	39	33	72

Good Scores Made at Stanley Club.

The Stanley Gun Club held their weekly shoot on their grounds on July 16th. G. L. Vivian was high, breaking 96 out of 100, and J. Jennings next with a score of 84 out of 100. The following are the best scores.

G. L. Vivian 100, 96; J. Jennings 100, 84; W. Salisbury 100, 84; W. Salisbury 80, 67; A. Tomlin 75 62; W. Hughes 65, 54; N. Buck 40, 33.

Trent Valley League Shoot.

On July 22nd, a League shoot of the Trent Valley Trapshooters' Association took place at Stirling.

The Belleville Club, making the highest score, were the winners of the Challenge Flag. Mr. S. Coon of the Peterboro club, making the highest individual score, took home the silver spoon presented by the Dupont Powder Co., and Mr. Turley of the Belleville club, being second highest, won the watch fob presented by the Dominion Cartridge Co.

Peterboro Gun Club

The regular weekly shoot of the Peterboro Gun Club was held on July 16, with a good average attendance. It was calm and still, being favorable for good scoring, as the following scores will show.

J. Louchs 50, 43; C. Graham 50, 38; J. Lundy 50, 35; H. Routley 50, 33; C. Lech 50, 22; S. Coon 25, 25; C. Wood 25, 23; J. Brightman 25, 22; Dr. Frank 25, 21; L. Hall 25, 18; C. James 25 15; W. Lang 25, 12; J. Bolger 25, 9;

On July 23rd the scores were:
C. Graham 50, 34; J. Lundy 50, 31; Dr. Frank 25, 10; J. Louchs 25, 15; H. Routley 25, 12; J. Windsor 25, 7.

St. Hubert Gun Club.

At the weekly shoot of the St. Hubert Gun Club grounds, Westboro', Saturday, July 17, Mr. W. L. Cameron was high with 46 out of 50, winning the spoon.

Messrs. Easdale and O'Connor captured the McCallum trophy, defeating Messrs. O'Connor and Heney, the holders, by one point. Score, 90 to the latter's 89 out of 100 birds. Scores were as follows:

SPOONS

Two events of 25 birds—

		Total.
W. L. Cameron.....	21	25-46
A. W. Throop.....	22	23-45
Geo. Esdale.....	21	23-44
Geo. O'Connor.....	21	23-44
W. C. Little.....	21	22-43
V. V. Rogers.....	23	20-43
J. J. Henery jr.....	21	21-42
W. Williams.....	19	17-36
Dr. Mohr.....	20	16-36
C. H. Rogers.....	16	11-27

McCALLUM TROPHY.

Two events of 25-50 birds—

		Total.
Geo. Easdale.....	23	22-45
V. V. Rogers.....	22	23-45
Total.....	..	..90
J. J. Heney.....	23	22-45
Geo. O'Connor.....	22	22-44
Total.....	..	..89

EXTRA 25 BIRDS

		Total.
Geo. Esdale.....	23 20 20	22-85
J. J. Heney.....	20 19 22	20-81
Geo. O'Connor.....	19 18 17	23-77
V. V. Rogers.....	21 21 ..	21-63
Ed. O'Connor.....	16 23 20	..59
Dr. Mohr.....	16 18 13	..47
W. L. Cameron.....	17	..17

Port Stanley Gun Club.

Port Stanley Gun Club held a lively competition for prizes at Blue Rocks on July 22 nd. There were several visitors present and good scores were made. Arthur Glover of the Stanley Club was high Gun breaking 93 out of 100, winning the High average which was a cut glass pitcher. The first event was 50 Rocks for merchandise prizes and the second event was at 50 Rocks. At the two men team shoot for cut glass prizes, Mrs. O'Lone a lady shooter was present and made good scores, George Dunk professional of Dominion cartridge Co., was also present. Following are the results:—



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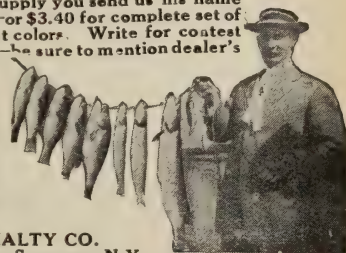
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If your dealer can't supply you send us his name and 85c for sample—or \$3.40 for complete set of four assorted brilliant colors. Write for contest details and bait now—be sure to mention dealer's name.

One Hour's catch by J. K. Rush, Sandy Pond, N. Y., note variety: three 3lb. small mouth bass, two 4 lb. large mouth bass, two 3 lb. northern pike, one 10 inch perch, one 36 inch muscallonge.



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(1) Event 50 Rocks.

C. A. Cromwell 35, O'Lone 39, Mrs. O'Lone 29, Rupp 42, C. Hough 34, W. Kindley 41, Carmichael 35, Arthur Glover 47, F. Young 30, W. McCance 42, Geo. Dunk 44 Dr. Lipsey 34, E. Carry 41,

(2) Event 50 Rocks Two Men Team.

Rupp—Dr. Lipsey 70, O'Lone—Mrs. O'Lone 76, Glover—Hough 75, Kindley—Cromwell 75, Carry—Carmichael 76, McCance—Young 79, Brown—Smith 72, Jones—Wilson 71.

A box of cigars donated by C. Hough was won by Arthur Glover.

Woodstock Gun Club Re-Organized

The Woodstock Gun Club, which was reorganized a few weeks ago, have opened their new grounds at Wood-

stock Agricultural Park. A dozen or so shooters turned out and all enjoyed the sport.

The score was as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.
Dr. Krupp.....	30	22
Dr. Welford.....	55	35
F. Ball.....	50	38
D. Miller.....	50	43
E. Dougal.....	50	33
P. J. Glabb.....	75	47
Mr. Campbell.....	10	5
J. Maynard.....	40	32
G. A. Marr.....	50	41
W. Kneal.....	30	24
R. M. Muller.....	50	40
Mr. Adderley.....	10	6

Stotts' Essex Shoot.

One of the most successful shoots ever held in that section of the province was held at Essex, Ont., on July 27, and a glance at the scores discloses the keenest sort of shooting for the high averages. Nelson Long, of Hamilton a dark horse, captured the honors, breaking 196 out of a possible 200; while H. G. Bates, of Ridgetown, and S. J. Vance, of Tillsonburg, were tie for second highest honors, with 194. Other high averages were: D. Wigle, with 191; E. McNeill 188; H. L. Taylor, G. McIntosh and W. A. Smith, 187. The shooting of the second squad, consisting of Long, Bates, Taylor, Vance and R. Day, made the many spectators sit up and take notice. In the fifth and sixth events they broke 199 out of 200, for a total of 961 in a 1,000.

R. Day, of London, and G. M. Dunk, of Toronto, were the professionals in attendance.

G. M. Dunk.....	16	19	18	17	14	17	15	14	19	19—168
F. H. Conover.....	18	18	18	20	16	19	17	19	20	16—181
F. Stotts.....	20	19	19	17	19	18	19	14	20	17—182
C. Thrasher.....	13	18	18	18	17	15	15	19	14	17—165
A. Bunn.....	14	13	15	15	14	18	16	16	18	15—155
S. J. Vance.....	19	19	19	20	20	20	19	20	19	19—194
H. G. Gates.....	20	20	20	19	20	20	17	18	20	20—194
N. Long.....	19	20	20	19	20	20	18	20	20	20—196
H. L. Taylor.....	17	17	19	18	20	20	17	20	20	19—187
R. Day.....	20	20	17	19	19	20	19	19	18	19—190
C. McIntosh.....	19	19	18	19	19	18	20	18	18	19—187
O. C. Frank.....	20	18	18	19	18	18	20	18	17	19—185
W. A. Smith.....	17	20	19	20	18	19	18	18	19	19—187
D. Wigle.....	18	18	18	20	20	19	20	19	19	20—191
Pastorious.....	19	18	20	19	19	18	18	16	15	19—181
A. McDonald.....	17	18	17	16	15	18	19	19	17	19—175
A. Eastman.....	19	19	17	16	17	17	17	19	13	17—169
Dr. Short.....	12	11	12	16	15	14	9	12	13	19—133
T. S. Conover.....	17	18	18	16	16	19	18	14	13	17—166
Dr. Brown.....	17	18	17	16	15	18	19	19	16	18—175
W. McCance.....	19	18	15	19	18	20	18	20	18	20—185
W. Smith.....	14	17	16	16	14	15	10	19	16	15—152
C. Foss.....	19	16	19	17	19	18	17	15	18	16—184
A. N. Wesner.....	19	17	17	19	18	19	18	20	19	18—184
Stocking.....	19	19	20	16	16	15	17	15	15	15—167
Ford.....	16	16	19	19	18	18	12	15	17	18—166
W. Hart.....	20	18	19	18	19	20	20	19	19	16—188
E. Perry.....	19	19	19	18	18	18	19	19	20	17—188
E. McNeill.....	19	18	19	20	20	18	19	19	19	17—185
C. Hunter.....	17	15	17	17	19	..	..	..	..	..—85
E. Pastorious.....	20	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..—48
Mrs. F. H. Conover..	14	15	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..—48

Thirty-Nine Men's and Ladies' Tennis Teams now affiliated with Western Ontario League

Despite the loss of many prominent tennis players throughout Western Ontario who have gone to war, the Western Ontario Tennis League finds that interest has not lagged in the least, and this year finds the organization widening out more than ever.

Twenty-four teams have entered in seven different districts, and in addition to this 15 ladies' teams have been added in six various districts.

The London Free Press trophy, won by the Sarnia Club last year, is being much sought this year, and clubs are doing their utmost to land it, while the ladies' competitions for the Bentley trophy are creating much rivalry.

The war has handicapped one or two clubs to such an extent that they were unable to enter teams this year, which could make any sort of a showing in their groups.

Group No. 7 is a new district this year, and the group winner is expected to make a strong bid for the trophy, and next year at least four more teams will come from the same district.

Schedules have all been drawn up and play is under full swing.

Men's Section.

Group No. 1—Clinton and Goderich.

Group No. 2—Preston, Brantford, Galt, Yo Ho;

Mutual Life A. C., Waterloo.

Group No. 3—Sarnia, Parkhill, Watford and Chatham.

Group No. 4—St. Thomas, Ingersoll, Woodstock, London Rowing Club.

Group No. 5—Norwich, Simcoe, Tillsonburg, Delhi.

Group No. 6—Listowel, Harriston, Mount Forest, Brussels.

Group No. 7—St. Catharines, Hamilton Cricket and Tennis Club, Thorold.

Ladies' Section.

Group No. 1—Goderich, London Hunt Club.

Group No. 2—Brantford and Galt Yo Ho.

Group No. 3—Sarnia, Parkhill and Watford.

Group No. 4—Ingersoll, London Rowing Club, St. Thomas and Woodstock.

Group No. 5—Simcoe, Tillsonburg and Norwich.

Group No. 6—Mount Forest, bye.

The Bentley Cup is being presented by The Walter Bentley Co. Ltd., Lawn Tennis Manufacturers of Niagara Falls, Ont. This is a new departure for a Ladies' Championship. The cup is of very handsome design, stands 17 in. high and is the work of the Standard Silver Co., of Toronto.

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TRADE NOTES



TY COBB BEING PRESENTED WITH A FOX GUN

Ty Cobb alias "The Greatest Base Ball Player in the World" is not only a 400 batter and an 800 hitter in any field but a gunner of no mean ability who can give any hunter a good run for the best average. He knows guns from A. to Z. Cobb was recently presented by his brother members of the Mystic Shrine with an A. H. Fox Gun. The presentation took place at Shibe Park, Philadelphia and the accompanying reproduction shows the recipient's delight in the gift.

The Horton Manufacturing Co., of Bristol, Conn. noted for the famous Bristol steel fishing rods, donated as a prize at the Panama-Pacific Exposition International Fly Casting Tournament a beautifully finished

steel fishing rod, valued at \$100. The joints on this rod were heavily gold plated first, then the famous De Luxe finish, which means winding with finest silk waterproofed was put on. This was a fly rod with one agate on the butt joint and one on each of the tips. The handle trimmings were heavily gold plated with a real amethyst set by a jeweller in the butt. The case was of real leather lined with myrtle green plush—truly a rod De Luxe.

Notably a happy inspiration, linking selling-sense with patriotic appeal, is visible in the clever and striking design recently given wide publicity in the interests of the Gillette "Bulldog Pattern" Safety Razor. It pictures a typical British bulldog posed as guarding the national flag, and bears the legend: "What we have we'll hold; what we haven't, we'll make." The whole spirit of the picture is that of strength and aggression, thus fittingly typifying the rise of the Gillette organization and its popular products.

A decided adjunct in any camper's outfit, is a bottle of Bovril. Its uses, as an article of food, are practically limitless. After a hard paddle, a long walk, or several hours' fishing, a spoonful, in a cup of boiling water, will prove wonderfully refreshing. It makes a delicious and wholesome gravy when used with canned or cold meats, and a little of it added to soups makes a great improvement.

A bottle of Bovril takes up little room in your kit, and when on a long march, or when a camper finds himself miles away from his base, a cup of hot bovril, or even a teaspoonful taken right out of the bottle will be found delicious and nourishing.

"Boy Scout Marksmanship" is the title of the latest booklet on rifle shooting for boys which has just come from the press. The author is Edward Cave, editor of one of the leading outdoor life and hunting publications. The illustrations are from photographs by the author and show, among other things, the proper positions to assume while shooting. There are, also, diagrams which graphically illustrate in a practical and original manner the right and wrong ways to use the sights on a rifle.

The Boy Scout marksman code; care in handling firearms; how to clean and keep firearms in good condition; positions in shooting and important things to remember, are concisely, but thoroughly, explained in interesting and readable style.

The Remington Arms-UMC Co., Woolworth Bldg. New York City, N. Y., will be pleased to send a copy of this valuable treatise on shooting with its compliments to anyone interested in Boy Scout Marksmanship who will send his name and address.



Maskinonge Affected by Parasite.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I read the interesting article by Bonnycastle Dale in your June number and note that he speaks of maskinonge being afflicted with open sores. I have been told by old fishermen that these sores are caused by lamper eels, a sort of parasite, which fastens on the fish. These sore spots in no way affect the quality

of the fish, it is claimed. I once saw a maskinonge about four feet long completely covered with these sores and reduced to a mere skeleton, but it was moving about and no doubt would in time get well again. I have also noticed these sores on large pike.

Yours truly,
North Sydney, N.S. A. Cliffe.

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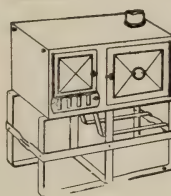
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TARGETS and TRAPS

At Kingsville, on June 3rd. Joe Jennings broke 221 x 225, including a run of 1:0 straight without a miss, shooting at Canadian Black Birds. Several runs of 100 and over at Ottawa D. C. T. S. A. Shoot.

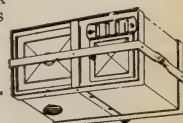
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Automobile Troubles and How to Remedy Them

By CHARLES P. ROOT

CONTENTS—Back firing, Blow-back of gas into carburetor, Popping noises, Buzz in coil (other than contact breaker buzz), clatter and grind in gear box, Compression, faulty, Compression, none, Explosions, Irregular or uncertain running, Metallic or puffing noises, Misfires, Resistance slight when operating starting handle, Start, failure to, Steering erratic, Stoppage of engine, Water escapes, Air lock, Batteries, Bearings, Bent axle, Brakes, Carburation, Change Speed gear, Clutch, Coil, Connecting rod or crank shaft broken, Contact breaker (High tension magneto), Contact maker, Knock in bearings generally or in Transmission system. Leaks: Loss of power, Gear, Governor, Hunting, Ignition, Lubrication, Misfires, Muffler troubles, Noise, Overheating, Pipes burst out or fractured, Piston troubles, Popping in carburetor, Pressure leaking (in case of pressure feed) Pre-ignition, Short circuits, Spark plug, Steam bound or air lock, Steering, Supply pipe choked, Tining, Tires, Valves, Valve springs, Water circulation, Wheels.

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WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Fishing on the Margaree, C.B.**Editor, ROD AND GUN:—**

You have a good many subscribers down in this country, but we seldom see any contributions in your paper coming from this district, (North Sydney, N.S.)

I enclose you a snap which I thought perhaps might interest your readers. This was taken two weeks ago on the Margaree River in Cape Breton. The illustration is the result of our morning's catch, the total weight of the five salmon being 84 pounds. The one at either end in the illustration tipped the scale at over 22 pounds each. We succeeded in landing four more in the afternoon making a total of nine for the day, and made a record for the river in as much as we never lost one that hooked.

I have done a good deal of fishing all over Eastern Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and I can assure your readers that there is no river that I have ever fished on that can beat the Margaree. It is largely visited by Americans. Very few Upper Canadians ever come this way fishing. It is easy of access and the accommodations along the river are excellent. We think down here that our Cape Breton salmon are very much superior to the Newfoundland fish, almost as much superior as the Newfoundland people claim that their salmon are over the British Columbia Salmon.



A morning's catch on the Margaree River, C.B. The total weight of the five salmon is 84 lbs

The salmon started running in the Margaree about the 20th of June and at this writing, the 14th of July, are still running and taking the fly splendidly.

It may be that this letter or cut may not interest you, but it does not do any harm to send it to you and should any of your readers like further information with regard to the fishing on the Margaree, I would be pleased to send it to them.

Yours truly, A. Chas. Thompson.

White Deer Near Cobalt.**Editor, ROD AND GUN:—**

The following may prove of interest to readers of your magazine:

A few weeks ago I had occasion to visit a settler living on a farm about twelve miles west of the town of Cobalt, and, having arrived there late in the afternoon, spent the night at the settler's home, which is built on the shore of a small lake. On arising the following morning I chanced to glance through the window and had my attention attracted by the rays of the morning sun striking on a white animal standing on the shore of the lake. A closer look proved the animal to be a deer, of the common red deer species, but pure white in color. The deer stood less than a hundred yards from the house and presented a very beautiful picture.

After standing for a few minutes, the deer walked slowly into the bush, and, determining to try for a closer view I started by a circuitous route for the place where she had disappeared. Creeping over the brow of a small hillock I came upon the deer not more than 25 feet away, with two young fawns taking their morning meal of fresh milk. The fawns were the usual red color with brown spots, but the deer was a pure snowy white, with the exception of five tan colored spots on her neck and sides, about the size of an American silver dollar. Her entire coat was white—not a cream color, but a shining white, even to her ears, while her black nose and hoofs and dark lustrous eyes showed up with startling vividness.

The fawns went ahead with their meal with very evident enjoyment, butting with their shapely little heads, and shaking their stubs of tails like happy lambs, with the doe turning to give first one then the other a maternal lick or two. Finally she appeared to catch a warning scent and took a step or two forward, sniffing the air. I raised my head from the small shrub through which I had been peering and the doe at once sighted me and turned to face me with a snort and a stamp of her foot, while the fawns at once scampered into the underbrush. The mother stood for a minute or more, apparently more interested than frightened, and then turned and walked daintily after the fawns.

This was the second time the white deer had appeared in that vicinity, having been seen about two weeks previously, by the settler I was visiting.

I have been unable to learn, however, of a white deer ever having been seen before in this district.

Respectfully,

New Liskeard, Ont.

S. Bray.

Greenheart and Lancewood for Salmon Rods.**Editor, ROD AND GUN:—**

Would you kindly give me the address of a firm in Eastern Canada who can supply in small quantities Greenheart and Lancewood of sufficient length for making salmon rods up to 15 feet in length.

I have been a continuous subscriber since your first issue.

Thanking you in advance for this information.

James Whyte.

CAMP KITS AND CAMP LIFE

By CHARLES STEDMAN HANKS "NIBLICK."

Author of "Hints to Golfers"

A practical handbook for the woods, founded on many camping trips with a varied assortment of guides and after many kinds of game and fish. The veteran sportsman as well as the neophyte will read the book with pleasure and profit. It takes up camp cooking, outfit, illness in camp, shooting, fishing, trapping and general woodcraft.

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Some of the Pleasures of Trapping

Some Suggestions About Camping Out

Some Remedies for Sickness or Accidents in Camp.

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Two Year Old Buck Captured in Lake Aylmer, P. Q.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I am enclosing snap of a two year old buck that was captured in Lake Aylmer, Garthby, P.Q. on July 11th, 1915, by Jim and Bob Fuller, the latter a noted angler, and the writer. We pulled him into our boat and brought him to shore after a good deal of tussling, then freed him. I regret that the picture is not clear enough for reproduction.

Yours truly,

R. Wiggett.

Knows a Good Thing When he sees it.

Editor, ROD AND GUN—

The last copy of Rod and Gun was swiped from my door where it was left by the mail man. Even a swiper knows a good thing when he sees it. I find Rod and Gun not on sale in our bookstores so am driven to appeal to headquarters for another copy. With many thanks, as ever,

Yours,

Chatham, Ont.

E. Medd.

An American Subscriber's Fly Fishing Experiences in New Brunswick.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Having been a "Fisherman"—Trout, salmon and Bass—for fifty years, I read your magazine with great interest and I regret that I was not a subscriber long ago. Fishing always appealed to me more than hunting, although I have done some of the latter also in the wilds of New Brunswick, some years ago. Unfortunately for the past thirty years I have not had much chance to indulge in Trout or Salmon fishing. Good sport necessitates a visit to Canada, either Northwestern New Brunswick or Ontario, and the expense is heavy for the ordinary business or professional man. I visited the eastern section of New Brunswick last summer and had two or three fairly good days' sport with a brother M.D. We tramped one mile across a floating bog, where each step sank anywhere from above the ankle to the knee and occasionally in lifting your foot from the mud and water your knee would recoil and almost hit your face. Of course we had the usual trimmings such as gnats, moose flies and mosquitoes but these troubled us very little as our object was to get Trout. A further tramp of three miles along a "wood road" brought us to "Duck Lake," which discharges into one of the rivers emptying into the Bay of Fundy. Being a little late in the season July 20th—we did not do as well as we probably would have done two or three weeks earlier. However after two hours fishing we had a nice string of trout of half a pound to one pound—about twenty in all. Being sixty-four years old and having lived in New York for some years I expected to be about "all in" when we got back to the little road-house, but after a delicious meal of fried trout, new potatoes, wild strawberries and good yellow cream and fresh bread and butter, I felt fit as ever, and after a good smoke of the "Old Briar" and the spinning of a few yarns we turned in and slept until 6 a.m. My friend, Dr. Cook, (not the discoverer of the North Pole), but a good hearted, whole-souled Blue-nose Canadian,

did everything in his power to make my trip enjoyable and on one occasion saved my life, as he rescued me from the bog after I had sunk as far as my leg would go and was absolutely unable to move until he came to my assistance. Another year I intend to visit "Cains River" in Western New Brunswick. This is leased by Harry Allen of Boisetown, N. B. and is an ideal place for the fisherman. I read Brother Lincoln's articles with much interest and I agree with him entirely in his ideas of "Flies and Fly Tying." Brother Wight's advice is excellent too, and as I tie all my own flies I know whereof I speak. Many men are fond of the sport but the man who is able to tie his own flies, knows the insects in the locality where he is fishing and understands the habits and peculiarities of the fish, is the ideal fisherman and will "bring home the bacon." I am both a formist and a colorist in regard to flies. Time and again I have fished streams where I knew the trout were and tried half a dozen different flies, and then seeing insects in the water picked out my fly as nearly like those as possible and was rewarded well for my time and patience. I like No. 8. or 10 hook tied with a neat fly, not too large a body is the ideal size for trout fishing. I am partial to the small brown (all brown) the drab bodies, rat fur if possible, green bodies with fawn or slate wings, Montreal, Silver Doctor and of course the old standby, the brown Hackle or Royal Coachman. I prefer flies tied with loops using as small gut as possible (selected of course), they are stronger, easier to carry in your book and will not fray out at the end of the hook, as those tied on snelled gut will often do after rough usage. A great number of the flies offered for sale are absolutely trash both in regard to color, form and durability and should not find a place in any true sportsman's fly-book. Of course the best goods can be had from all first class sporting goods dealers in Canada and the United States but to any "died in the wool" fisherman who is able to tie his own flies it is a pleasure and a pastime to do so and he knows they are put together right and will stand the racket when it comes to a tussle at the end of his line. Mr. Editor, if you think this article is worthy of notice you have my permission to publish it in Rod and Gun, the best sporting magazine in America.

Yours truly,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

L. B. Botsford, M.D.

Wild Pigeons.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

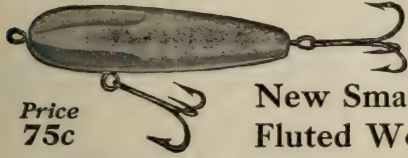
Can you tell me if you know whether a reward was offered for a pair of wild pigeons or not? I used to take Rod and Gun for my young son and whether I saw the notice there or in some other sports journal I can't remember, but I know that sportsmen are looking all over the continent for wild pigeon and I have just come from a place in the North country where a man pointed out wild pigeons to me and he says he could send a pair; so if you can give me any information I shall be glad to know—and will send my information on to him.

Yours truly,

Port Hope, Ont.

Mrs. E. D. Curry.

Fishermen, Ho!



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For expert fishermen who like a lighter bait than the standard size Wobblers to use with light rod. Has only two hooks, so there is no chance of tangling. Under hook is in center of "belly" of the bait. Get acquainted with the

Wobbler Family

and other

Hastings Lucky Tackle

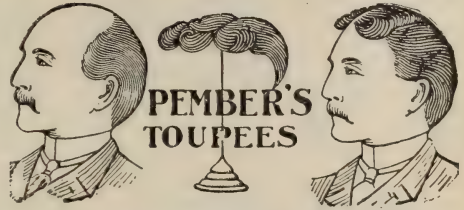
Wilson's Wobblers are now made in these six styles: Cupped Wobbler, surface, new this year; Fluted Wobbler, semi-surface; Winged Wobbler, deep water; Luminous Wobbler, Weedless Wobbler, Small Fluted Wobbler. Each style in six different colors.

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W. J. TAYLOR Ltd., PUBLISHER Woodstock, Ont.

Edit. Note. Large cash rewards, aggregating about \$5,000 have been offered for the discovery of one nesting pair of passenger pigeons. Many persons have claimed this reward (of Professor C. F. Hodge of Clark University, Worcester, Mass.) and many claims have been investigated. The results

have disclosed many mourning doves but not one pigeon. Now we understand that the quest is closed, and hope has been abandoned. Not by everyone, however, as the article in the May issue of Rod and Gun entitled "Have the Pigeons Returned" contributed by Edward T. Martin, will indicate.



Mr. Aubrey White, C. M. G., Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests for Ontario, died suddenly at his summer home in Muskoka on July 14th. Mr. White first entered the service of the Ontario Government as a forest ranger in 1876 and passed through all the gradations of the service until he became Deputy Minister of Lands and Mines. Mr. White took an active interest in forest conservation and was at various times president, honorary president and director of the Canadian Forestry Association.

A tribute to the efficiency of the Weeks McLean Bill is paid by Neil Gilmour, District Game Guardian of Saskatchewan in the last report of the Chief Game Guardian of the Province of Saskatchewan. Commenting on the fact that the geese during the last season came in myriads to Saskatchewan, Mr. Gilmour says: "I have not any doubt that the very apparent increase in the numbers of geese returning home after "wintering" in the south was due to the operation of the "Weeks McLean Bill" prohibiting the spring shooting of all migratory birds throughout the entire United States. The unsatisfactory feature in this district—a district comprising all that area bounded by the Saskatchewan and the Qu'Appelle rivers on the north, the international boundary on the south, a line running north and south through the city of Regina on the east, and the Province of Alberta on the west—is that these birds, so very plentiful in the spring, and for a couple of weeks pre-empting our stubble fields, on their return in the autumn from the wilds of the far north, now find in the northern part of the province plenty of wheat fields for feeding grounds, so that there is not nearly so good geese shooting here as formerly."

The Charlottetown Guardian recently issued a Souvenir Edition which is replete with interesting information and articles relative to the Island Province. As might have been expected considerable attention is

devoted to the Silver Fox industry in which so much of the capital of the Prince Edward Islanders has been invested and which it is claimed is now on a much saner basis than before the war. Those engaged in the industry count confidently on a quick revival when the war is ended and the fur market resumes normal conditions.

The issue is well illustrated with interesting views of the fox industry, fishing scenes, Charlottetown views, half tones of prominent men associated with the business and government of the Island, etc. etc.

We have received from Messrs. Hardy Bros. the well known angling specialists and manufacturers of Alnwick, England, a copy of their very complete catalogue and angler's guide. This is not by any means a mere "catalogue" but is packed full of interesting articles relating to the various branches of fishing and the various countries in which the piscatorial art is practised, while there are of course pages of colored prints with accompanying letter press, depicting the various flies and paraphernalia dear to the fisherman's heart. This book should find a place in every angler's library.

While fishing in the river a short distance from Port Ryerse on Monday, July 12, Richard Edmonds pulled out what is said to be the largest brook trout caught in this section of the country in a great many years. The fish weighed two pounds, fourteen and one-half ounces a couple of hours after it was caught, and altogether likely would have tipped the scales at three pounds immediately after being pulled out of the stream. It measured twenty-two inches in length, and was a game one to land. Mr. Edmonds says the fish swallowed the hook right down, and when he began to pull he thought he had hooked a turtle.

"Sam Hunter" writing in the Millbrook Mirror tells of the good fishing that has been

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enjoyed this season on the Kawartha Lakes.

"Bass fishing has been particularly fine this season, the small mouth black bass of these waters, by the way, being a fish whose high game excellence is beyond anything to be found in the warm weed beds and the muddy bottoms of more southerly lakes and streams. To the cooler, purer waters and the granite shoals in which he is taken here, should doubtless be given the credit for his alliterative qualities of firmness, flavour and fight. He certainly is a fighter and an artist when it comes to making the reel sing. A small mouth black bass of five pounds two ounces taken by Mr. R. J. McCracken, heads the list so far this season. It was taken with a garden fish worm on a fifty eight ounce cedar pole and was landed in something less than three seconds, and came down in the swamp eighteen yards from shore. Muskalonge fishing, too, has been above the ordinary, although the fish taken have been for the most part small—from five to ten pounds.

"Jimmie McM—, ex river driver, and an old acquaintance of mine, from up Clear Lake way, was telling me that the best 'lunge he had seen taken "on the hooks" this season was caught a few weeks ago not far from Young's point, and weighed 23 pounds.

"He had ketched it," said Jimmie, 'an' he sent it to a fat Yankee from Cincinnati at the price of a good t'ree mont's old calf. An' at that th' woman didn't want Larry t' sell it to him. 'He looks too much t' me,' she says, 'like a dirty Dutchman,' she says, 'with his mud-cat whiskers an' goggly eyes; an' if ye do sell it to him, Larry dear, soak him,' she says, 'or mix a bit iv paris green in with the salt ye rub into it.' I've a lad fightin' with th' first contingent, an' gas poisoned, he was,' continued Jimmie, 'an' she hates a German like she hates any other kind iv dirt. If I had anny Sourkrout blood in me veins, I'd ate no meal she'd prepare for me—not till after this war's over annyway. 'Twouldn't be safe."

"So that twenty-three pounder was the biggest you've seen this year, was it, Jimmie?" I asked him. "I said th' biggest ketched with th' hooks," corrected Jimmie with a lowering of the voice and a confidential droop of the left eye lid. "Two days before fishin' come in this year, I was movin' an old cook stove over to the crib, an' dropped her be accident into about three feet of water. It was getting dark an' I says t' myself, I'll lave ye where ye are till mornin', I says, an' got down on me belly on th' crib t' have a final luck at 'er. Th' was weeds growing all round where she lay, an' a big bass seemed to be plannin' hide and seek in through the holes on top where th' lids had falled off, an' I thought I see a big fish disappear under th' crib as I put me face down. In the mornin' Larry an' me was out bright an' early, an' started over in th' punt. When we got t' th' crib th' stove had disappeared. We was pokin' 'round lookin' for 'er when we heard a splashin' about fifty yards out, an' th' tail and about three fut iv a monster fish came t' the top iv the water, an' went down again. "T'row in th' pike poles, Larry," I yells, an' we jumped for th' punt, an' started for where we seen th' fish.

Up he comes again just as we got t' where we first seen him, an' Larry, who was in th' bow, suddenly shoved his pike pole into th' water, an' letta yell outa him. 'It's a whale, dad, an' he's ketched in th' cook stove.' 'An' then mister fish went down agin—an' we ne-er seen stove nor fish that day, nor since—but he sure was a monster. He'd likely run his head into it after a bass an' got ketched be th' gills backin' out. How big? I'm tellin' ye th' trute, an' nothin' but th' trute. I dunno, but anny tinsmith or stoveman'll tell you them old 'Progress' (A.D. 1886) cookin' stoves has a pot hole nine and a ha't inches acrost, so mebbey ye can figger it out for yourself."

Owing to a printer's error in transposition of the author's names the article in last month's issue under the caption of A. Campaign against Forest Fires in the Dominion Parks was credited to G. Gerald Blyth, whereas this article was contributed by James Carmsby of the Canadian Forestry Association, Ottawa.

An exciting scene was witnessed in the outer harbor, Sunday night, says the Halifax Chronicle under date of July 20th., where a number of large albacore were disporting themselves on the calm surface of the water.

John Smith, of Purcell's Cove, and Gordon Smith, started in to land one of the big fish, and launched a flat, and taking a couple of harpoons, went in search of their game.

They did not go very far when they saw a big one right over their bow, and John Smith, who is one of the most expert men on the shore, grabbed the harpoon, and standing on the bow of the boat, directly over the albacore, drove the harpoon deep into the back of the monster. Away it went with a swish, and after a few minutes towing, the line parted, and the albacore went down the bay with the harpoon in its back, looking somewhat like a submarine with periscope showing out of the water.

The fishermen, however, were not to be outdone, and another harpoon was secured. Again they searched and soon were rewarded. This time a big one was seen near the Danish bark, which is anchored off Purcell's Cove. Smith rowed up and in a moment or two the boat was almost on top of the big fish. He took good aim and drove the harpoon deep in its back, and away it went at a terrific speed, towing the boat and a heavy piece of timber that was attached to the line.

It was a very exciting time for the two fishermen. The big albacore towed them up and down the harbor, and out as far as Thrum Cap, for three hours, when it became exhausted, and finally drowned. The fishermen towed it into the government wharf and with the aid of men, women and children, who had witnessed the spectacle, the big fish was pulled up on the beach.

It weighed about 600 lbs., its flesh being as pink as a salmon, and very firm. The harpoon had gone into its back about 14 inches.

"Domestic life" says a writer in Everybody's Magazine, "nearly approaches the



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deal among pigeons. Except for the intervening of man, it probably would be ideal. Pigeons, if left to their own choice, marry from love and live together until death separates. A breeder can turn twenty pairs of pigeons into the same enclosure safely. There will be no shifting of partners. And if the males and females of all these pairs are separated for the winter and brought together in the spring, each male will immediately pick out his own former mate and proceed dutifully to the building of a house and the rearing of a family."

Increased traffic from Detroit and cities in the vicinity of Michigan's metropolis caused the Northern Navigation Company to change its southern terminal from Sarnia, Ont. to Detroit and the steamers, Noronic, Huronic and Hamonic now start on their weekly cruises to the Soo, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth from that city.

The steamers will also stop at Windsor and will leave Sarnia on the northern trip at the same time that the boats formerly started on the cruises from that port. As a result of the change in terminal, the cruises are lengthened one day and will include the delightful trip up the winding St. Clair river. The Huronic leaves Detroit every Monday at 10.30 A.M., the Hamonic every Wednesday at the same time and the Noronic every Saturday.

In making the announcement of the change H. H. Gildersleeve, general manager of the Northern Navigation Company said: "Many years ago when the Northern Navigation Company began to carry passengers to the ports in Lake Superior, we depended almost entirely on Canada for our passengers. But year after year the traffic from Detroit and other cities in Michigan and nearby states increased, and it only became a question of time when we would be compelled to make Detroit our Southern terminal to better satisfy our patrons and keep our service up to the high standard which has always existed.

"We have three of the largest steamers on the great lakes, the Noronic, the largest, having been launched only a year ago. In addition to the trio of palatial steamers which compare most favorably with those on the Atlantic, we have the Majestic, which makes weekly cruises from Cleveland and Detroit through Georgian bay. There also are several other passenger steamers which make trips in the thirty thousand island district in addition to our many freight boats."

A lunge weighing 24½ pounds was caught near Burleigh Falls by Mrs. H. W. Darcy. Jack Jacobs was the guide. This is one of the largest fish taken from the Kawartha Lakes this season.

Deer will be carried through the critical period of next winter by state feeding, says a despatch from Albany, N. Y., as the result of instructions given by Llewellyn Legge, chief of the division of fisheries and game, to the division chief game protectors at their regular monthly meeting in Albany, recently. Marsh hay will be cut in the most remote sections of the Adirondacks, where it is im-

possible to take in baled alfalfa, and this swamp grass will be stacked against the starvation time that comes in late winter, when the snows pile deepest and the deer are forced to congregate in "yards." In more accessible places alfalfa will be doled out to them in sufficient quantity to prevent the terrible mortality that occurs with each hard season.

This feeding is made possible, as Chief Legge explained, because of a residue in the funds for the maintenance of the state game farms. The appropriations all provide for maintenance of the farms and for "caring for the state's wild game." Three or four hundred dollars will be spent in cutting marsh grass on the beaver meadows of the Adirondacks.

Deer will not eat marsh hay unless it is salted, so salt will be sprinkled through the stacks. Then the stacks will be enclosed with a high crib of poles, to keep the deer out until the feeding time arrives. In the late winter the game protectors will go in on snowshoes and scatter the hay, a little at a time, along the runways of the "yards." Some of it will also be stuffed into the small evergreen trees, to prevent covering by a fresh fall of snow.

Though the sum to be expended is small, it is estimated that hundreds of deer that would otherwise die can be carried over by it, because of the short time between late winter and spring, when the loss is greatest.

In other sections of the state outside the Adirondacks alfalfa will be fed if it becomes necessary. Deer will eat this without special treatment. Many farmers in more settled regions have for years made a practice of feeding the deer during the critical season, and this saves the lives of many animals.

After every hard winter in the North Woods the deer hunting is noticeably poorer, while following open seasons it is correspondingly improved. The loss is due chiefly to starvation, and to weakness from lack of food, which results in the deer succumbing to the cold. Chief Legge believes that a little food judiciously distributed will materially check this mortality.

The visitor watched the old angler who for some considerable time had been fishing without the slightest success.

"How are the fish in these parts?" at length asked the visitor.

"Well," replied the aged one grimly, "I really can't say. I've dropped them a line every day for a week, but I've got no reply yet."

"Today this country of ours says Wm. T. Hornaday in "Wild Life Conservation" is the theatre of a remarkable struggle between the great forces of destruction and the small forces of protection and preservation. In every township the destroyers of wild life either are active in slaughter or are ready to become active the moment they are left free to do so. Every beast, bird, fish and creeping thing has its human enemy. Americans are notoriously enterprising, restless and prone to venture. It is that restless

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activity and indomitable nervous energy that is manfully attempting "dry-farming" in the West, desert-farming in the South-west, and the drainage of the Florida Everglades. Often the joy of the conquest of nature outruns the love of cash returns. Apply that spirit to forests, and it quickly becomes devastation. Apply it to wild life, and it quickly becomes extermination.

"Our conquering and pulverizing national spirit is a curse to all our wild life. The native of India permits the black buck, the

sand grouse and the saras crane to roam over fields unmolested for two thousand years. The American, and the Englishman also, at once proceeds to shoot all of that wild life that he can approach within range. In America, the national spirit may truthfully be expressed in the cry of the crazed Malay: "Amok! Amok!" "Kill! Kill!" This is why the conservation of valuable wild life is in our country a fearfully difficult task, from which most people shrink and seek something either more pleasant or personally profitable."

COON HUNTING IN OLD KENTUCKY

IT was on the 15th. of November, when we decided to accept the kind invitation extended us by Mr. Stanley Blake, Manager of the Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Ky., for a good coon hunt in the hills of Old Kentucky. Upon our arrival at the picturesque little town of Berry, we were met at the depot by our Host and after partaking of a good southern meal, we prepared for the hunt. It was 8.00 P. M. when Mr. Blake said 'All ready' and we shouldered our axe and carrying our lantern with a quick step and light hearts started off for a good night's sport in the grand out of doors.

It was an ideal night for coon hunting and talking of good hunts that we had had, as all coon hunters will do, when they are together, we had only gone about half a mile up the creek, when Bally opened up on the trail of a ringtailed creature. He was quickly joined by Queen, Dinah and Ranger, we only having the four dogs with us, and they were making the grandest music any coon hunter ever heard. We hastened our steps and followed as fast as we could, but Mr. Coon evidently thought he could fool the dogs by going out on a log, which was lying at the edge of the water, crawling to the end and swimming across the stream, but he was surely mistaken for the dogs were sure on to his tricks and they lost no time in finding out what he had done and were once more upon his trail and before we could get across the creek had it treed in an old Elm tree upon the cliff. It was then that the ever ready axe came into play, to cut down the tree to get the coon. The coon put up a game fight but he had no chance with the dogs. We all had our say as to its weight; one said it weighed eighteen (18) pounds, and others more or less, but it actually weighed twelve and one half pounds.

We sacked our game and led the dogs away

and it was not long before we heard them about a mile away ahead of us, which made us quicken our steps in their directions. By the time we got close enough, they seem to burn up the trail and must have seen the coon, for they were barking at every breath and jump and seemed to be very much excited and sure enough they had it treed this time upon a larger tree. Thinking it would be a shame to cut down this tree, we decided to climb up and shake the coon off, which was finally done, this time holding two of the dogs so as to give the coon a fairer chance and both the coon and the dogs put up a good fight and the dogs of course were victorious.

The dogs then cast ahead and we did not hear or see them for quite a while but kept listening very intently when suddenly we thought we heard them behind the hills and sure enough it was them and by the time we got there the coon had taken refuge in an old den upon the cliff and much to our disgust, we could not get it out. We worked for some time and the dogs were getting very excited, for they were digging, biting and barking and trying as hard as we were to get the coon out. After sometime our Host consulted his watch and finding the hour close to 2.00 A. M. thought it best to wend our way homeward, so catching the dogs we started back, which seemed to be about twice as far as it really was, as we did not realize the distance we had travelled. At last we reached home and it was not long before we were in the land of nod, dreaming pleasant dreams. After a bit of sleep and a hearty breakfast we bid our Host Good-bye but not until we had promised Mr. Blake, who is an enthusiastic coon hunter that we would return soon for another coon hunt in a different direction, where he knew that the coons were more plentiful.





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is a born
woodsman or
trapper**

**There is always something
more to learn.”**

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Woodstock, Ontario

The Twelfth Annual Outing of the Pleasant Valley Hunt Club

J. W. MORDEN

*I would flee from the City's rule and law,
From its fashion and form cut loose;
And go to the woods, with my rifle and gun,
To the home of the deer and the moose.*

*Where the musical partridge drums on the wood
And wild bear paths are hewed;
Where the hills and the mountains have always
stood
In silence, and solitude.*

FOR twelve successive years the Pleasant Valley Hunt Club, to which it is my privilege to belong, have been invading North Eastern Ontario. During this period, the Secretary-Treasurer, one of our best shots, and a life long friend of the writer—I refer to Dr. Sparks of Kingston—has been unable to secure a deer head to set up. Does and spike-horn bucks only, seemed to come his way, and for two years not a live deer of any kind was seen by him. However, “hope springs eternal in the hunter’s breast”, and he would turn up full of confidence every year. His anxiety was well known, and on various occasions when proffered a good head by some more fortunate member of the party, the spirit of independence born in him would assert itself, and the same answer invariably came back—“No deer head will be set up by me, unless shot by myself”. He was a good waiter however, and this season was rewarded for his perseverance. He had not been on his runaway an hour the morning of the opening day until a deer fell before his rifle, but a doe as usual. On the second day while watching on a lake, he saw a deer gliding into the water, and turning his marine glass upon it discovered a fine set of antlers. At last his opportunity had come, but his over anxiety proved his undoing. He took to the water with his boat, a little too soon. The deer turning tail, was practically on shore before the watcher was aware of the fact. A shot followed, but giving his pursuer the merry ha ha the deer could scarcely be seen for dust and leaves, as he disappeared over the rocks and the hills with his flag flying. This sudden bereavement would have involved “language” with most hunters. Next morning when the Doctor awoke, he confided to his friend that he dreamed he had shot that buck, and was hanging him up in the barn. Very pleasant, but only a dream. However, about three P. M. that day, the same deer came bounding over the hills in the exact spot from which it had made its exit the day previous, leaping from a high rock right into the water. It looked as though that dream might come true. A little more caution being exercised this time, it was not long until a shout was heard as the watcher pulled in between the buck and the shore. Bang went the rifle, and for a time it sounded as though fourteen bullets to the dozen were being fired at the swimmer. The shooter was trying to stop the deer without injuring those horns which looked mighty

good to him. Finally saying to himself—“I must have you, head or no head”, he took more deliberate aim farther up on his neck, and the fine 250 lb. buck with a splendid set of antlers fell a prey to his Lee Enfield.

Not since the day he appeared at the corner school-house with his first pair of red topped copper-toed boots on, has the Doctor stepped quite so high as he did walking into camp that night. We all rejoiced, and the evening was given up to mirth. The hero unbottled some of his old time recitations and songs which made him famous when attending 8th Concession parties.

Next day also deer were found hovering around the Doctor’s watch, although he had changed his location to a land runway. It was thought advisable to handicap him, however as others of the party wanted some shooting before going home.

Our dogs, two of which were new to the game, worked splendidly. Apart from the long distance in from railway connection our location was ideal. We were the guests of Thomas Irvine, one of the first settlers in Abinger Township. His house is a comfortable frame, unpainted building, erected by himself and sons, and is situated some distance off the road, in a picturesque valley, rimmed round with hills blue in November haze, with a couple of small lakes nestling at the base of them. We often remarked on the beauties and stillness of the place. Day after day, nothing can be heard save the tinkling of a cow bell, or the mournful cry of the wolves during the long moonlit nights.

Mrs. Irvine, a domesticated little woman, has not been away from her own home for four years. She anticipated our appetites and all the provisions were of the home grown and home made variety. Besides the staples, such delicacies as choke-cherry jelly, wild strawberry jam, maple syrup and barley cake were spread before us. We had a call from William Young, the genial proprietor of the Cloyne Hotel, who is local game warden for that district and who looked in on us to see that we were not violating the law. He was accompanied by a clergyman—a case of the law and the gospel going hand in hand.

Rural mail delivery has just been inaugurated in that township, and settlers will now get their mails once a week, instead of sometimes only once a month, the nearest post office being twelve miles away. One resident remarked, it would also help them to keep track of the days of the week, and know better when Sunday came, as the stage is to go through every Wednesday.

We spent Sunday with Captain James Irvine, our guide. On the way to his home, Saturday evening, we shot four partridge and one rabbit along the road. Mr. Irvine’s wife, who has passed through the storm and sunshine of seventy-five years, is active and contented in her solitude, notwithstanding the fact that her children are all far far away.

She seems happy in her domestic duties, and delights particularly in her chickens and guinea fowl. The chicken pot pie prepared for our Sunday dinner, preceded by fresh trout from Thirty Island Lake, made a meal the remembrance of which makes one's mouth water. The fish were caught by Charlie Entwine, an old Indian, who cannot tell you just how old he is. We visited his wigwam last year; it is in three miles off the road, on the shore of Thirty Island lake. We saw his treasures, and listened to interesting tales of by gone days. The old man cannot read, but is quite interested in the war, particularly as to how the Indians are fighting. During the day, Mr. Irvine asked us to take a stroll over his clearings. He wanted to count his sheep; he found one missing which made eight carried away by bears this season. Other hard luck had come his way during the year. Grasshoppers ate up all his crop, and garden stuff. There were days when he could not tell the color of his wood-pile, or the side of his barn for the pests, and thought he had at least two hoppers for every inch of ground on his place.

It is very evident the Almighty intended

this country for wild animals, rather than a farming community. Forest fires during the summer gave the settlers a lot of uneasiness. A strip twenty miles long and five wide, was burned over. It came within a few hundred yards of David Waddingtons habitation. David is an old trapper, and his wife relating the scare they had, said, "to use her own words:—"I saw the fire coming, and started in to pray and believe, and remembering that the good book says faith without works was of no avail, carried up water from the Spring, ran the ladder up the side of the cabin, all the time praying and believing, and to my surprise just while at the supper table, there came a clap of thunder, and the rain came down, and kept up all night, and I said—"Praise the Lord" It is claimed a forest fire is due in that region about every three years.

On the whole, the season of 1914 was one of the most enjoyable of our many hunting expeditions. Captain Irvine drove our party and quota of deer out to the Station, a distance of about thirty miles. Dr. Spark's buck was said by the station master to be one of the largest, if not the largest, ever shipped from that point.

TRAP SCORES

Continued from page 402

St. Hubert's Gun Club.

A number of members from St. Hubert's Gun Club visited Carleton Place on Saturday for a friendly shoot with the club of that town. A most enjoyable time was spent. Mr. V. V. Rogers, St. Hubert's, was high gun in the individual shoot with a score of 48. In the team shoot St. Hubert's were also successful with a score of 309 to 304.

The scores were:

	15	15	20	
	B'ds	B'ds	B'ds	T'l
Rogers, V. V.	15	13	20	48
Greene, G. B.	14	15	18	47
McDiarmid, D.	13	15	18	46
Heney, J. J.	13	14	18	45
Little, W. C.	13	13	17	43
Easdale, G.	11	13	17	41
McFadden.	12	12	16	40
Abel.	11	11	14	36
Sibbitt, R. A.	9	10	16	35
Galbraith.	7	10	18	35
Edwards.	7	13	14	34
McRostie.	10	9	14	33
Patterson.	10	11	12	33
Mohr, Dr.	9	9	14	32
France.	9	11	11	31
Galbraith.	7	10	7	24
McDiarmid.	12	13	..	..
Munshaw.	10	14	..	..
Rogers, C. H.	9	12	..	..
Baird.	8	10	..	..
Powell.	12	..	..	..
Jeffrey.	9	..	..	..
Wilson.	13	..	..	..

Besides the above events there was shot a team race of fifty birds of eight men aside, this was won by the St. Hubert's after a very close race by five targets.

The scores were:—

	St. Huberts.	Carleton Place.
Heney.	44	McDiarmid. 46
Rogers, V. V.	43	Powell. 44
Esdale.	42	Abel. 38
Greene.	42	Munshaw. 38
Little.	40	McFadden. 37
Mohr, Dr.	35	Wilson. 37
Sibbitt.	33	Jeffrey. 32
Rogers, C. H.	30	Simpson. 32

Totals. 309

304

Dominion Cartridge Co.

The weekly shoot of the Dominion Cartridge Co. was held at Brownbridge on Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Pasco winning both the Club Spoon and the Dupont Challenge Spoon events. The results follow:

Club Spoon, 15 birds—Mrs. Pasco (200 p.c.), 15; H. Butter (scr.), 14; M. C. Fletcher (scr.), 14; E. Secher (5 p.c.), 13.7; Miss Pasco (50 p.c.), 13.5; S. A. Wilson (scr.), 12; F. Brunelle (4 p.c.), 11; A. Griffin (15 p.c.), 10.4; F. Barnett (6 p.c.), 9.6; T. G. Pasco (5 p.c.), 9.5; Mrs. Brunelle (12 p.c.), 9; J. G. Lytte (20 p.c.), 4.8; Mrs. Secker (20 p.c.), 4.8.

Dupont Spoon, 25 birds—Mrs. Pasco (200p.c.), 25; H. Butter (scr.), 22; Miss Pasco (50 p.c.), 21; M. C. Fletcher (scr.), 20; S. A. Wilson (scr.), 20; T. G. Pasco (5 p.c.), 18.9; A. Griffin (15 p.c.), 18.4; Mrs. Brunelle (12 p.c.), 16.8; F. Barnett (6 p.c.), 14.8; J. F. Lytte (20 p.c.), 13.2; W. Campbell (10 p.c.), 13.2; F. Brunelle (4 p.c.), 11.4.

Practice Match, 10 birds—M. Butter, 7; Mrs. Brunelle, 6; E. Secker, 6; A. Griffin, 5; J. G. Lytte, 5.

Practice Match, 10 birds—S. A. Wilson, 7; M. C. Fletcher, 7; H. Butter, 5; Mrs. Pasco, 3; J. G. Lytte, 2.

Practice Match, 25 birds—F. Barnett, 23; M. C. Fletcher, 22; J. G. Lytte, 20; H. Butter, 16; S. A. Wilson, 13.

Practice Match, 25 birds—H. Butter, 21; S. A. Wilson, 20; T. G. Pasco, 13; F. Barnett, 13.

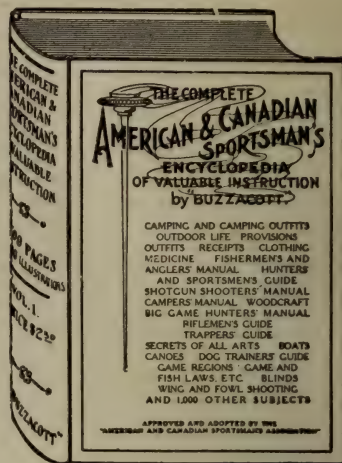
Jordan Gun Club

The Jordan Gun Club held the last shoot of the summer series and also the final for the Dupont trophy on Saturday, Aug. 14th. Some fine scores were made and the winner H. Boulton shot a clever race all through the series. Next Saturday, the boys are going to Virgil to take part in the tournament being held at that place. The 8th annual fruit shoot of the Jordan club will be held in September as usual and the date will be announced later. Those shooting and their scores were as follows:—

H. W. Hunsberry 100, 96; A. Wismer, 65, 56; D. Koukle, 55, 50; P. Wismer, 55, 50; H. Boulton, 45, 43; M. Honsberger, 45, 37; F. Ball, 40, 30; E. Boose 30, 26; J. Spence, 25, 20; A. Heckadon, 25, 19; W. White, 15, 10.

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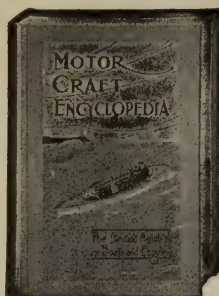
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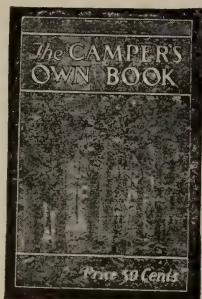
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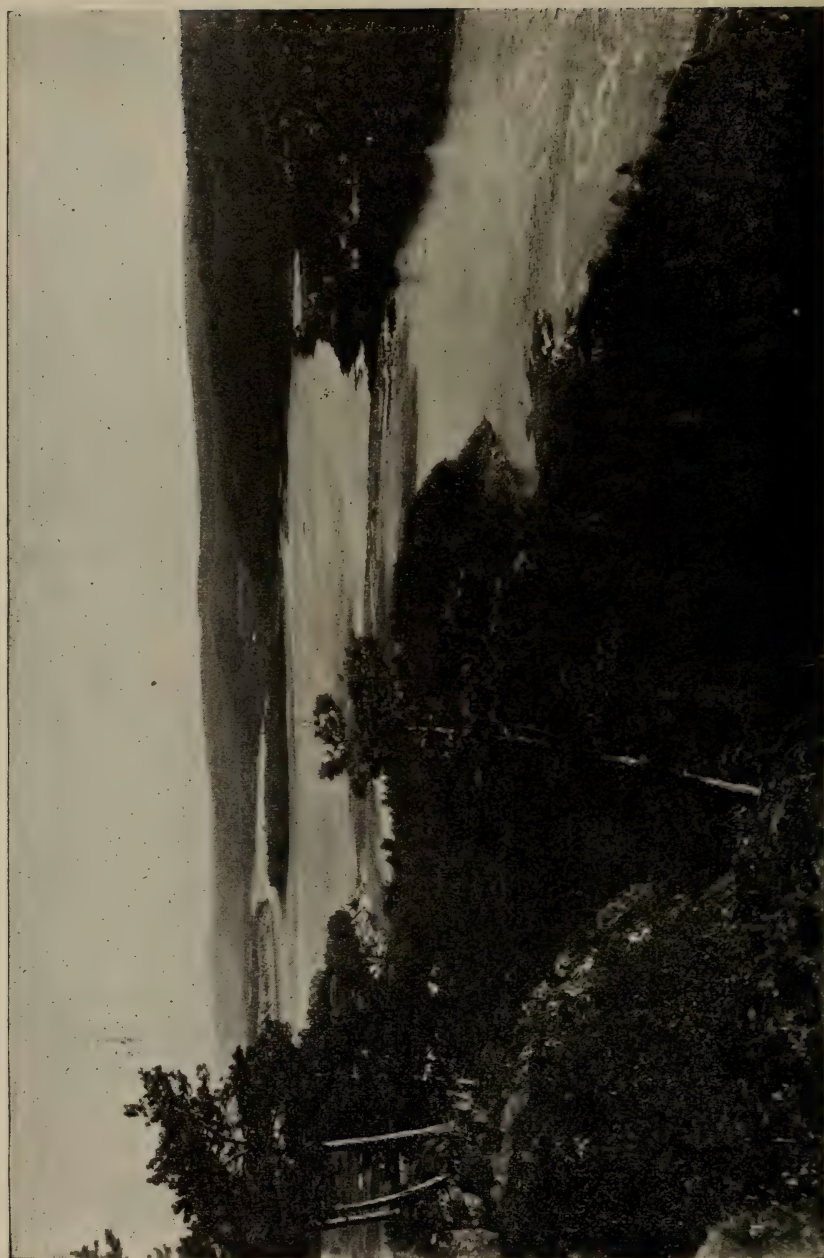
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ST. MAURICE RIVER BELOW LA TUQUE FALLS.

(*Courtesy Can. Northern Ry.*)



THE CARNIVORA AS DESTROYERS OF GAME

Edward T. Martin

FROM Northern Canada all through the Continent of North America, predaceous birds and animals are probably doing nearly as much to decimate the game of the land as is man and his gun. Take waterfowl as an example. From the Arctics to the extreme Southern limit of their breeding grounds the small carnivora give them no rest during the period of nesting. After the young are half grown the toll of predaceous animals is not large, but during the time of incubation and while the ducklings are weak and helpless every small varmint in the land, skunk, mink, weasel, marsh rat, fox, opossum, raccoon, has a hankering after duck eggs and baby ducks that it proceeds to gratify on all possible occasions, ably assisted by gulls, hawks, crows and jays. Snakes also are not backward in claiming their share, which by no means is small.

The history of game and game conservation the world over shows that where carnivorous beasts and birds are at a minimum, there all game, whether native or introduced, thrives. Where they exist in average numbers the increase in game is slow, but if at a maximum then game has a struggle for existence barely avoiding extermination. At the present time while there has been a decrease in many of the predaceous animals, yet in Canada and some sparsely set-

tled locations in the States there has been no such decrease, as in the game on which they prey and the relative number of the carnivora as compared with game is greater than ever before. Consequently with waterfowl and also with grouse more nests are destroyed, more eggs eaten and more young birds fall victims of their blood thirsty enemies now than at any time in the past, that is in proportion to the number existing; so much so that even if man was not a factor and reserves and refuges for the wild were much more plentiful than is the case, unless some relief should be furnished from these nest robbers, the game would increase but slowly, all too slowly. This can be appreciated the better when one realizes that while the fur bearing carnivora, that is those whose pelts are valuable, are less in number now than years ago there has been no systematic killing of weasels, marsh rats and snakes and actual protection in places, of gulls and jays, which are very numerous and most persistent enemies of nesting birds, and besides that, with fur prices so low owing to the war, many trappers have quit, which for the next few years will cause a marked increase in all these game destroyers.

Weasels perhaps are more blood-thirsty than any of the smaller animals. The writer was told recently of an instance where one came to the enclosure around a man's

private duck pond and in the five minutes while the man was hurrying for his gun, killed an entire brood of baby mallards and the mother duck as well. A quick bite in the neck, a sucking of blood for an instant, then a rush for the next victim. The destroying capacity of such a vicious little beast is not limited by the amount of game it can catch, for when its appetite is satisfied it kills for the sake of killing.

Marsh rats are nearly as bad, are larger, better swimmers, and as much at home in the water as on land, with a liking for flesh as well as blood,

distinguishing nests destroyed by predaceous animals from those from which the eggs had hatched. In the former case the shells showed plain evidence of having been broken from the outside in. The fragments were usually more widely scattered about and often contained a small part of the contents. Hatched eggs, on the other hand, had been fractured inside out and were usually broken into small pieces or left in halves. Time and again on returning to a nest to photograph it we were disappointed to find it had been destroyed. We marked a Teal's nest containing five



MALLARD AND SPOON-BILL RAISED FROM EGGS GATHERED IN THE WILD

for eggs as well as meat. The writer knows of an instance where one of these rats swam a considerable stretch of water in order to reach the nest of a spoon-bill which it did not leave as long as one of the eleven eggs remained and again of an entire flock of young teal that another rat killed and ate, leaving nothing except feathers and bones.

Dr. H. C. Bryant of the University of California is the best authority in matters pertaining to bird life, ducks and duck eggs and nest destroyers in particular. He reports that on a single trip of investigation, of 31 nests found, 26 had been destroyed. He says "We experienced no difficulty in

eggs and a Gadwall's containing nine. On returning we found them both raided and every egg destroyed. A Treeduck's nest containing 12 eggs and well concealed on a weed-covered island, was raided and every egg broken. Attempts to find out the particular species of animal doing the work proved unavailing. Raccoons were extremely common and in some places paths were found where their footprints were plentiful. The fact that in some cases the animal had to wade, lends support to the theory that 'coons were largely responsible for the depredations. A number of weasels were seen and coyotes were said to be common. It is possible



PHEASANTS JUST HATCHING OUT

these two predaceous animals also took part in the destruction of nests."

Whatever the species of the robber animals, it is one of the defects of modern game laws, that no attempt is made to protect the nests of the birds from such thieving. Some of the robbers have a money value. Their pelts are usable and saleable. Others, and these the more destructive, have little or none and such should be the first to be thinned down to near extermination.

We have Mr. Bryant's evidence that in a single locality 84 per cent. of

the eggs and nests found were raided. At least 200 possible young ducks were destroyed and not a hand turned to save them. Had their enemies been of the human kind; had any man taken even a single egg or killed but one duckling, the law would have reached after him and the penalty been heavy, but worthless varmints like rats and weasels continue their depredations season after season without effort to hinder or a cent of the game shooter's license money spent for their undoing.

Along the Unuk River, in the

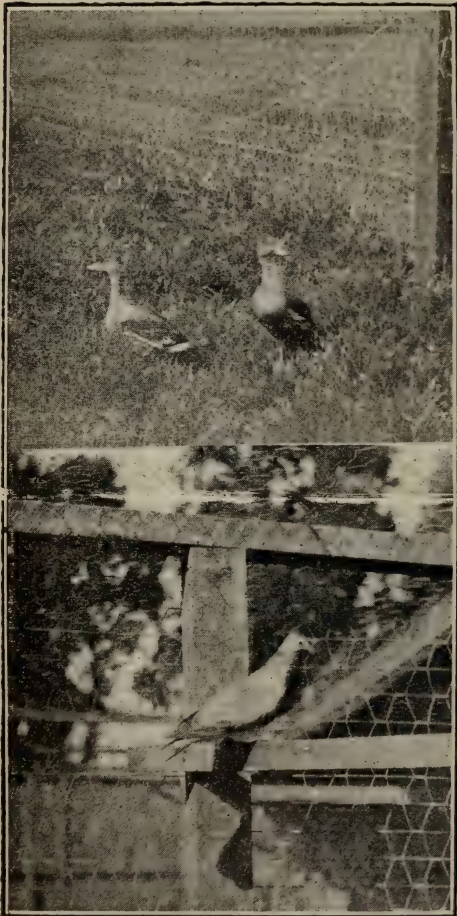


HAND-RAISING A FAWN: HUNGRY AND NOT AFRAID

marshes of Northern Canada and Southern Alaska, it seems probable the toll of the four footed nest robbers, while sufficiently large to be startling will hardly reach 84 per cent. but with the increase in the number of fur bearers as a result of a letting up in the efforts of the trapping fraternity while the war continues, together with licensed shooting by white gunners and unlicensed killing and egg gathering by Indians, certainly it will take vigorous action along the lines of conservation, if water fowl and in fact all game birds are not to be still further decimated. The real remedy outside of an increased number of reserves and lengthened close season, seems in home propagation,

the gathering of the eggs of wild ducks for artificial incubation, and the holding of ducks thus hatched for breeders, (because, be it remembered that nearly every variety of wild duck, mallard excepted, will keep back their eggs and refuse to lay while captives). Those however, hatched from eggs laid in the wild will to a greater or less degree breed in captivity and those who are in a position to know, believe that the second or third generation will forget their ancestors were ever wild and become domesticated, at least enough to lay, hatch and raise young as nature intended that they should. If experiments along these lines now being made in several places result as indications say they will, then the whole question of conservation so far as water fowl are concerned is settled and Teal farms, Sprig farms and Mallard farms will spring up in every community and every available marsh pond be utilized for duck raising.

Mallards will breed in captivity nearly as well as domestic ducks, make very good mothers and are always ready to defend their ducklings against either man or beast or bird. Canada geese too forget the wire netting that restrains their freedom and lay and hatch. Some of the other sub-varieties of geese, as also canvas back, blue-bill and sprig will not lay. It is strange how such birds can keep nature from taking its course, but they do. I know of one flock of mixed varieties of geese, including white fronted, Mexican brant, and speckle breasted, some of which have been captives for over 20 years and otherwise become very tame, yet not an egg have any of them laid nor have they shown signs of mating. There has been no opportunity to try the second generation idea with these varieties, for no wild eggs have been obtainable. If it is ever possible to get any in localities close enough to civilization, so the eggs will retain vitality until they can be placed in an incubator or set under a hen and where facilities exist for caring for the young I can see no reason why such geese when grown should inherit the traits of their progenitors and refuse to lay in captivity.



1. FULVOUS TREE DUCKS

2. BAND-TAIL PIGEON: EFFORTS ARE BEING MADE TO MATE HIM WITH A DOMESTIC PIGEON

While the lesser carnivora are permitted to work their own sweet will without restraint on all game they are able to kill, the energy with which their larger kin are pursued is very noticeably in contrast, efforts everywhere being made to exterminate cougars, wolves, coyotes and wild cats. We are told a wolf will kill a deer or other head of big game once every week, 52 yearly. Some estimate the take of the cougar, counting unborn fawns killed with the mother doe, at 80 during the same time. In records not by any means complete it is shown during 1912 there were killed in British Columbia, 518 wolves, 277 cougars and 3563 coyotes and that the United States rangers also disposed of 241 wolves, 88 cougars and 6478 coyotes; besides these, bounties were paid on 264 mountain lions—cougars—killed in California. Figuring the toll of wolf or cougar at one kill each week and of a coyote at one a month, largely fawns and weaklings, the slaughter of these carnivora in a single year saved 192,668 elk, deer and antelope to the country. These figures fall short of actual facts because there is many a wolf, cougar and coyote killed whose death never gets into the obituary columns, particularly in

places where no bounties are paid. Consequently it is safe to say the saving in large game to the country this one year was at least 250,000 head, the money value of which at \$20 each—\$30 would be much more nearly correct—was \$5,000,000. This is good as far as it goes, very good, but how about waterfowl and upland game, yes and insectivorous and song birds? To say there are 10,000 times as many of the small carnivora as the large probably would be far under actual numbers. 'Counting an egg a bird as we would an unborn fawn a deer, what would the toll be of a hundred and fifteen million rats, weasels and such that are roaming to and fro in woods, fields and marshes seeking what they may destroy? Would a single life a week satisfy each or would it be more nearly one a day? Even with the one a week figure, see what an unbelievable total it is in the country through,—Billions. Yet our law-makers who think they have done so well by saving the lives of a quarter of a million four footed game do not raise their hands to protect these others. I reckon this aspect of conservation must have come up on their blind side.

Experiments on landed estates in England show a very marked increase



MALLARD ON NEST: VERY TAME FOR A WILD DUCK

in game after the small varmints were materially reduced in numbers. I have before me figures on a preserve which for several years had received but little attention and then was taken in charge by practical parties who knew if proper results were to be obtained the destroyers of game must first be gotten out of the way and so began a systematic war on rats, stoats, weasels, cats, rooks and the like, nearly 8,000 of which were killed between seasons, and the game increased in a way that should be studied by all law-makers as well as conservationists. The year following this slaughter of nest robbers and game destroyers, pheasants increased

imported to reduce the rabbit pest, but which prefer feathers to fur. This too is in spite of the fact that deer breed one at a time, the feathered game by the dozen.

On the game preserve mentioned supposing, to the varmints described as being there were added mink, skunk, raccoons, martens, opossums and a few more American specimens, with some sea gulls, hawks, eagles and snakes thrown in for good measure, such as game in the wild has to contend with, then figure if possible how much would have been left on that estate at the end of a year or two. Of course the harm done by mink, martens and skunks is in a



SPRIG DUCKLINGS ONE WEEK OLD

from 943 to 1509, partridges from 790 to 4774, hare 462 to 2236, rabbits 15,346 to 18,519.

If further evidence of the damage done by predaceous animals is needed, results in New Zealand can be cited, where a few deer imported and released 50 years ago, owing to there being no large carnivora in the land, have increased to tens of thousands and that in spite of liberal shooting laws and a lengthy hunting season, while pheasants, partridges, quail and the native flightless birds are barely holding their own owing to the attentions of many small carnivora

large measure offset by the value of their fur and it is questionable if the damage done by them to game may not be fully made up by this value, but for the others, kill them. Kill the cats. Kill the rats. Kill the weasels, and then go on with artificial propagation. Raise ducks. If some fail to lay, others will not disappoint the game breeder. Raise quail. Raise geese. Raise anything that will breed in captivity and have abundant reserves and places of refuge for those that will not. When the farm raised birds reach maturity, release all not needed for breedingstock and for every

head of game so turned loose there should be paid the raiser a certain per capita. In some places the surplus from shooting licenses will furnish the money. In others it should be appropriated by the Government. Then with proper close season, on some game, notably prairie chickens or perhaps nearly the entire grouse

family, no shooting for a term of years, and in spite of advancing civilization, in spite of man and his gun, in spite of natural enemies and adverse weather conditions, it will be found that game will rapidly come into its own again and some little of the sport we have enjoyed in the past remain for a generation yet to be born.



H. C. Haddon

*"Eastward, like a troubled sea
Evening sky clouds stormily.
Muttered rumblings, hint of rain—
See, the sky is clear again!"*

Life's Test.

I discovered the cabin late in the afternoon. Glad I was to see it, for I had travelled since early morning, and was nearly played out. To be sure, my pack was not heavy—a blanket, a little food, a frying pan and my rifle, but then I was unused to packing. I have no doubt that an experienced man could have carried my light pack for years and never noticed that he was doing it. I met one man in town who assured me he once carried a pack weighing four hundred and seventeen pounds for the whole of one day, covering fifty-three miles. He was certainly a strong man, but I started out to tell you about the cabin.

It stood in a little clearing, close to a creek. All round were big trees, and through leafy foliage very high up, you could see the blue of the sky. The aromatic fragrance of the balsam filled the air. This was just how I had dreamed of spending my holiday, alone in the wilderness, my rifle and I.

After the monotonous drudgery of a down-town office, the situation was full of charm. As far as I could tell, the cabin had not been occupied for several years. An old camp stove stood in a corner. Along one side was ranged a bunk, on high stilt-like legs. An impromptu table, a very blunt old axe, such was the sum total of the cabin's contents.

This was the first time I had been out in the big woods, and the novelty of it impressed me greatly. I had never tried to use an axe before, and it was getting dusk before I had cut what I considered to be sufficient firewood. I had already decided that I would make this old deserted cabin my headquarters during the week I was going to spend in pursuit of the elusive deer. Fortunately I had brought a few candles with me, and I lit one of them, and started preparing my supper.

Then "rap, rap" something was knocking at the door; and this is really the beginning of the story.

I called out "Come in" and a big tall man opened the door. For a moment he stood in the doorway, surveying the scene. I saw with a kind of pride that my visitor carried

a revolver at his hip; here was a man who must daily risk his life, to have to go armed in this way.

"Oh, Come in" I said, proud to entertain such a distinguished visitor. "Come in and have some supper."

Then, as he turned to come through the narrow doorway, I saw that he carried two guns, one at each hip. A two-gun-man! Here indeed was real, raw Romance. Why, meeting a man like this was in itself an adventure.

"Wal stranger" he drawled "I guess I'll just come in and say how do. But as for supper—wal, I've had mine." He took a seat on a block of wood, and fell silent, regarding the fire moodily.

I wish I could describe him to you. He was so broad that one did not notice his height, yet he must have been well over six feet. A long black moustache dropped from his upper lip; you could not see the rest of his face very well. He badly needed a shave. But it was the revolvers at his hips that drew my eyes. What a life he must lead to need to go armed! What adventures he could probably tell me, if only I could get him to talk.

"My name is Steven Burton" I said, by way of introduction "and I work in an office in Seattle."

"My name's Bill Reece" he answered me "an' I'm a miner." I thought in my heart that he was a desperado, but I did not like to suggest it. It looked as if he had reached the limit of his conversational powers, but after a silence that was almost becoming embarrassing, he began again.

"It seems funny" he said "to see somebody in old Love's cabin, after all these years."

"Did you know the last owner, then?" I asked.

"Wal, I guess so" replied Reece, in his quiet drawl. Then, just as quietly, he added "I killed him."

I jumped at this. I couldn't help it. I managed to ask though, "Accidental?"

"Oh no!" said my visitor "malicious and intentional."

So here was my half formed thought already materialised. Reece was in all probability a desperate criminal

who would stick at nothing. Visions of my own dead body floated before my eyes. At the inquest they would say nothing of any value was found on the body of the unknown man discovered yesterday etc., and there the matter would end. Oh why had I brought so much cash out with me? I must have nearly fifty dollars on my person at the present time, as well as my watch and chain, worth equally as much. Fool, fool and out of the corner of my eye I caught Reece watching me.

"How——?" I began.

"Would you like to hear about it?" He asked.

"Yes, indeed!" I replied. Anything to keep him quiet. My brain turned over a dozen chances of escape, all equally impossible. Supper was the last thing I thought of.

"Wal" he said "'twas like this." He took a plug of tobacco from his pocket, bit off a corner, stretched out his long legs towards the fire, and resumed his story.

"It is quite true, I killed old Love" he told me, and I wish I could reproduce his picturesque vernacular.



"PUT UP YOUR HANDS"

"It's quite true I killed him, and I've never ceased to regret it. Poor old boy, lying here in the corner of this cabin, squirming about in his death agony. It was a bad mistake of mine to kill him—I'd give anything to be able to give him his poor old harmless life back again. An' that's life all through. Regrets, regrets, but we can't repay. Me and old Love was friends for three years, though we were never pals. Him and his everlasting secret gold!

"I had a claim about a mile further up the creek; it wasn't extra special, and I could only just make wages working it. But old Love—he'd struck it rich all right.

"'Fifty years have I bin prospecting' he used to tell me, 'and never have I seen gold like it. I'm rich, I am, worth millions.'

"But he never showed me any of his gold. Always talking about it, though. Then, one evening when I was down playing cribbage with him, he pointed to the bunk. 'There's my gold, in them sacks' he said. Sure enough, there were about nine sacks lying under the bunk.

"'Why, great Gosh' says I 'is it nuggets?'

'No, ore' says the old man 'rich ore.'

'Well' says I 'why don't you pack it down to town and sell it?'

'What!' He almost shrieks 'sell my gold! No sir!'

"I never heard him mention his gold again after that."

Reece shifted his chew, and spat slenderly.

"Wal" he went on "you can just bet your last dollar I got wanting some of that rich ore of his. I tried watching him to see where he got it, but it wasn't any use. He seemed to savey I was spying on him. Then I tried to get into the cabin when he was out, but he seemed to savey that, too, and used to hang around all the time. Finally, I got good and mad. I wasn't going to let any old galoot like him stop me from having that gold if I wanted it. If he wouldn't let me have it peaceable, wal, there'd have to be a row. I went to town one day, and brought out three pack horses. I meant to have as many of those nine sacks as the horses could carry.

"Early the next morning I had the horses hidden in the brush, and I was lying beside them, waiting. After what seemed to be a hundred years old Love came out, and split some kindling. Then, a few minutes later, a little curl of blue smoke went sailing out from his stove pipe. Old Love came out again, with a bucket this time, and went down to the creek for some water. This was my chance. I ran across the clearing, and slipped into the cabin, and seized one of those precious sacks. It was heavier than I'd reckoned on, and before I'd got it to the door, the old man was on top of me.

"'Thief, liar, murderer' he yelled, in his funny old cracked voice 'traitor, coward, assassin, scoundrel—'.

"Then, like a full sized cyclone he hurled himself at me, and I felt his old skinny hands at my throat. He fought like a wild cat, and I saw that it was his life or mine. So I just drew my gun, and shot him. Yes sir, shot him right through the eye. Say, it made me feel bad to see him lying there on the floor, kicking and gasping his poor old life out. I hadn't killed a man for years—the last was down on the Mexico border 'way back in '98. Bye and bye, when I'd got my nerve back again, I had another look at old Love. He was lying there on the floor, all sprawled out, dead to the world. I got out my knife, and ripped open one of those sacks. I'd waited long enough for a sight of that gold anyway. Gold! There was no gold there at all. Those sacks were just full of lumps of white granite, all streaked and stained with iron rust. Say, I felt tough! I hated to have wasted the old man that way, besides having to hire those blamed pack horses."

"Well, what—?" I began.

"Wal" said Reece "if you want to know, I think the old boy had gone crazy. I guess he thought he'd got gold there, all right, too. Poor old fellow, him lying there on the floor with his poor old head all shot in—

Why, you can see that bunk behind you—"

I turned my head to look, and the same instant came Reece's voice, cold and hard and stern:

"Put up your hands!"

I put them up. Discretion is—and anyway, it's no use arguing with an armed outlaw.

Then that self confessed murderer took my watch, took my chain, took my roll of bills, took everything of value that I had with me.

He paused at the door to give a word of advice, still covering me with his revolver.

"Say" he drawled "if you try to leave this cabin for half an hour, I'll kill you deader than old Love. I'll be hanging round waiting a chance to do it. Oh, I'd just love to do it!"

And with that he was gone.

I was left alone with my thoughts. Bitter as gall, they were. How I cursed myself for a fool. How I reproached myself for carrying all that money on a hunting trip. How I——! That half hour was surely the longest and bitterest I have ever passed.

Even thirty minutes cannot last forever, and at last I was certain that the time limit *must* have expired. Very slowly and very carefully I opened the door. It was bright

moonlight outside. Filtering down through the trees, the yellow beams illuminated the cabin and the clearing and hanging over the door of the cabin was a flour sack. It contained all my money, my watch and chain, everything that Reece had relieved me of. In addition was a pencilled note, that ran:

"Say, I felt awful mean to put all that josh over you about old man Love, but I was just dying for a bit of fun. These blamed old hills get so lonesome at times, that you've just got to whoop her up, or bust. I'm Bill Reece all right, and a miner, with a claim about a mile further up the creek. That part's all straight. But old Love—there never was one. I built that cabin myself, and lived in it for years. If you're out for hunting why not pack your stuff up to me tomorrow morning? I'll make you comfortable, and give you some good hunting. I don't generally pack guns about with me, and those I had on tonight weren't loaded. Wal, so long. W. Reece.

P. S. Say, you ought to come, really."

Well—I went!



It is said that the garrison of Przemyśl was able to prolong its resistance by subsisting on the wildfowl shot and trapped on the neighbouring marshes. These marshes are of immense extent, and harbour thousands of all kinds of wildfowl, which provide a livelihood for numbers of professional hunters. The same conditions, but perhaps to a far greater extent, exist in East Prussia, where, in the fastnesses of the Manchuria Lakes, millions of water-birds find a safe retreat.

INDIAN PLACE NAMES IN WESTERN CANADA

Max McD.

THE red man's contribution to place names in Canada, and particularly Western Canada, makes a considerable body in the aggregate. It is a sound policy and but a measure of justice to the original inhabitants, that seeks among the names of Indian tribes, some now almost extinct, for the titles of provinces and cities. Moreover on the score of beauty alone the debt is on our side.

The capital of Ontario was formerly known as York. By the adoption of the cognomen of an Indian tribe, Toronto has gained a name of sonorous beauty, scarcely to be matched among all the cities of the world. By a similar process, Ottawa has gained vastly by the change from its original name of Bytown.

Strong and virile, if not always euphonious names, are Assinaboine, Ontario, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Wisawasa, Niagara, Muskoka, Musquash, Mississauga, Metabetchouan, Kamouraska, Athabaska, Manitoulin, Okanagan, Temiscouta, Washimeska, Asiwanan, Restigouche, Nipissing, Algonquin, Awoju and Shequindah.

Pleasing names to be found in the Canadian Gazetteer are Hiawatha, Minnehaha and Nokomis, but these, perhaps, owe allegiance to Longfellow rather than to the red man, from whose language they were taken.

But in the names which Indians have themselves given to places in Western Canada is the curiosity of the Easterner aroused. When such localities as Whiskey Gap, Leavings, Pincher Creek, Porcupine Hills, Robber's Roost, Stand Off, Slide Out, Slide In, Freeze Out, Bull Horn, Jumbo Valley, etc., are spoken of, the stranger in the west begins to ask how the selection was made.

The most interesting stories connected with place names in western Canada centre around "Whoop-Up," an old trader's fort between Macleod and Lethbridge, in Southern Alberta. It was in the early seventies that the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company ceased, and the Dominion Government took over judicial rights in all that vast territory which lies between the International Boundary and the North Pole. The ending of the monopoly was a signal for an inrush of adventurers. Gamblers, smugglers, criminals of every stripe, struck across from Montana and other northern States into the Canadian territory at the foot of the Rockies. Without a white population, these riffraff adventurers could not ply their usual wide-open traffic. The only way to wealth was by the fur trade; and the easiest way to obtain the furs was by smuggling whiskey into the country in small quantities, diluting this and trading it to the natives for pelts. Chances of interference were nil. The Canadian government officials were thousands of miles distant without either telegraph or railway connection.

But the game was not without its dangers. The country at the foothills was inhabited by a confederacy of the Blackfeet Indians—Bloods, Peigans and Blackfeet,—“tigers of the prairie” when sober, and worse than tigers when drunk. The Montana whiskey smugglers found they must either organize for defence, or pay for their fun by being exterminated. How many whites were killed in these drinking frays will never be known; but all about the Belly and Old Man Rivers and Fort Macleod, are gruesome landmarks known as the places where such and such parties were exterminated in the seventies.

The upshot was that the Montana smugglers cumulated the old fur traders, and built themselves permanent forts: Robber's Roost, Stand Off, Freeze Out, and most famous of all, Whoop-Her-Up, whose name for respectability's sake has recently been changed to “Whoop-up,” with an innocent suggestiveness of some poetic Indian title. Whoop-Up was palisaded and loop-holed for musketry, with bastions and cannon, and an alarm bell. The fortifications of this place alone, it is said, cost \$12,000, and it at once became the metropolis of the whiskey smugglers. Henceforth only a few Indians were allowed inside the fort at a time, the rest being served through the loop-holes.

But the Blackfeet, who loved a man hunt better than a buffalo hunt, were not to be balked. The trail by which the whiskey smugglers came from Fort Benton zigzagged over the rolling prairie, mainly following the bottoms of the precipitous coulees and ravines for a distance of two hundred miles to Whoop-Up. Heavy wagons with canvas tops and yokes of fifteen and twenty oxen, drew the freight of liquor through the devious passes that connected ravine with ravine. The Blackfeet were probably the best horsemen in the world. There were places where the defiles were exceptionally narrow, where the wagons got mired, and where oxen and freight had to be rafted across rain swollen streams and sloughs. With a yelling of incarnate fiends that would have stampeded more sober brutes than oxen drawing kegs of whiskey, down swooped the Blackfeet at just these hard spots. Sometimes the raids took place at night, when tethers would be cut and the oxen stampeded with the bellowing of a frightened buffalo herd. If the smugglers made a stand there was a fight. If they drew off, the savages captured the booty, and there was also a fight; but in this case the victims were the Indians killed in their own drunken brawls.

Mounted Police to the Rescue.

Protests from the fur company defrauded of lawful trade, and petitions from the missionaries, called the attention of the Dominion

Government to the outrageous state of affairs at the foothills of the Rockies. An act was passed for the formation of a mounted constabulary. The spice of danger, deviltry and adventure in the duties of the new force appealed to the popular mind. Men of all ranks tumbled over each other in their eagerness to enlist. Three hundred men were enrolled and drilled, and in July, 1874, the Mounted Police began their famous march of two thousand miles across the prairie to the foothills, two divisions striking off northward, one only coming to Old Man's River, the smugglers stronghold, where Colonel Macleod at once marked off the square for a fort, and hoisted a British flag in opposition to the smuggler's regime. The good-will of the Blackfeet was soon gained and a friendship established between the Mounted Police and the Blackfeet that has lasted to the present day.

The smugglers were too wary to call down attacks from the entire Mounted Police force by attempting armed resistance. They played the well-known games of smugglers the world over. Whoop-Up lay in the bottom of a deep ravine. On one side was a defile in the hills known as "Slide Out". On the other side was a narrow pass called "Slide In". When the red coats rode clanking through "Slide In," the smugglers quietly slipped away through "Slide Out." Patrols scoured the boundary line to the south, pass-

ing along the Fort Benton trail, and found their smugglers with the loads of whiskey in a gap in the Milk River Ridge, which has since been known as "Whiskey Gap".

At another point up the Belly River the smugglers had whiskey in a "cache" and were attacked by the confederacy of Blackfeet. After a stubborn fight the Indians were beaten off and they called the place "Stand Off." At "Freeze Out" a similar incident occurred, but the siege of the attacking party was of so long duration that the smugglers were compelled to surrender, hence the name "Freeze Out". "Robber's Roost" has whiskey connected with its naming also. The booty was stolen, and for this reason and probably some other not known, the appellation "Robber's Roost" was applied to the place and district.

The complete gamut of smuggler's wiles had soon been exhausted by police vigilance. In a few years the smugglers had either withdrawn from the country or taken up more lawful methods of barter. Some of the old names, given to places in the days of unlawful whiskey selling and Indian encounter, have been changed to those befitting the position the places have taken in the agricultural and industrial world. But "Whiskey Gap" is still "Whiskey Gap"; and "Stand Off" is "Stand Off". Similarly "Slide Out," "Whoop Up", "Bull Horn", and "Jumbo Valley" have not changed the names by which they were first known.

SPORT IN THE TOMOGONOPS

The Hunt for the Lost Moose in New Brunswick

Charles A. Gianini

LAST Fall I threw in my lot with the McKay boys and hunted in the Tomogonops country which lies to the south of the Nepisquit River, N. B.

I make it a rule and have always found it profitable to hunt in as far as possible from the railroad or settlements and this trip was no exception. I got into a big undisturbed section where but very little hunting is done and—found the game. It is true that in New Brunswick big game such as moose and deer are often seen close to the towns and villages and on my way in I had evidence of this for at Ned Way's, a matter of nineteen miles from Newcastle, where we spent the night, we had moose meat for breakfast, the bull having been shot a few days previously from the very dooryard.

The McKays hunt a big section of country containing moose, caribou, deer and bear; plenty of water and bogs for early hunting and calling and ridges for still hunting and tracking in snow after the calling season. They have three camps—the first a patched up lumber camp known as the Lower Camp and situated on the South Branch of the Tomogonops River and about two miles from a fine body of water called Fish Lake. The country about

here consists of ridges both of hardwood and mixed growth and though moose are got here in the early season it is best later on when the rut is over and the bulls have left the water.

The Home Camp, about ten miles farther in, is beautifully placed on a knoll above the Middle Branch of the Tomogonops and in a section abounding in lakes, ponds and beaver works, where I imagine one could have capital sport in calling time, and about three miles from a very large open hardwood ridge, in extent the largest I saw. This camp the boys make their headquarters when trapping and for a long time this was their only one.

Five miles farther north on the upper side of the Main Branch of the river and tucked away in a wooded hollow in the Caribou Camp, is the third and last one. The surrounding country, a succession of low hills and ridges has been burnt over and presents the appearance of an immense barren with here and there little pockets of green timber and the whole dotted with lakes and ponds. Close to hand are two fair sized lakes—Pine and Rogers, the former emptying into Tomogonops and the other a good one for trout, I am told, empties into the Nepisquit to the north.

The hills are well covered with Lamb-kill, Labrador Tea and blueberry bushes but for two years past the last named have borne no crop, hence as George explains, there have been no bears in the country this year.

I found in many places patches of the white caribou moss but not in such profusion as is found in Newfoundland. Nevertheless caribou are often obtained here. I only found a track. Bill McKay while tending some traps one day saw two, a small stag and a doe, and a few years ago George shot a caribou near by a trap set for bear and a couple of days later found a young caribou caught in a trap; the scent of the older one had drawn the younger one and unconsciously it walked into the trap.

Some big moose heads have been taken out of this country and the signs showed there were still some left, but I was not fortunate enough to see a good one. I was very close to two bulls one day in some small green timber but was unable to see their heads before they disappeared.

George and I arrived at the Lower Camp on the afternoon of October 15th, after walking in most of the way from Way's and after a brief rest started out for a little hunt. We crossed the stream and went over to Fish Lake and on the way George made a birch bark horn but his efforts to call a bull at several promising points on the road or at the water were unavailing—the rutting time had passed. On the road we saw one cow and three more at the lake—one a very old grey coated lady.

On our return to camp we found that George's younger brother Bill had come in; he usually guides but in this instance was to cook for us.

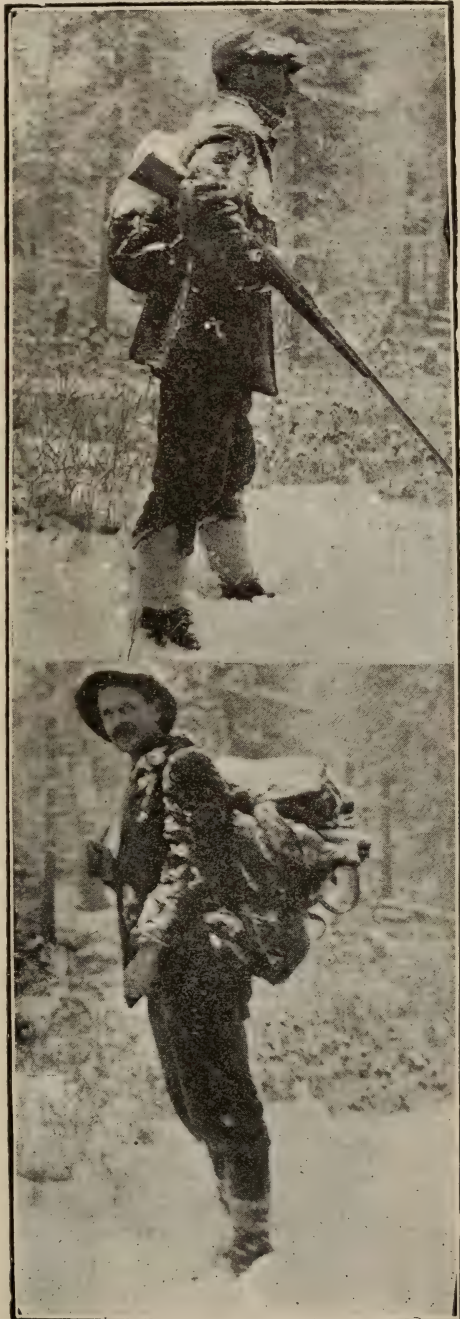
The following day we started in earnest; hunted carefully upstream all morning but saw nothing. In the afternoon we tried the lake again when George called, but with no response. We saw two cows on the shore and as we were returning on a road at the head of the lake a cow and calf appeared ahead of us—the mother stood and looked at us for a second or two, then gave a foud bark which sent the calf into the timber where she soon followed, giving an occasional bark. This noise caused a deer farther along to blow and offered a comparison of wild woods' music.

The woods about this and the Home Camp were lumbered off some years ago and in addition to the main tote or portage roads are log roads running in all directions and in the dry and noisy conditions at this time our only chance of a close approach was to follow these roads. The fall was exceptionally fine and warm with no rain and as a result the woods were very dry and noisy and twigs and branches snapped at every turn. Rain and snow are a necessity for good still hunting.

Next day we hunted up towards Sullivan's old lumber camp in the Middle Branch and on the way passed the largest piece of beaver work I have ever seen—the stream a small one, counting the large and small, old and new ones had fifteen dams on it. The water was blocked up for a considerable distance making a good sized pond and from the signs was much frequented by moose and deer. The white or paper birch seems to be the

principal food of the beaver here and I saw many fair sized trees they had felled. We got up within a few feet of a cow and calf in these waters.

Before reaching the beaver pond while seated on a log on an old road where we had a good view about us we were aroused by the goggle of geese overhead and directly a big



THE AUTHOR (ABOVE).
BILL (BELOW).

cow moose bounded across the road evidently disturbed by the racket.

Exploring the old camp we found that a couple of trappers had made use of it last year and some of their outfit remained. A couple of metal box traps explained that they were after live fur. Today the breeding and raising of mink, marten, fisher and fox particularly the last, is fairly successful and in consequence many trappers try to take the fur alive as the price is considerably higher than for the mere jackets of the animals.

At noon we "biled the kettle" on the bank of the river and then started in a southerly direction looking for an old portage road which George said should be there; we had not travelled very far when ahead and above us a large black mass suddenly loomed up—a big moose! At first from his position in the dark thick timber I could not distinguish the antlers but George a trifle ahead of me saw them and immediately exclaimed "it's a good big head"—then the bull probably having decided it was time to light out, turned broadside on, with head facing us and I saw that the head had a big spread and also that I must shoot quickly or he would be gone. I will admit I was slightly excited as I am whenever shooting at big game animals, otherwise where would the thrill come in and I did not take proper aim at a point behind the bull's foreshoulder. As I shot the second time he ran off to the left and disappeared!

Astonished and crestfallen I stood stock still—shooting very powerful ammunition. I had expected the beast to crumple up then and there, for I was confident I had hit him twice out of three shots. Without seeing it, I felt the look of disgust on George's face as he broke the painful silence by asking "do you think you missed him?" "How could I miss him?" I replied "I know I took aim and the mark was as big as a barn door." We walked up to where the bull had stood and where I had hopes of finding blood but even this was denied me so I suggested we smoke a pipe and then try and follow his track. In about twenty minutes we took up the tracks and here George displayed great cleverness; he followed and unravelled the signs over dry leaves, moss and bare ground in a manner that astonished me; I tried a little of it but would soon be all at sea. We must have gone a half mile when with hopes at vanishing point a most welcome sight met our eyes—a single drop of blood on a leaf! This had a magical effect on my spirits and I felt in a way that I had redeemed myself but George only remarked "I knew he was hit." On my enquiring how he could tell he replied that "a wounded moose spreads his toes when travelling and this one was doing it." I noticed his feeling out the hoof prints at different times.

Shortly after this we heard and caught a glimpse of the bull, then found a second drop of blood and finally heard him as he went down hill on a bare ground runway towards the river. We ran out to intercept him if possible but when we got to where we could look down towards the stream the moose was not in sight. Here we started a deer that went into the alders which covered the flat

along the bank and when we got down there saw her standing and looking at us. As we needed meat and as she offered an easy mark I shot her and after dressing her out we again took up the tracks of the moose. The last track we could find was one in the soft ground just at the water edge and to all general appearances he had crossed the stream and made a landing somewhere on the opposite side. We examined the other shore and found a number of tracks but none of them belonging to our bull and a thorough search up and down for a reasonable distance failed to give us another sign. We circled around further in from the stream without result; then as it was growing late and a good piece to camp we gave up the search for this day, picked up the deer meat and very reluctantly left the last signs of what we knew had been made by a very sick bull moose. George said that the bull had come to the water, taken a big drink and would go off somewhere and die; that we would come over another day and find him."

I felt very tired that evening walking back to camp, both in spirits and legs. In all we had seen seven moose and two deer.

I had used on the bull a Ross rifle, shooting the .280 calibre copper tube, 145 grain bullet, with a velocity over 3000 feet per second, and judging from results obtained on previous trips on big caribou I certainly did not expect that moose to make off as he did; he should not have been able to leave our sight or even to have reached the river. We had followed his tracks for more than a mile in all during which journey he had not lain down once and but two drops of blood were found. All this caused me to think that if the bull was well hit there was something wrong and I think I found a partial explanation in my examination of the wound made in the small doe. The bullet had entered the side of the deer right back of the forward shoulder and the organs above the diaphragm were fairly well pulped but there was no sign of exit of any part of the bullet, showing conclusively that the action of it is entirely explosive, also that it has small penetration through bone and animal tissue, for from one side to the other, a straight line through the chest the distance was not over seven inches. With only one puncture and that the small entrance of the bullet the chances are against any immediate leakage of blood. These facts in addition to some others gathered from the examination of a certain bull moose cause me to think that unless one of these very light weight bullets is placed in an extremely vital spot such as the heart or spine of a big moose he will travel a long distance before dying.

In the course of a couple of days we returned to hunt up the bull and although we searched over a lot of ground very carefully, working down to the forks of the Main and Middle Branches of the river we were unsuccessful.

On our return George cheered me up somewhat by his remarks that "there still remains a chance of finding that bull; we will wait for snow and then follow fox tracks until we find him." Knowing that he makes no vain boasts I placed my confidence in his words and wished for snow. On our way over in the

morning we got up close to another bull but his head, while a shapely one, was too small; he was accompanied by a cow. We also saw another cow.

Homeward bound down the Main Branch we visited a certain ledge by the water known as the wet stone quarry from which good stones both of fine and coarse texture are taken. It seems to be a very fine sand stone or possibly clay and the mass of stone is all broken up into small pieces. For years lumbermen have come here for their wet stones. It is known as Tomogonops. It was on the 17th day of October that I wounded the big bull and we hunted faithfully for his equal every day after that while waiting for the proper conditions of snow, when we would again make a search for the lost one. In the meantime we moved up to the Home Camp where we spent several days. This is an ideal situation for sport for it offers in natural conditions all that should make for it—it abounds in lakes and ponds, ridges and swamps and finally an immense burning. Not a day passed without our seeing cows and calves but heads were scarce; deer were plentiful and once two bear presented a glimpse of themselves as they ducked across an old road.

Then we followed up the Caribou Camp and hunted the open country thereabouts for a couple of days, with no success. One should hunt very slowly up here making use of a handy lookout from which a big extent of territory can be seen including seven lakes and ponds—but this waiting game does not appeal to me.

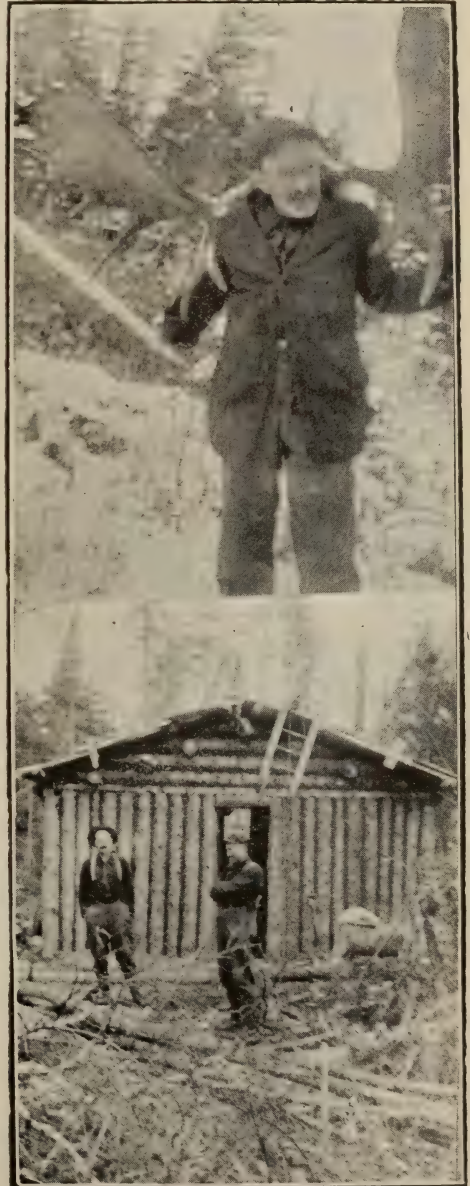
We saw no caribou or bears but I am assured that early in the season and when blue berries are plentiful the latter frequent the open hillsides. It was up here I saw a calf with a coat as red as a fox's tail.

I was astonished at the amount of beaver work I saw—I had no idea that anywhere these animals could be so common; every stream large and small has its family and dams. In many places the large old dams are used as crossing places by game and we often availed ourselves of them. There is no open season on beaver but once lift the ban and there will be some busy trappers.

One night it looked like a big storm coming and thinking the chances better at the Lower Camp we started down the following morning in a heavy snow storm; on the way we saw three deer and one cow and heard another call, she probably heard us and thought the sound came from a bull.

We were disappointed in this snow—while in all about six inches fell, the weather turned warm again and it was gone in a couple of days. However we made the most of it, got up to a couple of bulls but turned them down and also followed a pair of travelling bulls, who were evidently leaving this section. We first struck their tracks the evening before as we were camp bound, picked them up again the next morning on our side of the river and although we followed their old tracks a considerable distance, at no place could we see that they had stopped trotting. They were either running away from the cows or had been badly frightened. From all signs where he

had avoided trees and broken branches and twigs one had a big head. We never saw them. When the snow was almost gone we had rain with an accompanying high wind which combination afforded us one perfect still hunting day which we improved by getting up close to a pretty fair bull but not a "dammer" such as we wanted. I had now been in the woods a little over two weeks and was very hungry for war news, so one day George and I walked out to a couple of lumber camps about seven or eight miles below. At the first camp we obtained very little information, the cook and a few others we saw hardly



GEORGE AND THE BIG HEAD (ABOVE).
THE CARIBOU CAMP (BELOW).

knew there was a war going on, but at the other camp we were lucky enough to find parts of a few week-old papers. Here we met one of the Vandervilles, well known guides up here, who gave us some wonderful information—the Germans had sunk seven English battle ships; the English had a new cannon carrying a ball twenty-eight miles and one thousand cow boys from our south-west had gone with full equipment to fight for the allies!

Night after night after a good hearty meal we would climb up to our beds where, while resting our tired muscles, the arguments and discussions over the war would wax warm until we would fall off to sleep—then one would arouse the others by an invitation to “fill the pipe again” and we would all light up again and recommence the discussion. This would occur two or three times of an evening until finally one of us would look at his watch and exclaim “my how late—it’s almost nine” then we would turn in for the night.

Many battles and sea engagements we fought and if results had proved as we planned we would on our return to the settlement have found the world at peace.

About a week later we had another fall of snow about two or three inches this time but it crusted over and made noisy walking; nevertheless over near the big beaver works we came upon the tracks of two moose and from the signs they had heard us and started. One seemed to have horns so we decided to follow them and they led us quite a winding course until we finally decided it was too noisy to ever get near them and gave them up. In following these moose we had paid no attention to the direction and when we quit the tracks we did not know our position—there was no sun to guide us, so we started off on a compass course for the river. This took us through a lot of fresh deer tracks but still hunting was out of the question we merely kept our eyes open and travelled on. We had almost come out to the river, when looking ahead through some small green trees, we saw about eighty yards away a big white buck hooking a small tree. George said afterwards I shot pretty quick but even so I made sure of him, for I wanted that particular buck badly. He was alive but unable to get away when we reached him and a second shot was required to finish the job. He was a very large animal of the thick bodied variety, in some localities called a swamp deer and must have weighed well over two hundred pounds. He had a big rough set of horns thirteen points in all and from the damaged and broken points and other signs about the body had been doing considerable fighting. Most curious and rare it was for with the exception of some grey and gold about the forehead and ears and two small spots on each side of body he was snow white! Had he been standing still on the snow we might have passed him by unnoticed.

It was the first live white deer George or I had ever seen and all I have seen mounted or in pictures had considerably more dark color about them. He had neither pink eyes nor white hoofs so might not have been a true albino and not always in the white coat. He

was an old buck the various signs proved and some of his toes were very crooked and ran out in long points, the ends of which curled up. It was getting well along in the afternoon when I shot the deer so George only dressed him out and we left him to return the following day for the head, hide and meat.

Two days later and a matter of three weeks after I shot him, the snow having been on the ground long enough to show plenty of fox tracks, we went hunting for the big bull again. The first fresh track we followed led us up the river at least a mile and we finally caught up with and saw the fox only to find he was after mice and not moose. Back down the stream we came and into a maze of fresh tracks which we were unable to unravel; there were too many and they went in all directions. We commenced to feel discouraged and the presence of Canada Jays or moose birds added to it. We followed down stream to the forks, crossed over to the lower side and worked up through the alders towards that point where we had seen the last track of the moose. We soon arrived at another mess of fox tracks and even saw another fox and we continued to work upstream very carefully, George near the river and I on the inside. We had arrived at a point about four hundred yards from where the moose had taken to water when George suddenly called out “I see your moose, I see your moose” and there on the opposite shore in a small cleared space with his head facing the water and partly buried in the snow lay the remains of my bull moose. He proved to be a very large old bull with a head of twenty-one points and measuring fifty-one inches in spread and from the marks on the points he had done quite a little fighting. The foxes had made a sad wreck of the carcass and the surrounding snow was packed down hard with their bloody tracks, making it appear as though many foxes had feasted here. The scalp was spoiled so some day when I have the head mounted I must substitute the head skin of another moose. Nevertheless I was very happy to have found the lost moose and his antlers and to have brought to a conclusion a very pleasant trip. Standing in the stream I took some photographs of the bull but the light was bad and they did not amount to much. This moose when he originally struck the water had followed it down stream and gone ashore and died on the bank and George reproached himself for not having known from the last track we found that the beast would do this as it is the usual method a wounded moose pursues.

I was able to find one of my bullet wounds—it was placed as intended back of forward shoulder but a little high. We got the head part way to camp that night and the guide brought it in the following morning and this ended the hunt, for the team was to come in for us the same day.

The McKay brothers are quiet serious men, have spent the greater part of their lives in the woods and thoroughly understand the ways of moose; they don’t brag but seldom fail to find the game. Bill is so serious that he is actually mournful at times in his views; with him everything is going to the bad, game is decreasing; fur getting scarce and prices going

down; no more flowering plants and shrubs, the moose and deer have them all eaten and thus it goes with him. Even the fact of a recent eighty per cent. dividend on his fox ranch stock failed to cheer him up!

There are plenty of moose in this section but big heads are scarce and require finding;

deer we saw every day—six in one bunch once—and they are surely increasing, which may be our reason for the apparent decrease of caribou.

To any aspiring sportsmen I feel that I can safely recommend my guides and their country.

A Trip By Motor Boat After Moose In Northern Alberta

C. N. Hayes

PERHAPS some of the boys would like to get a whiff of our Northern Alberta atmosphere so I'll try and relate a few incidents connected with a very strenuous moose hunt we had last fall, in return for some of their tales from other provinces concerning this same game.

Nov. 4th, 1914, was bright and cold and our meat supply was low, we got our camp outfit together, which included a week's supply of "grub," and loaded same in my 20 ft. Chestnut canoe early in the forenoon. We were soon humming up the Clearwater at a good clip to the tune of my "Caille" 2 H. P. engine. Mr. Edmundson, my companion, who is a Fire Ranger also a guide, hunter and all round good scout, sprawled his 5 ft. 5 in. of bulk across the duffle in the bow of the canoe and with hands folded across his stomach and "jimmie" in his mouth rose to the occasion sufficiently from time to time to remark "how darn nice it is to beat the paddle for once in a fellow's life." "We're going some, old horse" etc. I held the boat into the eddies and dead water behind each successive point avoiding the main current whenever possible and short cutting where it would save a foot of distance. We had overhauled two gas-engine propelled canoes, evidently on the same bent as ourselves, inside of the first ten miles of travel. This alone was enough to make things in general appear rosy hued. We were particularly pleased with ourselves and outfit and were indulging in some congratulatory remarks when—crash! went some heavy object up into our bottom, just as we were shooting out into an extra strong sweep of water. A half submerged dead head had been shot up out of a swirl of water at the head of the eddy just as we were passing over the spot. Rim us it did. Catching the edge of the keel, it slid along that until it crashed into the propeller tube, bending that back until the main shaft inside snapped, and forcing the canoe over so far as to nearly cause us to ship water. The engine raced wildly for a few seconds making it all too evident to us that our hunt was, for the present, at an untimely end. We paddled our craft to shore, beached it and on examination found we had a nice little job ahead of us if we were to get the engine in to commission again before freeze up.

We had crowed just a trifle prematurely, it seemed. This we owned up to ourselves as

we drifted homeward down stream. Upon reaching my log wharf I immediately took the engine off the boat and when it was disconnected the main shaft showed a clean break at the shoulder a point about five inches below the bottom bend in the crank. I made an after dark trip down stream three miles to where a crew of men were at work building the new Hudson's Bay steamer "Grahame II" and laid my troubles before the chief engineer, who promptly told me the shaft would have to be welded but they were entirely out of blacksmith coal and I would have to stand "pat." That was discouraging at the best. However being in a corner is the best incentive for some sort of men. I suppose it's the prod which makes dubs like myself "come across" because I returned home feeling in a better mood than I had left in and fully confident that the break could be repaired, even by such a mechanic as I, if it were gone about properly and sufficient care taken. My few iron working tools comprised a good hack saw and a number of extra blades, a couple of small drill points, files etc., and a few scattered wood working tools. By dint of sweat and patience I cut a slot in the end of each broken part, drilled pin holes in them, cut the spring off a No. 3 fox trap, heated and doubled it, filed it to fit the two slots, drilled it to engage pins in the pin holes of the shaft, and at the end of a few hours' application had the shaft in as good shape as ever, the engine reassembled and turning over with its usual business hum. The following morning my friend Mr. Edmundson and his employer Mr. Hill chugged up to our dock, where they found me all ready for another trial at the elusive moose. We coupled the two canoes together side by side, by tying poles across both front and rear ends making our boats very comfortable to move about in and enabling one man to do the entire navigating, although we engineers sat next to our speed devils to keep them under proper surveillance while Charles (Mr. Edmundson) again resumed his position in the bows but with a less cocky air than on his previous trip. We had the good fortune to knock over a big grey goose which we surprised upon rounding an abrupt turn in the river about six miles from our starting point which seemed to bode good for our enterprise. Hill's Evinrude was working at its best as was the Caille but in spite of our best efforts

we did not reach the foot of the two miles of rapids below the Christina river until dusk which we had to ascend in the dark. However our familiarity with the best channel, rocks etc. got us through. The two little engines did their work honestly, and slowly but surely forced the canoes through the swift water, until the head of the rapids was passed where we landed at a good camping place, accomplishing this in the pitch darkness. The first streak of light in the morning found us astir and deep in the business of disposing of a first class breakfast after which Jack (Mr. Hill) and myself busied ourselves in filling the fuel tanks, warming up the engines ready to start and in further securing the connecting poles between the canoes etc. while Charles stored the last of our equipment away in the boats. After a few preliminary spurs and kicks our engines got down to steady work and we swung out into the main channel and inside of fifteen minutes were into and working our way up the short rapids of the Pembina and into smoother water until we reached the Pine Rapids half a day's run farther up. We made good time throughout but were delayed a short time late in the afternoon by the pump in Jack's engine refusing to perform its functions causing us to beach his canoe. Investigation showed that the plunger of the pump was broken and what little of the spring there was left was badly worn. I shot off my .30-30 to obtain an empty shell with which to take up the space left by the lack of spring, which allowed the plunger to work effectively. To make up for this delay we ran until after dark. Again the next morning we got away early. A heavy snow had fallen during the night which made us anxious to reach our hunting grounds at the very earliest possible moment. The breakfast we indulged in was short and sweet and the dishes were still smoking as we started from home on our last lap of the trip, our real destination being the Cascades, some sixty miles up the Clearwater from Ft. McMurray. In turn we passed the Sulphur Springs, the Big Eddy and all the points of interest which bore names of some sort to designate them from other like places at other points along the route, Lob Stick Island, Romeo Prairie, each picturesque in its way, floated to the rear as we beat our way steadily up river, hour after hour. Growing dusk found us still a few miles from the Cascades but we were used to nosing our way in the dark so let the little engines pound along at their best speed. Snow was again falling and the temperature was steadily growing colder all of which made us more or less anxious, as slush ice can form and start running inside of a few hours after conditions are right for quick freezing. Ten o'clock found us ascending the foot of the Cascades which are not impossible for a good canoe engine to make for the first mile. We separated the canoes upon entering rough water so we could the better manage them as rocks are frequent and the water runs swift. This last piece of navigating was done by instinct rather than by sense of sight but we fought our way to the foot of the Cascades proper and after starting a rousing fire on shore

unloaded our boats and hauled them high and dry out of the water. Even then their sides were coated with half an inch of ice. We were still in hopes the thermometer would kindly desist from its evident intention of further falling as it was making our margin of a safe return narrower each hour. Our first day at camp, which was established at the top of a high knob overlooking the main rapids, which also gave us a good long view of the valley, was uneventful as the weather was unfavorable for hunting. Meanwhile it grew a little milder and snow fell at intervals during the day. The following day was again unsuitable for stalking moose as there was such a quantity of dry material underneath what snow had fallen as to make quiet walking almost impossible and a dead calm pervaded without a sign of break. Charles and I used some of this idle time in looking over the country for signs and setting a few fox and mink traps. Signs of these animals were quite plentiful. The morning of the third day brought us just the sort of a day we most desired, the wind arose with the sun and roared through the spruce tops, effectively drowning any slight noise we made travelling through the brush. Charles and myself had not been looking for fresh tracks over an hour when we crossed the trail of three moose which seemed to be moving almost directly ahead of us. We quickly swung out describing a large circle, carefully working our way up wind until we should again strike the trail of our game, which process we repeated until the moose took a turn in a direction more favorable to us. They were now heading towards the river flats it seemed, and we were able to continue on their tracks without cutting any stylish mile around figures in the scenery to keep them from scenting us. Slowly and carefully we worked our way over sand ridges, through tangles of thick willow brush and fallen timber, wading half frozen streams. Mile after mile the tracks of the animals continued diverging and then again converging, circling, manoeuvring, always, it seemed, trying to mislead its many foes, whether man or beast. The trail kept leading towards the river. This fact, we appreciated as, if we succeeded in landing our quarry, we would be thankful for every step saved when packing our kill out of the woods.

The moose seemed to think it was incumbent upon them to resort to one last safeguard before stopping to feed. We knew we were approaching the feeding grounds for the smaller growth of dense red willows were becoming more in evidence as we proceeded. The three animals now shaped their course across a deep slough a quarter of a mile in width and probably a mile long which lay between the highland and the river flats upon which the willows grew in dense profusion. This was a sweet issue and we spent some moments debating as to which direction our wary game had taken after having crossed the slough and which was the more preferable, to swim or delay long enough to build a raft. Either might have been successful but bodily comfort and the small allowance of daylight then left to us caused us to decide on follow-

ing the edge of the slough up wind and not scaring our game unless we ran across them before darkness closed in. We had made scarcely a mile when we reached a point of solid land which ran out into the slough nearly cutting it in two. Carefully we crept through the cover of willows and tall marsh grass and after gaining the extreme point of our spur of land we arose cautiously for a good survey of what parts of the flats were to be observed from our place of vantage. Man alive! not two hundred yards from us stood as beautiful a specimen of a fat bull moose as ever nipped a bud. Charles who was slightly in advance of me raised his rifle and fired, his bullets centering his lordship's front shoulders and causing the moose to drop. He gained his feet in a second however and as he rose I repeated Charles' exhibition by placing a .30-30 soft nose just three inches from the place where the first

that every shot fired should have caused instant death, a most humane killing. Darkness found things in good shape as regards the game but both of us had got soused to the waist crossing and recrossing our frail bridge across the slough, and long before we reached camp late that night our clothes had frozen solid, nevertheless we experienced no special discomfort accepting the wet clothing as one of the adjuncts of hunting.

"Skunked again?" asked Jack, as we presented ourselves at the camp fire, but as prearranged we observed silence regarding our most interesting topic, and at once introduced ourselves to the wash basin. Jack could not help notice the discoloration of the water and at once smelled a large sized rat.

"Where'd you get him?"

"Oh, up the river couple of miles", replied Charles, and by the way have your pack strap ready for an early start in the morning.



bullet entered the moose, dropping him in his tracks. The other moose, who had evidently lain down at the edge of the slough, now sprang up, hair all abristle and ears wagging like animated wind mills, which is the attitude assumed by them when listening. We picked our game without an instant's hesitation. My .30-30 broke the neck of No. 2 before he had scarcely batted an eye or could move out of his tracks and Charles again duplicated his first performance while I backed him up as before by adding good measure. He had fatally wounded the animal who at the most could not have walked twice the length of himself but we both wanted to avoid any possibility of wounding an animal and having it get away, besides we both needed the meat badly at home, for not only were we short of fresh beef but some of our near neighbors were also. Hastily constructing a pole crossing we managed to get to our game and properly care for it. We checked up our shots while dressing the animals and found

"Can't youse guys pack a half a moose apiece without me going along"? queried Jack.

"Oh come along anyway, we like your society" suggested I. Our backs are none too strong and we may need you badly before we are through."

We arrived at the scene of conquest early next morning, which by the way was very cold and biting, and Mr. Hill was here treated to a gentle surprise party for which trouble he cursed us pleasantly. Charles and I completed skinning the three moose, quartered the meat and prepared it for packing while Jack worked off his surplus steam cutting a trail to the river a quarter of a mile away. He had a good portion of the meat already packed out by the time we were ready to assist him.

We then returned to camp for an early dinner, concluded to portage my 20 ft. canoe around the rapids, and paddled the balance of the way to our cache, where we loaded our

meat and then proceeded down stream to the head of the Cascades. Here we were obliged to unload and carry the meat some 200 yards around a ten foot chute of boiling water. Reloading took but a few minutes. We placed the cargo so it would shift as little as possible should we strike while running the main rapids. Jack who is a canoeist of reputation, took the steering end and we cut loose and headed our heavily laden canoe out for the center of the one half mile of bad rapids. We took the first drop straight on and plunging into the big swells below grazed a nasty rock. The effort required to make the necessary side step caused us to ship some water but we still held her nose on into the next series of raging waves and shot into the roaring Cascades, barely missing several "nigger heads" any one of which would have knocked the bottom clean out of our heavily loaded canoe. Meanwhile, your Uncle, bailed and paddled alternately while Jack directed things from his end. Just ahead of us loomed up the last bad drop with not a single visible opening in the line of half covered rocks over which the water rushed and churned itself into foam and spray, creating a roaring hell for a good hundred yards. Here chances were more than even that we might lose our boat did we make the least error in judgment or fail in nerve. We did neither, though each wave we rushed through drenched us with icy spray and added to the water already in the boat, each second making the canoe more unwieldy to handle. The strain was terrific at Jack's end and I feared for his paddle, but they were both equal to the emergency. Taking the last sweep of the Cascades at express speed we shot into the always present curler at the foot. As the bow of the canoe was completely submerged we were forced so low in the water that we crashed into a hidden boulder with such impact as to nearly unseat us. It seemed to me that I was telescoping about four fifths of the entire river, my prominent place in the bow seat being a most unenviable position, believe me. Our keel stood up under the fearful shock and while it did the hull no benefit it was the only thing that saved us from foundering on the spot. Heavily she recovered, scraping her entire length over the rock, we meanwhile fighting to keep her straight to avoid being rolled over and over. We made the choppy water at foot of the main fall with barely four inches of freeboard. We then reversed and held her sideways to the current, avoiding each eager rock in our way and steadily working her towards shore where Charles was waiting to heave us a line as we were likely to be drawn over the second series of rapids which, while not being as dangerous as the first ones, would put the finishing touches on our enterprise in about the first round. The boat was completely covered with a coating of ice an inch thick, as was everything in it, and our paddles were so slippery and unwieldy that they could be handled only with great effort. We two sailors looked like first hand applicants at an ice carnival. The thermometer registered 20 below and was still falling. A landing was safely effected and we

might as well have been swamped as to be in the condition we were. The boat was brim full of water and ice, but now that the worst was over we cheerfully tied into our last wet job and soon had the moose meat laid in two rows on clean canvas and freezing beautifully. As you know, frozen beef is much easier handled than unfrozen.

Beaching the canoe was no joy affair let me add. We feared to find a bad break as a result of her collision but were surprised to find her planking and ribs in good shape. The keel had taken the brunt of the blow and but little of the outer canvas covering was torn. This was an easy matter to repair. The brass protecting shoe along the keel was torn off and doubled up into a wad of metal, another small matter to replace with a new strip.

"I'll bet you four hundred dollars you two fellers can't do that again and not rip out the entire bottom of your canoe," challenged Charles but up to date his bet has not been covered. Mentally, we all shook hands with ourselves at our escape from a possible bad ending.

Building a huge fire at camp which was just above where we effected our landing, we soon had our clothes sending off clouds of steam as they rapidly dried. Charles had a good hot supper awaiting us which we tied into with great relish. Meanwhile the temperature was still falling and in the morning we awoke to find the river running nearly full of slush ice. It was high time we were on our way unless we wished to cache our hard earned meat and walk over-land through the jungle of brush and heavy timber 60 miles. All of our camp outfit was loaded in Jack's canoe, the meat, which was frozen solid, being put in mine as my canoe drew less water than Jack's owing to the depth of his propeller, and we had considerable shallow water to pass through after getting out of the lesser rapids before we reached the regular channel and deep water. After reaching good water I attached my "Caille" but after long and heated arguments with it as to its perversity, I discovered my batteries would not give spark enough to set off the mixture, so it was the paddle for me and a fight with the ice until I could make the first hunter's cabin 12 miles below, where I could thaw out and warm the "juice" up. It was still bitter cold and snow fell continually and the slush ice steadily grew heavier. Jack got his Evinrude working just before we came in sight of the 12 mile cabin by thawing out his engine batteries, and he took me in tow the last mile. We took dinner with Mr. Biggs and his two daughters and got away in fighting trim at 1.30 P. M. our engines turning over fine and forcing us through the slush ice in great shape. We ran steadily until dusk keeping in sight of one another so as to render assistance should one or the other of us need it. Sand bars, snags and rocky reefs were on every hand and the moving ice made them all the more dangerous. Ice adhered to our boats in such quantities that it handicapped us to such an extent that by dark our progress was not much greater than the actual drift of the ice. About this time both of our engines

commenced to fuss up. The batteries were getting too cold for good work. My tank ran dry and while refilling same Jack obtained considerable lead. Running for some time thus and not hearing anything of me he shut off and drifted with the floe until I overtook him. Jack's engine now positively refused to emit a snort, so we decided not to take any chances of being frozen in. We did not stop for supper but decided to keep going as long as possible. Mere drifting was better than no move at all under the circumstances. Two being in Jack's boat made it well manned. I started on ahead my engine running fairly well once more and I did not again see them during the trip home.

I made about six miles through the ice, fighting to keep away from the crush at each successive turn in the river, when my engine started to loosen from the planking on account of a thumb screw working loose. After I had adjusted and tightened it the engine had cooled down so much that crank as I would the engine was too cold for the gas to ignite. It was drift for me in earnest now. The press of ice was steadily growing stronger, and I narrowly avoided being crushed several times by the floe when working out of tight places. Work I did, but it kept me from congealing as well as lengthened the vaudeville. To make matters worse and add to the already present discomforts wind and driving snow beat in my face all night long, which night was the most lengthy in my entire list. The Clearwater is broken up with many islands which in some places divide the river into as many as three channels. In such places it was a serious proposition to get through as the ice would jam the narrow passages nearly solid in passing those points. By six o'clock in the morning objects along the bank became discernable and what a blessing good old daylight seemed to me, stiff as I was with cold, with my clothes frozen, and hungry to the point of starvation. I was unable however to make a safe landing anywhere for a long distance, on account of the width of the shore ice, which was now, in most places, from 25 to 100 feet wide. I occupied my time clearing away as much of the ice from the canoe, as was possible, with my paddle and about 10 A. M. succeeded in breaking away from the main drift and managed to catch on and fasten my canoe to the root of an upturned tree just at the edge of the shore ice. Then I found it was possible for me to cross this ice but not without breaking through when half way across and getting wet to the waist. The matches I always carry in my cap were still dry and before making any further move I built a rousing fire and placed myself safe from possible frost bite, after which I carried some poles and laid a more safe walk to my boat. A much appreciated breakfast was soon inside of the mere man. Casting off my ice weighted boat I headed her into the floe and worked into the middle of the moving ice. As there were the Pembina rapids to pass through it was necessary to describe the letter S in order to keep in the deep channel through them. The center of the drift naturally kept to that passage and of course carried me along

with it. The mouth of the Pembina was soon left behind and after traversing a three mile stretch of fast water the river widened and became a slowly moving field of grinding ice with scarcely enough momentum to keep it from jamming solid and sticking fast. The bitter cold wind now had a clean sweep up the river and chilled one to the marrow. I worked the paddle, beat my hands, stamped my feet and from time to time clambered over my cargo of ice and meat to promote a little circulation and escape frost bite. Time and again the ice put me into dangerous places as there are scores of large half-submerged trees and dead heads distributed along the entire river which if the canoe struck side on would cause her to be rolled over and cap the climax of an already beautiful drama. For seven hours longer the dreary cold ride continued, but every bend we made brought the cheering fact that home was just that much nearer and whether it was possible or not to save the boat when landing I knew the shoals etc. well enough to make the bank myself at least and that was a whole lot better than getting carried down and into the mighty Athabasca which river is always on her ear at spring flood time and at freeze up time when the ice jams her bank full.

At last we (the boat and I) round the last point, I see my comfortable looking home on the hill which slopes up from the bay not a half mile away from where I am. Good big clouds of smoke are issuing from both chimneys. It's warm inside there. The folks always on the lookout up or down river spy the boat the moment it comes into view. Some one starts on a run down the hill to where we always land. They carry a rope, that's good. My tie line is all too short to throw to shore. I now keep the canoe's nose tight up against the shore ice and drift backwards so the ice cakes will not force in between the boat and the solid shore ice. Mrs. Hayes has fastened one end of her line to a stake on shore. She throws the coil out to me in true cow boy style. I first fasten the rope to the nose of the canoe then double hitch it to both front seats to make it secure as the ice will give us a fight in a moment which will either force the canoe part way up on the ice projecting from shore or it will break the rope or stake, or worse, crush in the side of my staunch little Chestnut for such is the make of the canoe. Good luck is with us and the boat is brought up with a jerk; the pressure on her brings her snout high up out of the water and ice, the fastenings hold. Right here, "yours truly," makes his "Tell's Leap" not to reach dry land but to get his regulation sousing once and for all, but the water is only shoulder high and my resourceful wife has already thrown a plank out on the ice from shore and also extends the end of a rope which I glue on to with a never-let-go grip. Now, believe me, it felt good to stand on solid footing once more and to be clear of the uncertainties that confront a sailor in winter.

1200 lbs of the juiciest kind of well dressed moose meat is some pumpkins but it was earned. Leaving the canoe and cargo to the mercies of fate a little while longer, I jumped into dry clothes, thawed myself out with a

couple of good hot cups of coffee and then carried a plank and constructed a sort of bridge from the shore to the canoe. Inside of an hour our meat was piled up safe and sound on the bank to be packed up to the meat box later on. I then winched the canoe up on to the ice and up to the bank where I securely tied it until I could clear the ice off her. The little "Caille" was completely covered with ice and snow. Not even the fly wheel nor cylinder were to be seen, so thick were they encased in ice. The next morning I carried boiling hot water and thawed the engine clear of its cumbersome element. Attached to the propeller was a ball of solid ice large as a water pail. Unclamping the engine from the boat I carried it to the house where I also thawed out the battery and coil and to make sure the engine had suffered no damage after all the hardship it had undergone, I connected it up and away she went blissfully as ever she did.

My friends Hill and Edmundson did not pass my place until 11 P. M. the same night I had arrived. Their somewhat lighter load and the fact that there were two of them to look after things helped matters greatly, but every hour they remained in the drift of ice made it a more serious matter. Owing to the mass of ice extending from the shore at their place of landing, it was impossible to take chances of making a stop there, so they selected a more favorable place a mile above their intended destination and Charles got to shore across the treacherous ice, in pitch darkness, and roped a tree to which they let their boat hang until the next morning. The crush of ice was not so heavy that it endangered the canoe to any great extent. Jack and Charles walked through the woods to their homes and returned in the morning, attached a long tracking line to their tie line then chopped their boat loose and effected a passage through the frozen blocks of ice to the main drift. Jack operated the canoe end of the system and Charles walked the bank with the line checking it when necessary and so made a safe stop opposite to where they afterwards hauled out their boat, by drawing it up on the ice as I did and winching it across the ice and up a steep bank safe from either of the elements they had fought so long.

The day previous at the time I left them at a point some forty miles up the Clearwater, about 9 P. M. I should judge, they had delayed a little trying to get a response from the Evinrude, and failing to do so had stopped

for a hasty lunch and to thaw themselves out a little before starting on their all night drift down stream. When daylight at last came they made another stop, built a good rousing bonfire and punished cup after cup of hot coffee; neither were they untrue to their old reliable friend the flapjack. Again they lost considerable time before they took to drifting trying to get their engine to work, but the condition of the battery and a defective spark plug would not permit of anything availing but the paddle. I overlooked mentioning that as we were leaving Mr. Bigg's hunting cabin, the first stop after leaving the Cascades, Jack's pump failed. Unloading and beaching the canoe caused considerable delay. We found his plunger spring broken in several pieces so I removed my pump, took out the spring in it, cut the spring in half and stretched both pieces to the normal length of a regular spring and placed them in both pumps where they did the work as effectively as though they were just out of the factory. Canoe motoring is a new luxury in the northern jungles of Alberta, nor is this the limit by thousands of miles, for I saw several canoe engines, "Caille," "Evinrude" and "Ferros" on their way north to the Mackenzie river, the Arctic Red River and even one which was on its way to Herschel Island in the Arctic at the mouth of the Mackenzie. These were being transported in supply laden scows destined to these points. Gasoline costs \$1.25 per gallon here, yet we consider that a cheap luxury as compared with what those poor devils up north of here have to plank down for it, \$3.00 to \$5.00 per gallon is the price asked and a four gallon can sells for five gallons and no questions asked.

It is January as I write this and moose are coming down from the high lands onto the river flats to feed and also that they may avoid the extreme cold. It seems quite a number have been killed a few miles from our cabin up the Clearwater river. Fur is very plentiful this winter, but there is no market for it and very little is being killed, a very good thing for fur but a poor condition of things for the fur hunters. It is open season for beaver, the first in many years but there will be but little killed as a result of the low price as it only brings \$1.00 to \$1.50 or large prime skins. The effect of the terrific struggle across the Atlantic is reflected even in this remote place. We one and all sincerely pray an early ending of the fearful slaughter and devastation.



Fish and Game Resources of the Laurentides National Park

C. Price Green

IN the year 1895 the idea of forming a National Park took concrete form when some two thousand, five hundred square miles of the wild and mountainous country north of Quebec and south of Lake St. John was set aside as "a forest reservation, fish and game preserve, public park and pleasure ground;" at a later date the area was increased until now some three thousand, seven hundred square miles are removed from sale or settlement.

When the whole country along the Quebec and Lake St. John section of the Canadian Northern Railway and other parts of the province north of the St. Lawrence were open to trappers and hunters, it was found that both fish and game were fast disappearing. At that time a few private clubs existed and the government gradually came to the conclusion that the granting of leases to Private clubs and individuals, obligated to appoint proper guardians to look after the concessions the year round, would remedy the evil and prevent depletion.

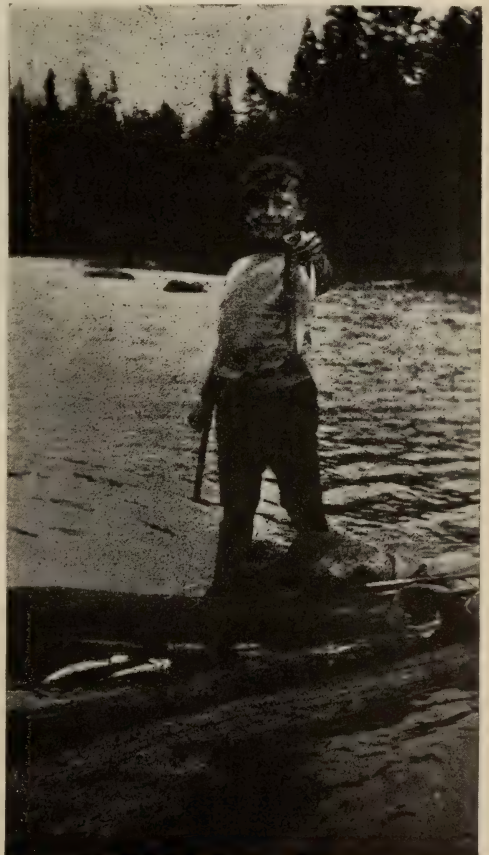
This policy and the establishment of the National Park has to a large extent been justified and has succeeded beyond the expectation of those responsible for its regulation. The people of the Latin race are different to the people of Ontario and the measures adopted are suitable to them. They do not now think of fishing in the waters of a private club or shooting in districts they know are preserved and guarded, and as the game, fish and fur-bearing animals have shown a wonderful increase they have come to look upon these conditions as being in the public interest.

When the park came into existence, the Eastern part particularly was much exposed to attacks by poachers, a few years longer and it would have been beyond saving. One by one Clubs came into existence, until today a cordon has been established all round it; on the Quebec and Lake St. John side are the Tourilli, Triton, Penn, Abenakis; on the north eight smaller clubs or concessions, and seven more on the Eastern boundary—the guardians co-operate with one another under the general guidance of a competent inspector with the result that not only in the park but outside its boundary all kind of animal life shows a remarkable increase.

As an example of the way these regulations are regarded, not long ago a meeting of fur buyers, trappers and others was held below Quebec. The fur buyers told the trappers that they were now receiving three times as much fur as when the whole country was open to them, and they charged the trappers not to enter the park and told them they would not take caribou or moose skins from them at all. The writer met one of these trappers, Pete

Garou, a half-breed, who told him of the incident, and ended by the brief comment "that much better, bring in moose skin, maybe 60, 70 lbs, take two day, three dollar, put two mink in and pocket fifteen dollar, pretty good, eh?"

From the north the best entrance to the National Park is at Metabetchouan. From that point it is fifteen miles drive to Lac de la Belle Riviere at which the Park Superintendent has a camp at the north side of the lake; from the end of the lake it is only six miles by canoe to the Riviere aux Ecores, a famous fishing ground, where splendid speckled trout are taken; fishermen follow the stream up to Lac aux Ecores and there is splendid fishing all the way. The most notable fishing in the Park is at the discharge of the Grand Lac Jacques Cartier. Here trout (*Salvelinus Fontinalis*) have been taken of



"GOT HIM."

most remarkable size. Last year two of over ten pounds were caught, which may be considered the record for the province. Nowhere in the world does the Fontinalis grow to a larger size than in these waters; all the streams that rise in the park contain heavy fish, and many of the lakes as well, but in the lakes they seldom take the fly—the month of September is the best month for fly fishing, particularly at the Grand Lac Jacques Cartier discharge. To reach this point is one and a half day's drive, 57 miles; the first stage is to Lac Noel where there is a good camp and stable; the route is by the old Jacques Cartier road. Much labor and expense is saved by the fact that the administration has established and maintains these camps, where accommodation can be had at moderate rates, and where outfits can be obtained for distance excursions, making it unnecessary for individuals to take in camp equipments, tents and canoes.

Those who wish to enter the Park must first communicate with Mr. W. C. J. Hall,

for the love of slaying. So cunning is the wolf that he is difficult to poison, much less shoot or trap, and his habit of feeding only upon his own fresh kill makes poisoning very difficult. Supt. Hall, however, informed the writer that he believes that effective work was done last year and an active campaign against the wolves will be carried on this year.

Before the days of the Park, moose were almost exterminated in this region; under the present careful system of protection, they have multiplied wonderfully. Robert Rowley informed the writer that in the Lake Edward district there is no doubt they have increased a hundred per cent. in the past five years. Whatever the fate of the caribou, it seems reasonable to suppose that in a few years' time moose will be as plentiful in this district as they are in parts of New Brunswick.

One important function of the park and perhaps the most important, may be observed, and that is its effect on the conservation of the waters of this territory, which take their rise



AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

Superintendent of the Park, at Quebec. A limited number of sportsmen are permitted to do this each year. Mr. Hall will assign to the applicant space and time for his visit.

Those who shoot Caribou go to the great barrens, the most notable of which is on the East side of the Park, reached by the St. Urbain road; it is known as the Grand Jardin des Ours and is hardly less than a hundred square miles in extent. When the ice takes in early November, the caribou make this their great yarding ground, attracted by the moss upon which they subsist almost entirely in the winter time. Even in the last few years, bands running into hundreds have been seen on the mountain sides. There is no doubt that caribou are on the decrease for the great timber wolf has discovered their retreat and is getting in his deadly work. Not only do they kill for food, but they slay

in the high lying plateau forming the heart of the park; as Superintendent Hall puts it "The maintenance of a maximum minimum of water." A veritable breeding ground of streams this may be called, the birth place of the best part of them, which may be visited in a half day's walk. Only a few yards and no great elevation divide streams which are to be hundreds of miles apart at their mouth.

Some small fees are charged those desirous of availing themselves of the sport in the park. They are more or less nominal when the quality of the sport afforded is considered. For fishing at the discharge of the Grand Lac Jacques Cartier, a fee of \$4.00 a day is levied. Fishing in other parts of the park is \$1.00 per day, and for hunting and fishing as well \$1.50 per day except that in the Barrens a charge is made of \$4.00 a day when hunting Caribou, this includes the privilege of occupying the

camp, but of course hunters and fishermen have to pay their own guides. The month of September is the best season for fishing at the discharge of the Grand Lac Jacques Cartier.

A word on the great altitudes attained in the National Park may not be out of place in order to give some idea of this mountainous region. Authentic figures are difficult to obtain but there is no doubt that Eboulements and Ste. Anne near the shore of the St. Lawrence rise over two thousand five hundred feet, one peak in the valley of the Gouffae is credited with a height of three thousand, two hundred feet, but these elevations are exceeded as one journeys inland; observations made along the St. Urbain road, the only highway that crosses the mountains, show that it is three thousand feet above the sea at a point some thirty five miles from Baie St. Paul, while the surrounding hills must be credited with another fifteen hundred feet, according to Mr. W. H. Blake who Mr. Hall regards as one of the greatest authorities upon the National Park.

It may appear that the writer has dwelt too much upon the affairs of the National Park, but it is obvious that it is the heart of the whole organism; if there was no park there would be no harbour for the wild animals of the district and sport would be a thing of the past, if the timber of the park were not conserved neither would the water be, or the animal life in the waters.

The fishing and hunting in the Province of Quebec is largely the monopoly of private clubs, or licensees in whose preserves the public are permitted to fish and hunt when paying for the privilege by stopping at the places provided by the licensees and using their guides.

For various reasons sportsmen are not encouraged to go off by themselves. It is a "sine qua non" that he must have a guide. The guide or guides do the cooking, make camp, do the packing and menial work. All "monsieur" is supposed to do is carry his rod, rifle, camera and any personal belongings. It is "infra dig" for him to work.

The preserves operated in connection with hotels and camps are those of the Laurentide House, Lake Edward; The Kiskisink Fish and Game Club, Van Brysills Station and the Chateau Saguenay Fish and Game Preserve, Chicoutimi.

Robt. Rowley, Proprietor of the Laurentide House has over three hundred square miles of the best preserves in the whole district and maintains a splendidly organized corps of guides. Undoubtedly he has the best guides in the whole district and his head guides are paid by him the whole year round in order that he may retain their services. In summer time he employs altogether over one hundred guides. In addition to the road house at the railway station, which is equipped with modern conveniences he has the large hotel on the west side of the Lake, where there are also fine cottages. He also maintains twelve splendidly equipped camps, many of which have large open fire places and many conveniences such as bathrooms that make them such an attraction that once comfortably settled, the visitor is very loath to leave. The camps

are divided into living room, dining room, kitchen and bedrooms: they are of different sizes, suited to accommodate parties of from two to ten people. No two parties are put into the same camp.

This is without doubt a place that must attract more and more people as it becomes better known. For the fisherman there is trout fishing that is not excelled, for the hunter, moose, caribou and partridge and for the canoeist ideal trips through lakes and streams in a territory that he could not cover by months of travel. In fact there are lakes in this district unknown even by the guides, only part of it having been explored so far; the camps however on the smaller Lakes are easily reached, the carries being short and well made; ladies and children can go through as well as men.

The trout in this district are the speckled brook trout (*fontinalis*). They are often taken as large as five and six pounds. The record for the preserve is seven and one half pounds.

The plan adopted at the Laurentide House is to supply everything required for the outing. All a guest is required to take is his rod and reel, or rifle and cartridges. Everything else is taken care of, but if he so desires he can purchase tackle there and the flies found most effective. The camps are visited daily and supplied with fresh meats, with vegetables, poultry etc. It may be mentioned that Mr. Rowley runs a farm in connection, where the best of early vegetables are raised. Mr. Rowley charges \$5.00 a day. This includes everything and the services of one guide. Of course ladies and children stopping in the cottages are charged on a separate basis of \$2.50 a day, children at half rates. Special rates are quoted for parties going into the camps



FISHERMAN'S LUCK



CALLING IN QUEBEC WOODS IS MOST SUCCESSFUL DURING LATE SEPTEMBER AND EARLY OCTOBER.

and cottages, based upon the number of guides required. There is accommodation all told for about 150 people. Lake Edward is 111 miles north of Quebec near the height of land 1200 feet above sea level.

The best time in Lake Edward and surrounding district for fly fishing is right after the ice is gone up to about the first week in June. Also in September. There is good fly fishing early in the morning and in the evening all through the summer along the shores of Lake Edward, and trolling with the archer spinner in the lake, at any time of day meets with success. The flies found most effective are the Parmachine Belle, Brown Hackle, Black Hackle and Montreal fly.

After leaving lake Edward the railway rises 300 feet up to the summit amidst bold scenery, the hills rising hundreds of feet on each side of the line. Fires have done very little damage here and have hardly touched the west side of the line at all. Just before reaching Summit Station the Club House of Le Sommet Club can be seen.

The Kiskisink Fish and Game Club and its leases have been taken over by the Van Brusills Lumber Co., and in connection with

Devenyns concession has been opened to sportsmen in somewhat the same way as the Lake Edward preserves. R. B. Manning the Secretary is the Steward of the Metabetchouan Club. He will look after the interest of those going into this district. There is no doubt that there is good fly fishing in the lakes and streams and good hunting, moose being very plentiful and some caribou, the latter are not seen much until December. The officers of the club say that good roads and portages have been cut through these preserves, independent of the canoe routes ensuring better travelling in October, November and December when the streams are frozen over.

The club provides canoes, provisions and guides at a rate of \$6.00 a day, special rates being allowed for families and parties according to the number of guides and canoes required. It may be noted in passing that the Metabetchouan Club only have fishing rights. There is nothing to prevent any one hunting in their preserve, but the country is very rough and guides a necessity, hence the Kiskisink people advertise as if the territory of the Metabetchouan also the territory between Devenyns and the old "Camp fire" location (which is open), the "Old Camp Fire Club" location itself, (which is also open) were part of their lease for hunting.

The Chateau Saguenay Fish and Game Preserve includes Lake Kenogami and about 50 miles of territory adjoining the National Park, also part of Riviere a Mars and Lake Gravel where there is some excellent salmon fishing. Game is plentiful in this territory and there is no doubt that the fishing is good.

At Lake St. John the fishing rights of the Grand Discharge, the Peribonka, the Petit Peribonka, the Mistassini, and the Ashuapmouchouan and Metabetchouan Rivers are held by Mr. H. J. Beemer. The best way to get to the Grand Discharge is to drive from St. Gedeon. Fishermen often drive to the Petit Discharge about eight miles and go thence by canoe to the Grand Discharge about two and a half miles. The best time for fishing at the Grand Discharge for ouananiche is the last two weeks in July and the 1st week in August. Wild geese and ducks are very plentiful in season on the north shore of Lake St. John, their great breeding grounds being on the Peribonka and the Mistasini Rivers. In Lake St. John ouananiche and pickerel can be taken off shore by trolling in the spring time, anywhere between Point de las Traverse and Belle Rivere.



MEAT AT LAST

Experiences at a Winter Camp in the Laurentians

C. R. Partik

FOR three weeks I had been living without a scrap of meat except what there is in canned soups and that is precious little. I had decided to spend the winter as cheaply as possible and therefore had retired to my camp in the Laurentian mountains, situated on Lac Long, one of the most beautiful sheets of water in these mountains and full of *Salvelinus fontinalis*. I had brought all necessary provisions but not much meat as I counted on killing a deer in deer season which would last me until Spring. Well, what meat I had, had gone by the beginning of December, also sundry rabbits and some of the habitants' salt pork, which latter however did not agree with my system. Partridges were scarce this season and I was soon sick of eating rabbit all the time. I had spent many a day looking for the elusive white tail but with the exception of finding a few tracks, several hours old, I had never got nearer my goal.

Gradually I accustomed myself to a diet of canned soups, macaroni, Lentils rice etc., varied with stewed prunes and apples and forgot about meat altogether, except on rare occasions when I dreamed I was having dinner at the "Windsor" in Montreal and eating venison steak which is one of my favorite dishes. The next day I would feel such a craving for meat that I would pick up my old Lee Enfield again and spend the whole day in the bush on snowshoes or skis, still hoping for the coveted prize; but luck was not with me.

One morning about the middle of December, I heard a shot across the lake in my own bush and a while later an Indian of the nearby reserve came across the lake, dragging a doe, he had just killed. Irony of fate, on my own property! He told me there were three deer together and I could not miss the tracks of the other two. I picked up my rifle, rammed a few cartridges in the magazine, put on my snowshoes and set out immediately, putting a handful of dry prunes into my pocket for sustenance. I found the tracks very soon, a buck and a doe, but they had been going at an awful pace. After a mile or so they had slowed down a little but had not stopped. I followed right on, determined that it was now or never; here was my chance at last. I know these mountains well enough not to get lost even should it—what's that?—Snow! Well it did snow. It started easy and my hope was not easily affected. I went faster and it snowed faster; great big December flakes. The tracks were still easily discernible, they were not going so fast now but there was a big burned patch on top of the mountain and they were making for that. I hoped they would not, but they did, and it was getting so dark and I was getting so weary. There was no possible means to cut them off and the snow kept on coming down in pail fulls. I came to the edge of the burnt land but all I could see was the general direction in which the tracks

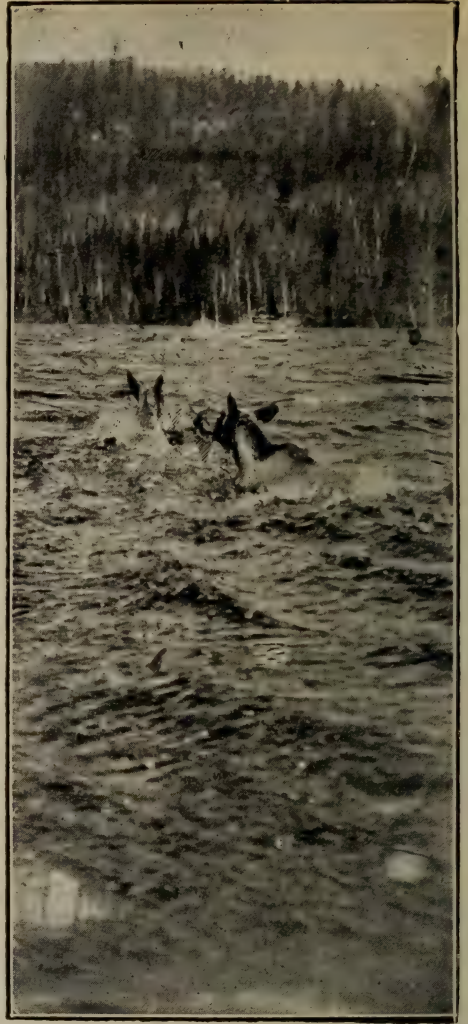
lost themselves in the snow. I followed this direction cautiously as I thought they might have stopped on the other side of the burnt land, but there was neither sign nor sound. Daylight had gone and here I was fooled again. Wearily I tramped back to my lonely shack and had an immense feed of macaroni and cheese and frozen stewed apples and that night I had a nightmare. Gigantic stags with cedar trees for horns and does with lovely blue eyes were standing on my chest and on my hands where I held the old Lee Enfield and I tried to have a crack at one but they would not step off my hands and I could not raise my gun. Next I was hanging head down in a tree and a roast leg of deer, nicely laced with bacon came along and stopped right under my nose and it smelled so good. I tried to have a lick but could not reach it and the more I struggled the farther away it went. I struggled so hard that my feet finally came loose and the next thing I knew I was lying on the floor in front of my bunk with a sore head.

The 28th of December, only four more days and the season will be closed! I decided to make one more gigantic and final effort. I was sick of nightmares and macaroni. I wanted meat. Ste. Agathe is ten miles from my camp. See hardwood ridges, ideal deer ground, a beautiful midwinter day, 50 below zero. The snow was a little noisy, so I took skis in preference to snowshoes. If I should be disappointed on the way over, I should stay over night in Ste. Agathe and have a beef steak anyway and still hope for the next day coming back. There are two roads running parallel about three or four miles apart, a chain of lakes and mountains between them. I held my course about equidistant between the two roads in the south slope of the mountains. Everything went fine except that I did not see any deer. However I would be more careful on my way back. I had my steak and decided to buy a piece of meat in the morning to take back to camp in case I should fail in my mission. I started back at day-break of the 29th. but the butcher's store was not open for business yet and all my knocking was of no avail. It was a very cold morning, certainly more than 10 degrees below zero and I had not enough clothes on my back to camp in the open in front of the butcher store for any length of time. At last I made up my mind to go on and if I should fail to find that deer which was coming to me, I would have to fall back on rabbits, macaroni and nightmares again.

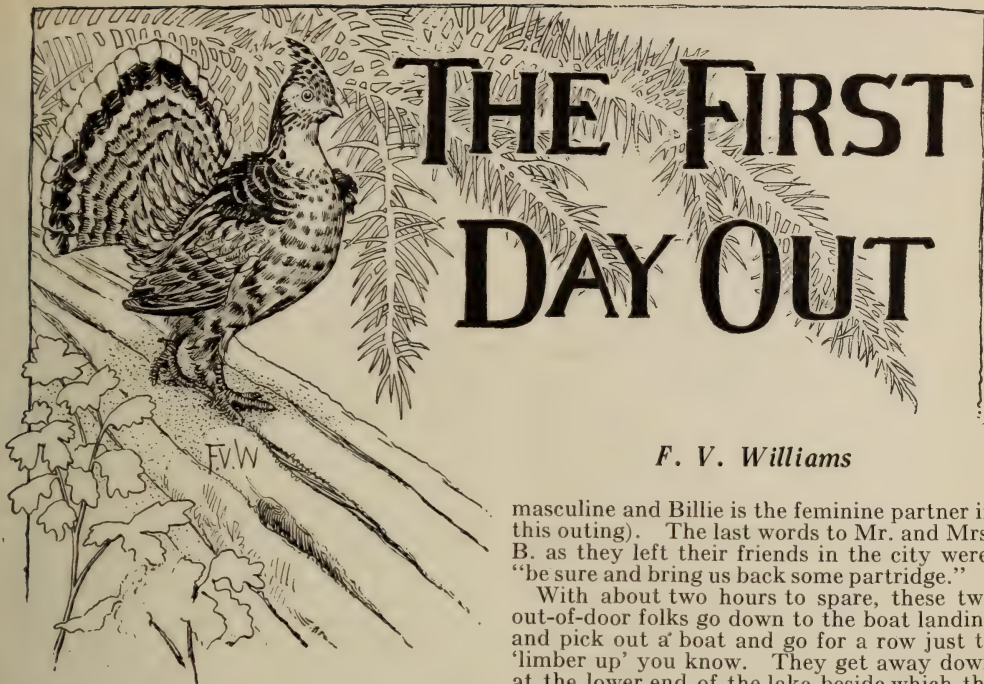
I did my prettiest on my way back, making fifteen out of ten miles. I looked behind every big tree and even on top of some. At last I lost interest and I caught myself several times whistling which is not very conducive to successful deer hunting. I went for the bare places to have a good slide on my skis. The snow was in fine condition, what we skiers call

'fast'. I crashed down a couple of times and am still wondering how I picked up all my bones and put them back in their proper places. It was a glorious day, much too glorious to be out for murder. The sky was as blue as blue can possibly be and the snow as white as only snow can be. Not a breath of air was stirring and old sol was trying hard to steal a race on king frost. He lit up the place wonderfully well but the other fellow was in his glory and master of the temperature. You expect me now to run into a deer and knock it down with my ski or something like that. To tell the truth I did not. You have read the story of the fox and the grapes I suppose. I felt like that fox. I would only get sick of deer meat after a while and it would be a shameful waste. Why should I want to kill a deer? Why indeed. Deer are much too beautiful and graceful to be killed in such a sneaking fashion.

I landed at the old shack about 11 a. m. and took those skis off. Then I collapsed. What is the matter? I was not tired? I could have gone another fifteen miles! I bared my leg. A nice mess. I must have burst a blood-vessel in one of my falls and the blood had gone under the skin. There was a patch the size of a hand, purplish black, and I had not felt a thing until I put my foot on the ground without the ski. I began to feel it then however. I crawled into the shack and managed to light a fire and got the macaroni pot agoing. I bandaged my game leg with sundry liniments, vinegar, witch hazel and mustard, hoping that one of them might have some effect and then I lay down on my bunk to listen to the singing of the tea kettle. Slowly the familiar and to the camper welcome, sound faded from my memory, or was it the other way round. I know something faded—But what was that? I sat up with a start. Never had I heard a tea kettle make such a noise or was it a new pattern of nightmare? There it is again, louder. It is a dog barking. I was awake now and I hopped to the window mindful of my leg and—boys, the picture I beheld would have made the heart of any man with red blood jump. There were my deer—two of them, coming down the easy sloping, bare, hillside, making straight for my hut and a habitant's sheep dog behind them. I tried to make calculations. I could not. I grabbed my shotgun. I knew there were two No. 4 cartridges in it. What good would they be? I did not care. I saw red and smelled meat. I could taste it already. I went to the door, still hidden, even outside. What next! One of the deer came in sight. It turned to the left and made for the lake. I never saw such bounds in all my life. No use here. Where is the other? I ran to the corner of the house and had a peep. Here she comes. It is a doe. It can't be helped; it is meat. Would she take the fence? It is five feet if an inch. She only heard the dog behind, she did not see. I ran right at her. She took the fence, it was a glorious sight and when she was at the apex, gloriously silhouetted against the dark blue sky, both barrels went off simultaneously, not ten feet from her. She came down on her side and never moved again. The jump had broken her heart and I was sorry, but here was meat at last.



The accompanying photo of a moose, together with other photos of moose and deer swimming, which latter we regret were not clear enough for purposes of reproduction, were sent us by Mr. L. A. Boyer of Montreal, President of the Shawinigan Club. Among the fifty members of the Club Shawinigan appear the names of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Lomer Gouin. Mr. Boyer is the only charter member of the Club which was organized in 1883, and is now seventy-seven years old but "quite good for another moose this year" he writes us. Lake Wapizagonke, in which the moose shown in the picture is swimming, is a lake twelve miles in length and full of red trout averaging three-quarters of a pound in weight. The Shawinigan Club has its head-quarters in County St. Maurice, Quebec Province. Its members are largely composed of Montreal men with a number of Americans from cities in the New England States. Its membership is not confined to men, evidently, for in looking over the list one finds the names of two women members, one from Montreal and one from Zanesville, Ohio.



THE FIRST DAY OUT

F. V. Williams

WE feel sorry for anyone who has to work inside four walls the year round, but even in our civilization, there are bright spots and one of these to most of us is the vacation season. When the vacation list went round in May for the different individuals in a certain department to attach their signatures for the vacation period, it was passed by one desk with the remark "your vacation is always late in the season isn't it?"

Well, late in the season had arrived. It was the 14th of October and Friday evening 3.30 p.m. The train left at 6.30 for the North woods and there was just time to get a quick lunch and get to the station and board the train as it was about to pull out. An all-night ride and at noon the next day "Bill and Billie" of our story were landed at a little station eight miles from their camp. A double seated rig with a pair of horses attached soon put in an appearance and a hearty, "Well! there you are!" from the driver as he shakes hands and tells them how the camp is waiting for people just like them, etc. and that there are lots of "birds" this year, only they are a little wild as there has been quite a bit of shooting in the last week. "But the parties all left here two days ago, so you'll have lots of room," adds their informant.

The eight miles are passed with very little talk as the road is not exactly suited to conversation when the horses step along at a good pace,—too many 'bumps' see? Arrived at camp they have a good lunch and then retreat to the log cabin prepared for them, to change their "store" clothes for clothing more suitable to shedding the possible rain storm, or the rough usage that windfalls and brambles and underbrush are sure to give. It's three P. M. now. (Let me explain here that Bill is the

masculine and Billie is the feminine partner in this outing). The last words to Mr. and Mrs. B. as they left their friends in the city were, "be sure and bring us back some partridge."

With about two hours to spare, these two out-of-door folks go down to the boat landing and pick out a boat and go for a row just to 'limber up' you know. They get away down at the lower end of the lake beside which the camp is located and decide to go across to another lake just to look round a bit. The trail is entirely through heavy timber and the two people from town are so interested in getting out into the "Big Woods" that they ignore the black clouds coming up and sailing swiftly by the openings in the tree tops, until suddenly there is a patter, patter, pat, pat, patter on the fallen leaves and they find themselves caught in a regular down pour. "Good test for these supposedly waterproof 'duds' of ours," says Billie, as they start on the double quick back for the boat. The heavy timber shelters them from the rain quite a bit but when the end of the trail is reached and the boat in sight they realize that it surely is 'raining some,' and to make matters worse the wind is directly ahead. The pull back to camp takes a good twenty-five minutes and by the time the boat touches the little landing beach, there is two inches of rain water 'sloshing' about the occupants' feet, and Joy of Joys, as the boat is pulled out the dinner-bell (supper-bell in camp, if you please) is being vigorously rung at the dining room door to advise hungry campers that it's "time to tie on the feed bag." Hustling up the bank they reach their cabin, get their wet coats off and arrive in the dining room in time to catch Mrs. G. who has charge of the feeding of the hungry, depositing a tray of steaming hot "eats" on the table, and as the woods appetite has already begun to put in an appearance, you can rest assured that Mrs. G. has no complaints to make about her visitors not being satisfied with the food.

Well, in camp (when you go to really hunt, fish or go canoeing or tramping it) one goes to bed early. There's so much to do from daylight to dark, so much to see and—a tip to you

—the wisest and shyest of the wood folk are astir early—if you have come to look, listen and learn, be out early and stay out late if you like, but by all means, be out early.

The rain of the evening is followed by a fog which completely shuts out the main camp from the cabins one hundred feet distant. As you sit in the cabin you hear the occasional drip, drip of the moisture from the branches of the trees overhead, but all other wood sounds are pretty quiet tonight. And after the guns are taken from their cases and put together and shell boxes opened up for the morrow (so there will be no wasted time in the morning) the light goes out and they are soon in the land of dreams, which land is inhabited with countless droves of partridge, whole coveys of them at every bend in the trail. Suddenly there is a terrible racket and the partridge all fade out of dreamland to give place to the "noise" and this time they are awake, and Billie from the darkness of her bunk asks quietly, "Do you hear our old friend?" And this time it's no dream as it is so close over your head you almost try to look through the shingles to see if you can discover him. Whoo-hoo-hoo! rolls through the woods and in a few minutes again Whoo-hoo-hoo, whoo-hoo!, and as you lie and listen, from away across the lake you hear a faint Whoo-hoo-hoo, whoo-hoo. You know there are two of them now. The great Horned owl, or big brown owl. You have heard him yourself perhaps?—This old fellow had either gone astray in the fog or else perhaps in that scheme of hunting which he practices after nightfall, had figured that a foggy night of this sort would be a good opportunity to try his skill on the mice which are pretty nearly sure to be about the log cabins.

After listening to Mr. Owl's Whoo-hoo-hoo-whoohoo! a few more times, Bill gets up and noiselessly taking off the top of the "airtight stove" drops in a goodly chunk of dry birch which sends a shower of sparks up the chimney from the bed of coals in the stove. After that there was silence in the camp. It would have been interesting to have seen the old fellow's "expression" and action when the sparks came whirling up through the fog into the tree. They probably drove all thoughts of mice from his head for some minutes. The sun is just 'topping' the trees across the lake as you get outside. (Do you remember the last time you stepped out into the smell of fir and pine trees after being confined at hard labor for eleven months?). And it's sure good to see the morning mist rising off the lake and fill your lungs with that balsam laden air. About this time the breakfast bell 'jangles' and as you eat you give instructions as to the lunch which Mrs. G. has ready for you by the time you have finished eating.

There's a long trail leading away over to a small lake that appeals to the hunters this morning. This trail has 'patches' of clover at intervals along two thirds its length, and at this time of year the partridge have a great liking for these clover 'patches'. Our friends have no dogs and for that very reason the hunting will be a bit more strenuous. This is Billie's first season to handle a shotgun and she's very anxious to see what the little 20

gauge can do. An hour's walk through ferns and 'burnt land' past brush piles where the chipmunks pop into sight and after a few moments' scrutiny of these disturbers, drop back out of sight and go scampering ahead to wait for you to come up opposite their next vantage point, when they disappear and repeat the performance a little farther on. One little fellow varied this with an occasional climb up some weed stalk for a nibble at the seeds, perhaps wondering if these strange creatures will stop to eat when, of course, "stripes" will expect to get a few crumbs. Right ahead are the second growth birch, and along the trail here-a-bouts the partridge find their best clover 'patches.' One hundred yards down the trail branches, and "Billie" takes the right hand trail, while "Bill" follows the left, agreeing to wait three miles farther on where the trails meet again, if there is not a piece of brushwood bent over in the trail on his arrival (the sign that would mean she had passed on to the shore of the lake where they were to eat lunch.)

This hunting without dogs—it keeps the hunter on the alert *all* the time. Many's the wise old partridge that will lie "close" in the thickset while the best and keenest eyed hunter in the country goes 'pussy-footing' past his hiding place unable to distinguish the bird from its surroundings of yellow, brown and red leaves and old dead branches, etc. Half a mile down the trail and Bill has not seen a bird, although there are plenty of signs along the way. He gets careless for a half minute and with a Whir-rr-rr-r-r of wings that only a partridge can make, the first bird 'gets up' almost from under his feet and with a short flight turns round a clump of brush and disappears amongst the trees, and not another 'bird' does he see for a half hour. When away off on his right he hears the report of a gun that he knew could only be the twenty gauge of "Billie's". (Wonder if she got that fellow? and Gee! I'd like to be there to see her if she has got her first bird.) The ground here begins to have a different appearance. Instead of the level road there are a series of small hills here and clumps of larger timber at intervals along each side of the way. On the right is an old long disused lumber camp and between that and the trail an old broken-down fence. The long grass here, dried and scorched by the summer sun and nipped by the frost has turned a pale yellow, which make the clover patches stand out more vividly green than they did farther back on the trail.

Bill has just approached an old birch fallen across the trail, and with his sixteen gauge cocked and at the ready is about to step over, when Whir-rr-rr-r-r-r-r up goes one,—Whir-rr-rr-r-r-r, two, Whir-rr-rr-r-r-r, three. From both sides of the trail they jump and take as many different directions, but in less time than it takes to tell it the sixteen jumps into line and with the sharp Bang! of the smokeless, one fat partridge hits the ground. A new shell is pumped in and the second bird gets the same favor, but luckily for him, he makes one of those partridge 'side-steps' into a convenient bunch of thick foliage and escapes without losing a feather. The first bird of the season

is put into the game pocket, and the careful still hunting started again.

It's pretty nearly time to find the junction of the trails, when on carefully looking into a tangled mass of brushwood, away off to the left Bill sees a very suspicious looking 'bunch' of something standing quietly behind some brush wood. One, two minutes pass (our hunters do not believe in shooting a thing that they *think* is game; and just as he is beginning to reason, "that must be an old root," the bunch of something straightens up and slowly steps out into view—a big cock partridge that has just got to have a "strut" and spread his big "fan-tail" before "bowling" off into the brush. Now then if you had a dog to retrieve, you would flush him and take a wing shot. This is a regular 'jungle' in here and rather than take a chance on letting a crippled bird get away in there, the hunter takes a careful aim and although the distance is great he gets his bird.

A few yards more and the two trails meet and sure enough here is the branch of a birch broken and bent over the trail (meaning I have passed this way) and without any lost time he starts for the lake. Coming in sight of the water through the trees he sees "Billie" standing looking expectantly over the back track. The last shot was pretty close and she evidently is expecting that there will be no more hunting before lunch. As Bill comes in sight, "Well what luck?" greets him, and as he says "two" she holds up a pair of fine birds herself. "Mr. Hunter, you see you are not the only 'Nimrod' on the beach!" and as they get a fire started to boil a bit of coffee, she explains that the second time she fired, she heard two echoes, the echoes being the first two shots that Bill got over by the old logging camp. Lunch finished and the fire carefully put out, they are enjoying the scenery and admiring the autumn colors, when something attracts their attention away up near the top of a tall birch. This goodly sized black 'somebody' proves to be a fat porcupine with his back against the trunk of the tree, his forepaws resting on his fat stomach, as seated on a limb he is evidently enjoying the warm October sun at a distance of thirty or forty feet from the ground, despite the fact that his tree, along with the others, is swaying considerably in the wind. Katunk! katunk! katunk! what was that? Katunk! katunk!—right over there seated on the hedge of that old stump you'll see him! Mr. Stripes (chipmunk) seated there watching you, and with every katunk! he gives his tail a flip, cocks his head sideways and wonders why you don't understand and toss him a little of that lunch. A whole slice of bread from one of the sandwiches causes great excitement there on the stump. After many preliminary peekings and rushing about from one viewpoint to another "stripes" gets bold enough to nibble that hard bread crust and finally to the great joy of "Billie" (who is trying to get into position for a photograph) "Stripes" gets his slice of bread on edge and holding it between his forepaws "waggles" his jaws over it as if he had never

been so hungry in all his life. As the photographer's camera clicks he disappears into the hollow stump taking half the slice of bread with him, and while the hunters arrange their 'birds', camera, etc., for easier carrying, Mr. Stripes cautiously raises his head over the edge of his refuge and watches them depart.

Not for home just yet. The sun says about twelve o'clock and 'Billie' goes down and takes up a position at a point where an old 'tote' road leaves through what had been a main logging road years ago. From her seat on an old fallen log she has a good view in two directions, and decides to stay there and take things easy while Bill prospects 'round for a while in a swamp a short distance away. He slowly disappears down the trail going carefully and watching right and left for game that seems to have deserted the country. Half an hour rolls by and 'Billie' sees nothing and hears nothing with the exception of an inquisitive blue jay who floats silently from one vantage point to another peering curiously at this strange addition to the trail, but as there is no game to frighten or warn, he flies away to try and start something in some more interesting neighborhood. Then the rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat of a woodpecker sounds through the woods and by turning her head slightly she can see him making the chips fly from an old stub a few yards away. A rustle in the fallen leaves near-by and a fat wood mouse scampers for cover. The 'wood sounds' are all coming back as the memory of the sound of human voices fades from the minds of the little wood folk, who are always on the alert.

Bang! comes the sound of a gun faintly on the still air here beneath the trees and as the sound is so faint and from the direction of the swamp, she decides that it must be Bill and he's a long way off. In the next hour she hears two more shots and the last is so close by that everything is hushed in the immediate neighborhood, again. And directly Bill appears with an expansive smile and a large rabbit, (of the snow-shoe variety) and one more partridge, as he says the "third shot was at a bird that 'got up' so close by that he pulled about three feet too far ahead of him."

Billie has had a good rest, also some very poor success and as the shadows are beginning to lengthen, they face about for camp this time both taking the same trail, Billie in the lead by about one quarter of a mile which distance allows a hiding partridge time to move and perhaps give the second party a chance at him. But this day the "second party" does not even see a partridge. "Billie" scores two clean kills, making a bag of seven birds and one rabbit for two guns. "Not an extra big day's shooting," you say? Perhaps not but as our friends sit out in front of the cabin watching the sunset across the lake and waiting for Mrs. G's 'supper bell' to ring, they think of the 'wood sights' they have seen today and with the bit of sport thrown in, believe they have had a very successful beginning to their trip. Do you agree with them?

Great Success In Bringing Back Big Game

A Revelation from British Columbia

IN 1906, following a memorable hunting exploration in the Elk River country, East Kootenay district, British Columbia, John M. Phillips and William T. Hornaday besought the government and people of British Columbia to make that region a game preserve. In it goats were plentiful, sheep could be found by hard hunting, one elk was seen in thirty days, but moose were totally absent.

In 1898 the Elk River Game Preserve was created, and Campbell J. Lewis was appointed its game warden. Of course all hunting in that region (of 550 square miles) ceased at that time.

A recent request from Dr. Hornaday to Warden Lewis for a statement of game conditions at this time in the Elk River Game Preserve elicited the following report:

Report of Game Warden Lewis.

"Your request for data on the East Kootenay Game Preserve comes at an opportune moment. I have just finished a partial patrol of its boundaries, and while I was well aware of a material increase of the wild things within its confines, in my wildest dreams I could never have imagined game so plentiful as it is at the present time on that game preserve. On our first day out—and please note we were not hunting, or taking any pains to conceal our presence—we saw twenty goats, five sheep and one black bear. No account was kept of feathered game, of which we saw a goodly number, chiefly sooty grouse. The other five days we were out we saw game proportionate to that sighted on the first day of our journey, including six elk (wapiti) and one large grizzly bear.

"Our route of travel was by way of Brule Creek (Avalanche Creek), taking in the heads of its various tributaries, and thence westward across the divide to Bull River.

"In your book, 'Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies,' I remember your remarking on the incident of your meeting a bull elk. The occurrence at the time of your visit to this district was, no doubt, worthy of note. You will therefore be surprised to learn that such an occurrence today possesses for the traveller in the mountains a merely momentary interest.

"To give you some slight idea of the spread of the elk over the East Kootenay region, I may mention the fact of those animals having been seen on Sheep Creek, a few miles north of Ft. Steele. They have even been seen as far south as Rock Creek, three miles west of the village of Elko. Bull River, Fording River, and east fork of White River all have their quota of this splendid game. As a friend of mine recently remarked on visiting the upper Fording River, 'the valley country has no trails but elk trails, and these cut up the valley so that it reminds one more of a plowed field than anything else.'"

"Moose have again made their appearance in the Elk River valley, and are wintering there in small bands of two or three. Last summer a cow dropped two calves in the vicinity of C. P. R. headquarters, about forty miles north of Michel. Quite a number spend the greater part of the summer on the big meadows of the west fork of the Elk River.

"Speaking of the west fork reminds me that a large number of sheep have found their way into the west fork basin. Formerly this country was considered devoid of animal life, but recent investigation has proved the contrary. Goats abound, sheep are fairly plentiful, while moose have evidently filed their pre-emption records. The moose in this bit of country came in from the head of the Palliser River, through a pass that I discovered while making recent investigations in that part of the district.

"Sheep are doing well in all parts of the district. Contrary to popular opinion, sheep have not the horror of railroads or steam whistles that they are credited with. As a case in point I may make mention of the fact of my seeing eight sheep on the mountain above Elko. This, mark you, was within sight and hearing of busy railway traffic. Another instance to prove that wild game can accustom itself to the sights and sounds of civilization is the fact of a band of sheep having been seen about three miles from Elko by two neighbors of mine who were fishing in the south fork of Elk River.

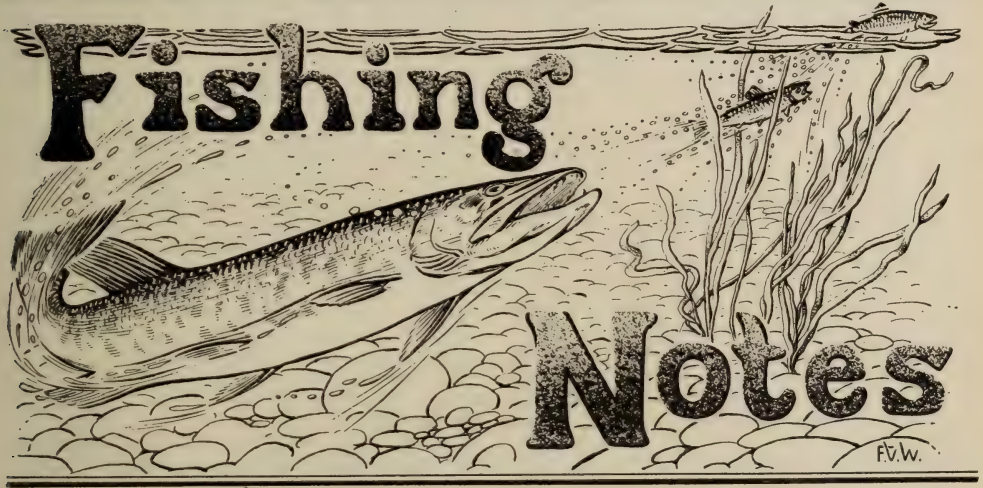
"It may interest you to learn that pin-tailed grouse are here to stay. Since the logging off of the forest lands in the southern portion of Fernie District, and the subsequent forest fires that from time to time have swept the logged off areas, pin-tailed grouse have found an excellent harborage in the tall grass and young undergrowth that has sprung up in the wake of the fires. They are now present in large numbers.

"Since we are on the subject of logged-off areas, I may as well introduce the subject of the Virginia deer. Grave forebodings filled the minds of many of our sportsmen that the cutting of timber, and the consequent restriction of the range of the white-tailed deer, would prove disastrous to the latter. Such a contention, while perhaps theoretically correct, is not borne out by the facts. Much of the deer range has been cut and burned away, it is true; but it cannot be said that the white-tailed deer is in any immediate danger of extinction. Close observation of this species of game has forced me to the conclusion that *the deer are gradually adapting themselves to a new habitat. Where formerly they descended in hundreds to the lower levels to winter, I now find them living through the winter months in the high fir forests on ground that from its natural inaccessibility cannot be logged for many generations. They are harder to get*

without doubt; but they are there in myriads, if one is man enough to hunt them.

"Practically the same thing may be said of the mule deer. Where they wintered years ago in large numbers, they are now conspicuous by their absence. But for all that they have not all been killed off, nor have they left the country. They have simply chosen for their wintering places the more isolated hill-sides where the pot-hunter, through lack of funds or possible energy, cannot or will not go."

In view of the effort now being put forth under the auspices of the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund founded by Mr. T. Hornaday, for a large increase in the supply of big game throughout the national forests, the report of Warden Lewis on the new habits of the white-tailed deer have deep significance. Dr. Hornaday has long contended that the people of the United States should sensibly utilize the great possibilities in that species as a legitimate game-food supply.



THE ATLANTIC SALMON

Angling Features

Robert Page Lincoln

WHETHER we angle for trout, small-mouth bass or others that readily take the fly; we are enjoying a lordly pastime, one that is fit to rank among the leaders of all the great piscatorial array; angling is not only a most poetic performance but it provides the fisherman with the greatest variety of pleasure and of speculation. But any way we look at the proposition it is after all the going out along the streams that really fills us with the most thorough enjoyment; the rod and the reel and the flies furnish the excuse—God bless the mark!

Perhaps there is no one subject in the world that has been more comprehensively dealt with than fishing; every nook and cranny has been investigated with the utmost care, and hardly an item has escaped observation by painstaking scientific men. Around each has been built a castle and many of them—sorry to relate—have drawbridges, and are robbed all over with aristocratic apartness and rare individuality. These same writers, utterly

scorning the presence of a less well informed populace draw these bridges up after them leaving but the displeasing moat to stare us out of countenance. In other words, amateurs are considered as a thing apart; these writers hold the key to the situation and as such they must be bowed down to with all due homage. And around all that they say appears that halo of uncertainty and impossibility of achievement that cannot but impress the amateur. When reading the writings of these angling scribes he will often feel himself so inferior that to attain even part of their seeming vast knowledge and experience he is apt to be discouraged into thinking that he must give up the greater part of his life. As a matter of fact, angling is not after all such a hard thing to accomplish. Take casting of the fly for instance. Here at random I can take down from the shelf a book which has a chapter upon how to cast the fly; a chapter of heavy and space-filling language; jaw-breakers succeed jaw-breakers;

there are diagrams and plans and specifications. Friend if you know not fly-casting, read but little, ere you lose heart; take upon yourself a calm and easy manner; buy yourself a rod, line and reel and get you forth and cast and in three minutes you will learn more than you would in ten days from a book. Experience counts. Spell-binding language is well enough in its place, but follow the brook or the river in reality and you will learn a great deal—if first you have your necessary foundation laid.

The didactic laying down of rules as concerns fly-fishing under any variety of conditions is an unsatisfactory proceeding. I have found this fact to be very true, that what you get fish with in some part of the continent will not suit that same species of fish in another section of the country. Fishing—or angling if you will—is subject to constant changes. I cannot lay any fly down as being strictly a winner, because I have found it so in one part of the country, nor am I to pick for you a seven ounce rod if in your hands this rod will not fit you. I believe in suiting oneself to one's rod; a delicate man will tire out with a heavy rod; a light rod is out of place in the hands of a strong, powerful man, and so forth.

The above as an introductory to the art of salmon fishing may be out-of-place, for the reason that so many hard and fast rules have been laid down by the aristocratic pen-wielders that to say anything out of the table of rules and regulations would be committing a severe crime. Turning to Charles Hallock I note the following words upon the same subject:

"In casting about among the angling books which have been written I discover that the literature of the salmon is for the most part painfully hackneyed. Every author is voiced alike. There is the same theme, similar treatment and a uniform arrangement. Each book aspires to be a complete treatise and every one is oracular. Classes are formed, the impressario comes to the front and every scholar is expected to toe the mark. Then follow, by rote, the biology of the fish, his habits, and characteristics, and when, how and where to capture him, concluding with some wild anecdote or bit of poetry, by way of a snapper. No detail is omitted. All the elements are presented. If any variation is attempted it runs into the speculative and the mysterious. The study becomes as classical and occult as some dim theosophy. The ways of the salmon seem past finding out. The more abstruse and empirical the treatise is the more eminent becomes the philosopher; and the stronger his pull on the credulity of his readers, the higher the price of the book, and the wider the play of his fancies. Yet the guild of anglers has stood listening and entranced for eighteen centuries. Strange that so much inspiration can be drawn from a single string."

However, alackday! even Hallock has not been able to escape the rote, for by this rote, only, can a treatise be made complete. Undoubtedly as one writer expresses it the ninety and nine of the element care little or nothing in regard to the natural history features of the fish they are after; while this

may be widely open to conjecture, I might add for my own part that a knowledge of your fish goes hand in hand with your careful acquirement of just this knowledge, and surely in the case of the salmon, the Atlantic salmon in particular, a knowledge of the various stages the fish passes through from birth to maturity cannot be amiss. That angling for the salmon is participated in by men to whom money is of little or no concern must really be set down. To travel far costs money; to establish fishing preserves along classic rivers where one stays at fashionable hosteleries means a great deal more money; guides draw upon one for still more; tackle costs not a little bit and the longer one stays at these establishments the greater the money paid out. One wonders then if angling were meant for the common people, or only for the rich. This may be true in the case of people who must go far to realize their desire, but Canadian anglers and those near the coast are practically at the door of rivers which contain excellent salmon fishing. Angling ceases to be an enjoyment when the angler does not have to work for his end. Once at a resort I went angling with the president of a great firm. He was used to being waited upon with due consideration, and was surprised when I offered to row the boat for a time to rest the guide who had but recently got up from a bed of sickness. There are chair backs and cushions for the soft ones; there are fawnings and scrapings to them and all they do is to dumbly act, in a way, their part, allowing the guides to do the rest Says Hallock:

"Most of the fishing of the rich is done from canoes or boats on glassy and streamy water with two canoemen to handle the craft. They have spent fortunes to secure their rivers and equip their sumptuous cottages which have taken the place of primitive camps, and it has taken time and money to reach the delectable grounds. They do not propose to work their passage leading the horse. Therefore, as has been stated, the boatmen do all the work. They carry the gentleman's rods and wraps and rubber cushion to the canoe by the river side, and make him snug on the seat amidships. Then they pole out to the middle of the stream, or the most likely portion of it, the pool, which they all know like a book, and drop killick to hold the canoe in position. They suggest the most killing flies for they are thoroughly posted by critical observation and the angler makes up his cast accordingly and pitches it at the spot to which he is directed. Boatmen instantly detect a novice and thenceforward lose no time in working their varnish. They show him how to cast properly, and how to pump the rod in order to attract the fish, and how to fasten to a rise. No person more able and ready to coach than they. Sometimes they will take the rod in hand themselves and deliver the line in a way to astonish the tyro. If a fish fastens they hand the rod back to the angler then up killick at once and follow the fish with the boat, snubbing or humoring it according to its moods. These tactics amount to the play of an automatic reel, and the angler has only to keep the tip of his rod well up, except when the

fish jumps; the boatmen do the rest."

One wonders not a little, noting this variety of angling,—angling purely for the rich, if it would not furnish greater pleasure to go out alone, or with a companion of one's own ilk and really angle; to lose a fish perhaps and yet—to angle, and to know that you are not waited upon like a helpless child. I had rather fasten to a fish and play it single-handed and alone than I would catch a hundred waited upon, for only in this way is true satisfaction obtainable.

In taking up the feature of angling for the salmon the first consideration in the tackle paraphernalia is the rod, and since one always stands the chance of annexing to a large specimen it need not be emphasized that the rod is a consideration of great importance. Also for that same rod, whether you get it in split-bamboo of the best, or near-best quality, you are going to pay a rather steep price, as prices go. Hardy Brothers of England, whose advertisement is noted in this magazine put out some very good rods, reaching up to seventy-five dollars. The lowest one could reasonably pay for a salmon rod would be ten dollars and this rod would be split bamboo; whether it will hold salmon in great sizes or not will depend upon the agility and keenness of the angler, and the manner of his rod manipulation. It will not however be the rod so much that is put to the test as the line and the leader. It is claimed that even great salmon will exert but a pull of four pounds; it is the cutting flight through water across and downstream that puts the test on the leader and the line. One great salmon angling authority landed a forty pound salmon on a five ounce rod for instance, but it should be remembered that knowledge of correct rod manipulation was required to meet the deficiencies of the rod. Rod length is a topic that should be carefully considered. In England they are yet using salmon rods that will go in length up to twenty feet, and eighteen foot rods are common in use in the British Isles. In this country favour has gone out to rods considerably shorter in length. Rods fourteen and fifteen feet in length are much in use and eleven and twelve foot rods are also used. A longer rod is preferable if your fishing is done from bank or ledge; a shorter rod will do when fishing in stream, boat, or wading, for then you are able to get better action and arm-room.

A fifteen foot split bamboo rod for salmon would, or should, weigh something like twenty ounces; other rods, lighter in weight, used for grilse, will weigh something over fifteen ounces. Between fifteen and twenty ounces would be the correct weight. Comparatively speaking the ferruled rod has quite as many points in its favour as any other make, and from the point of convenience there is no doubt but that the ferruled rod is better than the spliced rod. Such a rod, ferruled, will come in the regulation three pieces and an extra tip; one or two tips should of course always be included in the outfit. Solid-wood and bamboo compose for the most part the various salmon rods put out. What will suit one man's taste, however, will not suit another. Perhaps, now, for instance a man

has been a trout fisherman. He has, say, become quite in love with split-bamboo. He regards it as the one and only make worth while. Turning salmon fisher, naturally he looks for bamboo and goes forth furnished in bamboo. That such solid wood material as greenheart and noibwood make for excellent rods goes without the saying; and even those rods, coming in lancewood, are fine but not to be compared with the bamboo. The greenheart and noibwood rods, being so greatly in use, cost twenty to twenty-five dollars. Bamboo rods will reach to thirty dollars and upwards, coming in the very best type: A thirteen foot bamboo rod, weighing something like eighteen ounces, will cost you ten dollars and for the beginner undoubtedly it is the rod desired. Then again a grilse rod, length twelve feet, weighing something like thirteen ounces, will cost fifteen dollars. There are expert manipulators of the rod that would not be afraid to face an eighty pound fish with such a rod—*But!*

Undoubtedly the six strip bamboo is to be preferred as a salmon rod. Just as a six strip bamboo rod is the best for the trout fishing appliance, so is the six strip the leader in this more strenuous pursuit. The six strip makes for a very strong tip, where the eight strip may have a certain weakness to its credit, or discredit, as you will. Salmon rods in bamboo are necessarily very heavily enameled to ensure greater strength; this makes them durable and serviceable and good for any number of years, if rightly taken care of. The mountings of this salmon rod, if chosen in bamboo, or in solid wood material, should undeniably be in German Silver; this has the reputation of wearing well and is the most liable to stand contact with salt water, without corroding. Nickle trimmings, or mountings, will corrode and this means the beginning of the end of your appliance. The ferrules of the rod should be heavily welted and reinforced, and they should be serrated to prevent an untimely breakage at the joints. Snakes guides are almost entirely used on salmon rods, and the first guide and the top guide should, because they stand the most wear and tear, be supplied with agate linings. Salmon rods are furnished with a double-grip; that is to say, one ordinary grip and another above the reel. In casting for salmon, by the way, both hands are used, hence the double grip. The windings of the rod should be closely set and each year these should be gone over and renewed if they show wear and fray. That the silk windings of a rod have much to do with its longevity there is no doubt in the least. These rods will last a long time indeed if given the right care and attention. If the varnish gives out upon them, coat them again. Solid wood rods may be rubbed down with four coats of good varnish and finished off with one coat, and will, after this treatment, look as good as new.

A line for salmon fishing, and a good line at that, is more than ever a necessity. As I have mentioned the rod may come in a more or less fragile state in comparison with the fish angled for but the line must be good and the leader must be even better. A very heavy strain is put on them at times, especially in waters that are rough, which naturally

increases the high tension, and if the fish runs downstream a break, or fouling on a rock or snag is not an impossibility. Hence the need of good material, first and last of all. The line, perhaps the only line fitted for the purpose is the enameled line and of this variety about one hundred yards should be admitted to the reel which is selected to hold as much. In size it is well to say that either size C or D will suit your purpose and coming in the level style it is suitable. Twenty-five yards of this level line will cost something like one dollar and seventy-five cents; it is suggested that if it is not desired to expend much in the purchase of a line to fill the reel that the core, or innermost line, be made up of linen line. If one casts within the radius of

eighty feet or so he is doing all that is necessary at the highest. Such a cast will cover all of the salient points upon most rivers and pools, except of course where a river is very wide and a spot is hard to get at, when a longer cast is a necessity. That leaders for salmon fishing are important one hardly needs to say. These leaders are sometimes forced to bear a heavy strain. Extra heavy or heavy gut leaders are the rule, and if they come single then they must have the tested strength in them. Triple-twisted and double-twisted gut should find ready favour. Short leaders are not the rule in angling for the salmon. Nine foot lengths are best. The gut should be mist-colored, round hard, and without flaws.

COMMENTS ON THE DRY FLY

Robert Page Lincoln

IN England where the practice of dry fly angling is universal we find that the waters are singularly well adapted to the use of this fly; the streams are placid, gentle flowing, and are rarely, if ever, in the meadowland territory, broken with rough rapids and turbulent falls. In this country however we have a different variety of conditions to combat since our streams are rough and wild, broken by eddies and violent currents, making practically two thirds of our streams, unfit for the use of the dry fly. However, calm meadowbrooks are to be found and finding these, one would be foolish not to give the dry fly a try-out. It is by far the most deadly method of getting around the trout in such waters and will often win where all other systems fail. As a rule however our streams are rough and wild, and in such cases the net fly is to be used. In fact it is for just such streams that the wet fly is especially adapted. The wet fly is submerged, or under the water at least two thirds of the time. The other third of the time it is lightly kept on the surface at the first intervals of the cast, but speedily sinks, particularly where rough waters leap over it. Ordinarily the wet fly is actually fished, or is drawn in the water from two to three inches or more under the surface. The eyes of a trout are very keen. Lying at the bottom of a pool he is able to see such an object at a great distance. Fact is you will often catch him in mid-air as the flies flick to water, that is providing he is feeding and in a lusty mood.

In dry fly fishing but one is used. In wet fly fishing three flies are sometimes used, especially, in streams where trout are few and where one wishes to make as much of a showing as possible. The leader should be six feet long, having three loops; the front loop for the lead-fly; the middle loop for the center fly and the back loop for the third fly. Three flies need not be used. Two can be employed as well, and only one if the fish are numerous and the fishing good.

The following twelve wet flies are good enough in any American or Canadian waters, the first six being considered as the most killing: Coachman, Professor, Royal Coachman, Black Gnat, Brown Hackle and White Miller; Montreal, Cow Dung, Grizzly King, Scarlet Ibis, Queen of the Waters and the Silver Doctor. To this might be added the Cahill and the Brown and Grey Palmer, also good flies under various conditions. If the flies are rightly manipulated; if apparent life be put into them, by drawing them in the water so that the wings will fold and unfold, many a wary old trout will sacrifice his life at the hook. Hook sizes 10 and 12 are the best all round ones. On mountain streams in the west where the trout are small, but hard fighting, very small hooks are used, 14 and 16 being preferable, although if going into such territories it is always best to have other sized hooks with you, such as the No. 10 and 12. If fishing for rainbow trout, where large specimens are to be expected, say from six to eight pounds, larger hooks can be used, as large as No. 1 and 2. Sizes 4 and 6 are also good at times when fishing for large trout.

In fly fishing there are two methods to be considered, the use of the so-called wet fly and the use of the dry fly. Both of these flies are deadly, though by far the deadliest is the dry fly, for so completely does it imitate the natural fly fallen to water that the trout instinctively rise for it and are taken as a matter of course, other things being equal. The dry fly was first used in England and has been in favor there for a very long time. In later days Frederick Halford spent a lifetime in perfecting this fly and putting it before the public, with the result that it is now commonly in use everywhere where trout are to be found. In the main there are notable differences between the wet fly and the dry fly. The wet fly as its name suggests is a *wet* fly, and most of the time it is submerged, or under the water—when actually fished. A wet fly should be cast as lightly and downily upon

the surface of a pool as possible, so as to catch a fish on the rise, or a fish that will strike as soon as the fly falls to the surface. Failing in this the angler lets his flies sink from two to six inches and then impells them through the water, giving them such movement as will cause the feathers or hairs to open and close, thus giving an appearance of animation to a lifeless object, and so naturally outwitting the fish. Only by putting animation into a wet fly can anything like good success be attained.

That dry fly fishing is a deadly method of outwitting the fish goes without the saying. The dry fly in the first place purports to be an exact imitation of the natural fly that falls to the water and daily forms the food of the trout. The dry fly fisher who best succeeds is apparently the one who can tie flies in exact imitation of those that are natural. As a matter of fact, in wet fishing, or using the submerged fly, an exact copy of nature is not demanded. It may be said that very few wet flies look like the natural fly. The dry fly fishermen are formalists. They believe in strict adherence to the form of the insect or fly, copying Nature as skillfully as possible. If I were to be asked a question, as to which form of fishing I thought the most difficult, wet fly fishing, or dry fly fishing, I would say the former. In wet fly fishing it is the angler who works the fly in the water, putting apparent life into it, while the dry fly, does most of the work itself, since it is supposed to always float, and never to sink under the surface of the water. There is a wide difference between the two methods. The wet fly fisherman is content to fish anywhere where it seems likely a trout will be lying. The dry fly fisherman usually fishes only when the fish are rising to the surface for natural insects. Therefore the twilight hour is the best for this sort of fishing. In dry fly fishing a certain rising fish is watched. Twice say, he will rise at the same place for an insect. The problem now is to outwit him with an artificial imitation of the real thing. The fly is now cast up ahead of him. The fly falls to water with wings cocked, and silently floats down, as it should, over the fish. If he rises and takes it you have succeeded in your cast.

The dry fly must float. Therefore, unless the flies when purchased are so prepared that they will stay above the water they must be covered with some preparation that will ensure their remaining dry, or floating. Usually a mixture of thinned paraffin is all that is necessary though by far the best preparation one can purchase is the well known dry fly preparation, Natre Oil. This oil applied to the fly will leave it more or less perfect, and will not oil the water as will some cheap, unreliable oils. Dry flies as I have said may be purchased ready made for use but as a matter of fact any American standard trout flies can be made into dry flies by the simple application of this oil.

The problem of the dry fly as I have said is to place it above the feeding fish, allowing it to float over some especial fish that seems hungry. Your cast is made. Suppose the fly floats down over the fish and there is no rise. Sometimes you will have to float your

fly two or three times over a fish before he rises. Then again you may have made a bungling cast and the fish may have been frightened away. As mentioned above, presuming that your fly has floated down untouched, it will now be wet to such an extent perhaps that it must be dried again. Now you make what is known as two or three "false casts" in the air, never allowing the fly to touch water however, since this is only done to dry the fly. When you have thus dried the fly again make your cast above the fish and allow it to float down. Some even wait to see if the fish rises again for an insect before making a cast, though this is not really necessary for like as not the fish is lying in wait for your fly, and the second cast may get him.

The scientific part of this fishing is entirely in the method of placing the fly and one's ability to retrieve the line so that it does not sink too deeply in the water. In making your cast the fly should fall to the water practically first, never the line and leader first for then you will have made a very bungling cast. The best method I know of is for the beginner to try himself out on this detail, trying to place the fly carefully upon the water, *first*, never the line and leader first. There is a trifling second before the fly reaches the surface when by a gentle raising of the rod tip you will send an impetus along the line that will draw the fly down first. Gain ascendancy over this and you will soon have mastered a great point in the famous system of "fishing the rise." Understand that you never in actual practice reel in your line. Never, in dry fly fishing or in any fly casting for that matter. Your reel but serves to hold the line, more or less, and you take in the line with the left hand, thus keeping the line from sinking as it floats over the fish. When the cast is over you let the line and fly float by and when it has reached an extreme point behind you lift it up to make your false casts.

To improve your efficiency in casting I would suggest that you use deer fat upon your line, giving it a good rubbing with this. The line will then slip easily through the guides. In dry fly fishing but one fly is used and that fly is what is known as an eyed fly, that is to say the fly is without the gut snell that is found upon the hooks that you use for wet fly fishing. This eyed fly is simply inserted upon the front leader loop and is tried out; if it proves of little killing value it is taken off and another fly inserted. To keep the flies in, you have what is known as an eyed-fly box. It takes up little room and is of great value to the fisherman. Using wet flies with snells one must have in his possession a fly book, since it is quite impossible to carry them loose in the pocket.

As has been noted the dry fly is quite out-of-place upon rough, racy, turbulent streams, for there it is swiftly covered with water and becomes nothing but a submerged fly despite its paraffine covering. Still flowing meadow streams present the best place for the trying out of the dry fly. In certain streams, surrounded more or less by civilization, trout have become educated. Here the submerged

wet fly will cause them to flee for cover, whereas the dry fly will catch often the very wisest of the trout and very quickly at that. Weather conditions have very much to do with dry fly fishing. On a cloudy or rainy day, the fish are lying low; they are not rising for insects, as on mild and pleasant summer evenings, when the natural insects are falling to water. Then the dry fly is in its element.

In angling with the dry fly on a fairly wide stream one stands more or less close to the shore and casts *upstream* and *across the water*, instead of standing in the middle of the stream fishing straight upstream as some think. Fish carefully with the dry fly. There is not an inviting pool that should not be cast over many times before it is left. With the wet fly you fish every nook and cranny of the pool. With the dry fly you fish over one beaten track, watching and placing your fly so that it will drift over the feeding fish *accurately*. In accordance with how correctly you do this is your success measured.

If you possess an all-round rod of five and one half or six ounces, with a fair amount of backbone to it, you have a good dry fly rod. Some advocates believe in having one rod for the dry fly, and one for the wet fly, but for my part, and for economy's sake, I suggest the use of one rod for both purposes. The line for dry fly fishing should be either a single tapered, or a double tapered line, for the reason that the fine end will make a much more inconspicuous connection with the leader, which after all is a very necessary thing. The leader should be in length from six to nine feet. By far the best length, as far as my notion goes, is six feet. This leader should come in a very fine size, or of a light weight. It should be tapered, that is to say it should be a great deal finer at the hook at the end where the leader, or gut, meets, and connects with the line. These leaders may be purchased at thirty cents each, or they may be tied to suit your own taste, a matter I shall

consider in the next chapter. These leaders may be had in a very fine type, known as Light Dry Fly Leaders and also of a type known as Medium Dry Fly Leaders. I would suggest the Medium as the better, for often large fish have to be considered. However, where one feels that his stream contains trout hardly going over three pounds, the lighter leader may also be included in the outfit.

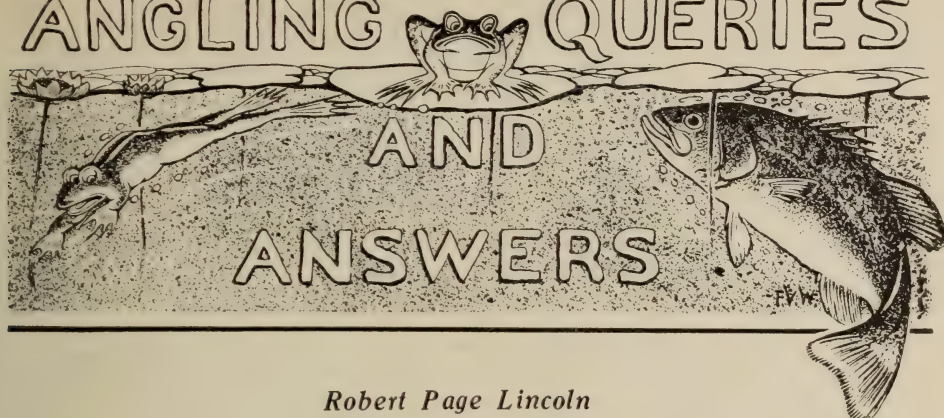
Flies, for fishing, following this method, must be selected with care. Natural flies must be carefully imitated by the dry flies, and therein lies a bit of careful selection. Ordinarily I would suggest the use of the following ten flies, special dry flies that may be used in almost any water with more or less success. The Red Ant, Black Gnat, Coachman, Hares Ear, Hofland's Fancy, Greenwell's Glory, March Brown, Wickham's Fancy and the Pale Evening Dun. These flies are very good and worth a try-out. Other flies of note are the White Miller (always a good fly) the Red Spinner, Silver Sedge, Soldier Palmer, Willow fly, Orange Fish Hawk and the Olive Dun. Others could be mentioned but if you make a close try-out of the above-mentioned you will have success in good measure for dry-fly fishing in any of our streams. Hook sizes must be carefully considered. Ordinarily the size 10 and 12 find favour, and some of these should be included; size 14 and 16 should also be included, and while they are very small, still on some streams they prove themselves the better for their tiny size. In using the smaller sized hooks it is well to mention that one should set the hook quickly upon the first intimation of contact, of the trout's lips with the fly. Usually there is a swirl in the water. Strike, or set the hook when this swirl appears. This applies whether using the dry fly or the wet fly. Finding that the fly is dry and tasteless and artificial it is instantly spat out, wherefore the need of a quick set of the hook.

A New Edition of "The Compleat Angler"

It is interesting to note that since the days of that famous angler and angling writer, Izaak Walton, as many as 160 editions of his best known work "The Compleat Angler," have been published. Now we have still another edition, begun as Mr. R. B. Marston, who contributes the introduction and bibliography to this new volume, tells us, among the rumors of war, and continued and completed with the shells, as it were, bursting in his ears, and each new shout proclaiming "News of War," making it very difficult, he acknowledges to think of again unfurling Walton's flag of peace and his message of breathing contentment. Mr. Marston in his introduction while recognizing the undoubted literary merit of the "Compleat Angler" somewhat criticizes those anglers who having never studied Walton condemn his treatise as of no practical value, supposing that modern methods of fishing were unknown to him. Mr. Marston avers that although

having been an enthusiastic angler for over half a century and having read practically every work ever written upon angling, and possessing most of them, yet he can truly say that he learned more about the ways of British fish and their haunts and habits and how to catch them from Walton and Cotton, than from any subsequent writers. "Of course one learns most from experience" admits Mr. Marston, but Walton had a wonderful manner of describing ways of fish and ways of taking them. He had great experience and he took great delight and infinite care in imparting his knowledge. Mr. Marston's charming introduction and bibliography add much to the interest of a volume which has delighted lovers of angling for more than 250 years and which will doubtless continue to delight them for that many more. This latest edition of "The Compleat Angler" comes from Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.

ANGLING QUERIES



Robert Page Lincoln

No. 35.—How was the first artificial minnow made and how did it originate? Are the rubber frogs of any use in casting? I recently acquired one of these but have not tried it out and was wondering whether it would be of any use to give it a try-out. As far as I can see, in using the artificial minnow the trailer gang is of little or no use, for, while some of the bass are what might be termed short biters, or those that follow up and hit the lure from behind, still most of the time, in my experience, they hit the bait in the center, and up from the bottom. I have therefore discarded the trailer gang on all my baits, leaving a belly gang where possible, and one side gang. This I have found enough, and in most cases I use only the belly gang, and the success I have had with it leads me to believe that it is the right one to leave on.

R. Douglas, Ontario.

Ans.—In regard to the origin of the artificial minnow I may quote the following from a writer which will answer the question till a better answer comes along. He says:

"The legend goes that many years ago a disgusted and disgruntled fisherman was sitting in a boat making sundry and diverse remarks about fish, fishing luck, and other things, because the fish would not bite. Finally in disgust and perhaps with a little show of temper, he threw an empty cigarette box into the water at a ripple that occurred on the surface. Then something happened. It looked as if an unseen hand had reached up out of the depths and punched that empty box four feet into the air. The angler was astonished. He watched the colored box float away on the surface of the water and suddenly something rose from the depths and lunged at it again. This time he saw what it was. It was a big black bass that smashed up through the surface of the lake at the gaily coloured affair. Right that very minute the fisherman recovered the box and sitting down in the middle of his boat he tied two hooks to it and a good stout line at the end of the hooks. This was the first conception of coloured casting minnows, but from that day to this great progress has been made from the first discovered."

The earlier artificial minnows were crude affairs, as was natural and the efficiency of the so-called phantom minnow considered as a fish destroyer was questionable.

Naturally, too, the various foods of the bass were imitated and still are for that matter, such as bugs and frogs. These were made out of rubber, which, painted, or touched with some such preparation were supposed to fool the fish into biting. On the face of it nothing is so poor and useless for fishing for casting, as a rubber frog; there is nothing connected with it to make the fish inquisitive. It is absolutely still in the water, and makes no kicking motion. The fish, seeing this apparition, thinks no more of it than a stick of wood, for it is quite inanimate. Recently no other a personage than Louis Rhead, the well-known fishing authority and writer, has made rubber frogs that actually kick out vigorously with their legs and in many ways look, act and carry out the part of the live frog. Mr. Rhead claims that these frogs have proved so successful that the coming year they will be manufactured promiscuously for distribution. I have not tried these out and therefore can say nothing in recommendation of them. The principle is all right; a rubber frog is all well and good if the legs can be made to work and this puzzle Mr. Rhead has seemingly solved. More will be written on this subject after I have thoroughly tested these new contrivances when some results will be registered.

About taking the trailer gang off the minnow and leaving the belly gang. You will note in my writings that I also have favored this method, which is a good one. It is natural of course that the fish should take a bait upward, and not downward, and in that case the belly gang does its duty in a very proper manner. Personally I always try and have two gangs intact—the belly gang and the side gang, for there are times when the belly gang alone proves fallible. The late improvements on hooks, making them weedless, as noticeable in the Jamison Mascot, where the hooks lie against the body of the bait in the double form, is a very good idea and there is little doubt but that it will be widely adopted in the future. From indications this

year there is a practical movement on foot to modify the number of hooks on a bait, to make it more sane and more thoroughly sportsmanlike. This is a step in the right direction, and when in a modified form will undoubtedly be used by many who now do not allow them in their tackle boxes. Indications point to the fact that the wobbler type of minnow is here to stay, and will without doubt be the minnow for the year 1916. The wobbler seems to be the best bait put out thus far; its attractiveness, by its quivering motion, in representation of the disabled fish has proved too much for the pugnacious fellows and they have come to net as a result.

R. P. L.

No. 36.—I have recently taken up fly-casting and while I have had moderate success, still, thus far I have not been able to get the line out in the proper manner. For instance, it is held as a rule, that the elbow of the casting arm should be kept close to the body, and that the wrist should put the force into the cast. Now while I am able to cast for a time, holding the arm close to the body, still in time I seem to give out; and the line loses its ability to lengthen. Therefore to get it at all into shape I must use the whole arm away from the body to acquire possession of it. As I am very interested in this new method of fishing—new to me—I should be glad to have you explain these points a little more closely if your space permits attention this being given.

Charles A. Davis, Michigan, U.S.A.

Ans.—As has often been mentioned, in the learning of fly casting a great deal of patience is necessary, and perfect success is rarely attainable; it is a question if the long distance casting is necessary on any water save where tournament casting is practised. One of the first things that the fly caster must learn is that strong arm work never brings finish. The vigorous flailing of the air will not promote efficiency in this branch of the fishing pastime; where deliberate and gentle work at casting prevails, there you will find the greater success. It depends greatly upon the rod you are using of course. If you want to get long distance out of a rod when fly casting, no cheap unreliable, unenergetic rod will do the work. To get the best results one must have a handmade bamboo rod, with merit and quality to it, a rod in fact that is put out by an expert workman who has taken the same care in building it that the watchmaker exerts in making an utterly reliable watch of delicate parts. The fault therefore may be with the rod and not your ability; since you did not mention the grade of your rod, I am left in the dark in this respect.

Now it is well known by all experienced fly casters that with a good rod of perfect workmanship it needs but a well judged twitch of the wrist to send the fly to its destination and up and back again by another cast.

It is really surprising what one may accomplish by ease in this practice; for it may be said that the more ease, coolness and deliberation exercised in fly casting the more skill one will gain add the more strength one puts to it,

when strength is not in demand, the less one will gain. But, as I have said, do not expect to gain great casting distances out of a poorly-made, cheap rod—you simply cannot expect it. The elbow should be kept more or less close to the body during casting; this is a rule. It is the turn of the wrist with added impetus given the performance by the forward pressure of the thumb that counts. As said once before, be sure of your short distances in casting before you try the wider marks.

R. P. L.

No. 37.—Is it a fact that the common bullhead and the catfish are one and the same? I have often wondered as to this. They look very much alike; though the catfish is much greater in weight. Is there any way of preparing the bullhead so that it would be more tasty when fixed for eating? I should like to know of a so-called easy way of skinning out a bullhead. There is a system of dipping them in hot water that loosens the skin, and it may be peeled but I have never been able to successfully accomplish the deed. I should be glad to hear from you.

Sincerely,

D. B. Ellin, Minnesota.

Ans.—There are over thirty species of catfishes found upon our continent; the common bullhead, or horned pout, scientifically termed *Ameiurus nebulosus* is a specie by itself and should not be confused with the larger catfishes. The large catfish are represented in the United States by the Mississippi River blue-cat which grows to a prodigious weight and is commercially pursued with a vim for marketing purposes. The blue-cat (*Ictalurus furcatus*) grows to be one hundred pounds in weight, and instances of larger specimens being caught are on record. In the northern part of the Mississippi Valley there is found what is termed the Channel Catfish, technically known as (*Ictalurus punctatus*.) It is smaller than the blue cat; and its flesh is better eating; it lives in clearer water, whereas the blue cat prefers the murkiest, muddiest streams and holes and is often most disagreeable to look upon, let alone eat.

The common bullhead never grows to a great size and a one or two pound specimen may be taken as rather far above the average.

In regard to the skinning of the bullhead I will say that for the small ones there is little work in doing this since the skin readily comes away when the pinchers are applied. Merely hang the fish up on a nail, circle the head with a knife so that you can start the skin; then grasp the end of the skin with the pliers and strip down. In time it will take but a scant third of a minute to accomplish this task. In the large catfish of course one may follow the same system but it is best to cut around the fins so that they do not interfere, when the same system may be used, as on the bullhead.

In preparing the bullhead for eating purposes I will say that while I have little or no time for bullheads, and less for eating them, still there are many people who think bullheads better eating than other fish. The best system I know of is to pickle the fish. First the stripped bullheads are cooked, and

it may be noted that any other kinds of fish may be cooked with them. When cooked the fish is flaked, or picked from bones and put in a jar; the water that the fish were cooked in is then poured over this to an inch over the top. It may then, or in the course of its preparation be flavored with seasoning leaves, or all-spice, which gives it rather a fine flavor. This is then set away to cool. The whole hardens and may be cut with a knife. With vinegar on it this makes a dish that can hardly be equalled and is the only way in which I would, ever, in this world or the next, think of eating bullhead. The above recipe is practically new and should be tried out by all, especially the epicure.

R. P. L.

No. 38.—Can you give me the addresses of the publishers of "Favorite Flies" (its price)—

"The Dry Fly Man's Handbook" (its price)—"Practical Dry Fly Fishing" also "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle." What is the address of Louis Rhead the fly maker and writer you have spoken of.

Kit Hanson, Ontario.

Ans.—"Favorite Flies" by Mary Orvis Marbury, late deceased, may be had at five dollars net from Houghton, Mifflin, Publishers, New York. "The Dry Fly Man's Handbook" six dollars net from E. P. Dutton Company, New York. "Practical Dry Fly Fishing," Emlyn M. Gill, Charles Scribners Sons, New York. "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle" by Henry P. Wells, published by Harpers & Brothers, New York City. The address of Mr. Rhead at a late date was 217 Ocean Avenue, Flatbush, Long Island, U. S. A.

R. P. L.

THE LOOK-OUT ON SUMMIT PEAK

W. McCardell

"DON'T you think it's too bad that more people don't come here to spend a few quiet holidays?"

I was looking down the long stretch of blue lake Minnewanka that lay asleep in the arms of a perfect summer day.

It's curious how a man's work gives a sort of kink to his outlook on things.

"Huh!" snorted the Forest Ranger, to whom I had addressed the question. "What's that about givin' pearls to swine. It sure applies in this here country. The nice, quiet people that you're kind o' wishful for to give them a few nice quiet holidays don't appreciate your kindness none, and what's more they don't appreciate this park."

He seemed to say this quite bitterly and with conviction, which led me to imagine that he had experience to back his remarks.

"What makes you think people don't appreciate this great park?" I asked.

"Well, it's this way," remarked the ranger. "One of the fellows in town comes to me and tells me that a bear is getting troublesome, having helped himself to a pig or two from his sty. He goes on the rampage then and talks about getting the Government to do something. That grizzly bears is become a nuisance he is firmly convinced and he thinks an expedition should be organized by the village to wipe out all the grizzly bears, seein' as how they have become so destructive. You notice now that this here gent has them in the plural. The total destruction so far is one pig, nothing to get hot about—and all the damage has been done by one bear. Well, anyway, I shot that bear and managed to convince the gent that it wasn't necessary to declare war on the whole tribe.

"Now then," continued the ranger, while I was wondering what this had to do with the subject, "that gent's long suit in asking me to

shoot the bear was the destruction it was causing.

"I admit he had a good case but I kind o' lost my temper when I spoke to the man. I have been out in the woods so long that I get to like the animals. So I told him why didn't he shoot the whole tribe of human beings who strayed into the park, for the damage they caused, settin' a burning trail of smouldering forests wherever they go. Always across the blue sky I see great black walls of smoke roll up and cover it like a dirty smudge and then I know out in some valley a weak kneed human has let a fire get away from him and every fine forest is menaced. I crawl up into my lookout on Summit Peak to locate and I see in the distance a red cauldron of flames rolling down through a fine spruce forest.

"Every year it happens. This summer in the Bow and Cascade valleys there were five fires. All through the summer the smoke hung in the valleys and drifted across the face of the mountains and only when it rained did I ever see the sky. At night around the whole ring of mountains there gleamed fires around which there were no campers, but which had spread from the carelessness of, at the most, five men. It would be hard to estimate the loss in forests; and it goes on steadily year after year.

"Do you wonder that when I look at a bunch of campers strolling casual like into nature's playgrounds I say to myself. By the time that bunch has finished with it there won't be any playground aspect about it.

"I always class man as a possible destroyer of forests, and whenever I see them going into the forests I think of a kid wandering into a powder magazine with a box of matches.

"Perhaps I'm too suspicious but I always feel better when there are no humans around, not because I'm lazy but I get into a sort of

groove now and I can't think of them in any other connection but with burnin' forests. I have the same hesitation of letting them into the forest as I would have letting a grizzly into my parlor—they don't know how to behave themselves."

I thought the ranger was a little hard on campers but I remembered the summer he spoke of and many more, when the sun hung in the sky like a red globe and the valleys of the Rockies on the Eastern slope were filled to the brim with a thick vapour that was caused only by burning forests. I remember many fights with forest fires and I also re-

member with vividness going across the smoking ruins of what was once a beautiful timbered valley. For miles around the fire had swept and I thought of it as the slimy trail of a fire breathing dragon—always that black smudge.

I began to see that man might become an even worse pest than the grizzly—certainly he caused more widespread destruction. The ranger thought what we needed was training schools so that men might know how to conduct themselves in the forest. I don't know whether he meant me to take him seriously or not.



The First Ascent of Mt. Ethelbert

Conrad Kain

THE Upper Columbia Lake, the birthplace of the beautiful Columbia River, is already known to big game hunters, fishermen and mountain climbers, but there is yet a great deal of vast country to be explored, and these exploration trips are now more easy since the C. P. R. branch line from Golden to Fort Steele is finished. Ten miles before Spillimacheen is reached, a big snow mountain appears on the north side of the valley. There is no doubt that this mountain, Mt. Ethelbert, is the king of this mountain range. I, like many other climbers, had this mountain on my programme but never found an opportunity to make an attempt till this year, when a happy crowd of mountain climbers met in the A.C.C. Camp in Ptarmigan Valley, north of Laggan, and discussed the programme—Mr. Frind, Dr. and Mrs. Stone, Miss Schultz, Mr. Stringer, Mr. Larnard and Mr. and Mrs. MacCarthy, all members of the A.C.C. The last two named enjoy this beautiful valley as a home; here we were guests for some days

and everyone enjoyed the beautiful view from the Karmax Ranch, which is located on a high bank above the little town of Wilmer from which the sound of the cayuse and cowbells come. This sound of bells gives the locality the real character of an Alpine valley. We enjoyed the view of the valley that the Columbia winds through like a big snake and in which the silent sheets of water of the Columbia lakes gleam. Everyone looked forward to the gong which called to the table, on which were smiling strawberries and raspberries which our host raised himself in his garden.

On the 22nd of July, at 8 a.m. we started from the ranch with two waggons. The road (main road) to Creek No. 3 goes through some beautiful stretches of forest, mostly jackpine and some charming little meadows which were covered with alpine flowers of all colours. Half way our cook joined us. He is an old-timer round this part of the country and surely knows how to prepare a good meal for the hungry tramp when he

returns from his day's walk. At Twin Lakes we made Camp for the first night; the weather had been warm and calm so we did not pitch any tents. Twin lake is 300 yards off from the main road, 25 miles from Wilmer.

On the same evening our skilful fisherman, Mr. Larnard, caught some fish which we had for breakfast the following morning. On the 23rd of July early in the morning the birds with their sweet morning songs gave us a gentle call to rise. After breakfast we packed the horses and moved the Camp to Deep Lake. This lake is well known to the local people for the big trout which can be caught there. Not very long ago a fisherman had been lucky enough to total five hundred fish after a good long day's fishing. We pitched our camp on the south side of the lake, a beautiful spot. In the afternoon, everyone pleased himself; some took the raft for fishing, some went for a walk in the neighborhood—I went a little up the creek (south fork of the Salmon), which comes down the valley south west from Mt. Ethelbert. For a while the going was good but, soon I came to a thick brush, what I call B. C. jungle. I saw many fool-hens and grouse which I could have killed very easily. It was very tempting but I believe it pays in the long run to obey the game laws.

After breakfast on the 24th of July, Dr. and Mrs. Stone, Mr. Frind, Mr. and Mrs. MacCarthy and myself started out to find a little bit more about the valley and the trail, if there is one. The rest of the party stopped in the Camp and promised that they would try to catch enough fish for supper and breakfast. We followed the trail (known as Golden Trail; for a mile, then we crossed the creek and fought our way through a very thick underbrush. We crossed the same creek a second time and later on we came on a very old trapper's trail which brought us up through burnt and fallen timber, to an outlook from where we could see up the valley for some distance. After a mile or so, we descended to the creek and had lunch on a big log jam. We discovered that there were fish in the creek—one member brought a fishing line along, and tied it to a branch to try his luck. Another member who only had caught one fish in all his life, got so excited that he took the line away from the other fellow. He ran on the upper side, threw the line in and at the same moment he had a bite. Before he had the fish on dry land, he shouted out for joy, but at the same time the fish dropped off the hook and the unfortunate fisherman almost dropped from the log on which he stood into the water. After lunch, and enough laughing about the surprised angler, we turned back. We kept to the old trail as well as we could and so we got back to the Golden Trail and Camp without much brush.

The 25th, we six started out again—this time with heavy packs on our backs, even the ladies carried their share. We followed our trail of the day before. At 11 a.m. we were at the big log jam and from there on the going was not too bad for a mile and a half over a long rock slide. After the rock slide we had some mixed going, steep slopes

with high grass and stones, then through stretches of burnt and down timber. After that, the valley closed more together and we were forced to take to the creek, which we crossed several times. At 4 p.m. it started to rain and in a very short time we had not many dry spots on our bodies. The packs got heavier and everyone had been looking forward and calculating what kind of a country is round the next corner and as a matter of fact, when one comes to the next corner, there is always another one ahead, and so we kept on going till we came to a very wonderful waterfall. Here we had a rest and a look round. Instinct told us that there must be a lake ahead. After 20 minutes we reached the plateau on which we saw a good sized lake in front of us and beyond; some striking waterfalls. We had been already twelve hours on the trail and the aching shoulders and the empty stomachs agreed with the watch so we camped on the north shore of the lake. As we had no tents with us, it was not much trouble to find a comfortable spot to unroll our blankets. After supper we made a small lean-to, room enough for four, and the other two slept under a tree. We all slept well and good, and on our walk in the morning I remembered the old saying "A good night's rest is the reward for a hard day's work." At 5.45 a.m. on the 26th we left Camp. At first a few yards over fallen timber (old avalanche bed), then through small strips of alders, to a big slide on which two deer enjoyed their morning meal. From this height we could see almost to the summit of Mt. Ethelbert. There was no trouble in picking a good and safe route. A long snow couloir which has two forks under the summit descended right to the big slide. We chose our route on the left from the big couloir. The going had been good, and by no means difficult till we came right under the main ridge (south-west arete) Here we took the rope for safety. When I say by no means difficult, one must not run away with the idea that a road or a trail goes up the mountain. There were many loose stones and smooth slabs which required care and attention. Unfortunately when we arrived at the main ridge, the mountains were covered with a dense fog, only once and a while we had a glimpse down the valleys on both sides. Near to the summit we had a good rest and as we expected that this would be the first ascent, and we all, with the exception of Mrs. Stone, had had the pleasure of putting our foot first on a virgin peak, we asked this lady to lead us to the summit. A few minutes later on, Mrs. Stone stood on the snow cap, which is the highest point on the mountain. There was no cairn or any other sign of anyone having been here before us and we therefore knew ours was the first ascent, accordingly we shook hands with Mrs. Stone and congratulated her on her first virgin peak. There is always a joy and charm in the first ascent of a mountain and I trust that Mrs. Stone will always remember the sensation experienced when she first set foot on this virgin peak. I have tried many times to find words to describe this happy, joyous feeling but

I have found it very hard indeed. The nearest I have ever got to the description of a mountaineer's feeling when on the mountains is in the following few lines—"beautiful and indescribable are the beauties of Nature seen from the heights, grand and noble is the man who loves Nature and who with heartfelt longing climbs to this height over rocks and ice, in storm and wind, in rain and sunshine, by braving dangers". As I mentioned before we could not see very much on account of the fog but still the weather had been kind enough to let us rest on the top for over two hours. Our aneroids registered an altitude of 10,400. To make sure that we were not mistaken about the highest point I followed the northeast ridge to search for a higher point but could not find anything higher than where we were. We built a good solid cairn, placed our names and record in a sardine can and put it in the same, then we had a short snooze, a pleasure one does not often get on such a height. With little reward for our waiting we had to leave the summit without the grand view I am sure can be obtained from this mountain on a clear day. We followed the tracks of our ascent for five or six hundred feet, then we took to a snow slope to the northwest off the southwest arete, a fine but wet glissade brought us in a few minutes to an altitude of 9000 feet. To our joy the fog lifted up and we had a most wonderful panorama in front of us. To the north the spires of the Spillimacheen and Bugaboo country, to the west and south, a sea of glaciers and snow peaks and the most fascinating view of all was to our left down the valley to a series of lakes and meadows—an indescribable contrast of colour and shadow one does not find very often at such a height. We descend to this lovely alpine spot which is the head of the valley and forms a semi-circle. In this one can see eight or nine lakes, all sizes, glaciers, meadows covered with different alpine flowers, and big old larch trees. Here too one can see various forms of wild life such as ptarmigan, snow finches, gopher and marmot, while bright

hued butterflies fluttered prettily over the flowers. Deer, goat, and bear tracks were seen. That this place is a charming one was proved by the humming birds flying from one flower to the other with just the same ease as in their native home on the shore of the blue Pacific.

On account of lack of education in my own language and being therefore ever so much handicapped in a foreign language, I am unable to describe the shadows and colours in words. After all my travelling in the Rockies I noticed here one thing I had never seen before: the two biggest lakes are divided by 200 feet of land and are of an entirely different colour. To the right of the valley, almost upperside of Mt. Ethelbert, is a fine rock peak—I could scarcely tear myself from it—its form reminds me of the hills round Chamonix and of the lovely Dolomites which are known in some way or another to all the mountain climbers in the world. We descended to the left of the cascade which is the outlet of the lakes by which we camped. The following morning we started for the main camp and to see as much of the country as possible we chose another route back. We went round the east end of the lake and mounted a steep slope, through thick and wet underbrush. After an hour and 20 minutes we reached the first bench, or the beginning of the Hanging Valley—here we made better progress over big stones and dead moraines. A steep, shingle slope brought us to a high ridge, aneroid 8000. We could see down into a hanging valley which falls off to the main valley of Creek No. 3. Here also we had a fine view: rock pinnacles, little lakes, big stone slides and small meadows. After two hours' struggle through brush and fallen timber we reached a good trail in the main valley. Here amongst the big cedars and Douglas fir, we boiled a billy and enjoyed a warm cup of tea. After eight miles' walk on this good trail, we reached our main camp on the shore of Deep Lake and following three days' hard going, a good rest and sleep were expected—and no one was disappointed.





In Defence of the .22 Long Rifle

Edward C. Crossman

I am sometimes tempted to cancel my subscription to Puck. Some of the articles in the Gun and Ammunition department of the various sportsman's magazines are ample without any additional humor.

As one example, an article by one Chas. Forsyth in the August issue. While I am busy, and ordinarily have no time to waste, yet there is a laugh or even a pair of laughs in his story, and I hold that we ought to miss no laughs if we can help it. Also we'll in the kindness of our heart add to the education of the gentleman and so kill two birds with the same rock.

It turns out that the gentleman in question owns a \$12 repeater to shoot the Rem. .22 Special, and is pleased with it. He advances no other testimony, and I take it that this is the extent of the provocation that brought him into print. We'll grant that he has the full right to be pleased with his rifle, we're pleased with him, but we must caution him as a young and ambitious beginner both in the rifle, and the magazine world, that before going into print with controversial articles, or with statements diametrically opposed to those he finds in print, his ammunition should include something besides blank cartridges. It were cruel to say that his letter is as devoid of accuracy as his favorite cartridge, because he evidently does mean well.

It seems that because he does like his little repeater, which shoots the so-called Rem. Special cartridge, he resents invidious comparison between this and the standard and highly accurate and cheap Long Rifle which is the accepted cartridge among target rifle-men the world over, however it may be unknown to squirrel shooters.

To prove that his favorite—for which in his catalogue he finds some wood penetration figures for the old and no longer used black powder cartridges—is the superior to the Long Rifle, he advances the following statements, which as I say, deserve of us several merry chortles.

First the before mentioned, and ancient penetration figures for black powder cartridges. He owns, as we'll note, a catalogue.

Cartridges are loaded in these days with either smokeless, Semi-smokeless or Lesmok powder. Black still can be had, but is not used except by riflemen who occasionally emerge from the tall and uncut.

However, feeling that the gentleman should have his desire and use this for his standard, we'll follow him back into the black powder realms, and note for his benefit that while the Long Rifle gives 1103 ft. secs., the W.R.F., which is the Rem. Special under another name, gives but 1036 ft. secs. or 67 ft. secs. less than the Long Rifle. Also the difference in energy is just one foot pound, said one foot-pound being in favor of the Long Rifle.

This being the fact as stated by the manufacturers, then if our gullible friend still desires to believe that the W.R.F. gives nearly 50 per cent. more penetration than the Long Rifle—the latter having the great velocity, and greater energy,—then we'll allow that he's one of those born every minute, and pass on to the consideration of other things. Before passing on we'll pause to observe that the loading of our U.M.C. friends is usually rather dependable as our standard of comparison, and in this is not often found the regrettable jockeying noted in the loading of other makers with special cartridges to

favor, and special rifles to help out by catalogue figures.

As our second chortle we find the claim by the gentleman that he is not a crack shot, in which statement we'll willingly concur after reading his article, because crack shots usually learn by experience.

This he backs up by saying that his only claim to fame is that he hits squirrels quite frequently in the head at 50 yards, but has never done this with the Long Rifle, which is not up to the task. To quote him lest we lose any of the precious sentiment through paraphrasing: "The smallest thing I ever hit at any distance was a squirrel's head at 50 yards and I do that quite frequently with my Rem. Special, but was never able to do it, with the Long Rifle or short either, in fact would not shoot at them that far away as I knew it would be of no use—"

To our abject horror we learn that the Long Rifle which is about equal to the W.R.F. or Rem. Special at any save the very long and impractical ranges, is not able to make good on the heads of the squirrels at 50 yards. Fine scores have been made on still days at 500 yards, I have made good ones with my own untrained and poor hands at 300 yards, 200 yards is well within the accuracy limit of the Long Rifle on still days—which we must also have for the noted squirrel killing Rem. Special yet we cannot kill squirrels so far as 50 yards with this same Long Rifle.

For the benefit of Mr. Forsyth—I hope he'll transcribe and paste in his hat this precious formula—I am going to tell him how to get squirrels at 50 yards with the Long Rifle. 1, sight the rifle or have a rifleman sight it, so the bullet or missile slowly leaving the muzzle when the trigger is pulled, will return to the line of sight at about 50 yards. 2, after loading the rifle, find the squirrel and arrange him at 50 yards.

Rest the rifle over the handiest immovable object, place the front and rear sights in the correct relation or juxtaposition, then arrange the bead tastefully so it will tickle the squirrel in the spot where the Rem. Special would kill him. Make a noise like a nut to prevent his getting impatient. Then fire carefully.

He will infallibly stop to scratch the point of impact, fancying it a flea, during which the hunter can hastily approach and seize him. Shoot him six or eight times to tender him up. The bullet will of course not penetrate the hide, but they will aid in making him more palatable.

There is no charge for this information, regardless of its high value to those using the Long Rifle cartridge.

The Short is of course quite the equal of the Long Rifle. I cannot say in all my experience that I killed a cat at 180 yards with the Long Rifle cartridge, and therefore the Short is even better, because a short killed a cat at this range fired from a \$2.50 rifle with 18-inch barrel. As an absolute ballistic proof of the superiority of the short I cannot see how it admits of room for argument.

The sole weak point is that the cat may not have died from the bullet. The rifleman may have used care in sighting, and we know quite well that care once killed a cat.

On the target range, which is a region adorned with cold unfeeling targets or white papers which take all the bull out of bullets and tell disagreeable truths, we learn that the short reaches the limit of usefulness at about 150 yards, and that it is not used for fine work at more than 75 ft. by experienced riflemen shooting for scores, not squirrels. We learn that the Long Rifle has made good scores in the hands of riflemen at 500 on very still days, and on the same still days it does well at 300 and is so reliable at 200 that it quite frequently outshoots the military rifles on our rifle range, which has no squirrel heads and few cats, but some very accurate and truthful targets. This long accuracy limit, and this superior power is why the Long Rifle is superior to the short. Aside from this is the unimportant fact that it weighs 33 per cent. more than the Short, and has about 45 per cent. more energy at the muzzle, with a still greater difference as the range grows longer.

Still, as I say, that 180 yard cat gets my goat, because I have no available figures on cat penetration.

I can readily believe that the Long Rifle seems like a toy compared to the Rem. Special. A difference of five grains in weight even though the initial velocity is 65 ft. secs. lower, must make the Long Rifle seem very toylike. In fact I believe one can tell the difference in the recoil unless he is well padded up.

However, forgetting Mr. Forsyth and the amusing part of this story—we can congratulate him on the sweet childlike faith in his rifle and his abiding faith in 180-yard cats as opposed to ballistic figures—it is just as well here and now to spear still more finally the Rem. Special or the Winchester Special superstition that drags good cash out of the pockets of well meaning shooters, when the same amount of said cash would give far more shooting if invested in Long Rifle ammunition.

In the .22 calibre the Long Rifle is the standard when accuracy and power and economy all are to be considered. More Long Rifle ammunition is being sent to England this day than .303 service ammunition, the amounts running up into the billions, all because the British are busily engaged in learning how to shoot with the time very short.

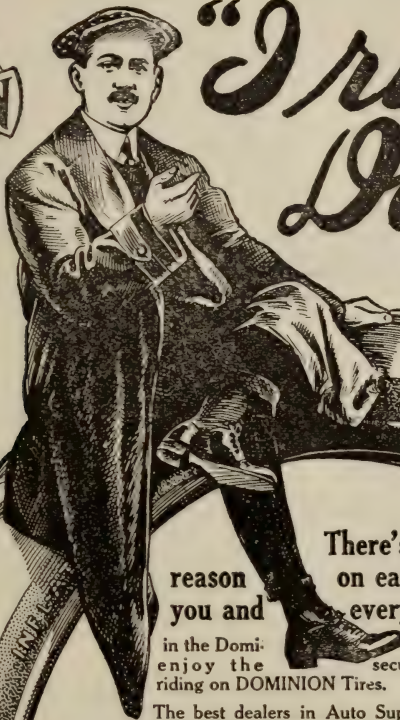
The world's accuracy records with the .22 calibre rifle have gone either to the short or to the Long Rifle, with the latter possessing by far the greater number. The world's record group at 100 yards, a group of which all ten shots can be touched by a quarter, was made by the Long Rifle. Riflemen seeking scores never use another cartridge with the one exception of the Short shot in the fine Schuetzen rifles at 75 ft.

It has been refined and standardized and experimented with until no cartridge in the world equals it for reliability, shot to shot as it comes out of stock. Most of this has been due to the work and the demands of the target riflemen, both outdoors and in.

In England several hundred thousand men follow the short range rifle shooting game. Rarely is this indoors, and much of it is at 100 yards. Never is any cartridge other than the Long Rifle used, nor is there any rule there or in this country forbidding the use of the



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freak specials if they possessed any superiority in any way. We know they are inferior in accuracy, and they do not even possess the saving grace of being enough of a help in bucking wind to make them the choice for the 100 yard shooting where vagrant zephyrs count.

Save in the Winchester, and very lately in the Remington rifle, the Special freak is unknown, other rifle makers wisely cling to the standard Long Rifle, knowing that where that cartridge fails, the shooter ought to go to a .25 rim fire shell.

The sole virtue which the Special freaks can offer us in exchange for costing far more, and for refusing to associate with any other cartridge, and for being less accurate, is a trifle harder blow when loaded by one or two companies, and freedom from exposed lubricant. And what the Long Rifle hollow point will not kill, then a man has no right to attempt to bag with the Special, which one of our largest companies loads to give less velocity and power than the Long Rifle, anyhow.

Nonsense like the comments we find in the screed of Mr. Forsyth, that he knows the Long Rifle will not kill so far as 50 yards while the Special freak will kill, may be amusing to those of us who know, but still might be misleading to the neophyte. This is the reason for giving him more time and space

in this letter than anything he says deserves of us. The gentleman doubtless can tell us interestingly about squirrel hunting, but if he feels moved to come into print with statements disputing those of others, he should learn to come with fact and figures, not with statements about the failure of the Long Rifle at 50 yards, nor about accidental shots on cats at 180, because these speedily and effectually classify him in the minds of those who have shot the Long Rifle for lo, these many years, and who may possibly own more rifles than he has seen in the village gun store.

The most forcible argument in the case of Long Rifle vs. Special, which is really not a case at all if called before a judge who is a rifleman, is merely this:

Long Rifle Lesmok or Semismokeless per thousand, \$4.00.

Special freaks of various names, same powder, \$5.65.

In other words, for every hundred shots you fire with a Special, you throw away just 40 shots which you would have fired for the same money over and above the hundred had you been using the Long Rifle cartridge. If you find the special so much better by actual test that you prefer 100 rounds of this ammunition to 140 Long Rifle, cost the same, then it is all yours, and the nearest store doubtless can satisfy your longings.

Small Game Rifles--A Study

Lt. Townsend Whelen

TO many it seems strange that we hear so little about rifles suitable for small game. Without doubt the average sportsman has far greater chance for small game shooting than for large game. Small game often abounds near one's home, and some of it, the varmints, can be shot the year around. Then too, pick up any sportsman's magazine and you will see that practically all the discussion is on the large game arm. Also it is a significant fact that no new small game cartridge has been brought forth by an American firm in the past fifteen years.

The three most popular small game cartridges on the market today are the .22 Long Rifle, the .25 Stevens rim fire, and the .25-20 W.C.F. Of these the .22 undoubtedly leads in popularity, but I do not believe that it is a suitable rifle for small shooting, and I hope to convince my readers of this later.

It might be well at the start to qualify the words "small game rifle." Such a rifle should have sufficient killing power for small game, but not more unless it unduly mutilate the game for the table or taxidermist. The requirements as regards accuracy are by the very nature of the target much more exacting than with any other class of small arm. It can only be regarded as suitable at that range at which the size of its group does not exceed the vital portion of the anatomy of the small

game which is to be hunted. Considering that this game will usually be squirrels, rabbits, grouse, woodchucks, ducks, and those varmints which by reason of their preying upon our useful animals and birds deserve extermination, it may be stated that the size of the required group should certainly not exceed one and one-half inches. As regards trajectory it may be said that up to the range where the rifle begins to exceed the 1½ inch allowable error the path of the bullet should be so flat that it will be practically unnecessary to estimate range. Regarding the range at which these arms should be accurate I cannot do better than quote the words of the late A. C. Gould, who has often been called the Father of the Rifle in America. In April 1894 Mr. Gould wrote: "100 yards is to my mind the extreme distance at which small game should be fired, even from a rest. Let the finest offhand shot draw a life sized figure of a duck, rabbit, or a woodchuck, have it set up at what he judges, without any measurement, to be 100 yards, and then fire at it offhand with hunting sights. He will find that half the shots, if they do not miss, will let the poor creature escape badly wounded. I fear that the vanity of exercising one's skill often makes us fire at distances far beyond those at which we are likely to hit a vital spot."



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Keeping in mind these requirements, let us take up the various small game cartridges seriatim, and discuss their qualities. I have owned rifles for, and have tested all these cartridges, and during the past two years I have been devoting almost all my experiments to the small game arm.

The .22 Long Rifle is notoriously poor in killing power, so much so that I am of the opinion that its use on game larger than squirrels and grouse should be regarded as unsportsmanlike. As far back as October 1892 Mr. Gould wrote: "As to the proper caliber, the .22 caliber has fallen into disfavor, and has been discarded by men who have tried it for several years. They have carefully considered its merits and would have preferred this cartridge on account of its compactness and little noise, but unless the bullet is placed just right it is not a sure killer." Mr. Reuben Harwood, an old time rifleman, and without doubt the greatest small bore crank that ever lived, wrote as far back as 1893: "We had fired but a few shots at red squirrels, for off-hand practice, before it became painfully apparent that the .22 Long Rifle cartridge was not a certainty for squirrel shooting, for unless hit well forward or in the head they would get away well up in the top of a tree, or else crawl into some hole in a stone wall to suffer and finally die. If in a tree the bullet seemed to cut or puncture a clean hole through them, similar to a knife thrust, but did not give them a shock to carry them off the tree, and it took but a short time to convince the writer that the .22 Long Rifle is not a cartridge that is desirable (although very accurate) for any kind of game shooting. Even the little chipmunk on the top of the stone wall would wriggle away beneath the stones unless struck well forward." Lieut. Wallen, a retired officer of the Army has made very exhaustive trials of the .22 Long Rifle cartridge on all kinds of small game in this country and the Philippines. This includes gophers, prairie dogs, rabbits, doves, quail, grouse, squirrels, etc. These were made with both smokeless and Lesmok ammunition. He found the smokeless cartridges with hard lead, greaseless bullets to have very much less power than the Lesmok ammunition with the softer lubricated bullet, but he concludes his remarks on these experiments with the following words: "Since I made the above experiments I have never fired a .22 at any kind of game, and I do not know if I ever will again."

Aside from the killing power of the .22 we find that the accuracy is fine, a good rifle giving groups of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at about 75 yards. But the trajectory is poor. It does not shoot flat enough to hit a squirrel's head without making allowance for distance at a range of over 45 yards, and for such game as grouse 60 yards is about the limit at which a grouse shot can be pulled with certainty of a hit. I mean that at ranges greater than these at this kind of game the misses or crippling shots will greatly exceed the clean kills owing to the rise and drop of the bullet. One hundred yard shooting with the .22 is a fascinating target game, but it is out of the question in the field.

The .25 Stevens rim fire is a cartridge which has some most excellent points, but one bad one which condemned it absolutely for me. It has almost exactly the right killing power for the smaller kinds of small game, hardly enough for coyotes perhaps, but fine for everything smaller. It is a nice, light little, cartridge, and easy to handle. But it is not accurate enough. I tried out this cartridge very thoroughly. The shooting was done from a machine rest. With a fine factory barrel, 17 inch twist it gave the following averages:

25 yards	1.43 inches. (10 groups of 10 shots)
50 yards	2.57 inches. (10 groups of 10 shots)
100 yards	3.07 inches. (one group only)
200 yards	6.00 inches. (one group only)

The targets showed almost all the bullets to be tipping. Before discarding this barrel however, I had Mr. Neidner cut it off at the breech and rechamber it. The tests were then repeated and groups were about a half inch smaller but the bullets still tipped badly. I then has a special barrel made for it with a 14 inch twist, and had it chambered by Neidner. This barrel was still not good enough, giving the following averages:

25 yards	1.013 inches.
50 yards	1.966 inches.
100 yards	2.917 inches.

The trouble was found to be two fold—the rim fire shell did not ignite the powder properly, neither black nor Lesmok, as was shown by the variations in trajectory of shots caught on the mid distance screen. Also there is too much error in the centering of the bullet in shell and chamber, due to imperfections in bullet and shell.

The .25-21 cartridge was also tried a number of years ago. This cartridge was all the rage at that time, and many articles were written telling of its wonderful accuracy and all around excellence for small game. I know now that practically all the groups published were selected ones, but at that time I bit badly, purchasing and testing three different rifles of this caliber before I was convinced that the cartridge did not have the capabilities that I demanded. The trouble however was no fault of design or rifle. It was due to the inherent defects of black powder and lead bullets in as small a rifle as this, and also to irregularities in the size of the shells at the mouth. The .28-30 Stevens shot a little better, but still not quite well enough. I did kill a lot of small game with the .25-21 but shortly after getting the .28-30 I was ordered to a station where there was no small game shooting to be had, and when next I got a chance at this kind of sport I had found something better.

Turning now from the failures let us look at the successful cartridges. In 1908 and 1909 I tried out the .25-20 W.C.F. Model 1892 very thoroughly with every kind of ammunition made for it. With black powder ammunition of all makes it shot very poorly, groups as large as four inches at 50 yards. With high velocity ammunition it gave groups averaging about $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches at 50 yards, and this ammunition shot about four inches higher at this range than the low power smokeless. By far the best results were attained with this latter

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ammunition, and particularly with the Winchester make of low power smokeless with jacketed soft point bullet. With this ammunition the groups would average slightly less than an inch at 50 yards. It made a simply fine small game rifle, it was light, accurate and handy. *But*, this Winchester ammunition is loaded with Sharpshooter powder, and it shortly got in its work on the bore despite the very best and most scientific cleaning and care, and after about 400 rounds the barrel was so pitted that accuracy had begun to greatly deteriorate. I used this rifle for one season in Maine and it was so satisfactory that I have always wanted to get another one, this time with nickel steel barrel, as I believe that it is possible to use a charge of Schuetzen or Du Pont No. 75 or 80 powder, and the jacketed soft point bullet, and get the same accuracy as with Sharpshooter, without the destructive effects of that latter powder.

Next we come to the old reliable .25-20 S.S. The origin of this rifle may be interesting to my readers. Mr. J. F. Rabbeth of Boston deserves the credit for the .25 caliber rifle. He wrote the first article advocating this caliber in *Shooting and Fishing* of April 18, 1889, but for three years prior to this he had been experimenting with a .25 caliber rifle made to order for him by the Remington Arms Company. The shell was made by necking down the 32 caliber shell for the Wesson rifle. The charge was 32 grains of Hazards ducking powder and a 76 grain bullet. The 200 yard trajectory was but 7 inches. It was the experiments with this rifle which led up to the placing on the market of the .25-20 S.S. cartridge during the summer of 1889. The old Maynard rifle was the first one to be brought out in this caliber, followed several weeks later by the Stevens rifle. The cartridge was first made by the Union Metallic Cartridge Company.

I will not attempt to chronicle the struggles and failures that I had with my first .25-20 rifle in the days when black powder and lead bullets were the only things we had, but will come straight to two years ago when I obtained a fine Winchester single shot rifle for this cartridge. Remembering my experience with the Sharpshooter powder in the .25-20 W.C.F. cartridge I had this rifle made to order with a nickel steel barrel, a heavy No. 3 barrel, 27 inches long. In the two years that I have owned this rifle I have done an enormous amount of experimenting with it, and I have also used it for all my small game shooting. I have tried almost all makes of smokeless powder except Sharpshooter and also a large number of Ideal and factory bullets. In these experiments over 2000 rounds have been fired. After a little experimenting I discarded all lead and alloy bullets entirely as the jacketed bullets proved so much better in every way. The best bullet that I found was the 87 grain copper jacketed, pointed, soft bullet that has just been placed on the market for the .250-3000 Savage rifle. Through the courtesy of the makers I obtained a supply of these bullets about a year ago, and they have proved splendid. The next best, and nearly as good,

was the Winchester 86 grain soft point jacketed bullet. I had better success with Schuetzen than with any other powder, although I also got very good results with Du Pont No. 75 (Marksman) and Lightning powder. Results with the new Du Pont No. 80 which they are now recommending for this cartridge were not so good, although not exactly bad. With a charge of 12 grains weight of Lightning powder and the Winchester jacketed bullet I got a real high power load with flat trajectory and smashing power, considerably more powerful than the .25-20 W. C. F. High Velocity. It gave groups averaging 1.66 inches at 50 yards and 2.90 inches at 100 yards. With the sight correctly adjusted for 50 yards it hit the target 2.06 inches low at 100 yards showing quite a flat trajectory. The load which I finally decided upon as the standard was as follows: 8.5 grains weight of Schuetzen powder, which fills the shell almost full to the base of the bullet; the Savage 87 grain copper jacketed bullet, seated in the shell so that when the shell was seated in the chamber of the rifle as far as it could be by hand about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch of the rear of the shell projected to the rear of the chamber. The closing of the breech block then forced the shell in and forced the bullet up hard against the lead of the rifling. The shells were Winchester make, the muzzles being resized each time in an Ideal muzzle resizing die, and the primers were the Winchester No. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ W. This charge steadily gives groups slightly less than an inch at 50 yards. On my rifle I use a Winchester A5 telescope sight mounted on top of the barrel. With this sight adjusted correctly for 50 yards the bullet hits .25-inch low at 25 yards, and 1.17 inches low at 65 yards. It is a very satisfactory cartridge indeed except as to its trajectory. It will give 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch groups at 75 yards, but with its high trajectory I cannot be sure of hitting a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch spot at a greater range than about 55 yards. The ideal small game rifle, fulfilling the requirements outlined at the beginning of this article was not yet found, and further experiments were in order.

It will be remembered that I had a 25 caliber nickel steel barrel with 14 inch twist made and chambered for the .25 Stevens rim-fire which was a failure. I determined to have this barrel rechambered for a slightly heavier cartridge than the .25-20 and therefore sent it to Mr. Neidner and ordered him to rechamber it for the .25-35 cartridge to use the commercial shell. This he did in a splendid manner and returned it to me. Let me caution the reader that this was not a Neidner rifle as all Neidner rifles are chambered tightly for shells that have been accurately reamed at the neck. The commercial shell is drawn, not reamed, and certain irregularities in thickness are always found at the neck. Therefore the chamber has to make allowances for these irregularities and the chamber cannot be so close as where the necks are reamed to exact size. This means that with the commercial shell there will always be a slight error in the alignment of the bullet and axis of the bore, an error which is reduced to the absolute minimum with the Neidner



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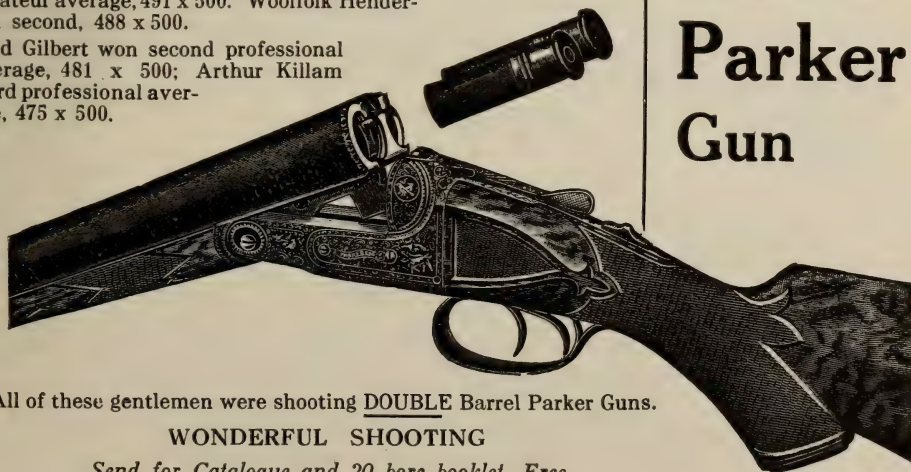
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system of chambering. After considerable experimenting with this rifle I decided to standardize on the best load as follows: Winchester shells, resized at the neck with the Ideal muzzle resizing die. U. S. Cartridge Co. No. 8 primer. Winchester 86 grain jacketed soft point bullet. 22 grains of Du Pont No. 20, Military Rifle Powder. This charge gives a velocity of about 2250 f.s., and it averages 1.77 inch groups at 100 yards. With a Sidle Snap-Shot telescope sight mounted on top of the barrel the elevation is exactly the same at 50 and 100 yards. Of course there is a curve to the trajectory, but the height of the sight above the barrel practically eliminates it up to 100 yards. Thus the bullet starts from the muzzle about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches below the line of sight. At 25 yards the bullet is still about .33 inches below the line of sight. At 50 yards the bullet just cuts the line of sight. At 65 yards it raises about .25-inch above it, and it again cuts it at 100 yards. Thus I have a rifle with which I can surely hit a 1.77 inch spot up to 100 yards without paying any attention whatever to estimation of range, or keeping in mind our

stated requirements for the small game rifle, this rifle fulfills all but one of these requirements, and is good for the $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch group up to 90 yards, which is 35 yards further than any other rifle previously tried. But in one requirement it was defective—it was too powerful. The 86 grain soft point bullet at 2250 f.s., has quite a lot of smash, in fact it is powerful enough for deer. Of course as we increase the velocity we also increase the power. What is needed is a full jacketed, pointed, 86 grain bullet. With such a bullet this rifle should be the ideal arm. This bullet would not mangle squirrels, grouse, ducks, and such game, and the present soft point bullet is ideal for woodchucks, foxes, lynx, and coyotes. I think undoubtedly some factory will bring out such a bullet in the near future. Until that time my .25-20 S.S. is still regarded as my best all-round small game rifle, and the .25-35 Special is called a woodchuck and coyote gun.

In the next of these series of articles I propose to take up and discuss the sights, triggers, and other equipment of the small game rifle.

The .35-Caliber Remington-UMC Autoloading Rifle

H. R. McKenzie.

HUNTING trips have grown expensive of late years and the hunter of deer, moose, goat or grizzly is annually finding out to his cost that game has grown exceedingly shy of man and is more and more taking to the most inaccessible places and furthest removed from the presence of their hereditary persecutor man. Again certain of our wild game are greatly decreasing in number, notwithstanding all the means taken on the part of true sportsmen to enact laws most favorable to their increase.

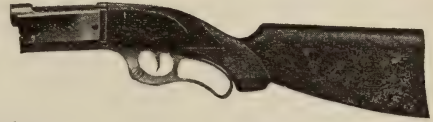
All of these reasons are conducive towards impressing upon the modern hunter of big game the absolute necessity of taking every precaution to avail himself of every opportunity which may present itself in the game field of securing positively his bag limit be it of deer, grizzly or other game. The prime factor in making use of all chances lies without doubt in the question of the hunter's rifle. Other topics fade into insignificance in comparison. The rifle adapted to the successful hunting of big and oftentimes dangerous game must be light, trustworthy, accurate and powerful, failing in these features we must absolutely condemn it for such purposes as we are herein discussing and from a lifelong experience of big-game hunting both in Canada and in the States the writer hopes to carry some weight with the arguments to be advanced hereafter in pronouncing the .35 Remington Autoloading rifle as embodying all the good features

mentioned above and possessing such requirements suitable for the biggest and most dangerous of American game.

As regards the cartridge which has found such favor with the writer I want to impress upon the readers of this article the vital necessity of considering the energy developed *not at the muzzle of the rifle*, big game is seldom shot at a distance of twenty feet from the shooter, but to look into the killing power possessed by their pet hunting arms at real game ranges of say 100 and 200 yards which are the average distances at which most of our big game is shot.

I hesitate to give figures to illustrate the energy of the .35 rimless cartridge adapted to the Remington. Such figures have been quoted by laymen in the past to such an extent that the well posted rifleman is sick unto the death of reading such matter. At most, such figures are vastly misleading. However I will state for the benefit of some of the readers who have no data of this nature that at 100 yards this cartridge fired from an Autoloading Remington generates an energy in foot pounds of about 1260 or in other words has a "punch" or striking force of a little better than three-fifths of a ton and at 200 yards still has a remaining energy of 880 foot pounds. The actual theoretical energy thus developed is approximately that developed by the .30-30-170 but the actual killing effects of the .35 is vastly superior owing to its greater diameter of bullet just as would

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a bullet driven at exactly the same velocity and of the same weight kill more surely at medium ranges if it were one-half inch across.

The factory-loaded .35 cartridge contains a charge of about 33 grains of "Lightning" and a 200-grain blunt-pointed jacketed bullet which is sent from the barrel at a muzzle velocity of 2000 ft. secs. There is also a pointed jacketed bullet loaded by the manufacturers which increases the velocity slightly. Owing to the fact however that the velocity at 100 yards and longer ranges is hardly high enough to permit this latter type of bullet to do the "diving and turning" trick so peculiar to the pointed bullet of the Springfield which is driven at very high velocity my experience with the pointed .35-caliber Autoloading bullet of 170 grains has not been as universally satisfactory as with the regular 200-grain soft nose bullet though on deer on several occasions it has acted in a very satisfactory manner.

My experiences with grizzlies of both the Rockies and Wyoming using this little arm has convinced me once and for all that no more powerful gun for American big-game shooting is required, regardless of what catalog experts and velocity cranks have to say on the subject and I also consider the short little 22-inch barrel of this arm long enough for all practical purposes in the rough country regions and in the mountains.

A detailed description of the little arm itself is hardly necessary as it is so universally well known and used with such perfect satisfaction by thousands of hunters on the continent.

The writer's own rifle is equipped with Lyman receiver rear sight and an Ivory bead front. Also the regular factory abomination is removed from the barrel and a Lyman blank piece inserted.

My gun weighs slightly more than 7½ pounds with steel butt-plate instead of the regular rubber contraption supplied on this model.

For the sake of illustrating the general lines of the factory gun of this model a cut of the same is shown and to the readers who are not as yet familiar with the "little biggest" gun in America it will undoubtedly be of interest.

The clip loading feature is a valuable one and is greatly appreciated by the writer as a means of quick accurate loading in all weathers. The trigger pull is the easiest and sweetest of any that I have ever met with and without stretching things it can be well likened unto the pull on a fine set Schuetzen hair trigger absolutely without grittiness and devoid of the dead-like drag common to some American factory arms.

A monster bull moose fell to *one shot* from this rifle three seasons ago, the 200-grain soft nose bullet entering in behind the shoulder and lodging on the other side after mushrooming large and making a terrible mess of the moose's anatomy. My chum of many years hunting for grizzly in B.C. the same season with a .30-30, landed his bear after pumping seven shots at gradually increasing range (the bear was charging him) all of which struck fairly but somehow failed to penetrate sufficiently to make anything like what I would call a sufficiently "anchored" bear.

The big mass of bone and muscle dropped dead after my chum's hair had begun to pierce his hat as he ran swiftly from the onrushing demon. Taking into consideration the finale of this episode when the bear, which had received seven jacketed bullets, dropped for the count the .30-30 did not show up so very badly but had I been my friend chased by an infuriated grizzly after placing seven shots into its body I would certainly have been losing confidence in my rifle at every jump. As it is he is to be congratulated on getting off so luckily but I cannot help putting in the little "rub" that perhaps next time he will use an arm which has stopping power like my .35 Autoloader.

Two seasons ago found me in Wyoming after grizzlies and I had the good fortune to secure two.

The first was shot at a distance of 150 yards and through my glass I could see him tear at the wound in his side and look anxiously around. He then dropped to his feet and was going for the timber at full speed when a second bullet struck him full in the chest and knocked him over like a bag of beans. He recovered his footing and was, judging from his actions, contemplating coming in my direction as I was by this time within about 125 yards of him. I aimed as carefully as I could for his shoulder and down he dropped dead. Upon examination I found that none of the bullets had gone through but had fulfilled their intended mission of anchoring and laying-out-for-keeps as perfectly as one could desire.

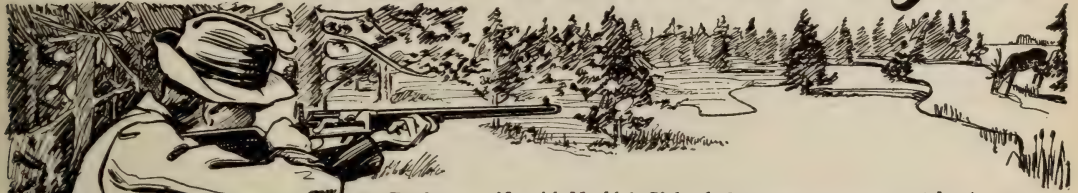
In fact the action of the .35 Remington on game of this build closely resembles that of the .30-40 when used with the 220-grain soft-nose bullet and I cannot agree with those who claim that the latter outfit "has a bit" on the Remington for knock-down work.

It must be remembered that all my views are taken not from a careful perusing of books on the subject but from experiences gained right on the spot, so kind reader if you cannot agree with all that I have written call me not hard names for I am just simply



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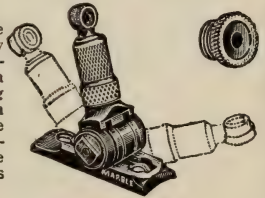


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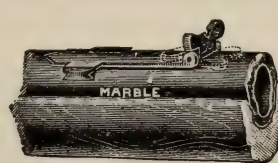
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stating facts as they occurred to me. Every man is welcome to his choice and though I own at the present time seven different rifles, I have found this old Remington so entirely satisfactory that I do not see my way clear at present to pass it up for something of the 3,000ft. secs. class. A rifle can do no more than secure the game and when my rifle has done that faithfully for years without a hitch in the proceedings can I be blamed for bursting into print concerning its merits? If the arm had any glaring faults I would be the first one to mention them but at present its few short-comings are so recompensed for by its absolutely sure game-getting qualities that I can pass over the fact that the gun has an abnormally high breech and also the fact that the barrel jacket makes the barrel an inelegant thickness (this latter feature has been commented upon in various magazines of this kind but I have yet to hear of a prospective purchaser being frightened away by the general appearance of the little rifle which has made a record for itself second to no other arm in America taking into consideration the rather short time it has been on the market.)

The second grizzly the writer secured this trip to Wyoming was seen browsing in the distance through the glasses at a distance of fully 500 yards. I managed to get within shooting range of 300 and opening fire just as he seemed to be feeling uneasy, I had the

good luck of actually knocking him off his feet so thoroughly that I was easily able to put in a finishing shot from a point of vantage 50 yards away thus bringing a quick close to a rather exciting stalk.

In closing I want to state again for emphasis that the .35 Remington Autoloader, though throwing its bullet at what has been rightly called "Krag velocity" will nevertheless be found much more powerful than any .30-30, owing to its heavy blunt-nosed bullet and while originally the autoloader was not designed as a target arm, its accuracy is such that we have no difficulty in keeping most of our shots in a 5-inch circle at 125 yards which, is accuracy quite equal to the purpose of hunting big game and we also have the satisfaction of knowing that when we pull on a big grizzly or moose there will surely be "something doing" at the other end in a punishing way which no game found on this continent can endure.

I could fill pages telling of hunts in which this rifle has figured, only space would hardly permit and I am a new contributor to these interesting columns. I would also like to state emphatically that I am not financially interested in any way with the manufacturers of the gun which has proved so satisfactory to the writer and am in no way interested in the firm except to see them continue to place on the market as reliable and trustworthy a big game rifle as their .35-caliber Autoloader.

An account of some of the successes and failures of the .22-Caliber Rifle on Woodchuck

Readers are invited to form a "Jury" to decide as to the efficiency of the little arm for this kind of shooting

G. H. Armstrong

THE writer has been a user of the twenty-two caliber rifle since the days of the early model Stevens and Remington which pioneers made their debut some thirty or more years ago and were adapted to the short cartridge only. These rifles were single shots but at about the same period the Colts "Lightning" repeater which was an excellent little arm of the trombone action type and the Winchester repeating rifle, which was a lever action and had a very large sale at the time, were placed on the market and were adapted to the regular long .22-caliber rim-fire cartridge containing approximately the same charge of lead and black powder as does the modern shell of the same caliber and size.

Then as to-day the .22-caliber rifle was used principally on game too small to warrant bringing into play the big game rifle and as was pointed out in an extremely interesting article by another writer in a recent issue of this magazine the continual practice thus obtained was invaluable in training the youth of the '70's to a necessary understanding of the possibilities of the tiny bore. The

writer having been of the "class of '58" has been in a position to carefully observe the progress of rifles of this caliber from a position of usurper on the gun market to a final place of unbounded popularity. This enviable height was not reached without innumerable set-backs at the hands of certain unprogressive riflemen of the early days who despised the little new-comer as a gun good enough for children to play with but never to be taken seriously either as a means of perfecting marksmanship to a surprising degree as a result of the almost unlimited practice obtainable with the aesthetic twenty-two caliber arm or perhaps what was more important in the eyes of those critics of another day, as a game-getter. Many of these old sceptics have lived to see the .22-caliber rifle assume a place in the hearts of sportsmen never to be usurped and have seen their favorite old bone-crushing Sharp's thrown into the discard by the march of progress, never to be again received into favor. Truly the "little children's toy" has been avenged.

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the twenty-two was not always to be obtained as the manufacture of rim-fire cartridges in general and .22-caliber shells in particular was still in its infancy and was thus unable to be guided by that most invaluable of aids to ultimate perfection—the experiences of those already gone over the trail. In fact the whole history of the manufacture of .22-caliber rim fire ammunition as well as of rifles of this caliber is a tale of failures and successes, set-backs and encouragements until the final scene, when we find absolute perfection attained in both departments and the .22 caliber rifle and ammunition entitled to a place of honor in our midst. It has not been in vain that these craftsmen of a generation or more ago have labored to bring the little arm to its highest point of efficiency and we owe them a debt of gratitude for their painstaking efforts.

We now come to the point which first prompted the writer to break into print.

The buffalo are gone forever, the elk and deer are in some portions of America decidedly on the decrease and the grizzly of the Rockies will soon be numbered among the things that have gone. There is however one type of wild life that promises well to remain with us to the end of the chapter and which is thriving as well to-day and is flourishing as serenely as in the days when Samuel Champlain saw fit to found from under the shadow of Cape Diamond the historical city known as Quebec—the cross-grained and corpulent woodchuck of Eastern Canada and States.

There is scarcely a farmer's field but harbors one or more of these weighty rodents. Strictly vegetarian they live and increase on a diet which is supplied by the farmer's crops, and burrow and make for themselves homes in fields of clover literally speaking, much to the annoyance and chagrin of the jean-panted owner of the acres inhabited by the unwelcome guest, for the natural and wholly unwilling host of the wood-chuck knows full well that the rent-free tenants of his lands will play havoc with his crops and dig greatly undesirable holes in fields not intended for such purposes. Moreover the woodchuck's landlord is usually but an indifferent shot and fearing to use poison he can but bite his nails in impotent rage while the brown-furred, buck-toothed and rapacious wood-chuck waxeth fat and increaseth.

Also, generally speaking, the natural home of the undesirable fat one is almost invariably close to the scene of the irate owner of the soil's labors and it is hardly safe to dispose of the pests with a high power rifle notwithstanding the fact that this is occasionally done by the transient summer-boarder sportsmen who are not wise in the learning that pertains to knowledge of the range of a modern high power rifle and the danger of using arms of this type in thickly settled districts.

The typical East Canadian or Yankee farmer has a grudge against the woodchucks on his lands which to use the rustic's pet phrase "are eating me out of all my profits" yes indeed he bears no good feeling to the despoiler of his crop of peas and trampler-down of his clover but if you do not wish to incur his further resentment be not caught using

a long range rifle in his fields, even if for no unholy purpose than for exterminating his uninvited guests.

Our friend of the jeans has a violent prejudice against the whine of a high power bullet and cannot be persuaded that it is to his good to have the woodchucks on his lands destroyed with a tool in the form of a big game rifle, therefore the would-be groundhog hunter must use other rifle than the modern hunting arm if he is to indulge in this sport and still keep on good terms with the farmer who owns the ground on which he hunts. Therefore a twenty-two caliber rifle is strongly indicated provided this caliber after having been submitted to a jury of competent sportsmen as to its effectiveness for the purpose has been adjudged equal to the task of regularly killing without fail the largest and heaviest of the good farmer's pests under all conditions, whether shot in the shoulder, paunch or neck. By "killing" we of course imply that the game must die right at the crack of the gun, not get into its hole to linger and die unknown to the hunter perhaps days afterwards, but drop in its tracks as is the case when struck with a bullet from a high power rifle. Arms of this latter type being barred however we are looking for the rifle which will give nearly similar results and still be within the bounds of safety for the farmer and hands working in the field nearby to the scene of the shooting. The rifle must therefore *not* be of the long range type hence we turn to the .22-caliber arm as a prospective woodchuck gun.

The readers of Rod and Gun being the jury I will first submit to this body a few of my own experiences with the little rifle in this kind of work and trust to hear from other users of the arm before coming to a final conclusion as to the suitability or otherwise of the .22 caliber rifle for such game, in other words before pronouncing as far as I am concerned, at least, "a verdict".

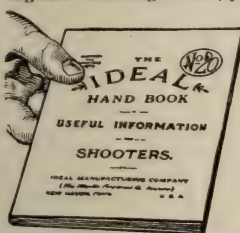
In the fall of 1914 the writer purchased a heavy scope sighted single shot Winchester Winder musket chambered for the Long Rifle cartridge likewise a bounteous supply of cartridges loaded with Lesmok and Semi-Smokeless powders both in hollow point and solid ball and by dint of earnest practice developed a skill with this arm which was equal to the task of regularly placing fully 90 per cent. of the bullets in a 3-inch circle at 100 yards, weather conditions being favorable. The telescope on the rifle was of Winchester make, of 3-power and fitted with No. 2 rear mountings which are greatly superior in every respect to the No. 1 rear mountings and permit of greater adjustment both for elevation and windage.

I started in systematically with a view to conducting accurate experiments as to the suitability of the .22-caliber rifle in its most effective form as far as sights and model are concerned and using ammunition of the most deadly type for this caliber.

Space will permit of only a few examples but I trust that they will be read with interest by the "jury" of Rod and Gun readers and express the hope that we will be able to bring in a verdict one way or the other as the

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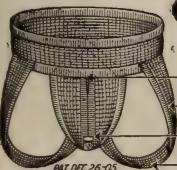
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adequacy of an arm of this caliber to effectively exterminate the unwelcome guests of our farmer friend.

The first week in which the tests were conducted the action of the twenty-two using solid ball was a disappointment. My record book shows that on one day's hunt exactly 50 per cent. of woodchucks hit finally escaped to their holes. This was the second week after purchasing the Winchester.

A big fat fellow sitting up confidently on the edge of his home 50 yards from the writer struck fairly in the neck with a solid ball 40-grain bullet dived into his hole and only by hard digging was finally unearthed far back in the den and even after this half-hour's frantic, toilsome digging he still had sufficient energy left to charge the writer with small jaws agape and teeth grinding furiously. He was quickly put out of pain and a bad mark laid up against the solid point .22-caliber bullet.

A woodchuck sitting low on the ground about twenty yards from his den and forty yards from the writer was shot in the paunch and made a clean get-away. A shovel again being brought into play he was recovered after some more hard digging and was practically done for when we arrived at him. The writer is a humane man and refuses to cause unnecessary suffering to any animal if it is possible to prevent it and on these hunting trips after ground-hogs a shovel was always in evidence, my brother and I taking turns in digging out any animals which were not anchored and managed to escape to their holes. This entails great labor but is the price for an easy conscience after the day's hunt is over and after stowing away a tremendous meal at home we can talk over the day's doings free from any pangs of regret that some unfortunate little creature is dying a lingering death in its den.

The same day another woodchuck was shot by my mate in the same field at a distance of fifty yards, the solid ball striking the animal in the neck and dropping it in its tracks, surely taking this as a sample of the little arm's work no more powerful arm could be desired. But wait; again the same day I came across a corpulent fellow sitting up on its hind legs plainly suspicious of some approaching danger. I crawled to within thirty yards and aiming carefully at about the shoulders pulled. He was down and making for his hole which was about fifteen yards distant when my brother noting the incident let fly with his Model '14 Savage catching the groundhog on the run with a solid ball in the head, the bullet penetrating clean to the brain and coming out on the other side. Needless to state this particular marmot dropped instantly. Again the little bullet from my chum's Savage appeared to have redeemed the whole .22-caliber line-up notwithstanding the failure of my gun to kill satisfactorily. I may state in this connection that the bullet from my Winchester caught the animal in behind the shoulder as I had intended and its course indicated that it had raked clean through the heart making a large hole on the side on which the bullet came out.

In all these cases you will note that the

penetration of the bullet seemed to be all that could be desired; shocking force and lacerating effect seemed to be somehow wanting. All the shooting mentioned above was done as stated with the regular solid ball of 40 grains; we were holding the hollow point bullets in reserve until we had progressed further with our trials.

A week later found us all in the same field and the woodchucks fairly plentiful. G. H. my chum seeing a big fellow wading through a tangle of peas about fifty yards off let fly catching him square in the brain and killing him instantly while almost at the same instant I observed the head and shoulders of a brown fellow sticking above the ground about forty yards off. Now a groundhog's head is a mighty small object at that distance using open or peep sights but he showed up plainly through the 'scope and I pulled easily on him. Down he shot and I first thought I had lost another and that some more work of digging would soon be the order of the day but I am pleased to be able to say that when arriving upon the scene he was lying limp as a rag at the bottom of his hole dead as Julius Caesar and with as little kick.

Truly the little twenty-two was a fickle little arm, one time slaying satisfactorily and cleanly as one could wish; another time acting in a totally different manner and almost leading one to believe that it was anything but a satisfactory woodchuck rifle.

We carried on the experiments with the solid ball .22's for about two weeks longer and a full account of the happenings of the little bullet would fill not only the whole Guns and Ammunition but would pretty nearly fill the whole magazine. We then gave the hollow point bullets as thorough a try-out as was possible and I will attempt to cite a few instances wherein this little Express bullet figured in our trials.

The first day we were using this type of bullet I had a splendid opportunity to give it a fair chance to show up in its true colors.

A medium sized 'chuck was facing me at only fifteen yards and I can tell you that he looked pretty clear through that 3-power 'scope. I aimed, not for the head but for the neck and lo and behold he was laid out flat as grass and as dead as a door-nail at the crack of the rifle. Examination showed that the little 35-grain hollow point bullet had entered behind the right shoulder (this is hard to account for because he had been facing me when I pulled and the only explanation I can advance is that he must have moved at the exact instant the trigger was pulled; and had not gone clear through but had expended all its energy inside the chest of the animal as indeed all bullets should. The point of entrance was a hole not much bigger than the diameter of a .22-caliber bullet and in fact was only slightly larger than the hole made by a solid point bullet of this caliber.

This 'chuck never even kicked.

A tremendous old groucher sitting up like a picket at forty yards was hit in the brain with a hollow point from the rifle of my chum and though one would almost think that a wound of this nature would immediately put an animal the size of a groundhog out of

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action still this one made a plunge and was into its hole before my chum or myself arrived on the scene. The inevitable shovel being brought into play we found our quarry six feet in its underground tunnel and even then it was still struggling.

The bullet had made an awful mess of the head but still had not anchored this nine pound animal.

Another day I made what might be almost termed a "luck shot." A big fat fellow was sitting up straight, fully 125 yards distant but with only his head showing in the long grass which was around his hole.

With the telescope set for fifty yards I held over him what I guessed to be about right and pulled. Down went the head and when I found the mouth of the den in the long grass there sure enough was Mr. Woodchuck lying kicking in the bottom of the tunnel right at the mouth of the den.

Investigation showed that the bullet had struck him fairly in the chest and had made a remarkably large hole at point of entrance and had buried itself in the flesh on the other side. A quick bit of dissection with a pocket knife disclosed particles of the bullet lodged against the skin on the remote side from the point of entrance.

These experiments were continued late in the Fall until the woodchucks had holed up for the winter and were safely out of the way of small-bore cranks intent on doing them bodily harm. This spring the "trials" were continued and many groundhogs shot at long, short, and close range. Hardly in any two cases did the bullets either of the solid ball or hollow point variety behave twice in exactly the same manner.

Sometimes even the light little Express

bullet would shoot clean through a woodchuck endwise, another time only make what might be termed a mild surface wound at the same range.

In fact the performance of the .22-caliber bullet on this tough-grained little animal was like nothing so much as unto the antics played by the full jacketed service spitzer .30-caliber bullet of 150-grains used in the U. S. Springfield and in the Model '95 Winchester and which has been so earnestly recommended by Mr. Crossman at different times as a sure killer and vastly superior to ancient blunt nosed bullets such as the 220-grain. Tests carried on by the writer with the service Spitzer on deer for the last few hunting seasons proved positively that it is a very undependable bullet on game and not to be so volubly recommended to all-comers as has been the custom of that gentleman.

I could give a few instances of the pranks that the 150-grain Spitzer played on several owners of fine antlers but this is a woodchuck article and space valuable. Suffice it that in no two cases did this little missile act the same. One time it would behave as though it were the ideal bullet and another time seem to be entirely lacking in the necessary energy to stop a deer.

In closing I want to again call upon the readers to come forward with their views and experiences with woodchuck shooting with the tiny bore and let us form a "jury" both impartial and just to decide whether the .22-caliber rifle of any make or model can rightly be called an arm for satisfactorily dealing with the uninvited guests of our good friend the farmer and the shooting of which makes such an interesting sport.

That Article by W. H. Dunn

Hy. A. Gardner.

I want to heartily endorse the remarks of Mr. Dunn author of an article in the May issue entitled "The Bolt vs Lever Controversy as Seen by A Reader" at the end where he lays down some rules governing the proper and only method of cleaning the modern high power arm be it .303 Savage, .30-30 W.C.F., .250-3000 Savage, high power Remington or any of the numerous rifles on the market adapted to cartridges loaded with smokeless powders and *jacketed bullets*. It is an absolute impossibility to clean the bore of these rifles properly, using any of the powder solvents now on the market, excellent though many of these preparations are for lubricating the actions, also for cleaning the bores of rifles adapted to black powder ammunition using ordinary lead bullets.

There is some very misleading information floating around these days and it is sometimes rather difficult for the confused amateur rifleman to know just where to begin at, what to cast aside and what advice to adopt.

However it can be taken as solid fact that the remarks contained in the article by Mr. Dunn regarding the cleaning of modern high power rifles are true in every respect and should be carried out to the letter by every shooter who has the welfare of his pet rifle truly at heart. If you are of the class mentioned by Mr. Dunn who use a rifle but once a hunting season there is but little chance that what little proficiency you will have been able to attain with a firearm with such limited practice will be greatly set back by cleaning your rifle "any old way" and allowing the barrel to run its course.

With the true rifle crank however the matter is different. He has a feeling of regard for his Marlin, Savage, Remington or Ross—very much akin to love and he will not rest content until he knows he is attending to the bore of his rifle in a proper and scientific manner.

As Mr. Dunn also states, this matter has been touched upon by the Lieutenant in another publication but it is my belief that

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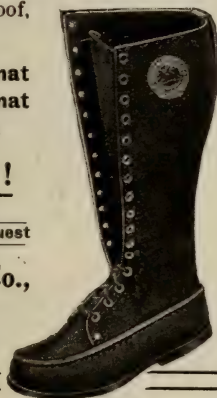
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as no article had yet been published in these columns his contribution was very, very timely.

The correct cleaning rod for the purpose of going about the cleaning of a high power rifle should be of steel though a brass rod will answer the purpose. The latter type of rod will become corroded in time through the action of the stronger ammonia on the brass but cannot injure the bore of the rifle even in this condition. One of the best rods on the market for rough-neck wear and tear is the rod manufactured by the Marble Arms and Mfg. Co.; it is jointed and can be had in various lengths and calibers also can be obtained on special order in steel instead of the original brass which is rather preferable taking into consideration the corrosive tendency of the ammonia on the regular brass rod.

I have followed Lt. Whelen's suggestion of procuring a number of yards of medium weight canton flannel, wringing this in water several times to increase its absorbent qualities, hanging out on a clothes-line to dry and repeating this several times and finally cutting the material into patches of a convenient size, and I consider this an excellent way of going about things. Above all the patches should be kept in a box or other covered receptacle so as to prevent any possibility of grit or other foreign matter adhering to the flannel and injuring the bore of the rifle when the rag is drawn through.

Having got ready our cleaning rod and our patches we are now ready to go at the real job of cleaning our rifle which we will presume has been fired one or more times.

Procure at your druggist's a bottle of stronger ammonia containing 26 to 28 per cent. ammonia gas and have the clerk not more than half fill the bottle under any circumstances as this cleansing fluid generates a great amount of gas and if the bottle is filled full or even nearly so it will probably fly to the several winds especially if the receptacle be shaken. Also the stopper should be of rubber as stronger ammonia will simply eat up an ordinary cork. All these facts were mentioned by the Lieutenant in his article and I feel like a criminal taking the words out of his mouth in this manner but in self-defence I may say truthfully I have used this method of cleaning my high power rifles for many years and the only new thing the writer learned from that gentleman's article was that "wheeze" regarding the "baptism" of the flannel before using in order to increase its absorbent qualities.

Moisten a patch with the ammonia and be sure to put back the stopper in the bottle because if the ammonia is left exposed to the air it will lose its strength. We have taken it for granted of course that you already have placed the patch in the slot of the cleaning rod before moistening with the ammonia. Insert the rod from the breech end of the rifle if at all possible but if this cannot be done owing to the design of your rifle clean from the muzzle using great care not to wear this end of the barrel unduly. Run the rod back and forth in the interior of the barrel swabbing vigorously but not roughly or carelessly. Repeat with a

clean patch again wet with the ammonia. The patches will come out colored owing to the chemical action of the solvent on the metal fouling left on the lands from the cupro-jacketed bullet. Repeat again with clean cloth similarly moistened until the patches come out clean and with no trace of color. Then dry your barrel with numerous patches and finally grease the bore thoroughly with a good gun grease and your gun is in perfect shape as far as the condition of the bore is concerned. Be sure however before greasing the bore at the end of the cleaning that the barrel is absolutely dry and no trace of ammonia remaining. If the gun is placed away with ammonia still in the barrel the latter will evaporate on the steel and positively rust it so be sure, quite sure that everything is dry before applying the final coating of grease.

One more word as to the cleaning rod. All things considered a rod with a jagged, not slotted tip is preferred by the writer though that is not saying that a slotted tip will not accommodate a patch satisfactorily by any means. It is largely a matter of personal taste and as both type of tips are easily obtainable the matter can be easily settled for the individual owner of the rifle to be thus cleaned.

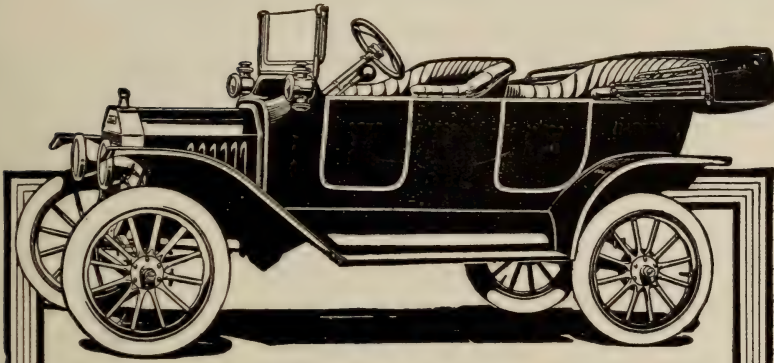
Metal jacketed bullets should *not* be fired from the barrel unlubricated and by applying an even coating of the lubricant described below on the bullets the wear on the barrel is reduced fully one-half.

Mobilubricant is a heavy grease obtainable at most progressive public garages and is made I believe in Rochester, N. Y. Its original use was for lubricating automobiles but it has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that a thin even coating of this grease applied to all jacketed bullets not only reduces the wear on the barrel fully 50 per cent. but also the barrel has a much less tendency to become heated from rapid continuous firing. Care should be taken to get only an *even light coating* on each bullet and in no case to allow any of this grease to get spread onto the shell.

I trust that these remarks will be of service to some of the readers of Rod and Gun who have had difficulty in cleaning their high power rifles and hope sincerely that the advice will be followed out for the sake of our many splendid power rifles.

If the rifle having been cleaned thoroughly as per above and a look through the bore from the muzzle discloses a smattering of bright little lumps adhering to the rifling this is a case of a special form of metallic fouling peculiar to rifles of very high velocity and is very rarely encountered in rifles such as the .30-30, .38-55 H.P. etc., and needs special treatment.

I will not touch upon this subject at this writing. There is a formula which will deal with this nuisance perfectly satisfactorily and the editor of this department will doubtless be pleased to furnish the "recipe" to those of the readers who have encountered this trouble. Users of the .30-30, .303 Savage, .32-40 H.P., .38-55 H.P., .25, .30 .32, and .35 Remington calibers, .25-35, .33 W.C.F. etc. will find the simple ammonia



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method of cleaning the barrel as given above perfectly adequate to thoroughly cleanse the bore of their rifles and provided Mobilubricant is used on the bullets, rifles of even

intensely high velocity are usually immune from the lumpy metallic fouling which builds up the lands.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

MR. HOLSINGER WOULD LIKE THE EXPERIENCES OF READERS WHO HAVE USED THE .25-35 ON DEER AND LARGER GAME

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have been a news-stand reader of this magazine for many years—since 1904 in fact, and I am firmly convinced that the future for Rod and Gun is full of bright prospects if this progressive policy recently exhibited in commencing a department devoted to the discussion of matters relating to guns and ammunition, as well as a section for the sole purpose of talking over things “fishy” is continued.

I am intensely interested in the various controversies which have been running in the gun department for the last few months and have gained some valuable pointers therefrom. I am especially interested in the views of hunters as to the relative merits of rifles as to their suitability for bringing home the bacon.

The writer has used many rifles in his time from the .44 Winchester to the .22 Hi-Power Savage and has found them all efficient on game for which they were intended. The “Imp” holds a warm place in my heart as a deer rifle the only objection to my way of thinking that could ever be reasonably advanced against this little wonder is the fact that it is a terrible destroyer of venison, notably so when the deer is shot at ranges under 100 yards at which distance the velocity has not fallen off sufficiently to give the milder wounds common to the .30-30.

There is an arm which I contemplate seriously purchasing for deer-hunting solely, a rifle which I have not read a great deal about in these columns as yet save in a general way—the .25-35.

I have never used this rifle on any game as yet and though I have heard various reports from hunters direct as to its failings and qualities I have my own ideas on the subject and believe that this little arm might suit me well for the purpose as I am aware that the accuracy of the rifle is equal to any of the .30-30 class.

But what I want to know positively is whether the gun has enough punch and shock at the usual ranges at which deer are shot to anchor them in a satisfactory manner so they will not keep on going into the next county as is the case when shot with such medium power rifles as the .25-20 H.V., .32-20 H.V. etc. What kind of a wound does the bullet make and will it go clean through or stay in and do all the damage inside the deer's shoulder not against the next sand bank like some high power rifles,

the bullets of which are either tempered too hard or have not enough of the lead exposed? An illustration of cases where bullets cut these pranks was given in a recent article in this magazine by Adam Moore entitled “The Effect of the .22 Hi-Power Savage and Others on Big Game”. Some of the bullets, Mr. Moore states, went clean through the game making a clean hole instead of expanding as they should. He correctly lays the blame to the composition of the metal of the bullet—a .35 Winchester in this case.

To return to the .25-35 which as stated above is holding the centre of attraction as far as the writer is concerned at present. I would be very much pleased to hear from readers regarding this cartridge (I have decided on what make of arm to purchase) as to the manner in which it slays the game, whether it cuts up things inside, goes through like Mr. Moore's .35 Winchester, makes an ordinary mushroom like the .30-30 at the same range or whether it smashes things up as the .22 Hi-Power Savage.

Like another reader who asked for similar information regarding a different rifle in a recent issue of this magazine I would rather hear from those who have actually used this gun on game and have noted its effects than from those who while maybe having a certain amount of experience hand out information based mainly on theory aided by ballistics from the manufacturer's catalog. I must say however in all fairness, that Rod and Gun's gun department up to date has contained some of the most *practical* and instructive articles written by “been there” men that it has ever been my good fortune to read and I take all the current American magazines which run gun and ammunition columns.

Hoping to hear from the readers who are in a position to give me some needed information and advice in connection with the game getting or absence of bringing-home-the-bacon qualities and wishing the good old Rod and Gun in general and the Guns and Ammunition Department in particular every success.

Yours very truly, F. H. Holsinger

FINDS THE .25-20 MARLIN SATISFACTORY

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Re the query of “I.W.H.” in a recent issue of this magazine regarding the .25-20 Marlin would say that I secured a pump action rifle of this caliber and make last spring. So far I have used it only on ground-hogs and have to date caused twenty-one to “kick the bucket”. The ordinary black powder, lead bullet cartridge handles the woodchuck to perfection only four or five getting into their holes.

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I reload my own ammunition using the Ideal tool. Getting the lead free of cost I find I can reload fifty shells for about twenty-two cents. When using black powder it is absolutely necessary to wash the shells soon after shooting.

I have tried the .25-20 H.V. cartridge but it is not needed for woodchucks. One soft point on exit behind a ground-hog's shoulder tore a hole the size of a half-dollar. They would do good work on fox or wolf. I have heard of deer being killed with the G.V. load but of course it is not a deer cartridge.

It is a very pleasant rifle to shoot and as good target work can be done with it as with the .22 Long Rifle and of course the black powder cartridge is about three times as powerful as the .22. In my opinion for small game you cannot get a better rifle.

I enjoy reading the Guns and Ammunition Department very much.
Randolph, Ont. C. V. J.

A TWENTY-TWO CALIBER ENTHUSIAST

Editor Guns and Ammunition: What do I think of the new gun department? It's great! Just what all have been looking for since this magazine came out only I would suggest even more about the .22-caliber rifles, what they can do both in the field and at target work.

Thousands are using .22-caliber rifles today who never owned a rifle ten years ago and use them for all their partridge and rabbit shooting as well as for many other purposes. Right here in Missisquoi county P. Q. partridges have increased 100 per cent. in the last three years mainly because all who hunt them now use the .22 instead of the 10, 12, even 20-gauge shot-gun and believe me it is far more satisfaction to come home with only one bird shot by this little rifle than to carry home a dozen shot with a shot-gun.

Now I agree with Mr. Forsyth who wrote in the July number as to the shooting between the Model 1890 W.R.F. and the long rifle cartridge. In my opinion the latter is not in it with its big brother and outclassed in every way. Anyone who has the least doubt in the matter can simply try them out and be convinced once and for all. As to the cost of the .22-caliber shells say, why, buy a model 1890 Winchester chambered for the .22 short only and you can obtain all the fun you want. Blaze away and it only costs you 15 or 20 cents per box for shells and mind you to my way of thinking the .22 short is head and shoulders above the long rifle as to accuracy up to 40 yards.

Now then you want to go for that flock of partridge down in the old swamp, well take along the '90 Winchester bored for the W.R.F. shell or a .22 Remington Special. Shells for these cartridges cost .40 cents per box but you are not going to blaze away at every knot hole you see, you are looking for those birds and they must be there for didn't the old drummer kick up a racket all during seed-ing time? Sure he did and this little .22 just a little stronger in its shooting and quicker will get them if they are there. Now then the cost between the .22 short and the .22 long rifle for all shooting would about even

up don't you think so brother?

Now if this, my first attempt for this little magazine does not find its way into the wood box I will come again and tell the boys some of my experiences with the little rifle.
Montreal, P. Q. C. H. C.

(The controversy between advocates of the .22 W.R.F. and Rem. Special and champions of the .22 long rifle promises to be warm and furious and we are receiving many communications from interested readers on the subject.)

It is well to remember in this connection that we cannot all agree on the various subjects which will come up for discussion from time to time any more than do we all use the same make of typewriter or lawnmower, smoke the same brand of cigars or wear the same style of clothes. Were we all to find pleasure in the same recreations and all have similar occupations this would be but a poorly balanced world indeed and it is more than likely that such a lamentable state of affairs could not exist for long.

We are pleased to hear from our readers on all topics pertaining to guns and ammunition at all times, the only conditions imposed are that the ideas expressed shall be within the bounds of reason and that the topic shall be of sufficient general interest to warrant publication. A.B.G.)

THE PUMP ACTION REMINGTON-UMC HIGH POWER REPEATER

Editor Guns and Ammunition: In answer to the query of Mr. Lewis in the June number regarding the Model 14 Remington pump action rifle I may be permitted as a user of this type of arm to occupy a short space in your columns.

I have used for some months a .25-caliber slide-action rifle of this model as well as the Model 14½ Remington of .44-caliber which has substantially the same action and can say without hesitation that both are guns which give the highest satisfaction. The .25 caliber is particularly good. The balance and general lines of the rifle are, as Mr. Lewis says all that can be desired. The magazine so far as I have had experience works very smoothly and surely. In fact I have had no trouble except on one occasion with jamming of the cartridge and this was I think owing to my own lack of experience at the time in the manipulation of the trombone action.

I regret to say that with regard to immunity from injury of the soft-nose bullets when passing through the magazine of the rifle the same laudatory remarks will hardly apply. Mr. Lewis seems to misunderstand the claims of the makers. They do not state that "the cartridges do not touch *each other* in the magazine" but rather (as in their catalog and circular) "the action prevents any bullet in the magazine from coming in contact with the *primer* of the next cartridge ahead". The truth of the matter is that the cartridges are held in a slightly oblique position in the magazine tube and as a result the bullet of each cartridge has its point touching the cartridge following between the primer and rim. This device naturally precludes any



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Send 10c for a medium sized tube; also a trial can of Mennen's Talcum for Men - free. Delightful for after shaving. Address - Sales Agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Ltd., 10A McCaul St., Toronto; Canadian Laboratories, Montreal, Quebec.

MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

danger of magazine explosion but at the same time the bullets are subject to a considerable amount of squeezing and battering when the row of cartridges is forced back when the fore-end is pumped against the rear of the magazine. An examination of cartridges which have passed through the magazine shows that the points of the soft-nose bullets are frequently disfigured, sometimes the lead is flattened out almost to the level of the metal jacket.

This injury to the bullets is particularly to be observed after the magazine has been completely filled and I am inclined to believe that the magazine-spring is unnecessarily strong. It requires very considerable force to "feed" the rifle after the second or third cartridge has been inserted. The trouble I suppose might be obviated by cutting off an inch or two from the spring as there appears

to be no necessity for its extreme tension.

I have had no opportunity as yet to use the rifle on game so cannot testify as to its game-getting powers. I am rather surprised however at the action of the factory bullets when fired into wood. I have frequently shot through seasoned spruce posts from six to ten inches in diameter at a range of fifty yards (the bullet has a muzzle velocity of approximately 2000 ft. secs.) Notwithstanding the soft points and relatively high velocity they seem not to mushroom at all, and the hole of exit after penetrating nine or ten inches of tough wood is only slightly larger than that of entrance.

I shall await with interest the views of other readers on this most attractive and rapid-fire little rifle.
Pictou, N.S.

Al. Fraser.

A New Marlin .22 Caliber Repeater

This office is in receipt of a circular from the Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, describing what seems to us to be a very well-balanced and beautiful little pump action repeater adapted to the different sizes of twenty-two-caliber rim fire cartridges.

The new rifle is hammerless, take-down, fitted with a pistol grip meant to hold the hand and not placed there for worthless ornamentation. The 24-inch full octagon barrel is fitted with an ivory bead front sight and the rear sight is an excellent wind-gauge of new design with flat top and "V" notch.

The arm is to be known as the Model 32 and can be furnished with either regular length or full magazine—the former holding 15 short, 12 long, or 10 long rifle cartridges while the full length magazines hold 25 short, 20 long or 18 long rifle cartridges. The latter type of magazine is especially bound to find favor with gallery shooters who will not be forced to load in the middle of a string of shots.

The illustration of the rifle gives the reader a good idea of the general outlines of the new Marlin Model 32.



.22 HAMMERLESS MARLIN REPEATER. MODEL NO. 32.





When the city's left behind you,
And you seek the distant shore,
To enjoy the simple pleasures
You have known and loved of yore,
Every pleasure will be doubled,
Not a moment ever pall,
If you've not forgotten Chiclets—
Dainty Chiclets—Queen of all.

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handy, sugar-coated, fresh mint con-
fection, will prove a never-failing
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Fish and Game Clubs Organize

The idea of co-operative forest guarding has taken a new direction, and one which suggests boundless possibilities. The Canadian Northern Laurentian Association put into operation this summer a fire protective branch, aiming to be of service not so much to prevent destruction of the buildings within its area as to preserve the splendid forests requisite for scenic beauty and the delights of hunting and fishing. This is said to be the first undertaking of its kind in Canada. The members have no lumbering or pulpwood interests, but regard the forest from the point of view of health and pleasure seekers. The motive apparently is quite sufficient to create a determined forest protective branch to which contributions and personal services have been devoted without stint.

The Canadian Northern Laurentian Association is formed of affiliated clubs situated along the Montfort branch of the Canadian Northern Railway. The membership of these various clubs is made up principally of summer residents. Speaking of the fire fighting activities of this year, Mr. W. A. S. Ayerst of Montreal, President of the Association, said:

"Realizing the damage that is being done annually from forest fires, we feel that the fire protective branch that we have organized is bound to become the most important part of our association. We have already had this season one bad fire to contend with, which was checked after a stubborn fight, with the loss of only one summer home. If it had not been for the organization of our fire fighting branch, there would likely have been several

houses destroyed. We, of course, realize that the loss of the summer home is the smallest part of the damage that can be done by forest fires, as we can protect ourselves from this damage by carrying fire insurance, but what we most fear is the destruction of the natural beauty of the surrounding forest and shrubs which would spoil any particular spot for future building for a great many years, and, of course, we cannot insure against this except by organizing ourselves along proper lines. We also realize that with the destruction of the forest by fire, the fishing and hunting of the country in which we are interested will be spoiled, to say nothing of the natural beauty and the general financial loss.

"We think that we are the first organization formed by the general public to combat forest fires, and hope that the effects of our organization will spread throughout the various districts that are popular with city people and thereby educate and influence them to the dangers and horrors of forest fires, and eventually educate the farmer or settler to a proper care when burning brush or clearing land."

In the Canadian Northern Laurentian Association the following are represented; Bark Lake Protective Association, Bark Lake, via Arundel, P. Q.; Lake View Protective Association, Lake View, via Weir, P. Q.; The Sixteen Island Lake Fishing Club Inc. Sixteen Island Lake, P. Q.; Leclerc Island Protective Association, Leclerc Island, P. Q.; The Newaygo Club, Newaygo, P. Q.; Lake Echo Fish and Game Club, Morin Heights, P. Q.

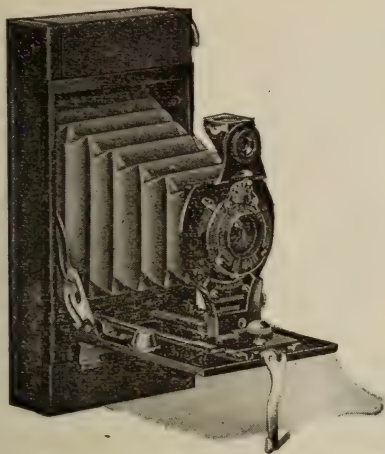
1915 Prospects For Feathered Game In Manitoba Are Good

Writing under date of August 3rd., Mr. J. D. A. Evans of Crystal City, Man. says that reports received presage good prospects for Autumn shooting of aquatic and land fowl. Writing of Southern Manitoba in particular Mr. Evans said that during the few preceding weeks evidences would indicate a more than average supply of prairie chicken. Last winter and during the early spring the birds were abundant, and from visits to various parts of the province the writer believes that there will be a greater number of chicken this year than for several years past. This is owing to several things, says Mr. Evans, among them being the capable administration of the Game Laws by Mr. Chas. Barber, the Chief Game Guardian, and the fact that there were no disastrous storms or floods during the nesting period. A sportsman who lives in the Riding Mountains writes that he has never seen the

chicken so plentiful as this year and from Western Manitoba also comes the good tidings "Better prospects for prairie chicken this fall than ever before."

Ducks are decreasing and in the Pembina Valley, once a renowned duck ground now only a few birds are to be seen. Duck shooters who want good sport are now obliged to go to some of the large lakes far north of Winnipeg, for in Manitoba the ducks no longer frequent lakes in the vicinity of good agricultural territory.

A walk through any well wooded acreage discloses the fact, continues Mr. Evans, that there is an abundance of partridge this year, a greater number, Mr. Evans believes than have been seen for some years. It would seem therefore from a summary of Mr. Evans conclusions that the prospects for a good small game season in Manitoba are excellent.



The New Folding Autographic BROWNIE

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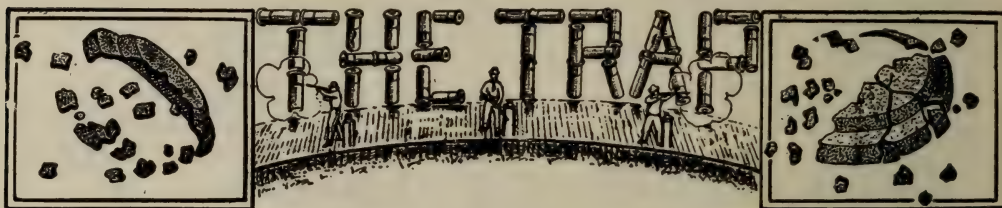
CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

159

Birdcraft Sanctuary

Bird Lore for August contains an account of a real Bird Sanctuary in Connecticut. This is a sanctuary, not a preserve, which latter may be taken to mean a place where the birds are protected that they may increase for the ultimate pleasure of the sportsman in shooting them, or in its broadest sense, for their food value. "This Song Bird Sanctuary is an oasis in a desert of material things. In it the bird may lead its own life for that life's sake, and the joy of many such lives overflows all arbitrary boundaries in its ethical benefit to the community and state," says Mabel Osgood Wright, who contributes the article re-

ferred to above. Part of the equipment to protect the birds is a "cat proof" fence surrounding the entire place. Before this was begun the devastation from cats was very great in spite of all watching. The Warden formed the habit of taking his little hound 'Lark' through the sanctuary morning and night to clear the place. Lark had the habit of trailing cats as if they were coons and when he had treed his quarry would sit at a reasonable distance, should the cat try to jump, and bay until a .22 caliber rifle came to "do the rest." Birdcraft Sanctuary as it is called is ten acres in extent.



Hints To Beginners.

- Shoot with both eyes open.
- Don't put the shell in the gun until it is nearly your time to shoot.
- Don't leave a shell in the gun while changing position.
- Don't put a shell in the gun after you have finished an event.
- Don't leave your position until the last shooter has fired his last shot.
- Don't talk while your squad is shooting.
- Call "pull" clearly and distinctly, so as not to confuse the puller.
- Don't shoot too fast, take your time.
- And above all, don't worry.

Regina Trap Shooters Preparing for Next Year.

Noticeable at the Regina Gun Club traps this summer is the large number of beginners. Many who had never before seen the traps have taken kindly to the favorite sport and have been enjoying themselves. The local officials are trying to enroll as many members as possible this season, so that they may make a good showing at the annual tournament.

Eagle Gun Club Tournament

The second annual tournament of the Eagle Gun Club was held in Brantford on August 25th and 26th and proved a very great success in every way despite the unsettled weather and the rather cold wind that was blowing. A large number of visitors from all over the province were present.

First high average for both days was won by W. Hart of Dresden, Ont. by 388 out of 400. Second high average was won by E. H. Sturt of Hamilton by 377 out of 400. Third high average was won by D. McNeill of Florence with 373 out of 400. High average for the province was won by Roland Day of London, score 379 out of 400.

The largest run of breaks for both days was won by W. Hart with 118 unfinished.

Two man team first day was won by Geo. Beattie and W. Hart scoring 47 out of 50, tied by C. J. Mitchell and W. Doherty. On shoot off Beattie and Hart won, scoring 50 straight to 47.

Five man team second day was a very interesting feature. Five teams were entered, one from St. Thomas, one from Galt, two from Hamilton and two from the Eagle Gun Club, Brantford. The Brantford second team tied with the Hamilton first team, score 118 each out of 125. They tied again on the shoot off score 119 each out of 125. On the second shoot off

Hamilton won by three birds, scores 119 and 116. Those composing the five man teams were: Hamilton; Wm. Dillon, M. E. Goodall, Mr. Barnes, Geo. Beattie, E. Sturt; Brantford: Wm. Doherty, B. Doherty, H. Bowden, Alex. McRobb, J. Robinson.

Long run score for the Dupont Trophy.

Nelson Long, Dupont Powder, 56; Geo. Beattie, Dupont Powder, 62; Jas. Steveson, Dupont Powder, 76; Col. Page, Dupont Powder, 59; Wesley Hart, Dupont Powder 96; Wesley Hart, Dupont Powder 118 unfinished; Edgar Sturt, Dupont Powder, 59; S. G. Vance, Dupont Powder, 63.

Winners in the Merchandise Event Were

- 1st. prize—Leather Gun Case, donated by D. Pike Co., won by G. Beattie.
- 2nd. prize—Club bag, donated by C. A. Watrous, L. Anguish, D. J. Lewis, won by F. Fox.
- 3rd. prize—Two Hams, donated by Matthews pork factory, won by C. Summerhays.
- 4th. prize—Live Pig, donated by Morgan Harris won by Mr. Ross, U.M.C.
- 5th. prize—Rug, donated by Pursel & Son, won by
- 6th. prize—Fancy Vest, donated by Chris. Sutherland won by S. Vance.
- 7th. prize—Pair Cuff Links, donated by Newman & Son, won by E. H. Sturt.
- 8th. prize—Pipe, donated by J. Kelly, won by E. Harris.
- 9th. prize—Box of Cigars, donated by McPhail, won by W. J. McCance.
- 10th. prize—Electric Search Light, donated by F. Wesber, won by B. Doherty.
- 11th. prize—Umbrella, donated by A. C. Percy, won by J. Summerhays.
- 12th. prize—Bottle of Frost Fluid, donated by C. Cameron, won by W. Dillon.
- 13th. prize—Straw Hat, donated by H. Howie, won by Col. Page.
- 14th. prize—Jewelry Box, donated by Pequgnat, won by T. Doherty.
- 15th. prize—Straw Hat, donated by J. Broadbent, won by G. Dunk.
- 16th. prize—Arm Chair, donated by Cliffords, won by R. Lambden.
- 17th. prize—Safety Razor, donated by Bronders, won by F. Watson.
- 18th. prize—Tea Canister, donated by Turnbull & Cutwif, won by Alex. McRobb.



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*Professionals.													
T. Doherty	1st Day	14	20	16	14			14	16			120	94
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
W. McCall	1st Day	8	12	15	13	15	17	12	9	5		180	106
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
C. Page	1st Day		15	13	12							60	40
	2nd Day			15	16				15		11	80	57
	3rd Day												
H. D. Sherwood	1st Day	18	17	19	20	19	19	15	16	20	17	200	180
	2nd Day	19	18	20	16	16	17	17	16	19	13	200	171
	3rd Day												
J. Cline	1st Day							16	15	16	16	80	63
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
J. Anguish	1st Day							17	17	15	17	80	66
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
S. Vance	1st Day	20	18	18	18	19	20	18	19	19	18	200	187
	2nd Day	18	19	16	18	17	18	18	20	20	20	200	183
	3rd Day												
D. McNeil	1st Day	20	19	18	16	20	19	19	19	18	18	200	186
	2nd Day	18	20	20	18	20	18	19	16	19	19	200	187
	3rd Day												
W. Hart	1st Day	20	19	19	20	19	18	20	20	18	18	200	191
	2nd Day	20	20	20	19	18	20	20	20	20	20	200	197
	3rd Day												
W. J. McCance	1st Day	16	14	18	18	17	17	17	16	19	18	200	170
	2nd Day	16	18	17	16	17	20	18	20	16	19	200	177
	3rd Day												
*D. Sharp	1st Day	9	11	6	11	7	7	12	18	17	18	200	116
	2nd Day	14	8	10	9	9	9	9	11	15	10	200	104
	3rd Day												
G. Beattie	1st Day	18	18	19	20	20	19	18	17	18	19	200	186
	2nd Day	19	19	20	17	20	17	19	18	18	18	200	185
	3rd Day												
N. Goodall	1st Day	18	18	18	18	18	16	17	16	16	18	200	173
	2nd Day	17	16	18	18	17	17	18	18	19	18	200	176
	3rd Day												
W. Dillon	1st Day	16	17	14	18	15	18	14	17	14	15	200	158
	2nd Day	17	18	17	14	16	17	18	16	13	18	200	164
	3rd Day												
E. Harris	1st Day	17	17	16	16	15	18	17	20	14	18	200	168
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
E. H. Sturt	1st Day	19	18	19	19	16	20	20	19	18	18	200	186
	2nd Day	19	18	20	18	20	18	20	19	20	19	200	191
	3rd Day												
E. Clark	1st Day	14	16	20	16	15	17	18	18	15	19	200	158
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
R. E. Axton	1st Day	18	18	19	19	18	17	17	19	19	19	200	180
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
W. Dorthy	1st Day	19	20	19	19	15	18	19	17	19	18	200	184
	2nd Day	19	15	17	14								
	3rd Day												
J. Martin	1st Day	20	17	18	18	15	17	18	19	20	19	200	181
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
Col. Page	1st Day	17	19	19	16	16	19	19	19	17	18	200	177
	2nd Day	19	18	18	20	20	18	17	19	20	16	200	184
	3rd Day												
N. Long	1st Day	20	20	18	19	18	18	19	19	14	18	200	184
	2nd Day	18	19	14	18	19	19	16	15	19	17	200	174
	3rd Day												

Jordan Gun Club.

Jordan Gun Club held the last shoot of the summer series and also the final for the Dupont Trophy on Saturday, August 14th. Some fine scores were made. The winner, H. Boulton, shot a clever race all through the series.

Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

H. W. Hunsberry 100, 96; A. Wismer 65, 56; D. Konkle 55, 50; P. Wismer 55, 50; H. Boulton 45, 43; M. Honsberger 45, 37; F. Ball 40, 30; E. Boose 38, 26; J. Spence 25, 20; A. Heckadon 25, 19; W. White 15, 10. (First number denotes those shot at, second number those broken.)

Port Hope Gun Club.

The newly organized Port Hope Gun Club held a very successful shoot Aug. 25th., visitors being present from Toronto, Belleville, Cobourg, Bowmanville and Peterboro. The strong wind made it rather difficult to shoot and was responsible for a number of small scores. Over 1700 blue rocks were used and the scores were as follows:

	Possible	Broke
Reynolds, Port Hope	75	56
Capt. Colwill, Port Hope	75	41
G. A. Outram, Port Hope	75	36
A. J. Sprague, Cobourg	75	45

P. H. Horton, Port Hope	75	19
C. McCallum, Cobourg	75	59
G. M. Dunk, Toronto, (Pro.)	75	59
—Purser, Cobourg	75	43
J. G. Jackson, Cobourg	75	48
M. Sprague, Belleville	75	54
E. T. Turly, Belleville	75	48
A. Gordon, Port Hope	85	27
J. H. Stephens, Port Hope	75	32
Percy Green, Port Hope	75	27
Mr. Armour, Cobourg	75	39
G. Crowther, Cobourg	75	54
—Fletcher, Bowmanville	75	54
C. James, Peterboro	60	25
Chris. Wood, Peterboro	75	42
Chris. Graham, Peterboro	75	40
W. H. Roper, Port Hope	75	32
S. Coon, Peterboro	75	36
W. Dustan, Bowmanville	75	59
T. Dustan, Bowmanville	65	27
Dr. Brokenshire, Port Hope	45	17
I. Walters, Port Hope	10	0
C. McCallum, Cobourg, and Mr. W. Dustan, of Bowmanville, tied for first high gun prize. H. Reynolds and S. Coon tied for third high gun prize. In the shoot off at ten birds, Mr. Dustan first, Mr. McCallum second, H. Reynolds third, and Coon fourth.		



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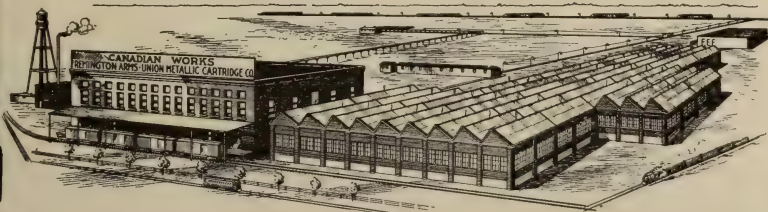
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Passenger Traffic Manager
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W. P. HINTON

Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager
Montreal.



Game Conservation In Ontario

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

Your August issue contained some very interesting news relative to the steps being taken by the Dominion Trap Shooters' Association to interest its membership in the Game Conservation propaganda and I can assure you that North, as well as South Essex welcome such organizations throughout the land to assist in the elevation of sane and modern proposals for prompt legislation.

During the past few years it has been a very trying period for the lovers of wild life in their attempts to instill in the minds of some of those in power and influence the necessity of immediate activity to curtail the slaughter of our game birds and animals but it appears that those who have shouldered the burden are not prepared to cease their interest or activity to that end.

Barnacles are bound to grow upon any living thing if it is allowed to idle its time away in the comfort of ancient ideas and its preponderance over the public mind. However there are times when public interest manifests itself and shakes off the shackles that have bound it to the decaying past.

In the Department of Game and Fisheries of Ontario, I am firmly of the opinion that both Macdirmid and Sheriff are equal to the task of solving the problem of Game Conservation, and I have felt somewhat elated at the interest and close study being given the many recommendations placed before these gentlemen by the various well known sportsmen and Game Protective Associations throughout the Province, and am sanguine that relief is not far distant. This is certainly to be expected from young and active officials of such an important Department of the Government.

For your knowledge and that of your readers I give below a list of recommendations now in the hands, and receiving the attention of the Fish and Game Department;—

Memorandum of Recommendations being placed before Mr. A. Sheriff, Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries Department, by the North and South Essex and Elgin County Fish & Game Protective Associations and Sportsmen;—

1. Open Season for Muskrat in Southern District February and March only.
2. Open Season for Ducks in Southern District, October 15th to December 31st.
3. Gun or General Game Licences ranging in fee from \$1.25 to \$5.00 according to class of game to be hunted.

4. That the Bag-Limit on Duck be reduced to 100 per man per season.

5. Bag Limit for Quail of 6 per day per man and 25 for the open season.

6. Prohibiting the shooting of Wood-Hare (Rabbits) during the closed season for upland game birds.

7. Adjustment of the Zone area by a line between Hamilton and Toronto placing Toronto in Northern District and Hamilton in Southern District.

8. Preserve of that portion of land lying East of Erie St. Leamington, South of Talbot St. and West of Wheatley Town Line, including Point Pelee for the purpose of breeding Game Birds.

9. Enlarge Wolf Bounty to \$20.00 for Timber and \$5.00 for Brush.

10. That open season for all kinds of Game Birds (other than water fowl) be at the same time.

11. That a Gun or General Game License not be issued to anyone less than 16 years of age.

12. Prohibit the Sale of Wild Ducks.

13. Limiting one Gun to each Blind and one Gun to each Boat.

14. Limiting the shooting days of each week to five by eliminating Monday.

It is to these recommendations we would attract the attention of the public and the Dominion Trap Shooters' & Game Protective Association for serious thought previous to the next sitting of the Fish and Game Committee and be prepared to co-operate with their full strength for the placing of same on the statute books.

In Essex County we feel that these proposals merit the support of all wild life lovers and that they should consider them seriously coming as they do, from the zone area.

If the Government enact these proposals into law I predict a very bright future both for our game and the treasury department. We must establish an incentive for the farmers to culture, protect, and feed upland game during the winter. We must encourage the presence of game in abundance, limited by safe bag restrictions. We must educate the sportsmen to patience in the taking of game. We must encourage our revenues by offering the incentive to non-residents to visit our fields in quest of game birds by the enactment of the non-sale law and the reduction in the non-resident license fee for small game to \$15.00. We must offer inducements to resident hunters to support our revenues through the resident license fees, to take to the fields again abounding in game through



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- 7 2 1/2 lb. Trout caught in Lake of the Woods, Nany River, Ontario, by E. H. Corbett
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the restrictions of the non-sale, daily bag limit, and general conservation laws.

As Mr. Conover of Leamington has pointed out, Point Pelee is an ideal and natural allotment for the propagation of game and should be cared for immediately in the manner proposed.

I strongly urge all lovers of wild life, in the face of a very bright future, to place their views before the Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries for Ontario at as early a date as possible being as brief and concise as is consistent with the suggestions they have to make.

Thanking you and hoping that the sportsmen throughout the land will not hesitate to express their opinions in the best magazine in America, I am,

Yours truly,

Walkerville, Ont.

Edw. R. Kerr.

Our Duty Towards the Ducks

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I am pleased to note in Rod and Gun that sportsmen throughout Canada are becoming aroused to the necessity of more stringent laws for the safeguarding of our feathered game. The following steps towards safeguarding our game are among the most important which we have to consider: the prohibition of the sale of game, the elimination of the market shooter, the dividing of the province into zones with due reference to climatic conditions, the elimination of the two days per week shooting, the lessening of the season's bag from 200 to 100, the permitting of only one gun per man in blinds or duck boats.

As long as the game laws permit the marketing of ducks so long will the market shooter continue to over step the ethics of sportsmanship. I have corresponded with a number of duck shooters who figure strongly in the marketing of game and the majority state that they are willing to desist, providing the law forbids the same, which would appear to show that the department of Game and Fisheries may be held partly responsible for the present condition of affairs. One thing is evident, there are more ducks being killed than are now being propagated and each year wheels into line a greater force of exterminators to offset the productive element in wild life. It would seem more in order to shoot fifteen ducks per week under restrictive laws than the same number in the whole term of the open season as at present with the bulk of sportsmen.

I think it is the duty of every energetic sportsman in Canada to look this question squarely in the face. Now, or never, is the time to make the appeal to our representatives. We have a duty to do in making an effort to ensure the protection of the ducks. Let us attend to it at once.

Yours truly,

Leamington, Ont.

Forest Conover.

The Canadian National Field Trial Club.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

The readers of Rod and Gun have not heard from the C. N. F. T. C. since the writ-

up of the running last fall. Articles have appeared from time to time in the American Field and The Sportsman's Review, both of which have a large circulation in the United States. In these articles we have tried to induce all the sporting dog fanciers of Michigan to join our club as it is on the border and make it one of the "big" Field Trial Clubs of the continent. At present most of our members are from Michigan. Our president, Mr. F. A. Johnson is from Detroit, our hon. pres., Mr. Frank Mason is from Port Huron, Mich., and our vice-pres., Mr. J. H. Bishop, Jr., is also a Detroit man as are several more members. While we have a fair membership from Michigan we think we deserve more.

This club it is true was organized in Canada by a few lovers of the game in Windsor, Walkerville and Sandwich and I am proud to state that Sandwich, which is the writer's town, boasts the majority in membership among the three Canadian towns mentioned. Here however, our Canadian membership ends. Just think of it men who love the dog! Do you not realize that an organization of the caliber of the C. N. F. T. Club can do much and is doing all within its power to protect the quail and Hungarian partridge and to further the culture of bird dogs. Yet not a Canadian sportsman outside of the three towns named is a member of our club. We know there are men in our county as well as outside it who love the dog and sports afield who would be aiding a good cause by joining with us in making the C. N. F. T. club a grand success. It is possible that there are some who do not know of our organization but right here I wish to inform any who are interested that the writer, who is secretary of the organization will gladly give all information desired on request. Our Trials will be held at Ojibway this year beginning November 2nd. The judges will be J. J. Spracklin of Windsor and Thos. Morris of Smyrna, Mich. There will be three stakes, an all age, Derby and shooting dog stake. The event is almost an amateur event and you do not have to own a world beater to be in the money. While one likes to own a winner it is the true sport who can take a beating. We also hold a bench show in connection with the Trials.

Now Canadians, brother sportsmen, join with us in helping to protect the quail and further the interest in man's best friend, the dog. We need and want your assistance.

Yours truly,

W. P. Smith.

124 Chippewa St., Sandwich, Ont.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

In looking through Rod and Gun this month I noticed an article (Shooting over live Decoys.) In reading same I see that the party who writes same used an anchor on duck's leg. Now we use live decoys and plenty of them but we use a harness made of strong tape with a ring on one end and snap on the other end in the centre of tape we form a loop of about five inches, we then catch the bird, pull both wings through the loop, pull snap down under bird's body and snap into the ring. Then we have our anchor on a swivel snap and snap same in ring of

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harness which is on the inside of the bird's body and you have your decoy in shape to work any old place and he has the full use of both legs and wings, but cannot rise. Thinking this may be of some use to duck hunters who use live decoys and because it looks to me to be a more human way of handling the birds, furnishes my only excuse for writing you. I might just add the tape or harness cannot be seen when on the bird. The feathers hide it completely.

Forest, Ont. Jno. Shaw.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I have just returned from New Brunswick, where I had some very good salmon, grilse and trout fishing. According to my thinking, there is no sport that comes up to salmon and grilse fishing. It is, as my fishing companion said, "Sport fit for Kings". We had three trips together. During the first two, when the water was of the right height, we had capital sport; but, on the last trip, the water was low and warm and although there were a great many salmon and grilse in the pools, we did not succeed in inducing them to move, except in one instance when I hooked a fine salmon but it broke loose shortly after being lightly hooked. We, however, landed some nice sea trout, fresh in from the salt water. These sea trout fight almost as hard as the

grilse, but do not jump out of the water, and give in sooner than the grilse.

The flies I found to be the most killing were the Jock Scott, Durham Ranger and a dark fly with bright silver body (my own pattern). The Butcher, Silver Grey, Silver Doctor, and Nepisquit Grey are also first class flies for this river.

The camp, where we put up, is an excellent one, complete in every respect, and is owned by Mr. Henry Bishop, of Bathurst, who rents it and the adjacent salmon pools on the Nepisquit. The scenery and surroundings are delightful. Our guide (Grey) is certainly one of the most capable and obliging men I have ever had, and he understands the water thoroughly. I do not know of any more delightful place for a vacation than at the Bogan camp and the fishing is all that one could desire.

Ottawa,

Walter Greaves.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I have been a reader of your paper for some time and I would like your readers to tell me where I can get some shooting close to Toronto where I live, such as ducks and rabbits.

Yours truly,

Toronto, Ont.

J. T. W.



Under the caption "Recognizing a Friend," the editorial writer in the *Globe*, whose weekly contributions of an entertaining and informative nature on some phase of nature study are familiar to *Globe* readers, wrote recently as follows, concerning the American bittern:

"Wisdom in discerning and remembering enemies makes the persecuted of the bird world shy, wild, and wary, but an assurance of friendly care and good-will can make the most timid as trustful and confiding toward man as toward the antlered natives of the uninvaded forest. Fear of man is not a race inheritance, but an acquired quality to be cultivated anew by each succeeding generation. An American bittern, shy wader among sheltering rushes, has been coaxed away from the great, impenetrable, and inviting marshes of Longue Point to confiding domestication at the lodge of the Rice Bay Fishing and Shooting Club by a few kindly

advances. With miles of marsh stretching away in varied outline, with countless tadpoles, frogs, and mollusks in the intricate, weedy shallows, with rush-grown shores where fry from adjacent spawning grounds glisten in the clear water, all as tempting to the young bittern as the free life of his ancestors, he responded to the proffered supply of captured minnows, and is now so tame that he will pick them with his long, formidable bill from a kindly hand. A bittern taught to fear man will stand rigid and erect, with bill elevated, strengthening the resemblance to a withered rush blade, unseen by the sportsman near at hand setting out decoys in the grey dawn. Instead of this strange, visible hiding at the approach of a suspected enemy, he recognizes a friendly whistle, and comes with the careless eagerness of a domestic fowl. That man is to be trusted, not feared, is the lesson of his restricted view of life.

"Where he was first warmed into life on a

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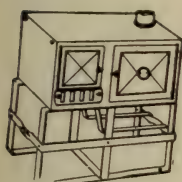
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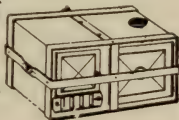
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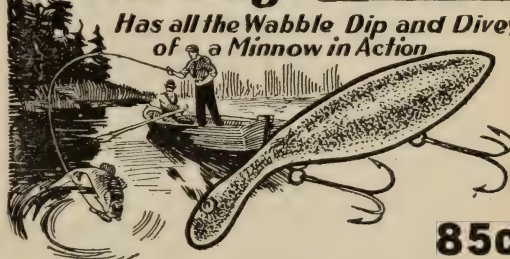
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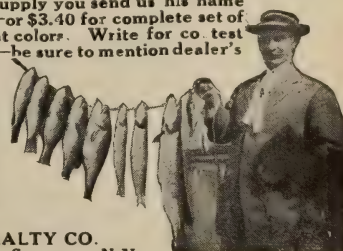
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low platform of matted grasses, with the long, green blades quivering over his head in the passing breeze, human intrusion was unknown. His assiduous mother gathered tadpoles and snails for him in the rich lagoons of the surrounding marshes. He grew a long-legged, weak-winged monstrosity, his beak assuming its formidable aspect long before his tender skin was adequately feathered. Wandering with slow, awkward, shambling steps to the Rice Bay clubhouse, he found a feast of minnows provided by the kindly alert keeper, Mr. Arthur Brown of Port Rowan. The callow bird's first impression of man was that of a bountiful friend, an impression not yet altered by wider experience. Had the sacred precincts of the nest been invaded that mother would have hopped, limped, and fluttered about, drooping a wing, seemingly paralyzed with excitement or terror. But if pursued by the smartest boy or even the smartest dog she would manage to keep barely out of reach. At a safe and satisfying distance from the nest she would shake off the paralysis of fear, and fly with steady, energetic strokes to one of many sanctuaries of the marshy expanse. But the young bittern did not first learn of man as a menacing invader. He was himself a precocious and inquisitive invader seeking the precincts of the clubhouse. Rich as were the treats provided by nature in the varied recesses of the shallow lagoons, he found the food supply at the lonely abode much more abundant and suited to his needs. The strange and, to his recently-opened eyes, gigantic inhabitant of that lodge was a friend and provider. He accepted the world as he found it and trusted where friendship was offered.

"Wounded or captured, the bittern is dangerous if carelessly approached, for he strikes at the hand and not the stick that disturbs, and will aim at an eye if the face comes incautiously near. Sometimes, when unable to escape detection by standing rigid and still, he will take wing with a loud, startling rush almost from under foot. In the spring he signals to his mate with a resonant, booming, explosive cough that has won for him the name "stake-driver." The great marshes of the Point give free scope for all his inherited ways and instincts, but a young scion of his race can be turned to the ways of domestic life by a first impression.

Many soldiers at the front, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette have commented on the fact that the birds do not desert the region of the fighting line, despite the noise of the firing. But it is stranger still that the birds have ranged themselves on the side of the allies against one of the most inhuman methods of German warfare. A soldier on short leave from the trenches tells how the winged friends of the allies warn them of the coming of the clouds of poison gas when the Germans attempt that mode of attack at night-time.

In daylight the approach of the deadly cloud is easily detected. It is visible to the eyes of the watchers in our trenches, and there is time to take precautions against its effects.

But in the darkness of the night the coming of the gas is unseen. Then it is that the birds come to the help of our soldiers. Long before the smell of the fumes can be detected in the trenches there is a great clamoring of birds awakened from their night perches. The birds fly away beyond the reach of the fumes, but in the meantime the British soldier is prepared.

Recently there was on view in a store in Brussels, Ont., a white muskrat which attracted considerable attention. Of equal interest was the discovery in Oxford County of a white coon—a white coon in the animal kingdom. A dog belonging to G. A. Munro of Embro treed two coons and killed them. When they were brought down it was seen that one of them possessed a splendid coat of creamy white fur, while its hide also was quite white. The curiosity was viewed with a good deal of interest by quite a number of the neighbors.

Charles Bradford writes thus of the grave of that "father of fishing" Izaak Walton:

Izaak Walton is buried in the floor of Prior Silktede's Chapel in the cathedral at Winchester, England. Father Izaak's tomb is the one that appeals most intimately to the general visitor to the cathedral.

Henry C. Shelley thus describes the Walton grave and its environment: "A slab of black marble marks the resting place of Izaak Walton. That childlike old man, with the ruddy cheek and laughing eye, as Hazlitt imagined him, had no greater pleasure than to journey peacefully from parsonage to deanery or bishop's palace, and could he have chosen the roof under which he was to breathe his last he would have made no complaint that it should be that of his son-in-law, the prebendary of Winchester.

"And so it came to pass that it was under that roof, within easy hail of his beloved river Itchen, he penned his will and laid him down to die. When his quiet funeral, 'free from all ostentation or charge,' took place in this tiny chapel none of the sorrowing mourners saw the fresco which now adorns its walls.

"Its subject is the calling of Peter, who, in an attitude of fear, holds firmly to the prow of his boat. Fifty years ago the existence of that picture was unknown; but now that it has been uncovered, it is natural to reflect upon the pleasure Walton would have taken in having his last chamber adorned with a fresco so suggestive of his own gentle art. For he was never weary of exalting angling, for the reason that 'for four of His apostles Christ chose fishermen, whom he never reproved for their calling.'"

William Howitt, in his admirable work entitled "Visits to Remarkable Places," describes the Walton tomb as follows: "If we had quitted Winchester Cathedral without paying a visit to the grave of one of the best and most cheerful-hearted old men who rest in it we should have committed a grave fault. No, we stood on the stone in the floor of Prior Silktede Chapel in the old Norman south transept, which is inscribed with the name of Izaak Walton.

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"There rests that prince of fishermen, and if the whole kingdom had been sought for the most fitting spot of burial for him, none could have been found more fitting than this. Is it not in the neighborhood of that beautiful River Itchen, whose water is so transparent that it looks rather like condensed air, and in which his beloved trout sail about as plain to the eye as the birds are on the boughs that overhang it? Is it not by that sweet valley in which he delighted, and in that solemn minister that he loved, and by that daughter that he loved still more, and amid the haunts of those bishops and pious men whom he venerated, that the good old disciple not only of Christ, but of Andrew and Peter, and of all sacred fishermen, rests? Peace and lasting honor to him!

"Great thanks should we owe him had he never left us any other sentiment than that which he penned down when he heard the nightingales singing as he sat angling: 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'"

Dr. Hornaday has said: "The great value of the game birds of America lies not in their meat pounds as they lie upon the table, but in the temptation they annually put before millions of field-weary farmers and desk-weary clerks and merchants to get into their beloved hunting togs, stalk out into the lap of nature, and say, 'Begone, dull care!' And a man who has had a day in the painted woods, on the bright waters of a duck-haunted bay, or in the golden stubble of September, can fill his day and his soul with six good birds just as well as he can with sixty."

The Bureau of Biological Survey Washington, U.S.A., has just issued the sixteenth annual directory of officials and organizations interested in the protection of birds and game. The book contains names and addresses of persons from whom information may be obtained regarding game laws, and gives a review of the work done by these societies in 1915. Lists of Canadian societies are also included. The two protective societies in Ontario are noted: The Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association, organized in 1905, said to be inactive, and the Canadian Society for the Protection of Birds, organized in Toronto December 16, 1914, and incorporated January 28, 1915. The officers of the latter are President, Miss Helen M. Merrill; Secretary, Miss Laura B. Durand, Royal Canadian Institute, 198 College street, Toronto; First Vice-President, Dr. C. K. Clark; Second Vice-President, Mr. S. T. Wood. This society already has distributed amongst the schools of Ontario posters requesting protection for birds, and is distributing literature explaining the objects of the society and containing rules relating to membership.

The following basis has been agreed upon, informally, by the officers of the U. S. Forest Service, the Biological Survey and W. T. Hornaday in respect to a plan for a great

annual supply of big game that may legitimately be killed for food purposes. For brevity and convenience, it is at present called "the Hornaday Plan."

(1.) A federal law empowering the Secretary of Agriculture to select and delimit areas in national forests suitable for game sanctuaries. (2.) These sanctuaries shall be established by presidential proclamation. (3.) These sanctuaries shall be so located that they will not occupy lands chiefly suitable for agriculture. (4.) These sanctuaries shall be located where they will interfere to the least extent practicable with the grazing of domestic stock, especially the stock of actual settlers. (5.) These sanctuaries shall be established with the approval of the Governor of each State concerned. (6.) It is expedient to establish a large number of sanctuaries of medium size rather than a few large preserves. (7.) The ideal condition would be a chain of sanctuaries which in time would restore game to all the intervening territory. (8.) Administration will be vested in the Secretary of Agriculture. (9.) Boundaries are to be settled after full consideration of all conditions. (10.) Predatory animals are to be killed. (11.) The object of these sanctuaries is to provide breeding places for game which will spread over adjacent territory, where it will be subject to the regular open season provided by law. This will prevent danger of overstocking the ranges. It will therefore not be the general policy to extend these sanctuaries.

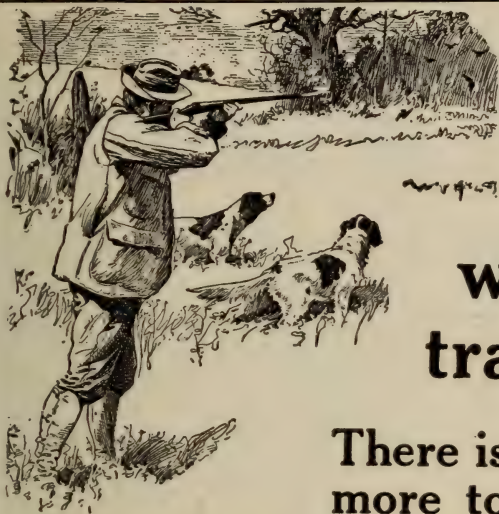
In addition to the above, it is to be understood that the final success of the plan contemplates the same strict regulation of the game that may and may not be killed annually, the same as obtains in the deer forests of Europe. A large stock of game must be kept alive so that the annual increase will yield a large food supply that will be permanent.

The short article on Coon Hunting in Old Kentucky which appeared in the September issue of Rod and Gun was contributed by Mr. W. J. Lawrence, one of Rod and Gun's American readers.

In the vicinity of Chatham according to a correspondent from there, opinion differs as to whether or not quail shooting will be permissible this fall. Sportsmen can be found who express the intention of "going after the birds" while others declare they will run no chance of being fined for shooting in a closed season.

It will be remembered that a couple of years ago the Government introduced and passed a measure whereby shooting of quail was prohibited until November 15th. 1916. This year, it was understood that the Government put through another ordinance rescinding the former law and empowering shooters to gun for the birds, for two weeks this coming November.

Last year says the Chatham man was not a hard one on the quail. There was considerable snow and cold weather, but food was plentiful and the birds apparently thrived. Reports from different farmers indicate that



**“No man
is a born
woodsman or
trapper**

**There is always something
more to learn.”**

“Those who seek to be trappers today must in a measure, at least, emulate the old-timers’ ways, and, profiting by the experience of others, learn even to avoid their failures, yet achieve their successes. Life is too short for universal personal experiment; the successful man of today is the one who profits by the experience of others—reaps a harvest or reward.”

The above is an extract from Buzzacott’s second volume, and all who have read his “Sportsman’s Guide” know that Buzzacott is the premier writer of the great outdoors.

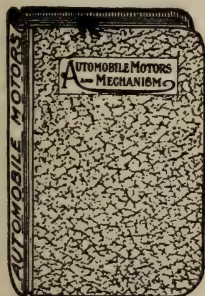
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the "bob-whites" are more abundant this year than they have been for some time.

Mr. W. E. McTaggart, Supt. of the Buffalo Park at Wainwright, Alta., issued a recent report which would seem to show that satisfactory progress is being made in all particulars pertaining to this preserve. After commenting on the successful crops raised for the purpose of food for the buffaloes improvements made to the fencing of the park, and the erection of buildings which will provide suitable accommodation for both men and horses within the park, as well as the erection of a house and small stable which will make it possible for the game warden to patrol the west side of the park, where it was rumored poaching was taking place, the superintendent gives the following report of the animals in the park:

Buffalo.	1,453
Moose.	13
Elk.	32
Mule Deer (estimated).	70
Antelope.	4

The feathered game is becoming very plentiful in the park, and seems to realize that it is thoroughly protected within the park limits. Even the geese have made it their breeding ground, and, from year to year, they will become more at home within the park limits. A great many true sportsmen have already recognized this valuable protection to the feathered game, and the overflow this year afforded them an ample supply for their guns.

A copy of the book entitled "All about Airedales" by R. M. Palmer, A. B. of Seattle, Wash. has just been sent us by Mr. Walter Berwick of Shelburne, Ont.

This book contains a mine of valuable information to dog lovers and owners and should be in the hands of every fancier who has the breeding of thoroughbred dogs at heart. The book is certainly well worth the money and can be obtained for \$1.00 in paper covers or \$1.50 in cloth. Mr. Palmer handles his subject exceptionally well and shows that he knows the Airedale from A to Z. Orders sent in to this office will be filled promptly.

A unique form of picnic day for Ford owners has proved an enjoyable popular social diversion in various parts of the Dominion this past summer. Ford owners of a community or county to whom the invitations for the picnic are sent out get together for a day in the open in good old-fashioned family picnic style, with plenty of sports, contests music and other events, suitable for the occasion. The owners of course bring their wives, their children, their sweethearts and their friends, as many as the cars will hold. Some very successful functions of this kind have been held recently.

"Aren't you retiring very early, my dear? It's only half-past 8."

"Yes, but I've got an appointment at 3.45 tomorrow morning."

"With whom?"
"A Fish!"

"What a man brings home in his heart after fishing is of more account than what he brings in his basket."

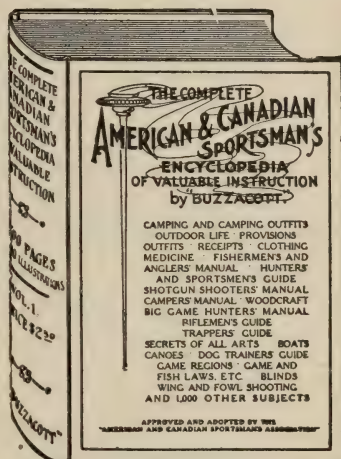
"Anglers encourage the adoption of angling methods" says Van Dyke, "which make the wholesale slaughter of fishes impossible and increase the sport of taking a fair number in a fair way."

Ontario sportsman and to a lesser degree the sportsmen of other Canadian provinces should be interested in the rapid progress that is being made by Michigan sportsmen along Conservation lines as shown by the following amendments to the Game Act for 1915—1916:

1. All persons over seventeen years of age must secure licence to hunt.
2. Spring shooting of ducks and other water fowl unlawful. (This law now conforms to Federal regulations.)
3. Rabbits, Hares and Partridge. Seasons now open same time,—October 1st.
4. One Deer only now to be taken.
5. Squirrels, (Fox, black and gray) unlawful to kill until 1920.
6. Wolf Bounties, on Wolf over 6 months old \$25.00; under 6 months \$10.00; bounty in lynx \$5.00; bounty on wild cat \$3.00.
7. Mongolian or English Pheasants, Quail, Black Fowl, Capercailzie, Hazel Grouse, Spruce Hens or Canada Grouse, Prairie Chicken, Wild Turkey, Killdeer, Wading, Shore and Meadow Birds; unlawful to be killed before 1920.
8. Partridge (ruffed grouse) Limited bag of 6 in one day; 15 in possession at any one time. 25 in one season.
9. Geese, Brant and Ducks (except wood-duck) unlawful to kill Woodduck until 1918. Others are limited to 25 in one day and 50 in one calendar week.
10. Woodcock;—Limited to 6 in one day; 20 in possession at any one time; 25 during season.
11. Wilson or Jack Snipe, Black-Breasted and Golden Plover and Yellow Legs;—10 in any one day; 20 in possession at any one time; 25 during season.
12. Hunting License;—Resident—For hunting protected game birds or animals, other than deer or beaver, must procure licence,—fee \$1.00. Persons hunting on their own lands upon which they are regularly domiciled and their minor children, exempt Deer hunters licence \$1.50.
- Non-Resident;—Licence fee to hunt or kill protected game birds or animals and fur-bearing animals, other than deer or beaver \$10.00. Deer Licence \$25.00.
13. Sale of Protected Game;—Unlawful to buy or sell at any time any Game.
14. Non-game Birds;—Unlawful to kill at any time. This includes all song and insectivorous birds and other birds not designated as a game bird, except, Blackbirds, English Sparrow, Crows, Cooper's Hawks, Sharp Shined Hawks, Great Horned Owls.

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THE BLACK SIBERIAN HARE

THE Black Siberian Hare is the last addition to the various varieties of rabbits or hares.

All admirers of this newly found breed claim that it is going to take the place of the wild furbearing animals, which are fast becoming extinct, and that its fur will fill a gap between the very expensive Black Fox skin, and the cheaper furs, such as those of the common rabbit, the muskrat, &c.

The fur of the Black Siberian Hare can be produced at a very low cost and careful breeding will bring it to a high state of perfection. Sufficient proof for this statement is found in the colours and shapes to which pigeons, fowl and other animals have been bred.

The advantage of breeding to perfection in this animal is greater than in almost any other, as two generations can be produced in a single year, because they breed very young. Thus, by breeding only from animals selected for the quality of their fur, perfection can soon be reached.

The Black Siberian Hare is indigenous to Siberia. The animal therefore requires a thick, tough pelt, and close warm fur to protect it from the cold of its native country. In fact the skin is as thick as that of muskrat, mink or marten, and its fur is a rich, glossy black. Sometimes, however, a sliver gray will appear.

As the Black Siberian comes from a country that has a decided summer and winter, he does not continue changing his coat all through the summer, and partly so through the winter, as do rabbits and hares bred for numerous generations in mild climates. In the latter case the skin of the rabbit or hare is almost useless.

The Black Siberian Hare like other good furbearing animals, has a light summer coat. This he changes in the fall for a thick, black winter coat (sometimes silver gray). The skin then is in season and is very valuable, whether black or silver gray.

This Black Siberian Hare is of enormous size, maturing so rapidly that at six months a good specimen will weigh ten pounds. The flesh is delicious, being between the flavor of chicken and that of spring lamb. This animal is also very hardy. It can stand the severest winter without any protection from cold. It will breed as freely as common rabbits and its young grow much faster, being at three months old, the size of a full grown Belgian Hare. They are more spritely and active than a common rabbit, can jump five feet high and therefore require a high fence to enclose them.

In appearance these hares are long, round in the body, and quite tall. They stand more upright than the common rabbit, being more deer-like, especially when running.

In colour they resemble the Black Fox; the great majority are black, but occasionally a handsome silver gray appears, as is also the case among Black Foxes.

At present the Black Siberian Hare is very rare in America. Only a few pairs have as yet been imported to North America. They are not even numerous in Siberia, being found wild only in a few places and these in dense swamps where the animal has no protection from beasts of prey. This last fact prevents them from becoming numerous. Thus it is evident that they have not been allowed to increase fast, even though their reproductive power is so great when they are protected from their enemies.

One of the Black Fox Fur Companies has imported a few of these Black Siberian Hares with the idea of breeding them in conjunction with Black Foxes. They hope to utilize the flesh of the hare to feed the foxes, and at the same time receive a handsome profit from the skins.

Let us now compare the Black Siberian Hare with the Black Fox:—

The Black Siberian Hare is as large if not larger than the Black Fox. The Black Fox is a carnivorous animal and each one eats about twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) worth of meat in a year. The black Siberian Hare, being a herbivorous animal, can be fed for a year at a cost of eighty cents (.80).

The Black Fox is a monogamist and a male must be kept for every female. Even then, they sometimes fail to mate. The Black Siberian Hare, however, is a polygamist, and one male will do twenty or more females.

The Black Fox breeds but once a year, and even this once is very uncertain. The Black Siberian Hare, with good management will breed almost every month in the year and in each batch there are more young than one batch of the Black Fox.

Therefore, it can readily be seen that although the fur of this Hare is not so valuable as that of the Black Fox, still, breeding the Black Siberian Hare for its fur gives the owner far more satisfaction and has many advantages over breeding Black Foxes.

Besides, all thinking people now realize that the vast prairies of the North West, that pastured thousands of cattle and sheep free of cost to the owners, have been claimed by human settlers and used for other purposes. This has raised the price of beef and mutton until now they are almost beyond the reach of even the well-to-do people, and they are still soaring in price. But, this problem must be solved, because people accustomed to eating meat cannot exist without it. Here, then, is a substitute for both cheap meat and cheap fur, namely,—THE BLACK SIBERIAN HARE.



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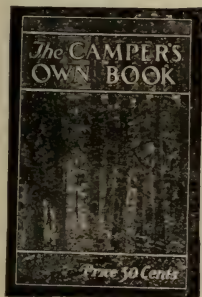
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Game Laws for 1915

THE United States Dept. of Agriculture has issued its annual bulletin containing a summary of the game laws of the United States and Canada. This includes a summary of the more important features of the new legislation, a brief synopsis of the new game laws enacted in each State and Province, and a series of tables showing the provisions relating to seasons, export, sale, limits and licenses. More than 240 new game laws were enacted during 1915, a larger number than in any previous year except 1911.

Reference is made to 1915 legislation in the Canadian provinces of Manitoba and Nova Scotia. In the former province the resident big game license fee was increased from \$2 to \$4, curlew were declared protected till 1920; a bag limit was set of 10 a day on geese. The sale of wild ducks before October 8 was prohibited. Even then they can only be sold when killed within 20 miles of actual residence of the person who killed them, thus practically prohibiting the sale by non-residents. A \$1.00 resident bird license was prescribed but farmers and members of families actually residing on farm lands in the province are exempt. The fee for a cold storage permit was increased from \$2 to \$5. The use of power boats in marshes where water fowl are found was prohibited. The placing of blinds and decoys for waterfowl shooting was prohibited. The issuing of free permits for the export of shed antlers was permitted. The carrying of a loaded shot gun or rifle on a vehicle was forbidden. The killing of game birds except ducks and geese and game animals north of latitude 53 degrees except for food for personal use was prohibited. The sale of game in general, was prohibited but the sale of wild ducks from October 15 to January 1 if not exported or shipped from said northern section was permitted. In Nova Scotia an act was passed lengthening the season two weeks on bull moose and continuing term protection on cow moose and all moose on Cape Breton Island until 1918; shortening the season two months on quail, plover, Wilson snipe, woodcock, other shore birds, rail, coot, teal and swan, continuing term protection on deer and caribou until 1918; prescribing an open season on water fowl from September 15 to March 1, and requiring a \$5 license of aliens who have not resided in the Province for five years.

The open seasons for game in all the Canadian Provinces are given in full, also, details pertaining to the export and sale of game. The limits fixed by law for the capture of game in the various states and Provinces are also given. The bulletin, which is very complete and comprehensive may be obtained on application to the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for a copy of "Game Laws for 1915, Bulletin 692.



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SEA SHELLS AT GRAND MANAN

H. C. Watt

THE majority of readers require little detail as to the location of the Bay of Fundy, that funnel-shaped arm of the sea, lying between the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It nearly makes an island of the latter, extending north easterly for a distance of about 140 miles, when it is terminated by the isthmus of Chignecto, which links the two provinces. At the mouth of this bay there are three islands, Deer Island, Campobello and Grand Manan, of which the last named is the most southern and situated about midway between the coast of Maine and that of Nova Scotia. Beautiful indeed are these islands in summer, and a delightful treat for those desirous of escaping for a time from the turmoil and tension of city life. Their situation amid the cool breezes of the Atlantic, their rugged features of well wooded hills and high bluffs, overlooking beach and ocean and exhibiting the co-existence of rural and marine life, seem to be conducive to that consciousness of nearness to nature, which one involuntarily experiences at times, as a result of the potent and charming effect of such surroundings, and which, if properly appreciated and benefited from, prove invigorating to body and mind. And I may add that the varieties of nature to be found there, furnish ample material for thought and edification.

For the past several years it has been my custom to enjoy the summer vacation on the island of Grand Manan, as it is my home, and where I passed the days of youth. Since early boyhood I had observed along the shores many different kinds of sea-shells, but not until recently did the value and interest of these little wonders of the sea become known to me. Take up any one of them, and no very minute examination will be necessary to note the beauty and symmetry of its structure. It is my purpose, in this article, to describe and mention some peculiarities of a few of the sea-shells to be found on these coasts.

The most common, the "tun-shell", which is, here, locally known as the "wrinkle", is found abundantly on rocks, some of which are covered more thickly with them than others. There are several varieties, differing in size. The small tun-shell resembles very much in size and shape the snail. It is egg shaped—all sizes tend toward this shape—with a hard and sometimes thick shell. The exposed part of the shell is of muddy slate color, while the part that cleaves to the rock is of a yellowish white. At this part is an opening which leads into the interior where the meat is contained. Through this opening the meat is extracted. It has a pleasant sweet taste, and some people are very fond of it. I recall very vividly days of happy boyhood, when on summer afternoons my playmates and I would gather quantities of these wrinkles and boil them in sea water. I have often wondered since if I could now

enjoy this humble repast with such keen relish as I did at that time. The large tun-shell is both useful and ornamental. In the old country its meat is called "sweet meat" which, no doubt, makes a fine dish.

The sea-egg is such a well known shell that perhaps a minute description is unnecessary. Its shape is something like that of the old fashioned porridge-pot. It is hollow, with an opening at the top, and is about the size of a small apple. It has life, as is well shown by its movements from place to place. It is enabled to make these movements by means of coarse sharp bristles with which its shell is quite thickly covered. Sea-eggs often collect on the bottom of a ship when the latter is at anchor. How they travel from the bottom of the sea, and finally reach this locality, is a problem which has been solved only recently. The former theory was that their ascent was by way of the ship's chain or cable. But one, who observed their action closely, discovered that they spin a kind of web, which in time will stretch great distances. When the fibre catches on the bottom of the ship, it cleaves there, and hence a cable is formed between the ship and the bottom of the ocean. By means of this cable, the sea-egg can climb up through the sea to the ship.

There is a shell, known as the "drill-clam", which exhibits a marvellous engineering capacity. It differs in shape from the ordinary clam, the latter being less bulging. Otherwise they are similar in color and quality of shell, which in both is divided. Each half shell at the part of the clam which points downward is notched at the edge. The notches are one of the chief factors in the drilling process, which is the clam's peculiar engineering capacity, just mentioned. In other words, this process consists in burrowing its way through sand or rock. The clam, in an upright position, makes semicircular movements, the notches at the same time grinding or tearing away all they come in contact with. Then, after having worked its way for a considerable distance into the sand or rock, it throws up the water which has flowed around it in the hole which has been made. With this water go the fragments of sand, rock and clay, which have been torn away during the drilling. Thus the hole is kept clear as the drilling proceeds.

Another shell which has a very pretty interior is one known in the old country as the "fox-shell". It is cone shaped, and varies in size from one to six inches in diameter. Like the tun-shell, it is found on rocks, and has the same quality of shell. The interior is filled with meat. When the meat is cleared away, the inside of the shell, with its delicate colors of brown and pearl, is revealed. The very large shells of this class are found only in the old country. They cleave very strongly to the rock, and it is impossible for one to tear them off with the hand alone. It is said that

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in Scotland foxes are sometimes trapped by them. These animals are very fond of the meat contained in the shell, and to obtain it they pry up the shell by forcing the tongue under it. But sometimes having thus inserted the tongue, they are unable to extricate it on account of the strong cleavage of the shell, and, as a result, are held in its grip. Incidents of this kind, doubtless gave rise to the name applied to this shell.

I used to think that there was no great variety of sea-shells to be found in this locality, but I have learned that there are many different kinds. Not until lately, when tourists began to pay visits to our island each

summer, was any interest in this branch of nature awakened. Many of these people come for the purpose of making collections of specimens, and are willing to pay good prices for them. Thus it is advantageous in many ways for the fisher folk to employ their leisure in making these collections for the tourists. It is instructive, and it brings them in touch with people who are, as a rule, cultured and refined. Conchology and Botany are much alike in their advantages, in that they both are splendid studies for the development of the perceptive powers and the appreciation of the beauties and wonders of nature.

A FINE CATCH FROM THE THAMES

HERE we've been publishing stories by the ream setting forth the advantages of various famous and "infamous" fishing streams and territories and right under our noses, as it were, is fine fishing to be had from the "depleted" Thames as it has been scornfully called. Late in August a Toronto man elected to spend a few holidays with his father-in-law in Woodstock. A few pleasant hours spent along the beautiful Thames valley and he returns to town carrying a splendid string of corpulent black bass ranging from three pounds in weight, giving point to the adage that "far away fields look green,"—the Restigouche, Temagami, the Nipigon, the Fraser, French River and

scores of others of these we have heard, but never a word before of the Thames.

Mr. S. D. Hall of Toronto was the lucky man, being accompanied by Messrs. E. S. and A. C. Hunt. One fine August day this year these three set out for a day along the Thames which meanders through Woodstock and on to Beachville and Ingersoll. Woodstock, the home of Rod and Gun magazine, is some ten miles from Ingersoll.

"We'll just go out and make a day of it" suggested Mr. Hall, sr. Don't suppose we'll get any fish but we'll take a lunch, and it's a fine day, and we'll enjoy the outing anyway."

Armed with fishing rods and the plebian



A. C. HUNT, S. D. HALL, E. S. HUNT AND THEIR CATCH

Photo by F. C. Hornsby

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BOOK DEPARTMENT

Rod and Gun in Canada - Woodstock, Ontario

"wu'ms for bait" not forgetting plenty of provender they set forth some time after breakfast and reached their fishing grounds "*somewhere between Beachville and Ingersoll*" say seven miles from Woodstock—about ten o'clock. Scarcely had Mr. Hall started to fish than he got his first bite and soon after landed the first fish, which augured well for the morning's success. For the next four hours the piscatorial trio enjoyed good sport. Large mouthed black bass formed the greater part of the catch though there was also one green bass taken. About two o'clock the bass appeared less inclined to bite, seeming a bit languid, perhaps like humans on a warm summer's day and after having eaten, they felt disinclined to any exertion. At any rate

the fishermen who by this time were pretty well satisfied with their catch and with the sport they had had decided they would make home for supper, so gathering up their paraphernalia and the fish, they proceeded back to town, calling in to show the Rod and Gun staff and all who wished to see their fine string of fish. The following day the photograph from which the accompanying reproduction was made was sent in. Having seen the originals we have no hesitation in saying that it does *not* do them justice. And now, we are going to spend our next Saturday half holiday looking for that place "*somewhere between Beachville and Ingersoll*." If we fail, well, perhaps we will find one "just as good."



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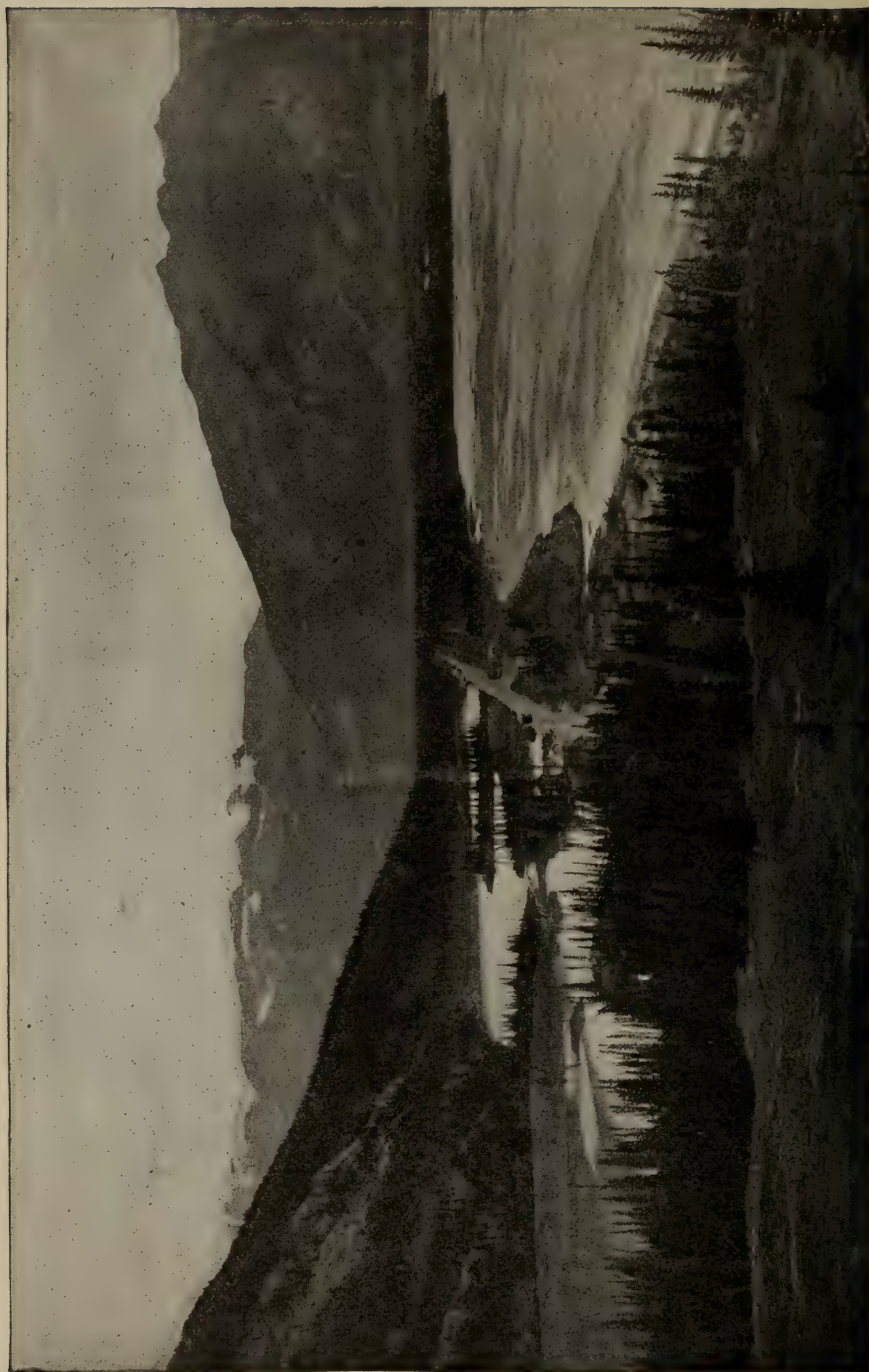
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BIG ALEC AND THE PORTAGE OF DEATH

R. J. Fraser

THE champion trapper of the Waubening returned to the fire and threw down his armful of driftwood.

"Good work!" I exclaimed, "The chances are good that we will burn it all before we get our supper."

"Uh, no plenty fish," answered the old Chippewyan, bending over the scanty pile of silver whitefish.

A clump of willows, backed up by the stunted spruce woods behind, gave us some shelter from the north breeze that stirred the embers, fanning the dull coals to a glowing red. A rawness had crept into the air that made the companionship of the burning driftwood very welcome. The cause of our detention in this uninviting spot lay at our feet—a few Waubening River whitefish. Stretching out a distance of thirty yards into the receding water hung the gill net on a row of stakes, native fashion.

"Well, William," I asked, "are you going to trap again on Owl River this winter?"

"No," he grunted and reached out to rake the glowing coals together and build up the fire to more agreeable proportions.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Me go to Limestone River this winter."

"Why the change? Isn't there plenty of fur at Owl River?"

"Yes, plenty. But company say, trap at Limestone me. Plenty fur

there, no plenty Indian. By an' by come white trapper there; catch all the otter, marten, beaver; then they no good to company. Company want fur."

"Limestone no good," he continued, "Me know. Limestone me one winter, maybe six year ago. Deer no plenty; hungry me many times."

"Do the other Indians want to go?"

"No; too far from York. Deer no plenty; all hungry all time. Maybe Indians starve."

With this last assertion William rose and went down the beach to the water's edge. About half the net was already dry, and safely entangled in its meshes, three or four "keemaso" were struggling, to the detriment of the net. The Indian deftly extricated the catch from the fine twine mesh, and returning to the fire, added the spoils to the little pile at our feet.

A silence elapsed, during which the Indian replenished the fire from the pile of driftwood at his back. I turned over in my mind the old Chippewyan's pessimistic predictions. Many a hungry Indian had been fed at our camp, and many a teepee had I been in whose larder was far from well stocked. Dried fish or deer entrails had often been the family dish—the only dish—on these occasions.

It required no strain on the imagination to picture what the con-

dition of these people would be when they were "all hungry all time."

"Why do you go to Limestone?" I at last broke the silence. "If it is as bad as you say, why don't you remain on your old hunting grounds?"

It was quite some time before he answered. The old Chippewyan appeared to consider my question with more than his usual gravity.

Not a muscle moved in the lean, brown face before me; not a nerve twitched, as he pondered deeply, collecting all his limited English for a suitable reply. He selected a glowing ember from the heap and held it to the old briar I had given him. When the tobacco was well aglow he slowly replaced the brand in the fire. And still he hesitated over an answer. Realizing that my question dealt with a subject, which with a "debt Indian," always calls for diplomacy, I waited. For several minutes the old man puffed away in silence. I had almost given up hope of an answer, when, in a tone of mingled resignation and dejection, he finally replied:

"We must go. The company say go hunt at Limestone, and we go. Indian say "No"—company give no more debt, flour, tea, powder, shot. Indian starve. Company big, much big, Indian small. Go to Limestone me."

It was sufficient. I understood. The great Company's word was final.

William paused and prodded the fire again. The light leaped forth and met that which flashed from the old man's black, deeply-set eyes. With the charred stick he pointed to the south, across the river in the direction of the trading post. The sudden vehemence with which his next words burst forth almost brought me to my feet in alarm.

"Years ago Factor Jamieson made Indian go; he make Grand Lake. Maybe twenty-five, maybe thirty year ago he make us go from Waubening. He make us the Death Portage."

The Chippewyan's sudden outburst ended as it began, abruptly. The flash of rebellious anger gave place to the more natural stolidity of the features. The mask had fallen again.

I scarcely heeded the sudden

transition, for I had been given abundance of food for thought.

The Death Portage! The Portage of Death! God, thought I, is old William one of the survivors of that terrible trip! One of that hunger-driven tribe, who, with death in horrible forms, flanking them on either side, a devil incarnate behind, struggled on facing the dread uncertainty of refuge, peace, and relief from starvation. The remnant won—but at what a cost! The safety of the few was paid for with the lives of the braves and squaws, and little children, whose bleaching bones, cleanpicked by gaunt, grey timber wolves, lie scattered across that cursed and dreaded trail.

Yes, I knew the Grand Lake district. But never had I learned that its founders were those who had first written the name of the Portage of Death—in letters of blood.

Much less had I known that Alec Jamieson had been the 'devil behind.'

Can it be, I thought, that William, my Waubening guide, is going to tell me the tale, garbled and unsatisfying accounts of which had on very rare occasions reached our ears.

"Grand Lake,—Portage of Death—Jamieson!" I unconsciously muttered the names half aloud, incredulous, wondering. And the old man heard me.

"Uh, Jamieson," he said, as though in answer. "Factor Jamieson, you maybe hear whiteman tell sometime. They call him "Big Alec." Indian call him "Bad Alec." You know?"

"Yes, yes, I know whom you mean now—Big Alec Jamieson, the terror of the Waubening, thirty years ago. Tell me about him, William,—and Grand Lake, and the Portage of Death."

My impatience got the upper hand, with the usual result, when questioning an Indian. The old man merely grunted: "Uh, maybe," and proceeded, with much deliberation, to refill his pipe.

He tended to the fire again, and smoked in silence for several minutes. But I was not doomed to disappointment. Presently he began to speak. I shall not attempt to repeat the tale as I heard it, in a mixture of broken

English and Chippewyan. This for several reasons, chief of them consideration for the reader.

In the summer of 1875 or '6 Factor McDonald, who for many years had been in charge of the company's post of Waubening, left for England. In his place was appointed Alec Jamieson. For several years the latter had been a post runner,—a "tripper," as they call themselves,—one who travels from post to post, and throughout the intervening country. Their duty was to keep in touch with the Indians whose hunting grounds were in the out of the way places. In this way he came to know them intimately and built up the foundation of that despotic sway, which in later years, made him the terror of these people.

After Factor McDonald's departure from Waubening affairs in that district began to prosper rapidly,—for the company, not for the native. Each year the shipment of fur was larger; the profits in three years had almost doubled those of the previous factor's time. At headquarters was shown surprise, wonder at the change. But no investigation was started, no inquiry made. Jamieson—thus reasoned the company—must have devised some new method of dealing with the Indians. It was surely a profitable one, and interference on the company's part might have proved untimely, causing loss. They let the matter rest.

The secret of the new factor's success cannot be better expressed than in William's own words: "Big Alec, he make the Indian all time starve."

With the departure of McDonald from Waubening there began a veritable reign of terror. Even to-day the old residents, recalling those stirring times, speak of the period in such terms. The price paid to the Indians for fur was reduced to a minimum. "No fur, no debt," was the order, and the unfortunate Indian trapper and his family were turned away from the post, hungry and destitute. An unsuccessful season's hunt meant not so much a slump in the trader's profits as it did a year of starvation to the natives. Even among the immediate employees of the post it was a period of

privation. The half-breed servants suffered like the rest. For instance, the rations issued to each man detailed to make the summer trip to Fort Ile Ronde, a distance of three hundred miles and return, which usually extended over a period of five weeks, consisted of one pound of tea, one plug of tobacco, a package of matches, and four fish-hooks! Should sufficient game be found along the route, well and good. If the contrary were the case, it was—unfortunate; Indian canoemen were far from scarce, and the ranks could easily be filled for the next trip.

The prices set on the bare necessities of life, which could be obtained nowhere but in the company's store, were of the highest.

Each year matters grew worse. The only opposition to this system of tyranny, was that offered by the resident missionary, which was soon quashed—the good man was driven from the country!

With the defeat of their only ally the lot of the natives became more pitiable. They were now completely at the mercy of Big Alec. Each spring pestilence broke out among the members of the tribe.

In their starved and emaciated condition the sickness wrought havoc in their ranks, and the borders of the little burial ground at Waubening were quickly extended.

The future looked ever darker.

Then, to Big Alec, came rumors from the outside world. At headquarters fear had entered the council; inklings of Big Alec's doings were at last leaking through from the wilderness to the ears of the people. Matters had gone far enough. Much against their will the council issued the edict—Alec Jamieson must go!

This is what Big Alec heard,—and heeded in his own fiendishly zealous way. 'Twas zeal for the Great Company only, for in thick or thin, prosperity or privation, loyalty to the company was ever uppermost. He knew that a year must elapse before the official command could reach him. What a year that would be at Waubening! What enrichment for the company! What hellish suffering for the Indians!

It was one of those autumns when everything pointed to a record catch of fur. The frost and the snow had swept down unannounced in the fall; game was exceedingly scarce. The fur-bearing animals would be driven south from the Barrens to the woods the trapper's habitat.

Big Alec, with fiendish cunning and foresight, heartlessly planned his campaign. He planned it well, so intimate was he with the childish nature of the Indian, so knowing of the heart's wishes of the squaw. He promised that that year conditions would change; that for their fur he would treble the reward. Prices in the store would be cut lower than they had ever dropped before, even in the balmy days of Factor McDonald's time. He even offered prizes for the best catches and full rations in the spring to all who stayed about the post.

"But little debt can I give you now," he added, "You must bring in fur—heaps of it. "Then I'll pay you as never before."

As never before! Irony of ironies! Uncomplaining, unsuspecting, trusting to the factor's promises, the Indians went their way. They asked no reasons for the sudden change; they wondered not. They simply thanked the Kitchie Manitou—the Great Spirit of the redman,—and looked forward to the spring.

With meagre supplies, but buoyed with the promises of plenty, the trappers and their families left the post. At last on their horizon the clouds seemed to be breaking.

To their separate hunting-grounds they scattered, their scantily laden canoes getting up the streams just before the setting of the ice.

The long, hard winter passed. Game was scarce,—seldom had there been a leaner year. Many of the poorly-clad and starving families perished in the terrible solitudes of their distant haunts. Only the fur-bearing creatures visited them and they in numbers far above the trapper's expectations. Beautiful silver-greys, the dainty marten, and the glossy beaver were taken in abundance. Wigwams here and there, many miles apart, became littered

with the luxurious pelts.

In many of the little snow-en-shrouded teepees the hard-won skins remained ungathered. They covered the frozen remains of those whom the cruel winter had sent forth on the Last Lone Trail. Never more would they set trap or deadfall, or snare the furry runners of the woods.

Hope and expectation, and the promise of glorious rest alone kept many others from going under.

When at last the spring returned, the rivers hurled their winter coverings seaward, the Chippewyans once more pitched their storm-beaten, smoke-stained teepees about the post. Canoe after canoe, deeply laden with the spoils, guided by frost-burned, emaciated crews, had burlled downstream, swept round Battery Point, and grounded on the flats below the stockade. As quickly as they arrived the rich bales had been carried to the office, the pelts counted and examined and transferred to the depot.

The ragged and hungry Indians, rich with credit slips, gathered daily outside the stockade, awaiting the time set for the opening of the trade.

When the last trapper had been accounted for Big Alec set the servants to closing up all the entrances to the depot and the store. Then, with the employees at his back, he stepped forth from the stockade gate. This being the day for settlement, all of the Indians who could leave their tents were congregated before the post. They now crowded closer to hear the factor speak. Expectant, eager, the pitiable-looking creatures waited on his words, the words of their lord and master.

Coldly, scornfully, Big Alec looked them over.

"Where is George Bluefather?" he asked, in an imperious tone. "Why is he not here? Is he not yet your chief, or have you put him among the squaws?"

"Bluefeather is in his teepee. He has the death sickness," answered one the bucks nearest to the factor.

"Death sickness nothing. Your chief is but a squaw himself. He should be here. Bring him, two of you, bring him if you have to carry him."

Two of the young men set off towards the encampment, whilst the rest, bewildered showing in their faces, began to murmur among themselves. Big Alec's sudden aggressive manner had brought a qualm of fear into their hearts, a foreboding of disaster to themselves. This, thought they, cannot be the man who, with well-wishes for the season, bade them good-bye in the fall. Nor is it like him who, less than two weeks ago, welcomed them and their precious catch when they landed on the flats nearby. No! he is more like the factor of old, the "Bad Alec" they had been accustomed to deal with. With their thoughts their fears grew apace.

Big Alec, impatient, strode back and forth before the gate, till the two messengers returned. Between them the old chieftain, crippled with old age, and weakened by exposure and lack of food, hobbled forward. A fish spear in his hand did duty for cane and crutch.

"Bluefeather," said Big Alec, and he raised his voice that all might hear, "the Great Company cannot pay your people this spring. There will be no debt—nothing till next fall. That is all. You may go."

The brutal significance of the factor's words were lost for some moments on his hearers. Incredulity and astonishment left them speechless.

A look of consternation struggled to the chief's face but he fought it down again. Nobly he responded to the mandate.

"'Tis not so! 'Tis not so!" he said, "You took our fur. You gave us your promises. We all have our meejum papers wherewith to get our debt."

"Keep your meejum, then, keep it!" answered the other, brutally. "That's all you'll get from me."

"We must have food,—we're starving. Our squaws cannot get fish. Our sons and daughters are dying, the children are crying for food."

The old man's pleading voice rose to a cry of anguish. But no entreaties could touch the flinty substance that Jamieson owned as a heart. The chief's appeal but served to arouse his anger.

"Go and hunt for your food as you used to," he cried, with a sweep of his arm that took in the whole band. "You'll get nothing but the devil from Alec Jamieson; the store is closed. I have said it. Go!"

The old chief straightened his aged limbs and stepped a pace forward. With a defiant shake of his hoary locks he seemed to throw off the weight of his many years. Once more he was the dauntless war chief of the Chippewyans. The flash of his eyes met the kindling rage in those of Big Alec's.

"Factor Jamieson," he cried, "You dare not do this. At my bidding my people will rise and demand their rights. I have spoken!"

"Spoken; have you? Spoken?" repeated Big Alec, and the terrible fury of the man, long pent up, burst forth unrestrained. He took a step forward and clenched his fist. Bluefeather, the ancient spirit of his race aroused to action, leaped towards the other. He raised his arm, clutching the deadly spear, and opened his lips to speak. The gesture was enough for Jamieson. With a snarl of rage he lunged, and his huge fist, with the mighty strength of the man behind it, crashed full on the old man's mouth.

"You would, would you!" he roared, as the stricken chief crumbled up and dropped at his feet." No one ever threatened Alec. Jamieson and got away with it!"

With blazing eyes and a sweep of his arm he turned to the frightened herd about him.

"Away with you all!" he shouted, "Take this old dog with you and get! Away now, at once!"

About he swung and the cowed servants behind him made a passage for him with great alacrity. He commanded them to close the gate, then strode off in the direction of the office.

With a rattle the heavy bars fell into place. The day of settlement was over.

That evening the old chief had but strength enough to call his only son to his side.

"Abram," he said, in broken accents, "very, very soon the Chippewyans will have a new leader,—

that will be you. My life and my usefulness is spent. I cannot meet Factor Jamieson, and so must pass away according to the way of my forefathers—by my own hand. Hand me my gun!”

The young man did as requested and waited. Cocking the rifle, Bluefeather passed it back to the other. Then, with what little strength remained, he raised himself to his feet.

“It is an ancient custom of our people—that, when a brave is struck by the hand of another and cannot resent the deed, he must give up his life to the Kitchie Manitou. You, my son, must account for Bad Alec,—but only after you have cared for our people. I have spoken!

Now, I go to the Manitou! Mee-noshan meena! Good-bye!”

A single shot startled the quiet of the night! Abram Bluefeather became the new chief of the Chippewyans!

For days the Indians did nothing. So expectant,—so certain had they become that their days of privation were over and the factor’s promises of plenty would be fulfilled, that they were fairly stupefied by the blow. Then slowly, they saw the situation as it was and realized that their plight was worse than ever.

A council was held. After a spirited debate, between seventy-five and eighty families—three hundred people all told, nearly one half of the tribe—decided to leave Waubening and seek pastures new. Some of the younger hot-bloods advocated a recognition of their rights by force of arms, but older and wiser councillors voted down the war-like idea. “Our people, the Chippewyans,” said one, “have for many years now been a peaceful tribe. The days of the war-path are past and gone.”

The view of the older braves prevailed. The peaceful, though much harder, course of evacuation was adopted. Like a certain ancient people they prepared to leave their state of bondage and seek a promised land of plenty.

Near the headquarters of the Nemiskau, many weeks journey from Waubening, lay a stretch of country that was as yet unpeopled by the

Indians, nor exploited by the trader. Several of the older hunters knew this area, the Grand Lake district, and to it they would guide the rest.

That same summer they struck their teepees, packed their canoes, and bidding farewell to those who had chosen to remain, they turned their backs on Waubening. Up the Nemiskau there commenced that never-to-be-forgotten voyage. The lower reaches of the treacherous stream, boulder-studded, and made almost impassable by swift, choppy rapids, broke the backbone of the party. From there on hardships ever grew greater.

After ten days of struggling against the stream the last few pounds of food were eaten. The country was barren of game,—starvation stared them in the face.

Another council was held. The determination of the band to push on at all costs found very few dissenters. These returned to Waubening.

The others decided to leave the Nemiskau and strike up one of its branches, known as the Devil’s Head River. They partly realized the task that lay ahead of them, for they had heard of the numerous heart-breaking portages on that stream. But, near the upper reaches, could they last that far, the hunters hoped to intercept the northward migration of the caribou. That was their only salvation,—the finding of plenty of food.

Onward, fighting the current each foot of the way, braves and squaws kept up the torturing grind. Each day they grew weaker; scarcely would a camp be made at night when a death, and often several in the same day, would be reported. In the Big Stone rapids—so weakened had their paddlers become—three canoes capsized, and those on board were swept away. Swiftly, by twos and threes, the devils of starvation were wiping out the tribe.

At last they struck the foot of the Long Portage. There are many “long” portages in the tough old North, but none better deserving of the name than that on the Devil’s Head River. It is the Chippewyans’ Portage of Death!

For fifteen miles the river became nothing more than a series of chutes and cataracts. The water must be abandoned. No smooth stretches are there to give the weary portageur a resting spell. All the way the tumpline must replace the canoe.

Through rocky gullies seven streams entered the Devil's Head. Their banks, steep and tree-covered, were over a hundred feet in height in places. All these had to be crossed. Furthermore, no portage trail existed,—all about was a virgin, fire-swept forest, bristling with almost impenetrable windfalls.

At the foot of the portage four canoes turned back. Broken in spirit, crippled in body, their crews dared not make the attempt. These never reached Waubening, nor were seen again.

When the long procession of gaunt, silent braves, broken-hearted squaws, and hungry, crying children, all staggering under the weight of canoes and packs, had crossed the first gully, three tents remained standing in its bottom. They were dwellings, no longer for the living, but for the dead. Each succeeding climb exacted its toll, in ever-increasing numbers.

No thought now was given to helping the weaker members of the band. They were left unattended where they fell. This was the nature of the Indian—the survival of the fittest.

But all things must have an end,—whether it be the endurance of the savage in privation, or an unbroken trail. In four days time the survivors reached the head of the portage and feebly launched their craft once more. One long day they paddled,—over the smooth waters of the Upper Devil's Head. The next forenoon, a mile ahead of the leading canoe, a magnificent buck caribou stepped forth from the tree fringe on the southern bank.

"Hist!" The leaders crouched low. Quickly, like a wind ripple sweeping over the water, the word of caution passed from craft to craft. The flotilla quietly came to a halt. Young Bluefeather's canoe, manned by the strongest of the paddlers, left the others and darted towards the bank. Under cover of the overhanging

boughs, with no sound but the "drip! drip!" of the water off the paddles, it crept quickly up the stream.

In anxious silence the others watched the stalk. Would the caribou wait? Would he take alarm? What a hell of torment did those starving wretches live through!

Suddenly the deer threw up its head, glanced affrightedly down the stream,—then plunged into the river.

A groan of dismay from the Indians behind! A hurried shot from Bluefeather's rifle! Unscathed, the animal reached the further bank, scrambled out, and disappeared within the woods.

Curses and screams rose to the lips of the hunger-tormented men and squaws—to be checked ere they had time for utterance! For, from the nearby shore, whence their frightened leader had come, three more caribou plunged into the river. A second later, crowding upon one another, hundreds after hundreds of these lordly beasts followed in their wake. For hours at the crossing the stream was but a seething mass of glistening antlers and heaving sides.

The Chippewyans had intercepted the migration!

Days dragged into weeks as what was left of the little party feasted and rested at the crossing. After a time, their strength renewed and spirits freshened, they continued up the river. One week more and the Indians pitched their new skin teepees—part of the great kill—on the shores of the promised land. Grand Lake became the new home of the Chippewyans.

William ceased speaking, and made a trip to the net, but with poor success. Two fish only were added to the pile.

"And Big Alec?" I asked of him, when he had returned to the fire. "Did Bluefeather's son get him?"

"Uh," replied the old man, simply, and relapsed into moody silence. Thus he sat for several long minutes, and then he finished his tale.

Abram Bluefeather camped for a year at Grand Lake. The Indians found game and fish in abundance, and, as well, a market for their furs.

The next winter the young chief, with a single companion, returned by an easier route to Waubening. He

found Big Alec gone, a new factor in charge, and a missionary back among the flock. The emancipation of his people thus under way, Bluefeather had another mission to perform. He learned that Jamieson had been transferred to Culling House, hundreds of miles in the interior, well in the country of the Yellow Knives. For two months the unfamiliar trails of the Yellow Knives passed under the snowshoes of the Chippewyan chief and his fellow-tribesman. Then Bluefeather found himself at Culling House.

Big Alec, himself, opened the door. "Ha!" he exclaimed, and the old devilish light sprang into his eyes. "Young Bluefeather come at last! I've been waiting for you, you Chippy dog! I knew you'd come!"

As he spoke he stepped back and reached for the gun that, primed and ready-cocked, had stood thus in the corner for nearly a year. But his fingers never touched it. Bluefeather's rifle spat fire,—once—twice! One ball tore up the black heart of

Big Alec Jamieson,—the other entered his own.

"What did they do to the Chippewyan who went with Bluefeather to Culling House?"

"Nothing," answered William. "Yellow Knives no like Alec Jamieson. They all time hungry, same as my people."

"And he came back to Waubening?"

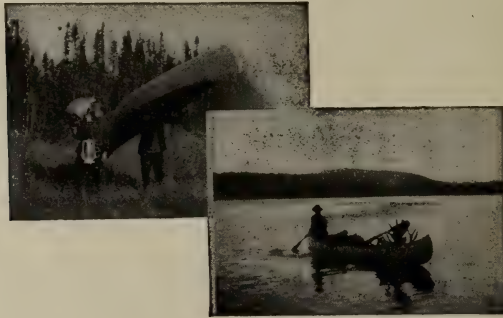
"Uh, him come back. Him chief guide for whitemen on de Waubening. Him old William Utchekat."

"You!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "You were the Chippewyan with Bluefeather?"

A close observer might have detected the faintest of twinkles in the old Indian's eye,—only for a second.

"Uh," he grunted in answer.

The fire had burned down to a little heap of graying ashes which the rising wind was already beginning to scatter. The net was dry and empty. We rose, and, with our little string of whitefish, made our way up the path between the stunted spruces, to the teepee on the hill.



MARTIN AND THE MORTGAGE



H. C. Haddon

THE boy took down his gun from the wall, and crammed half a dozen shells into his pocket. Old Rover watched his master's actions for a few seconds, and then, no longer able to control his feelings, burst into a storm of delighted barking.

Martin smiled bravely at his mother, though his tears were not very far off.

"I guess I'll try for a rabbit in the old pasture," he said, and tried to whistle unconcernedly as he went out.

It was a beautiful day in early spring. The sun was shining, the young grass was already green and luscious, and all the trees were breaking into tiny leaf. It was good to be alive, in truth! Yet why was his mother always crying these days? It worried Martin, for he could not understand his mother being so unlike her usual happy self. To be sure, he himself had cried a bit when his father had died six months before, even though he was nearly fourteen. But that was half a year ago now, and his mother seemed to grow more miserable than ever. She could hardly even look at him nowadays without bursting into tears. No fellow likes to be cried over, and Martin could not understand it at all.

Poor boy! There were many other things as well that he could not have understood.

It was lucky for him that he knew nothing of the mortgage that would soon fall due; lucky for him that he did not realize that the old farm would have to be sold to pay off this mortgage. Sweetgrass Farm—the old farm that had belonged to his father, and his father's father, and that he himself was looking forward to owning some day.

Poor lucky boy! But perhaps if he had known of this he would have understood his mother's tears.

Martin lay on a shelf of rock in the old pasture. Below him the land sloped away sharply to where, forty yards below, there was a strip of green meadow land bordering on the stream.

Behind him the land was broken up by several small gullies, and was nothing but a tangle of old berry bushes. A cow trail wandered aimlessly among these bushes, and it was along this trail that Martin expected old Rover to drive the rabbit. But Rover did not seem as if he could find a rabbit today, and for nearly half an hour the boy had lain on the rock, digging his fingers in the cool moist earth, and sleepily watching the ants as they busied themselves over their

silly little affairs. Then suddenly the boy sat up, thoroughly awakened. Hark! What was that? Old Rover was barking furiously over in a small patch of woods about a quarter of a mile away.

Martin, describing it afterwards, said "I knew it wasn't a rabbit, and it didn't sound like a coon, so I figured I'd just stay where I was, and give the dog a chance."

So, luckily, he did sit still. Rover had worked through to the far side of the woods, and seemed to be heading in the opposite direction to the boy.

Then, almost as if by magic, a slim brown animal appeared suddenly by the brookside.

A fox! This was the first live fox that Martin had ever seen, and the lust of killing gave place to the pleasure and wonder of watching. Lying up there on the slab or rock, hidden by the berry bushes, Martin was able to watch the whole of the little drama.

The vixen came loping along, light as a wind-blown feather, tail fluffed out, apparently in no hurry at all.

When she came to the first of the leaning trees that were growing by the brookside, the vixen stopped for a few minutes, probably listening to try and locate the dog.

Then, apparently satisfied with what she had heard, she trotted out into the middle of the strip of meadow land, and there gave her exhibition to the delighted boy up on the rocky hillside. Have you ever lain hidden on a runway, and watched Reynard criss cross his tracks in an endeavour to throw the dogs off his scent? If you have, then you will understand some of the pleasure the boy got in those few minutes when the fox held the stage. Never a thought did Martin have of the gun lying beside him, though a multitude of questions flashed through his mind. "Why did the fox do that?" and "what will he do next?" and many others.

The vixen trotted out into the middle of the little strip of meadow land, and there chased her own tail for a few minutes.

There was no danger of course. That lumbering old dog back there in

the woods could never catch even a sick fox, and this particular fox was an extremely well fox. Yes sir! All the same, this silly old dog must be so confused and muddled that he would give up fox chasing as an unprofitable business.

And so the vixen proceeded to muddle the dog. Back to the brook she went, then headed across to the other side of the meadow; now up, now down, now running in circles, now in straight lines. The boy upon the rock tried to keep a mental diagram of the fox's movements, but soon gave it up as hopeless.

With what infinite pains did that fox confuse her tracks. Now she would jump up into the air, and with a rapid twist of her wonderful muscles would come down so that she was facing her own back track. Now she would suddenly leap sideways, and start a new series of intricate puzzles.

All the time, though she was working nearer to the brook, for there was method in her apparent madness. At last, when she judged she was close enough, she gave another wonderful side spring, and landed fair and square in the brook.

The water was only a few inches deep, but it was enough to kill any scent, and confident in this knowledge the vixen trotted off down the shallow waters of the brook.

She kept to the stream till almost out of sight, and Martin was just able to catch a glimpse of a fleeing brown body as it broke across the strip of open country that lay between the brook and the sanctuary of the berry patch.

About ten minutes later old Rover appeared on the scene. He had no difficulty at first in following the fox tracks, but he very soon got into trouble, getting more and more bewildered with each succeeding twist and turn.

If I were making up this story I should stop here, for the sake of the old dog's feelings. Since I am only telling you what Martin told me, I am forced to confess that old Rover was hopelessly outwitted.

At the end of about five minutes, full of confidence, and barking joyously, Rover, that great coon and

rabbit hound went off on the back track.

The great infallible Rover back-tracking a fox!

If you are a doggy man you will smile at this. Martin certainly smiled, although he was sick with his dog. And I don't think that we need stretch our imagination a great deal to picture the vixen smiling also.

Several times during the next two or three weeks Martin watched the vixen match her wits against the dog's. That the vixen would succeed in throwing Rover off her scent the boy never for an instant doubted. He didn't want the fox to be caught, and if anybody had suggested his shooting the vixen ahead of the dog, well, I think Martin would have been surprised at the very idea. Indeed there were many times when the gun was left hanging on the kitchen wall. Martin was content just to watch, and there are very few of us who can watch a wild animal for many minutes without learning something about it that we never knew before.

There is not a great deal of need for me to describe the different occasions on which the boy saw the vixen, or evidence of her work. If you have ever lived in the country you will have read the same story many times. Here it would be a little bunch of fur by a fence side to tell the tale of a tragedy of rabbit-land; there a few scattered feathers would show all that was left of an incautious partridge.

However, one morning there was quite a different story for Martin to read. No need to ask the meaning of all those white feathers round the chicken house—no need to wonder what had taken toll of the hen roost.

So, very early one morning in May Martin lay again on that slab of rock in the old pasture. Old Rover was chained up at home this time, and this time the gun was loaded with buckshot. For sport or sentiment could not figure in the programme at all.

The command had gone out from headquarters that Martin was to shoot to kill, and so the boy was lying here with the dew damping his clothes waiting to carry out his mother's wishes. By and by he spied the

vixen trotting along from the direction of the farm, and Martin gave a little gasp of admiration when he saw the white chicken she was carrying in her jaws.

The boy was so certain that he had fastened the fowls up securely, and yet—!

And very cautiously he reached for his gun.

What was the vixen doing at the root of that old tree? Was she going to bury the chicken, and go back for another? Suddenly the light dawned on Martin, and he laid his gun down again. Cubs!

The vixen was not shot, and this is how Martin excused himself to his mother.

"Oh ma, I just couldn't shoot her when I saw her there playing with her pups. It seemed like murder, somehow! Gee, they did look pretty pulling that pullet to pieces, and the old fox just lying there and loving them!"

However, Martin's mother remained firm. The den must be dug out, and an effort made to sell or dispose of the pups. It took Martin two hours hard work to reach the end of the den, two hours with shovel and mattock before he was able to put his arm down the gaping hole and feel the little furry bodies shivering at the end of it.

And then suddenly the boy was on his feet, and running towards the house, calling for his mother at the top of his voice. Panic seized him, and he came back and stuffed his sack into the mouth of the hole, shovelling earth on top of it with feverish anxiety. No—not that, it would suffocate them; tear it all out again—

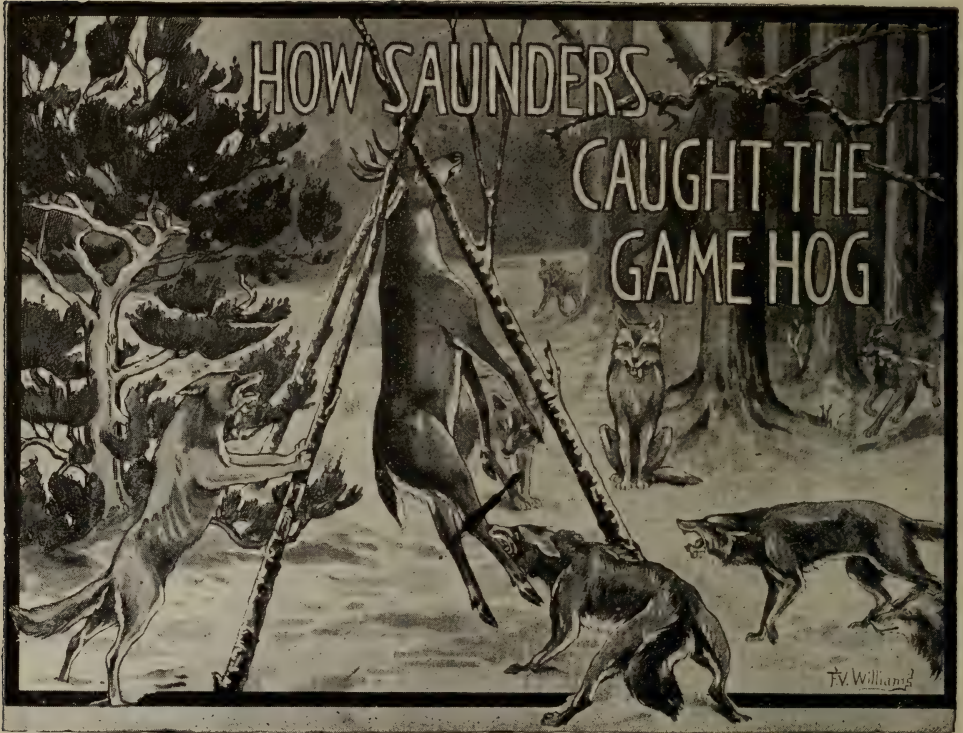
Well, there is not much more to tell. Martin at last got the cubs in safety to the house. There were seven of them. Two, both vixens, were pure black, while several of the others showed more or less black markings.

It was in the early days of the black fox boom, and I am almost afraid to tell you how much the boy received for those cubs. Certainly he had never believed that there was so much money in the whole world. It was quite enough to pay off the mortgage,

and to put the old farm on a paying basis.

Today if you visit Martin or his mother, you are quite certain to see foxes, many of them in the old pasture

Unload your gun, though, and don't be tempted, for it is an unforgivable sin to shoot a fox anywhere on Sweet-grass Farm.



F. V. Williams

IT was November in the Lake region of the North woods.

The summer foliage had all disappeared and the evenings were getting sharper with the increasing frosts which made the twigs and underbrush snap and rustle with the tread of otherwise noiseless feet. The deer season opened on the 15th and with an instinct that almost amounted to reason the deer had deserted their favorite haunts of the early fall and late summer for trails and thickets much more difficult of access, as many a hunter finds out before the season is over.

The trains from the city were bringing in hunters at every trip. Big men, little men, fat men, lean men, some with equipment enough to

open a good sized sportsman's store, high power rifles and a few of the older varieties. At one particular station the platform was littered with dunnage of all kinds from tents to cooking outfits. The accommodation train of one day coach and express car had just unloaded its freight—six regular hunters, four of them "old timers" who had been in this section the past eight or nine seasons. Two of the passengers were new to the country, however, and their outfit had more than the usual number of mysterious boxes and packages. In fact, there was only one gun between them, a short barreled carbine, but each of the men carried a camera of the large, heavy variety, which caused much broad smiling and sundry winks

and grins from their fellow hunters and while waiting for the stage one of the old timers had his curiosity so aroused that he casually remarked that picture taking in the north woods at this time of the year was generally a very unsatisfactory pleasure. "You see I carry a kodak on all my hunting trips," he added apologetically, "but of course that's just for the purpose of taking the pictures of the game we've killed. Now I have as good a lens as money can buy, but the woods are not much to look at with the trees all bare and there's so much dark weather you can't do much in the picture line," to all of which the two with the one gun and the cameras replied that they thought it would be a great scheme to get some pictures of the hunters and hunted for one season at any rate as they had had their share of shooting in seasons gone by, and the smaller of the two spoke up and said, "We'd better begin right here," and suiting the action to the word he stepped back a few paces and unslinging his camera (one of the reflecting mirror variety) he proceeded to take a few pictures of the group on the platform, and as the stage with two horses attached swung into view around a bend in the road, he focussed his attention and camera in that direction.

Nine miles as the crow flies due north from the little station before mentioned was the first of a chain of eight lakes, varying in size from three to two-thirds of a mile in length and connected by a maze of creeks and waterways. It was night, frost in the air, and the sky overcast and an occasional snow flake came drifting down among the tops of the spruce, forerunners of the first snow storm of the season, or perhaps it was a false alarm about the snowstorm, as two hunters remarked, who had been outside their cabin studying the weather conditions, and had finally turned in to dream of a good light fall of snow for tracking purposes in the early morning.

Back about one hundred yards from the lake the big thicket began, and on the outskirts of this thicket two shadowy forms moved along to-

ward the water which ran through to another lake hereabouts making a ford much used by dwellers in the lake region in passing from one hiding place to another. The water was only about three or four inches deep—possibly half a foot in some places, and the shallowest part was quite evidently well known to the big shadows that moved silently and slowly to the edge of the lake, as a faint splash, splash, splash indicated they were in the water. They were very cautious these two dwellers of the wilderness, and as if some unseen spirit had warned them they both stopped a short distance from the shore and gazed fixedly toward the point of land that ran out into the lake behind them. Something, they did not know just what, had aroused first their suspicions and then their curiosity about that point, and with hardly a ripple on the surface of the water they faded back into the shadows again. A long half hour passed when they again started to make the ford. This time they were about half way across when they stopped, and just as they turned to look, there was a blinding glare of light from a little to one side of the point, a light that transfixed them for an instant. Coming suddenly from the pitchy blackness of the night on the lake the blaze of light struck them fair in the eyes. It blinded and stupified them and as they stood there facing it there was a sudden sharp metallic click, a sharp rasping sound, and again that metallic click! With a bound in the air the big buck turned and with two tremendous bounds reached the shore, the doe following him. And now that his eyes were turned away from that terrible light his curiosity had given place to a new kind of terror and he crashed through thicket and over fallen logs until winded and bedraggled he stood under the shelter of a big cedar and gradually regained his composure, but it was not until along toward morning that the buck and doe sufficiently recovered their nerves to venture toward the lakes again and this time they went in an entirely different direction. Through a forest of tall spruce with scarcely any under-

brush they proceeded to this part of the waterway. They could see a long distance here and the light breeze drifting from the lake would give them ample warning of any possible danger directly in front.

Pausing on the edge of a little clearing close by the water's edge, the big buck's quick ear caught the sound of some friend or enemy moving in the water's edge a few hundred feet away, splash, splash,—then something that made the big deer stamp his fore feet and look intently out a short distance on the lake. A shadow darker than the rest with a hardly discernible movement drifted in toward the shore and even as he watched, that glare of light that had so blinded and frightened him in the early part of the night illuminated the woods throwing into sharp relief the figure of a young spike buck standing at the water's edge. The big fellow was not frightened this time. Curiosity held him and as the click he had heard before sounded in the still night air and the young buck came out of his trance and with "flag" up bounded away into the brush, the older deer and his companion slipped silently into a shallow creek and stole away into the woods on the further side and at right angles to this mysterious thing from the lake that could turn the night into light as bright as day.

William Saunders, game warden: was the title on his stationery and all the old time hunters and sportsmen in this neck of the woods said "Billy" was a prince, (that is they did with one or two exceptions.) These fellows who were not in sympathy with Saunders' ideas of enforcing the game laws, tried by every hook and crook to make a law or to evade the law to suit their own ideas. "Billy" was in a brown study. As had been his custom for years, he had at the opening of the season started with three deputies for the camps at the lakes. It was his rule to visit each camp, get acquainted and give the hunters all the help he could as regards routes, etc., and on the other hand a look at the deer killed, size, and the number killed in different sections of the lake country. All were interesting items

to Billy, but now there was trouble, or trouble brewing at least. The laws as written said that each nonres dent should pay the sum of \$25.00 for one buck deer, owner of said deer to accompany carcass on its transportation out of the section, but it had gradually dawned on the game warden that some one was "putting one over" him. Some of the hunters on shooting their deer instead of packing them to camp merely hung them up on poles or on a tree and after putting their tags supplied with the license on them, left them for the guides to bring in later. In the week, Saunders had found three deer hanging in the woods with no tags on them, and upon inquiry at the camps there were none of the hunters who would admit they had even had a shot at a deer, although several had told him of the big buck that had been seen at Central Lake that they had all tried to get. He had heard rifle shots and had found dead deer hanging in the woods which no one would claim. Gazing out at the snow which was falling now as if it really meant business, Saunders remarked: "We-ll I don't like the idea of prowling round watching these fellows that have paid their license money to come up here and shoot, but the idea of the most of them living up to the law and some other fellow for the sake of a big head of horns, shooting all the deer he sees and then taking out the largest head at the end of the season is too much for me. No I'll be darned if that sort of thing goes with me. I'm supposed to uphold the law and believe me this has got to stop." Just here the cabin door opened and LaFave, one of the deputies came in. Saunders looked up inquiringly, but one glance at LaFave's gloomy face told him something had gone wrong, and he quickly asked:

"Well, what's the good word?"

"Good word, Hell! Say, what do these hunters think they are doing up here this year, running a slaughter house or just shooting deer to spoil the shooting for decent law abiding people? Sa-ay, Saunders you sent me down to Round Lake to look around and believe me, I didn't have to look much," relapsing into silence

while he took off his heavy lace boots and eyed his coffee and beans on the table.

"Well tell us about it. What did you see?" insisted the game warden.

"Well I'll tell you, I went down there last night as you ordered. I put up the little shelter tent and got some wood ready for night as it looked like snow. Then I took the carbine and went back over the ridge to where you told me you found the deer hanging. The deer you spoke of was still there, and I made a big circle out round and got back to the tent at about dark. I sat around there awhile watching the big ford, as I put the little tent behind a thicket out of sight of the ford so as to be able to see without being seen. As I said, it was about dark, and as I watched a flat-bottomed boat come around the point, there by the little cove, you know the place? and he drew a diagram on the table with a stubby forefinger. Saunders nodded,—they were perhaps two hundred yards away and from where I sat, I could see a 'contraption' built up on the front of the boat. There was one fellow in the stern paddling the boat and a big fellow sitting in the bow monkeying 'round with this 'gigamaree' up in front, while a smaller man sat in the middle of the boat. They fooled around for a few minutes and finally pulled over to the opposite shore into a fringe of weeds and as it was getting so dark I couldn't see any more, you know your orders were not to interfere with anyone and, beside, all that, it would have taken me an hour to get around the swamp to where they were. It was mighty cool out there but I had my suspicions about that bunch so I turned up my collar and sat there. I waited four hours, and it looked like we was going to get snow at any minute. I was just beginning to cuss myself for not building a fire and getting some sleep when all of a sudden down at the point there was a flare of light. Say! that was some light! why gosh darn it, it was like looking at the sun, and as I looked I saw a small sized doe and the biggest buck I ever sat eyes on."

"Yes?" said Saunders, "what then?"

"That's all. The darn light went out and for five minutes I couldn't see my nose it was so dark after looking at that light. I sat 'round for another hour and then rolled up in the blanket and went to sleep."

"Didn't you hear a shot when you saw that light?" queried Saunders.

"Not a shot! I saw that buck jump and run. He wasn't hurt, just scared plumb out of his wits. The doe followed him and about the last thing I saw was their 'flags' with the light on them as they hit the brush."

"This morning," he went on between mouthfuls of beans, "I purposely stuck round up there. I heard five shots away to the West about 6 o'clock—sounded like an 'automat'. Then about 8 o'clock there was two more shots just a little south of Big Lake, and about an hour afterward I broke camp and took a hike round that way and I found a good sized three-point buck hung up on poles close to the lake, no tag, guess he'd been there about a half hour. There was snow enough in places and I followed the tracks of two men, one, evidently a big heavy fellow, and one small man, for about a half mile until they struck the stony ground on the ridge where I gave it up. But, he added, "these fellows, some of them, are sure getting their money's worth of venison, and it looks as if they didn't care much for us Government spies," he added.

"What's that?" demanded the warden. Where do you get that stuff? That don't sound like you. Who talks that way round the camp?"

"Oh, it was all a little joke, I guess," said LaFave. "I stopped in at the post office on the way up and there was some hunters in there. Remember the big fat fellow who was up here last year and got the big buck over on little Crab Lake? Somebody says he owns a railroad or something in the city. Well, he was there and he said he was going to get another big one this year if there wasn't too many Government spies around. He didn't know me,—thought I was the stage driver, I guess—but when one of the boys laughed and said that was kind of rough on me, he came over and gave

me a drink, and said he didn't mean to offend, that if it wasn't for the wardens there wouldn't be no huntin', and lots of questions about the lakes and when he asked me how many of us it took to take care of this territory, I told him two, and then when he got around to where he asked me how long we stayed up here, I told him we generally made a trip through this country about once a season, sometimes not that."

Saunders grinned. "Good for you, old man. I s'pose your fat friend thought he'd pumped you dry."

"Sure he did," returned LaFave. "You ought to see the bottle of medicine he gave me. It's over there in my inside coat pocket," as he jerked his thumb toward the coat on the wall.

"You know I don't care much for booze. I can be fool enough without fillin' up on that 'swill.' It is all right for a stimulant when you're half froze and get back to the cabin after a soakin' rain storm, soaked to the skin, but we can't afford to use it while on duty, old top," remarked Saunders, "and say, I'll tell you what, you've been out three days now and you stay here for a few days and look after the cabin and see to the other two lads if they come in from the lower lakes, I want to have a look at this deer killing business myself. Time was when there was no need of a warden or deputies in the woods, the fellows who came in were sportsmen, shot when they thought the head was good enough, and were proud to tell you about it, and let the others go. I'll bet this will all simmer down to one man, possibly two. I'd hate to think there were more than two men in the woods in the season who were such damned hogs. Well she's coming down hard," as he glanced out of the window at the falling snow, "and in the morning there'll be good tracking. And" he muttered to himself, "I'll make that game hog 'hunt his hole' before the season's over, believe me, whether he's a millionaire or just a plain butcher."

When the light was out in the cabin and Saunders was just dropping off to sleep LaFave with an "Oh, say!" brought him back to the land of the living.

"I forgot to tell you that I heard wolves howling over in that big tamarack swamp the first night out, and saw their tracks in a number of places on the old logging roads this side of there."

"Glad you told me," returned Saunders. "I may get a crack at one on my rounds up that way."

At four o'clock next morning Saunders was on his way. A light sleeping bag, belt axe and a thirty-thirty carbine with three days rations completed his outfit for what he considered going 'light but right.' About three inches of snow had fallen and although it was not yet daylight, he knew the old trail and figured he could be well on his way by daylight to the more difficult trails that would require daylight for accurate travelling. Night found him fifteen miles south of the cabin preparing to camp for the night at a small unnamed lake on the way round the circuit he had planned to travel. He had seen no hunters during the day, but had heard three shots very faint and far away. The travelling over the last five miles had been through a very rough piece of country with no trails and Saunders was glad of the comfort of the fire and sleeping bag. Along in the night he awakened and replenished the fire and the howling of the wolves not more than a mile away up the valley came to his ears. They seemed to be moving rapidly for a half hour or so and then there was a perfect bedlam of howls and yelps.

"Something doing over there. I'll bet I'll have to investigate that in the morning."

Daylight found him up the valley picking up the first wolf tracks where a pack of five big timber wolves had evidently taken up the track of a deer to be joined by others along the way. The tracks were evidently that of a big buck, an enormous fellow, and the leaps he took were good to look at from the experienced woodsman's point of view.

"Some spring in that fellow, and look at the size of those tracks," exclaimed the warden. "He must be the Grand-daddy of them all," he mused as he followed the written story in the snow of the night before.

"Fat chance these varmints have of catching him up here in this bunch of swamps and hills. What the devil!" he ejaculated and with a movement as quick as a flash the carbine came round and spat flame through an opening in the spruce boughs ahead. Crack! again, and Saunders rushed forward into a little glade among the trees just as a big grey wolf slunk out on the far side leaving a second wolf as large as himself lying in the snow a few feet from the half eaten carcass of a deer. The snow was trampled in every direction not from a struggle but from the uneasy restless moving about of a band of from eight to ten big wolves. In the center of the trampled place was a tripod made of poles, and underneath was the carcass of the deer. Stepping to one side the warden—beginning at where he had entered the glade or opening walked slowly in a circle around the outer edge of the trampled snow until he saw a little to the left what he had been searching for,—the tracks of the big buck that the wolves had been chasing. He had bounded into the open at this point and seeing the suspended carcass had turned at right angles off into the brush. The wolves a few hundred yards behind him had come on the dead deer, and after suspiciously surveying it for some time had evidently been so hungry that some of the bolder ones had been able to pull it down and had eaten their fill and lain down on a full stomach to be near their next meal when they should become hungry again. Why they should not have picked the carcass clean puzzled the warden for some minutes until he happened to glance through the brush at the right and see in among the trees what had been a spike buck, the carcass picked clean. It had evidently been hung on the branches of a big spruce as one of them had been broken off.

Saunders skinned the wolf he had shot and after shoving a couple more shells in his carbine, took out a small pocket camera and took a picture of the scene of the night's feast of the wolves, then tightened his belt and made straight for the nearest hunters' resort. Arriving there about noon

he was welcomed by the landlord and the cook who had both known him for years. He was invited in to dinner in the guides' part of the dining room and while eating the landlord was called outside to attend to some local disturbance among the chickens of which he kept quite a number for the use of his guests. The guides' dining room was separated from the guest room by a partition that stopped at the eaves of the building leaving a free space at the top. Conversation on the one side was plainly audible to anyone sitting in the other part of the building and Saunders could not help but hear the conversation of the two guests in the next room.

"You know that first one night before last, Jimmie, was some shot. I got the two of them the first clatter, and the second shot was not needed but just took it for luck."

The parties were evidently about to leave the dining room and Saunders suspicions already worked to the bursting point, prompted him to walk to the swinging door used by the waiter and look in. One of the men looked up and saw him, but his manner did not seem to be that of a man who would, or was breaking the law of any country, and the "got a match"? question he asked, gave Saunders the very opportunity he had been looking for, and as he gave the matches the landlord came lumbering into the room and without any preliminaries introduced "Mr. Saunders, my friend, the Game Warden, meet Mr. Engell and Eldridge. These gentlemen," the landlord rambled on, "are doing a new kind of hunting for this season of the year. They're just using cameras and although they don't expect to feed their friends on venison when they get back, they claim they're having more excitement than the hunters."

The warden's hopes went clear into his boots at his friend's introduction as the game warden, but he noticed the older of the two photographers look a little bit more interested than usual, and presently Mr. Eldridge proposed going over to the cabin they occupied and looking at some of their pictures. As they walked across the grounds, Eldridge

grasped Saunders by the arm and said in a low voice:

"Old man, we've got in wrong with some of the hunters up here and I've got something I want to show you the worst way. It'll give one fellow his just desserts and set us right with the fellows here who have in some way come to the conclusion that we are shooting deer by Jacklight. You know, "went on Eldridge," that we even brought in distilled water and chemicals so we could see what we had on our plates before we left for the city, and we've had a whale of a time with the exception of giving the impression, which we cannot shake off, that we're shooting deer and hanging them in the woods, with the idea of taking out the biggest deer at the end of the season."

Arrived at the cabin they were soon looking at plates developed there in the woods.

"Here's one that's a wonder" commented Eldridge as he showed the warden the picture of an enormous buck standing in a little cove and right alongside partly in the shadow a small doe apparently looking at this king of the North woods, both of them evidently caught in the act of crossing the ford. Saunders thought of LaFave and wondered at the accurate description the deputy had given of this same picture, but said nothing, and Eldridge passed him a print with "What do you think of that?" and there in front of him was the man he was looking for. It was all he could do to refrain from congratulating this "picture man" on the spot. There in front of him was the black forest for a background, the light from the boat showing a piece of white sandy beach while a short distance from the beach a fat, very important, broad shouldered individual in a suit of up to date hunting clothes, was gazing in the direction of the boat, and a half breed Indian guide holding the leg of a tripod from which was suspended a deer was looking with frightened eyes at his employer.

"Where did you take this?" demanded Saunders, "and do you know this man and his guide?"

"The man stops here at the camp.

A Mr. Sharp, I believe his name is," returned Eldridge, but his guide packed up and left the day after we got this picture. Said he was sick. You see we were sculling around the edge of the lake for several nights with out getting anything, when one day just before we started on our trip, a fellow came down to the boat and said he'd like to accompany us, and intimated he knew where we'd get something interesting. As we had had no particular luck up to that time, we took him along and he showed us this cove and said he knew deer used to come there nights. We heard a shot over in that direction before we'd even gotten near the place, but our visitor insisted we'd get a picture and as we approached this beach, I thought I heard something moving in the brush. We were not making a sound and when we heard heavy footsteps on shore and a twig snapped, I switched on my "daylight" and that's what we got, and that fellow that accompanied us laughed so hard when he saw that pair in the bushes there that we gave it up that night and came back to camp. He excused himself and told us he'd give us a five dollar bill—"Here's the bill" interrupted Engell—for one of those pictures, and next day when we came in to lunch, he'd gone. He took a deer with him, too, that he'd got right close to camp, but left his address with the landlord and said to send him one of the pictures as soon as possible."

"Well, who is this fat fellow?"

"Oh, he stops here, and they say he's president of the so and so railroad. Has all kinds of money, but comes up here every year and always takes out the biggest head. There is not much more to tell."

It took Saunders the rest of the day to get back to LaFave and the next day they were at the resort and as all the hunters were not in they had to wait until supper time. The meal was nearly finished when Saunders and LaFave walked into the dining room and Saunders handing the man at the head of the table a photograph, asked him if he had ever seen anything like that and to pass it along. It was passed down the table and as

it reached the important Mr. Sharp, he gave one look at the picture, tore it in bits, and threw it on the floor, and with remarkable agility for a fat man kicked his chair to one side and started for Saunders standing coolly in the middle of the room. Happening to glance at the door, however, he saw LaFave with his hand on the handle of his heavy automatic and changed his mind and began sputtering about "a man of his position, etc., it was a damnable outrage, he would see that they got theirs" and many other terrible things. In his rage he did not forget to curse photographers, guides, game wardens, and in particular a certain "common person" a clerk in some hardware concern who had dared to cross his views and who he knew was out with those photo-

graphers the night that picture was taken, as he had heard his laugh, he could tell it among a thousand.

"All right, Mr. Sharp, when you get through I'll have to trouble you to sleep in your cabin tonight" and it is not in the records that Mr. Sharp, Superintendent of a railway and worth many hundreds of thousands, argued half a night and raged when an obdurate game warden refused to listen to his offers of money and threats of violence and loss of position. But when 'the day' arrived, the warden took him to the city where he with a very bad grace paid a sum into the court for the wanton killing of game that would have made many a true hunter sit up and gasp with delight to know there was such justice in the land.



One of the old fishermen on the Bay shore near Bridgetown, N. S., relates a story of his experience the past season that was most exciting at the moment. While the skipper was at the wheel and the vessel gently gliding through the water, of a sudden a monster swordfish rushed right over the taffrail and bounced on the deck at his feet, and almost knocked him overboard. The big swordfish finding himself in a new world, flopped around pretty lively and the crew tried to kill him. After several desperate jumps he made an extra effort and away he went overboard again, the water being churned into foam as he headed for the bottom. The skipper explains the unusual incident by saying that two swords that had been taken from other fish were tied over the stern dangling in the water. Evidently the fighting fish had made a dive at these and came flopping in on deck.



W. McD. Tait

WHO that has ever visited an encampment on an Indian reserve has not been struck with the number of half starving, snarling, growling curs that slink in and out among the teepees? There was once a reason for their existence, but their use to the Red Man is now purely imaginary, excepting in the far north where they are used for transporting supplies to outposts and police stations, and hauling furs into the forts and trading posts.

The Indian dog in the early days was a cross between the wolf and Eskimo dog. Today in the north this type stands out prominently, but in the warmer regions of the west every breed of canine is to be found. They have an emaciated, hungry, half starved appearance and are a pest to travellers and settlers. Calves, lambs, barn yard fowl, and even small children have often fallen prey to these marauders who prowl about at all hours of the day and night. One settler records that one of his first ranching reverses was to lose half his range calves by depredations on them by the savage brutes.

In the long ago, dogs were the only beasts of burden the Indian had. Students of Indian lore tell us that the horse is a comparatively recent importation with the Indians. Butler in 'The Great Lone Land' says that as late as 1776, the plain Indians of

the Western prairies remember that their horses were procured from white people who lived to the southward. These were likely the Spanish colonists in Mexico.

It is plain from the Indian language that the Red Men did not always possess the horse as a beast of burden. A comparison of the words for horse used by the Indians will make this plain. In Cree a horse is 'Mis-ta-tim,' the big dog; in Assiniboine, 'Sho-a-thin-ga,' a great dog; in Blackfoot, 'Po-no-ka-mi-taa,' the Red Deer Dog. The Sarcees' term for the horse is 'Chistle,' seven dogs, while the Gros Ventres call him, 'It-shou-ma-shungu,' red dog. It is manifest, therefore, that the wild men of the north-west looked upon the horse as a new comer, and their reference to him in the dog language of their tribe would indicate that the animal used as beast of burden before the Indians became equestrian in their habits was the dog.

Transportation of baggage, even after horses became numerous, was performed by dogs. Horses were kept for hunting buffalo. In winter they were harnessed with bands of buffalo hide, and hitched to sleds and toboggans which carried the loads. In summer, and in winter when there was little or no snow, the dogs were tackled to two straight poles about fifteen feet long, fastened together at one end,

at the other, spread about eight feet apart. Where the poles are lashed together at the ends, several folds of dressed buffalo skins, which answer for a saddle, are fastened and laid directly on the dog's shoulders. A strip of leather attached to this is brought round the dog's neck and made fast again at the meeting of the poles. Then a hoop is laid across the poles a little behind the dog's rump and interwoven closely with leathern thongs, and upon this the burden is laid. The contrivance is called a travois. Often horses are tackled in the same manner, the poles being as long as twenty-five feet.

In the north country, where all transportation of supplies and mail is by dog train, the animals are generally of the wolf-breed, and are said to be vigorous and longwinded. Huskies is the name usually applied to them. A hundred miles a day is a common journey for them. The endurance of the little creatures is something remarkable. A story is told of a clerk driving out twenty-five miles from a trading post with a dog team, which was immediately sent back to the post. Hurriedly preparing a packet, he despatched an Indian driver with the same dogs back to the party he had left and the outfit arrived before the party were up in the morning. The dogs had thus run seventy-five miles in a good deal under the twenty-four hours.

When the half-breeds settled in the northern part of the great west, they put out poison for wolves and foxes and the Indian dogs in large numbers were killed by it. Thus a very important mode of winter transportation was lost to the Red Man. This practise was stopped, however, and the dogs soon multiplied to their former number.

In by-gone days the emulation among Indians for dogs as runners was so great that all their hard earnings were spent on them, and the tawdry paraphernalia required to ornament a first-rate train was as expensive as it was foolish. The squaw might go without her blanket, but the buck must have his dogs, and the dogs their scarlet ribbons and their bells.

The Royal North West Mounted

Police in the far north are using Indian dogs on their patrols. These are not bred in the posts of the police, but are purchased from the natives when young for a mere trifle, and trained by the Indian scouts and dog drivers of the force. The price of an ordinary huskie in the land of the midnight sun, is about twenty-five dollars and a recent police report tells of the sale of three dogs for fifty dollars each. The police are using over 100 of these Indian dogs in their work in the north. The cost of keeping a team of four dogs is from \$300 to \$400 a year, and in some cases more than this.

If it were not for Indian dogs in the northland, there would be little need of the police. Nearly all rows, we are told, are over dogs. Thompson in his tales of his travels tells of starting out on one occasion with Indians and dogs when the snow was so deep that the huskies had fairly to swim and haul the heavy sleigh. One of the Indian drivers became vexed with the conduct of his lead dog, and beat him to death. The incident delayed the expedition and was almost the cause of bloodshed in the camp. The Indian was ordered out for mutinous behaviour and handed over to the police. Many cases could be cited where shooting has followed scraps over the huskie dog.

The canines of the Red Men were a source of great annoyance to travellers, and are yet. Palliser, a noted traveller, tells that one morning, starting from camp, his party saw an Indian dog that was a notorious thief, actually poke his nose into a kettle as it was boiling on the fire, and take out a piece of meat. The pests could not be kept out of the palisades at the forts and trading posts where the nuisance of their presence was almost beyond endurance. They were the terror of every woman and child after dark. One could hardly step from one door to another without being interrupted by them; and worst of all, they made a kennel of the place, and in wet weather the stench was unbearable.

Henry, an old explorer, in an interesting account of how buffalo were captured in pounds, relates that here and there among the branches and in-

terwoven twigs of the buffalo fall, the Indians left openings large enough for dogs to pass through that they might feed on the carcasses of the bulls. He remarks that what appeared an extraordinary thing to him was that when buffalo were being driven into the pound, on the signal of their approach, the Indian dogs would all skulk away behind the pound and not approach till the herd entered. It was a feast-time for the curs, but they had the good sense to wait till the feast was ready.

It is roughly estimated that to-day there are from three to five dogs to

every Indian family on western reserves. These canines are utterly useless, but the Indian is not satisfied if he has not a half dozen following him to the trading store or the town where he buys his supplies and sells his wares. Dog fights on the streets of the towns are common. It has been found impossible to exclude the dogs, and to shoot them is a costly undertaking for any municipality. And so the pest of the Indian dog is inflicted upon white neighbors of the reservations and probably will be as long as there are Indians and Indian dogs.

MY FIRST CARIBOU

E. J. Kaufman

DID you ever make up your mind to go after the big fellows and find what fun there is in making plans and arrangements, particularly when you do not intend making use of the services of a guide? The fall of 1913 found the writer busy lumbering at Shawanaga, which is about eighteen miles north of Parry Sound, on the C. P. R. Long before the hunting season opened I was making plans for my annual hunt. Every fall I change my hunting grounds, which adds interest and variety to my outings. After getting all the maps of our northern country that it was possible to procure (the Dominion Recording office of Sudbury Mining Department, issue a very fine map) I was convinced that by striking north-west of Sudbury on the Canadian Northern Railway some good hunting grounds would be reached. I had previously decided to take with me as company a pal of mine, Jim by name, who was an expert with paddle and rifle. Jim was certainly 'right there' when I approached him with my proposition of a trip up north, for Jim is a keen hunter and I had promised to finance the trip. We decided to stock up with about two and a half weeks provisions and as this was my third trip after big game I had the advantage of former experiences to guide us.

The evenings prior to our departure found the writer busy converting factory cotton into small sacks of from five to fifteen pounds capacity for storing away such necessities as salt, pepper, sugar, tea, beans, and in fact all our pantry supplies. Sacks like these are the best things to stand the wear and tear of a hard and long canoe trip.

We had intended to get away not later than October 10th, but owing to business could not get started until the evening of the 14th, which was a mistake as any one going up north without a guide into a strange and wild country

should go at least several days before the season opens in order to have a look around and become acquainted with the surrounding country. However, the evening of the 14th found Jim and the writer at the station at Shawanaga in good time and in the best of spirits. As our train did not arrive until 3 a. m. we had plenty of time and Nick, the station agent, entertained us for a good many hours giving us in the meantime considerable fatherly advice. He told us he had a hunch we would come back disappointed. Finally the train arrived and after seeing that our canoe and duffle were aboard we climbed on the train and were soon speeding away towards Sudbury. As Shawanaga is a Local Option town we had rather a dry trip to Sudbury, which we reached about 7 in the morning. We found that we would have to wait all day in Sudbury as our train did not leave until the following evening. After stowing away a very good breakfast we finished purchasing the balance of our supplies which consisted of twelve double loaves of bread, cartridges for the writer's .30 Remington and Jim's .303 Savage, also some lemonade to cheer us up when down-hearted.

The balance of the day was spent in sight seeing, visiting the moving picture shows and in watching people trying to get through the mud, of which Sudbury usually has a fair supply in the fall of the year. We also had to get our duffle and canoe transferred from the C. P. R. to the C. N. R. station. Jim accompanied the transfer to see that everything got over and while going across he became so interested in the driver that he failed to notice his good Savage slide off the wagon and fall into the mud. When he reached the station and realized his loss there was some excitement and Jim lost no time in back tracking. Luckily he found his Savage

lying in the mud about half way between the two stations, which are nearly a mile apart.

We soon discovered we were to have company on the way up country as there were quite a number of boys waiting for the evening train, all bound for the haunts of big game. It was here we met the Leamington boys, five of them, who were also going up the line for moose. We had quite a pleasant time with these boys relating our past experiences. They advised us that they intended to leave the car at Mileage 91 and try and work south-west, thinking they could reach their old grounds north-east of Bisco by so doing.

Our train was made up about 10 o'clock and we reached Ruel, about 1 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, Ruel being the end of the passenger run. After a wait which seemed most awfully long we got into a big car and started on up the line, our train from now on being a freight. I had by this time decided to leave the cars at Mileage 91 also and strike north-east, intending to follow a creek which crossed the road at this point. About 3.30 o'clock found us at 91, everyone in the best of spirits, as we had traversed some splendid hunting country on the way up, the beautiful moonlight night giving us the opportunity of taking a good look at the country. After seeing to the unloading of all our belongings we started a fire and by the time we had done justice to a hearty breakfast we could see a faint streak of light in the east, a welcome sign indeed as we were now waiting for day to break. In the meantime our Leamington friends had decided to throw in their lot with a French lad who was holding down a cooking shanty all by his lonesome, and hunt from these quarters.

At the first signs of daylight Jim and the writer were off with a load each, as it was necessary to make a portage before we could take the water, the creek being full of track ties at this point. We had every thing tied up in the least possible number of packs and in making a portage two trips each would carry us across. This first portage was short, about 500 yards, and we thought it was sport

as we were both fresh and always fairly strong. We had not gone a great distance down the creek when we noticed moose signs on all sides, some of which appeared to be very fresh. The creek was very crooked and the country level, and as we rounded the many different bends we expected that perhaps the next bend would bring us face to face with our quarry; I can still feel the thrills and tremors that seized me as I would grip my Remington just a little tighter. Paddling down these small creeks in a canoe, on making a bend you find yourself perhaps about fifteen or twenty yards distant from a bull moose, which tends to give one a very queer sensation. What a relief when on rounding one of these bends you find nothing but quietness. However, we failed to see any moose although we called on different occasions. We paddled about three miles when the country grew more mountainous and of course this spelled rapids. We had now to get down to work as this creek was one continuous chain of rapids and portages, some of which were very hard. In some places we had to cut our own trail as we could not find the old blaze. We kept this up all day always expecting after a portage to find an open river, only to be disappointed by having to make another portage. We hardly knew how far we were from the lake but always hoped the next portage would land us there. By this time we were feeling tired and while looking around for a good camping site we heard some one chopping wood and after a short paddle we espied a tent and two men. These men were trappers and after we became acquainted we found them to be the finest of fellows. Of course we pitched our tent alongside of theirs and spent a most enjoyable and social evening. We were informed that we had reached the lake, which was good news indeed. These boys gave us an idea of what the country was like, but told us they had not seen any moose, although they had seen a number of signs.

On the morning of the 17th. we awakened and found about eight inches of snow, it having snowed all night. The woods here were



THE AUTHOR

one dense mass of spruce, balsam, and jack-pine, which with dead-falls and snow made the going impossible, so we spent the day cutting wood, and we also shot a few rabbits and partridges, both of which were very plentiful and tame. We shot these along the tote roads where the walking was fair. The next couple of days brought forth fair weather but the travelling was anything but good, as the trees held the snow, there being no wind to sweep it off. Although we found no fresh signs of moose these few days we had run across lots of old ones. On the 21st and 22nd, more rough weather with snow set in, so we decided to walk to Muckwa, about five miles up the track, where we found a store and postoffice. This was one of the construction divisional points. We called on the Leamington boys who were located about three miles farther up the track. They reported having had no luck although they too had covered a large tract of country. On the 23rd we were off at break of day going west along the railroad. After walking about five miles we struck some very marshy country and a good sized creek. We left the road here and struck into the woods, and after walking all day the best we could do was to find tracks several days old. However, we decided to come back again the next morning and hunt the other side of the creek. When crossing this creek by way of a fallen tree the writer got halfway over when the tree broke and everything went under but the hat. The water was quite deep at this particular point, and was a cold surprise, but I held the rifle, and after scrambling out we decided that Jim, who had crossed safely in advance of me would hunt alone while I started for camp at a pace that would have made Goulding sit up and take notice. The after effects of this cold bath were nil, not as much as a slight cold. Jim reported "No moose" when he came in that evening, but one of the trappers had seen a large bull at Mileage 100. On hearing the good news Jim and the writer decided to break camp and move to mileage 101. This is where the C. N. Railway crosses Lake Minnsenoqua. We were all ready to start at daybreak the following morning having had breakfast and everything packed into the canoe by that time. The going was grand, not a breath of wind to disturb the water. This Lake is not a great width but is eighteen miles long. We paddled along for about four hours always keeping the glasses at hand hoping that perhaps some careless fellow would be out in some of the marshes or Bays, of which there are many. A short paddle and we were in the narrows of this lake. Here we decided to get out and have a little walk and a look round. The banks were very high and rocky, however, which made landing difficult. We finally reached the top of the hills and had not gone more than several hundred yards when we struck tracks that were certainly fresh. Not knowing but what they were moose we decided to follow for a short distance as the forest here was rather open and the going good. We had not gone more than 100 yards when the writer—who was leading by a few yards—got his eyes on his first caribou. I can see him now as he stood

broadside with his head in the air in an attitude of listening. He had heard us but could not see us or get our scent, so there he stood and for a second or two I could see nothing but his horns that reached nearly four feet up into the air. I knew the chance of a lifetime had come, and taking a careful but quick bead for the lower part of his neck I pulled the trigger. The good old Remington spoke, and down he went, and with hardly a kick, was dead. The bullet had broken his neck. We stepped the distance and found it 115 paces. Of course I went wild, and Jim let out a couple of notches himself. Here the writer beat for the canoe to get the camera. Taking pictures kept us busy for some time, and our smiles were so very broad that the films on being developed proved a failure. We also decided we would try and take the animal out complete if it was at all possible, judging it would weigh between four and five hundred pounds. We dressed him, and by following a gully we had a down hill pull until we reached the lake. After unloading all our dunnage we finally got him into the canoe and climbed in. The least little move or side motion, we found, would cause water to come in the canoe. We had a big load and any carelessness on our part meant a bath, but get him to the railroad we must. We were soon off and the first couple of miles found us hugging the shore, but before long we lost this uneasy feeling and finally we headed straight up the lake, making the railroad in a couple of hours paddling at Mileage 101. After unloading the caribou we had to hustle back for our dunnage, and when we returned we decided to stay in an old camp built by the railway construction people for their engineers. This camp had four rooms plenty of ready cut wood and a stove, which looked good to us. As it was nearly dark we hurried and soon were settled in our new home. We retired early as we had had a hard day, and were nearly all in. The following morning found us astir early, both being eager to get a glimpse at the large moose that the trapper had seen the day before. We found his tracks and after following for about four hours came to the conclusion that he had left our part of the country, as his tracks were going in a straight course and not getting any fresher. In the afternoon of this day Jim took a severe toothache. His face grew rapidly and by the grunts and groans Jimmie omitted he certainly was in agony. At this critical moment the writer tried to give some advice, but got in wrong as might have been expected. However as Jim is naturally full of good nature we were soon the best of pals once more. In the evening I advised him to take many drinks of Bobby Burns which advice he accepted readily enough, but as too much of even a good thing is bad Jim got very sick, and for the following three days the writer was busy nursing him. During these days of anxiety Jim's tooth got better, and it was while trying to find some friendly help and medicine that the writer met Mr. Frank Lewis of Toronto, and his friend Mr. Hugh Hendry of Thorold, both of whom were up for moose and were holding down a camp across the lake at Mileage 101. Mr. Lewis gladly

helped the writer out and soon we had Jim on his feet again. Mr. Lewis informed me that they had no luck as their Indian guides—who were Ft. Mettagami Indians and were trapping in the vicinity—could not locate the moose. The Indians claimed the moose had gone back to their winter yarding grounds about thirty miles distant at the first signs of winter. The next couple of days found us all making some long trips, hoping perhaps we might run across a straggler, but the moose had vanished completely. At this time Mr. Hendry had to leave for home, so Jim and the writer packed up and piled in with Mr. Lewis, or Frank as we were told to call him. Frank like myself is a camera fiend, and was also trying out a .32 Remington. Of course we both think there is no gun like the New Remington.

More snow made the woods almost impossible, so we all started out to get a supply of rabbits and partridges for Frank, shooting these with our high power rifles, through the heads. We also had several trials at duck,

them back for their yards. There are also a few red deer.

As Jim and the writer had to leave for home we could stay no longer, but before leaving the writer gave Frank a hearty invitation to drop off at Shawanaga on his way to Toronto and have a couple of days deer hunting.

Our train, which was a work train, came along at 1.15 in the morning and of course it took all hands to load the caribou, but the train men were the best of fellows and from then until we reached Shawanaga the Caribou attracted the attention of a great many people. We arrived at Shawanaga on the 30th of October and on getting off the train the first person to be seen was Mr. J. Krug of Tavistock. Looking round, we saw the rest of the Tavistock hunting party composed of Enoch Dennis, Lloyd Klein, D. Heimer, John Fewings and the writer's brother Louis. Of course this meant a celebration as we were all home boys and had not met for a long time. The following morning the Tavistock boys



MESSRS. LEWIS AND KAUFFMAN AND ONE OF THEIR TROPHIES

Frank using his shot gun for these and making some wonderful fancy shooting. After giving us several exhibitions of this shooting he modestly informed us that at one time he used to be high man at the traps for the state of—I think he said—Kansas.

During these days we met Mr. Miller, the Hudson Bay factor at Fort Mettagami. The Company have a store house at Mileage 101 and Mr. Miller usually made several calls a week from the Fort, a distance of about twenty miles. He was very interesting when in conversation, and warmly congratulated the writer on shooting so fine a caribou, saying it was without a doubt the best head he had ever seen. He also told us the Caribou used to be seen in herds of almost countless numbers all through that country, but that the wolves had driven them back. They were, however, returning as the wolves had disappeared. During the two weeks the writer spent there, the cry of a wolf was not heard. There are plenty of Moose in the summer time but an early winter will start

left for their camp. Jim went out for deer while the writer was busy skinning and dressing the Caribou. Here also was an opportunity to notice the great smashing power of the .30 Remington. The bullet had hit the neck bone fairly and completely pulverized the bones of the neck, the size of an eight inch circle.

At the close of the first week's deer hunting season who should come along but Frank, and of course all work was shelved at once. Frank and the writer decided to hunt from the mill, or from home as the surrounding country was a good open section to travel, and usually held its full quota of deer. The first couple of days brought us no luck although we had seen quite a number, but we could not get a good chance to bag a large buck. However, the third day luck changed and Frank once more proved that he could shoot a rifle by bringing down a fine 200 pound buck with his .32 Remington. The next day was spent in getting Frank's buck out to the station. Frank left for Toronto that afternoon, but not

before we had decided to make another trip up to mileage 101 the following year. However this trip was never made as the next year Frank was hovering between life and death.

The last and also a very interesting portion of my hunt was now due, the mounting of the head of my caribou. Taxidermy is one of the writer's greatest hobbies and I always make it a point to mount all my own trophies. When you have seen the animals just as they were in the woods and then stand off to take

your first view of the mounted head, and find the head is as true to nature as before, the feeling of satisfaction this inspires is certainly great. I find that a great many of our taxidermists cannot produce the fine points that nature can, in the mounting of heads.

As the writer is seated in his den writing this story amidst the different heads, of which there are twelve, decorating the walls, each holding a separate story, the longing for another trip after the big fellows grows in strength.

A MYSTERY OF THE SOLITUDES

W. W. Fox

HALF a dozen men were sitting in the H. B. Co's., store in New Post, on the way from Cochrane to Moose Factory. Four were half breeds, bronzed, leather skinned sons of the forest, whose fathers and fathers' fathers for generations had travelled the same old trail to the shores of James Bay. The others were white men, who had grown grey in the service of the ubiquitous fur company. They had travelled "Express" to Cochrane with a big bag of mail and were on the return trip. Smoking their pipes after enjoying the luxury of a hearty meal the conversation turned to old times and old timers when one of the whites asked if anything had ever been heard of Shogonos, a quarter breed who had mysteriously disappeared a couple of years before. It was still a mystery to everyone in the post. Between two or three years before Shogonos had gone out to trap bears. The ice had disappeared from the upper reaches of the Abitibi, but had not yet found its way into the waters of James Bay. Perhaps it was because of the white blood in his veins that Shogonos started off as early as he did. He had taken a liberal supply of grub along with three huge bear traps, weighing nearly half a hundred each and had slipped away one morning through the mist and shadows of the solitudes to the South and he had never come back. Some Indians had found his canoe the next fall, bottom up on a little tributary of the mighty river, but beyond the remains of a fire and a rusty tin can nothing remained to tell the story. They searched the neighborhood but found neither traps, blankets nor gun and it was the general opinion that poor Shogonos had met his death by drowning. What could not be explained, however, was how his canoe, if it was his canoe came to be ashore. But Shogonos had no family and save amongst the few who knew him intimately was soon forgotten in the strenuous life of the far North land. No one took the trouble to attempt

a solution of the riddle and seldom was the poor fellow's name mentioned.

But it was solved at last and that by accident. While the voyageurs were preparing for a start the next morning a party of Indians arrived on their way down the river and when they had told their story the disappearance of Shogonos was no longer a mystery. Half in English and half in his native tongue old Wagush told the story of what had happened the previous day. One of the party had wounded a Caribou and in following its trail had come to a bear trap hanging from a spring pole with what at first glance looked like a bundle of rags. A second glance showed it was a man hanging by both arms and swaying in the breeze. The Indian did not wait to investigate but hastened back to the camp and the party at once continued their journey after hearing their story. The factor held them up and accompanied by the two whites followed the trail back, being guided by the Indian who made the discovery. A few hours travel brought them to a ridge of poplars and the end of their quest. Hanging just as the Indian had said was a bear trap from a stout spring pole and in its jaws the two arms of a man held by the wrists. There was little but the skeleton remaining and that was held together by the clothing. The feet just touched the ground and through the ragged moccasins they appeared shrunken and sinewless.

It was all plain enough. As is the case sometimes, the Indian after setting his trap had secured it to a spring pole instead of a drag. It was supposed that in moving about he tripped over a root and to save himself threw out his hands, struck the pole springing the trap and releasing the spring pole. What a death he suffered, no one can tell or how long it was before the last struggle ended his misery.

Many disappearances are recorded in the books of the H. B. Co., but none more tragic than that of poor Shogonos.



THE BAR GATE AT BETHLEHEM

A Big Game Hunt in Quebec

A. L. Parker

WE had walked several minutes with the utmost caution as we knew there was a good chance of seeing a deer in the clearing. It was very early and the mists hung low on the southern slope of Bethlehem brook while all around us the thick spruces prevented us seeing very far ahead and everything was wrapped in a heavy fog. I whispered to Almerida, the guide, as we approached the opening into the clearing:

"What is this called?" The path opened out from a dense thicket into what had been at some time a fine open park and the entrance was made through an old fashioned gateway or pair of bars.

"This", said the guide, "is the bar gate at Bethlehem" and although there was not time then to talk further about it I was keenly curious to know what he meant.

Almerida and I had left camp at sunrise and the two miles lying between there and the edge of the big woods skirting Bethlehem brook were soon behind us. This was Tuesday morning, October twentieth 1914, and we were twelve miles south of Scotstown with Allan Blue, Cliff Wiggett, Ed. Ingham, Joe Drolet and the writer, forming a party under the guidance of Drolet the good old 'Almerida'. Blue had gone to the north for the day, Ingham stayed at the camp to repair a table; and Cliff soon joined Joe and myself at the west side of the clearing, no deer having been started as we worked slowly through.

We agreed to hunt westward with the second dam as our objective point and while I was assigned the low land skirting the stream, Wiggett was to beat it on the tall slope while Joe said the tall timber for him and I suppose incidentally he thought—if the two of us routed out any game he would bag it as it came through to his section. Now to those of my readers who have never been alone in the bush all day with only a gun and compass for company, I wish to confess that I was lonesome—all the trees looked alike and very much alike at that, and as the hours passed, the importance of a watch, matches, north, south, east, west, began to grow on me. However as soon as the others disappeared from my view I got my bearings and began the business of the day. I was at the time on the edge of a thick swamp and after possibly ten minutes of what I thought was pretty scientific stalking my heart suddenly skipped *four beats* for just ahead of me—a twig snapped and I was so startled that it seemed as though a tree must have fallen to the ground. The next instant there was a snort, followed by three more in quick succession and then all was quiet. I had heard my first buck *blow*. Working my way cautiously forward I came through to an open space and about fifteen rods ahead of me I saw something white

moving rapidly towards the brook with a rise and fall which was different from anything I had ever seen. My first impression was that Cliff had come down from the ridge and was chasing a deer in his shirt sleeves jumping logs and bushes as he went! Of course I dared not fire as I had been cautioned *for years* not to shoot anything in the woods until I was certain that it was neither man, calf or devil. So I stood motionless and saw the white flag of a handsome deer disappear from sight.

My first deer had escaped unharmed! I mentally thanked my friends and acquaintances that I had not committed murder in the first degree by firing hastily and pulling myself together resumed my stealthy way through the thicket. Crossing the first brook I was nearly at the top of the gully on the west side when I heard Cliff's rifle and learned later he had brought down the deer he had been looking for *since* 1911. Another shot followed and I concluded Joe had also scored whereas the only progress I had made was *through the woods*. I saw nothing further until I came nearly to the second brook. I heard the little stream ahead and decided to take every precaution I could hoping to find a deer having a drink and so busy at it that he would not notice me nor object to my shooting at him. With this in view imagine my state of mind when suddenly within twenty feet of me a deer showed me a clean pair of heels and another of those white flags and before I could say Jack Robinson he was scurrying through the tall blue grass and alders at the bottom of the ravine, safe as a bug in a rug, despite the fact that I had fired twice at him probably with both eyes shut. Surely I could not have missed him if I had aimed a little bit but anyway my third deer was up and off and I was feeling slightly disappointed to say the least. Of course I *beat the bush* and followed tracks, and looked for blood and did all the other things that a man with a gun is supposed to do under such circumstances but finally came to the conclusion that the sick feeling I had in my stomach was just common old hunger and nothing more, so as this was more in my line I opened up my lunch and proceeded to satisfy myself with the good things friend Ingham had provided. Never had a lunch tasted better and although I knew I was violating the rules of a good hunter I decided I would light my pipe and think it all over to see why and wherefore I had failed to bring down my friend the deer. I fished out my matches and to my surprise and disgust they were all wet. Visions of a night in the woods without fire, food or shelter flitted across my brain and I passed a few very sad moments. So serious a matter did it appear that I then and there decided that the only thing to be done was to get back to

camp as best I could and as quickly as possible. Upon referring to my watch and compass for the seventh time I finally got my bearings and started to retrace my steps. I had not gone very far until a great partidge loomed up before me with his head erect and body in full view. Drawing myself together I drew a bead, I think that is what they call it, on his head and fired. The gay old bird stretched his neck another six inches or so and said "I beg your pardon, did you speak to me?" "I certainly did" I replied and as he seemed to be waiting for me to speak again I leaned against a tree and fired again. My! what havoc I made. Without any doubt that was a wonderful shot. I not only hit him but I also plucked him, skinned him, dressed him, and laid the two breasts, two little legs and the liver on a birch bark plate. Some rifle eh? They told me the gun was a thirty high power but I think it was also thirty horse power and a little over.

The news quickly spread to every deer within four miles of me and I found them on the alert the rest of the day believe me. It was not long however before my eyes rested on something standing beside a big maple tree. The color resembled many of the stumps and things I had been seeing since early morning but the shape was different. I finally decided that it was no stump this time but no head or flag was to be seen. Just a round body and two hind quarters, and as motionless as I myself was. Gradually it penetrated my brain that I was facing one of the most likely chances to achieve a reputation that had ever presented itself to me. Surely it was a deer waiting to breath its last breath. I raised my rifle, oh so quietly, snapped a twig under my feet, to give him warning, I suppose, and he took it you bet for stepping forward his head appeared and he saw me. Why did I not fire? Well perhaps some one knows. I don't anyway.

He started and then I fired—alas too late—my golden opportunity had passed and my deer was frisking away as safe and sound as ever and I started after him in wonder at my stupidity. Oh for Joe or Cliff or even Ed. Ingham, surely they could have done something to him, poor shots as they are! From there out to the clearing I saw two more but it was no use I couldn't seem to get down to business, my mind was distracted, my nerve was gone and to add to my worries I came on the tracks of a horse, which I decided was Cliff's, bearing out the game he had secured early in the morning. I knew that I was not lost and from there out to the clearing nothing further disturbed me and I made the camp about 3 o'clock, footsore and weary but wise as an owl.

Cliff had a fine deer and so elated was he that he had shaved, washed his face and hands and was lying in state on the bunk smoking Hymans mixture with such satisfaction that I envied him.

After a little Joe sauntered in and he was as disappointed as I was although from a different cause. He told us he had covered about twelve miles and seen nothing. Supper was soon ready and my partridge made a delicious morsel for us. Ingham declared that night that he had conjured up a treat that would make fricasseed partridge take a third place at the feast and when he finally produced some toasted stilton cheese with crisp crackers we voted old "tete plumee" good as his word and the company settled down to solid comfort and pipes.

"Oh, Almerida" "what did you say about the Bar gate at Bethlehem this morning?"

"Well" said he "at one time about forty years ago a party of Trappist monks came up to the wilderness here and laid the foundations of what you have today seen. They cleared the land and as you must know by what you can see they made the little clearing



MR. W. HUBERT AMIE AND HUGH McFADDEN OF SHERBROOKE, P.Q., AND THEIR GAME

blossom like the rose. A church was erected which had been taken down at La Patrie and brought in by sections and a considerable settlement sprang up. Much was done and the place bid fair to rival La Patrie when suddenly the little band of workers was recalled to France and the enterprise was abandoned."

"Was this before you shot the big bear, 'Almerida'?"

"Oh yes many years."

"When did you get the bear Joe? Tell us about it."

"Well," answered Joe, "it was simply therefore this way" I was having a little hunt all by myself on the range next to us and as it was night and pretty dark I had my lantern with me *so as to be able to see ahead* when all at once I saw a black bear in the path. I only had one cartridge suitable for game of this size and as he turned to see what I was doing out at night with my lantern I fired and by the way he crashed into the bushes I made up my mind he was wounded. Following him up very carefully I found he had gone perhaps

two rods and was lying down badly wounded. I finished him with a charge of buck shot and the mayor gave me the Government Bounty, which was five dollars."

That night an urgent call from my office compelled me to leave my deer to their fate and I could only hope that I had wounded one and that the guide would get him the next morning.

A message reached me shortly after my return to business that it was exactly as I had hoped, for the next day *Joe got a deer* which of course was the one I had fired at so successfully.

During the week following another party under the guidance of Mr. Valmore Drolet of Sherbrooke, Que., among whom were Mr. W. Hubert Amie and Hugh McFadden, no mean hunters as you will note by the illustrations here given, were shooting in the district South of Bethlehem brook and brought out with them four handsome deer all of whom admitted they had been fired at and nearly hit the preceeding week.

Hunting Big Game on the Headwaters of the High River, Alta.

A Party of Eight Who Filled Their License

Bert W. Pierson

OUR party of eight comprised De Borgas, Chuck Clarke, Herb Clarke, McDonald, Cameron, Gier, E. Ford and myself. Our outfit included two Franklin Six Thirties and we left Calgary in a southwesterly direction, passing through the great southern Alberta oil fields. The roads were good until about a mile from No. 1 Dingman well, but here we encountered bad, slippery roads, caused by the action of a huge gusher at this well and found it necessary to put the wheel chains on all four wheels, and to put up the top and windshield to protect us from the heavy spray of oil, which still filled the air for miles around. We were going to pass the Black Diamond well on the way, but changed our minds for fear of coming in contact with more oil. We were headed for a country where auto traffic is seldom met with, and as we neared the mountains settlers became more scarce until finally we left them all behind. Previous to this, however, as we passed through one rancher's place we encountered a bunch of about thirty little pigs and Herb got out and ran one down. Covering it up with a robe he put it in the car, but in some way it managed to make good its escape and Herb was not fast enough to catch it a second time. Gier, with his party, in the car ahead did not stop for this bit of fun and so got a long way ahead of us. To further delay us he laid logs across the road where it was impossible for us to turn out and we had

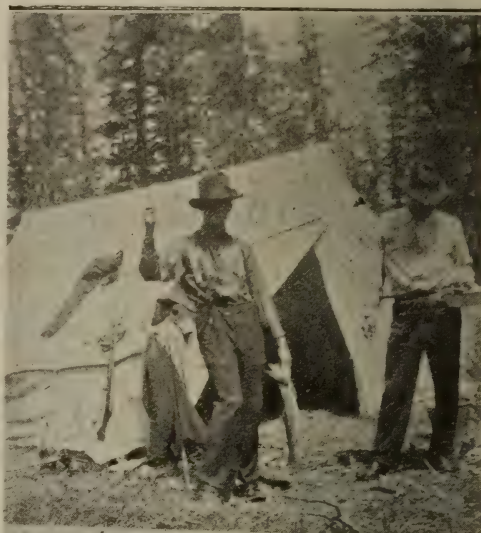
to get out of the car and remove them. We caught up, however, after a time, and then retaliated by doing what we could to hamper Gier and his party. First we removed a pole gate and laid it across the road, then we took the poles from a pole bridge, and in this way made sure that we would reach camp first. When we had arrived we pitched our tent and got things in shape and had time before night came to catch enough fine trout for supper and breakfast. Cameron was the champion fisherman. Four or five which he brought into camp he claimed weighed from eight to ten pounds apiece, but I happened to have a pair of small scales, and by these we proved that the heaviest one weighed only a pound and a half. Cameron covered his confusion by telling us about the ones that got away, which he was positive must have weighed at least seven pounds.

The following morning at 4.30 I had to resort to cold water to bring the boys to, and very efficacious it proved. When we were ready to start Chuck, Gier, Herb and I went out to see what we could get. There was no snow and deer hunting without snow is no child's play. We hunted all that day without any result except that we saw four deer on the way home, but they were too far off to shoot at. The following morning we were up at about the same time and found that there was nearly four inches of nice heavy snow. After breakfast we started up a high mountain at

the foot of which lay our camp. After climbing about fifteen hundred feet we reached a small level plateau upon which we saw fresh deer signs. I knew by their tracks and other signs that they had not been disturbed and took particular pains to see which way they had gone. When I had made this out I left Herb and Gier there and Chuck and I went in the direction the deer had taken. We had not gone far until I saw feeding, about six hundred yards off and several hundred feet higher than we were, a bunch of from eight to ten deer. I could see that from the position we were in we had little or no chance of getting a shot at them in the next hour or so, so we went back to where the other two boys were and told them what we had seen. We also brought them up to where we had seen the little bunch who were still grazing and quite unaware of any possible danger. I offered to pull straws with the boys to see which of us would go back and around to where we could get them between us, but they left it to me so I took Chuck and we went on our way, but not before I had made clear what I thought the outcome would be. We had to walk about three miles and keep under cover to get to a ridge on the other side of the canyon opposite to that on which we had left the other two boys. When we reached the spot for which I was aiming the wind was still in our favor. This enabled us to get much nearer than I had planned to get. When we came up to where I thought we could see the bunch I could see no deer so decided to stay there for a time and survey the country with glasses. It was only a few minutes before I got a glimpse of a fine buck, about three hundred yards off, too far for a safe shot, I thought. I could see no sign of the rest of the bunch, but knew they were there some place. I left Chuck there and crawled down out of sight and toward the one I had seen. When within about two hundred yards of him I loosened a large rock which made a big noise and he came toward me while several went the other way. I waited until he was within a hundred yards of me, then halloed and he stopped. Drawing a good bead on him I let go. He jumped towards me and I thought I had missed him. Then he made two or three more lunges in my direction and rolled down the hill until he came up against a big rock where he lay dead. Seven head ran over within one hundred yards of the other two boys and they got one apiece, both good ones. Chuck did not get one, however, nor did he even see the fun though he got some good sport later. When the three deer had been dressed we started for camp, which we reached about 5 o'clock. After taking care of the meat and fixing up the heads for packing we had supper and then went to the creek to fish. We made a catch, getting some that weighed from three to four pounds.

The next morning we started to look for more deer or bear. There was plenty of game of all kinds in this territory. We made the ascent up the same mountain we had been on the day before but took another route. This time I took Chuck, Gier and Cameron with me. When we separated Cameron and I went together and Chuck and Gier went in the

other direction. We had not been long separated when we ran across fresh bear tracks made that night. Cameron immediately got excited and I had difficulty in holding him back. After two hours' more climbing we heard a shot off to our left hand side and for the next five minutes the bombardment was something awful. Chuck has a Winchester repeating rifle and from the sounds we heard he must have brought his entire stock of ammunition with him. When the shooting had ceased I ran up on top of a ridge where I could see what was going on. Looking down the slope toward the shooting there seemed to be a timber fire which was just dying out. The smoke had cleared a little and I could see Chuck leaning on his gun in a pose that resembled that of a real bear hunter. When I got up to him he pointed out to me a little



ABOVE: AUTHOR ON RIGHT, MR. HERB. CLARKE ON LEFT

BELOW: EVERYBODY HAPPY

black bear about seventy yards off standing on three legs. By some means or another he had hit him in one hind leg. He swore that the bear was at least seven hundred yards away when he had fired the first shot. After this we discovered that the bear he had shot was with his mother so we started out in pursuit. Cameron finally got her after a good hard climb that took him nearly up to timber line. Chuck was not able to take a hand in getting the bear for he had no more ammunition.

We reached camp about 4 o'clock that afternoon and after a good feed of bear meat and some of Borgas' famous bannocks we played cards and then went to bed. Next morning we were to move camp, which we did, going by request to the cabins of Ernie Ford on Cat Creek. These cabins were fitted out with plenty of bedding and grub.

of it for a ride—the bucks would go like a streak of lightning when there were no trees in the way and McDonald had "some ride," until the buck struck a hidden rock in the snow. From there on the deer was on top half the time. The other buck was handled in much the same way. Finally about supper time we reached camp. Ford had a good supper ready which we were all pretty much in need of.

After breakfast the following morning we all crossed the river on the south side, except Herb and Ford who stayed at home to see the pretty squaws that were camped on the creek below us. After travelling together for a while we split up, Borgas, Cameron and I going on toward the head of Pickle Jar creek, some eight or ten miles from camp where we intended to spend the night. We reached timber line about dark on the head



SHOWING PARTS OF THE KILL

We were up early our first morning in the new camp and this time McDonald, Chuck, Gier and I started for the head of Buck Coulee, a place I knew to be inhabited by three or four old bucks. McDonald and Gier went into the heavy timber about half way up the canyon. Chuck and I went on up the ridge to a little pass or opening at the head of the Coulee where we expected the deer to come out if disturbed. After the boys had been gone into the timber about a half an hour, out came a bunch of four head at high speed. Chuck threw away four bullets but the fifth landed a fine buck. They then swung around and followed the ridge back toward camp. As they passed McDonald also got one, a nice two year old. All the party got together again shortly afterwards and then came the hard part for it took all four of us to get the buck Chuck had shot up to the top of the ridge where we could slide him down on the other side. The one McDonald got was nearly on top when he shot it. He started his down a long grassy slope and jumped on top

of the creek. We made a place to crawl into for the night with some pine boughs, and had some coffee and some of Borgas' bannocks. Then we crawled in but on account of the cold and the wind, which was blowing very hard, were unable to sleep much. Most of the next day was spent in climbing steep slopes and surveying the country, and while we frequently ran across deer tracks we did not get a sight of anything until about 5 o'clock that evening. We were sitting on a ledge of rock for a rest when I saw about a hundred yards below us among the fallen timber two deer. They had not seen or heard us and we had the wind. We sat still and watched them for a long time. Finally one fellow moved into a clear space and stood looking about him. Borgas thought it a good chance to get him so let fire. The bullet entered his flank but did not knock him down and he jumped into the timber, as did the rest of the bunch. We saw no more of them for about an hour. When we did run across his trail we could tell by the blood on the snow

he had been pretty hard hit. Every time he jumped the blood shot out on either side in great splashes but nevertheless he hung on a long time before he lay down the first time. The whole bunch were now together and travelling toward camp and we soon noticed that the wounded deer was lying down more and more frequently. Finally we saw him lying down about a hundred yards away

and his mate standing beside him. Cameron cut loose at the one that was standing and knocked her down. Then Borgas walked up to within a few feet of the one he had shot and finished him off. By this time we were within a mile of camp and as it was then too dark to do any business that night we left our trophies behind and went on to the camp. Next day we took plenty of help and brought them in.

IN SUMMER

Carolyn B. Lyman

I lose my heart
When summer hours
Bring back the birds,
The bees and flowers;
When laughs and sings the long bright day,
The little brook along its way;
I lose my heart.

A breezy thing,
It drifts about,
It tarries where
The speckled trout
Are hiding, nor does it stay:
'Tis here and there the livelong day;
A breezy thing.

A wayward thing,
'Tis in the note
Of meadow lark—
Of yellow throat;
And, with their wings, it flies away
In wantonness, nor will it stay.
A wayward thing!

No more my heart,
But one of wings,
Of flowers, and songs
The wood thrush sings.
In life that comes only to stay,
The sunny hours of summer's day,
I lose my heart!

SALMONIER RIVER, NEWFOUNDLAND

Salmonier River is one of the best known rivers in Newfoundland

"Peak House"

THE very name Salmonier implies that this river has been noted for these fish from time immemorial, at least four hundred years since Cabot's discovery of our Island.

The name is of old English derivation, and means the man who caught salmon, just as we explain the meaning of mountaineer as the man who climbs mountains. You can readily see how the river got its name in the olden times for the salmon were caught by weirs at the mouth of the river, and the other fishermen in search of codfish pointed out this river, as where the Salmonier lived.

This river is the great favorite of our sporting fraternity, who are eagerly watching out about the first of July for a telegram from the warden of the river advising them that the salmon run has commenced. The salmon keep coming up the river in hundreds and thousands for a month or six weeks, the length of the season depending to a great extent whether it is wet or dry. Should the river be flooded as happened this season, the salmon ascend the falls quickly, but should the weather continue too dry they remain stagnant in the pools.

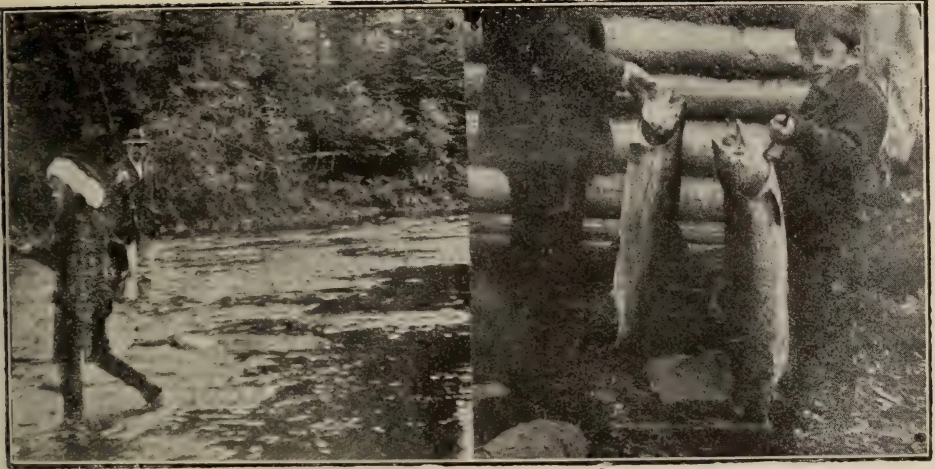
An amateur fisherman has to be very lucky or he must stay for at least a week and work

hard from dawn till dusk to be successful in getting a good catch, but the old hands are almost sure of three to five salmon per day, and very often they will bring in that number before breakfast.

This river has never been noted for large salmon, but they are strong, and give splendid sport. The average weight is from five to eight pounds, and a twelve pound salmon was considered extra, but the wardens of the Game Department have been preserving this river in recent years, and the result of their endeavors can now be shown. The accompanying picture shows a twenty pound salmon caught this year by Henley Munn, an eight year old boy, who is a real little sport. This little chap caught the salmon with a brown-heckle, and played the fish himself, and beached it, as it was too big for the landing nets. He was undoubtedly very lucky as if the salmon had left the pool, it would have taken him or his rod down the river, but he refused to give up the rod to anyone, and had a record success that he may well remember all his life.

The Salmonier is about forty miles in length from the Atlantic till it reaches Ocean Pond, the home or breeding spot of the salmon.

The most charming spot on the whole river



HENLEY MUNN AGED EIGHT: "A REAL LITTLE SPORT" WATCHING FOR A BIG ONE,

HE BEATS HIS BROTHER WITH THE CATCH OF THE SEASON, THE LARGEST SALMON CAUGHT AT PINSENT FALLS FOR MANY YEARS.

is Pinsent Falls. At this spot it rushes through a droke or deep gorge with well wooded steep hills on both sides probably two hundred feet high.

Sir Robert Pinsent, who was better known forty years ago as Judge Pinsent, will always be remembered as the pioneer (in this locality) for the royal sport of catching salmon with rod and fly. There are many deep pools in shady localities and again water falls, and rapids with ideal spots for the salmon to rest in their ascent of the River. There are quite a number of small log cabins or camps situated at favorite spots, where those who love this sport endeavor to have a week of rest from business. It is no rest from excitement as from the first streak of dawn about three o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night you are liable to have those thrills of sport when a lordly salmon is tugging away at an eight ounce rod with an occasional dash

round or down the river. When you see that salmon mad with terror jumping from the water, and trying to spit that little fly from its mouth you begin to realize the ambition of the true sportsman.

One of the great attractions to Salmonier river is that no boat is needed. With your rod you can readily work both sides of the river, and it is easily crossed. In the deep pool at Pinsent Falls you can watch from the rocks one hundred salmon or more swimming around, and study their piscatorial habits, or lay plans for the building of submarines that may one day astonish the Admiralty.

It is quite possible that in the near future our Government will wake up to the opportunity of deriving a revenue from sportsmen visiting these rivers, but at the present time everyone is welcome, and you can get the greatest sport and pleasure from the most healthful recreation for practically nothing.

TREES

Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Rondeau Provincial Park the Paradise: Rondeau Bay the Slaughtering House

"Broncho"

ONE needs only to enter Rondeau Provincial Park to experience the thrills that accompany a true love of bird and animal life.

Having been warned beforehand of the strictness of the superintendent it was my pleasure on one occasion to beat the barrier and venture within the gates leading to the interior of the park. To my right stood the mansion of the keeper upon the verandah of which he sat studying out improvements. I did not wish to disturb him in his meditations and indeed I preferred to be alone to ponder over the opportunity that was within his grasp to maintain and beautify this place that the Almighty had given the people and the fur and feathered tribes.

As I straggled along, the underbrush and twigs crackling beneath my feet, I was confronted by a face of innocence, that of a deer and looking behind me I found there were two more. Silence reigned supreme, except for the slight sound made by the bristling of my hair, and as I took a step forward my friends departed, tossing their heads and waving their flags in quiet farewell.

Onward I trudged and again I was halted by the voices of many songsters exchanging notes in their native tongues and laughing at me as I stood on the edge of a marshy part of the park watching the hasty departure of a number of muskrat to their homes.

At this point I was aroused by the distant discharge of firearms and as I approached the water's edge I was amazed at the cannonade and fusilade which was being directed at the wild ducks. There were punters, their boats loaded with pumpers, rushing hither and thither in a mad race for supremacy, bound on the destruction of the seed stock of our migratory visitors. Upon enquiry I was told that these were a sample of the market hunters operating on this bay and in close proximity to the park. From my experience I concluded that they were nothing else than prowlers, thieves and marauders and a menace to birds and beasts alike.

I re-entered the park to enjoy peace and quietness and return by the road I had come. It was during this return trip that I had an opportunity of viewing the park and needless to say I was thunderstruck at its neat and cleanly appearance generally and this appeared all the more marvellous when I considered the very vast acreage that was under the charge of one man. Whoever he was he deserved credit for his interest in his duties and the Government which appointed him

deserved credit for a wise appointment.

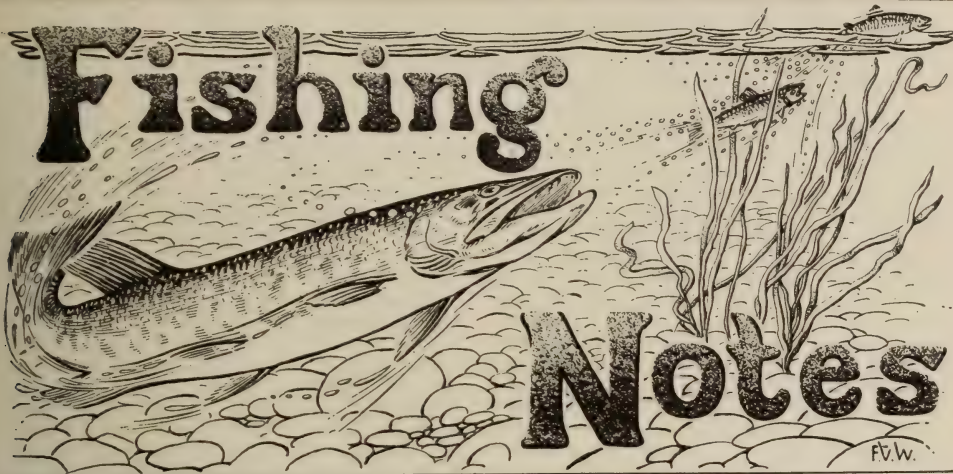
When I returned to my home and thought things over I began to feel that it was not strange that I should abandon all fear of entering a game protective controversy with friends and opponents of wild life conservation. Some of the correspondence entailed by this controversy proved most pleasant and some quite as disagreeable.

I sometimes wonder if there is any more genuine expression of benevolence than that of exploiting game protective proposals for the saving of the lives of our game birds and animals, unless it be the actual culturing and feeding of species during the months when they require it. When I see what some European countries have done and are still doing to save the birds from extinction and preserve them for the pleasure of rising generations I begin to feel as though we in Ontario were very far behind in feelings of humanity. However I look forward to a day when conditions and times will be different and we can devote as much attention to and become as enthusiastic over the presence of wild life in our fields, marshes and forests as they of Sweden and adjoining countries.

Surely the time is ripe for a change. The preservation of our forests and our game is uppermost in the minds of many and those who have been opposing sane measures of protection are gradually coming to their senses and realizing the necessity for drastic action if the remaining fragment is to be conserved. It is deplorable that our opponents have been so slow in reaching this conclusion for what might we not have accomplished had we not waited until our stock had reached such a low point. However, better late than never.

The proposals printed in your last issue were doubtless arrived at through the expression of ideas and the relating of experiences of qualified sportsmen throughout the land and must necessarily merit adoption by the Government.

Rondeau Bay, in particular, requires many of the proposed measures before it can be made harmonious with the adjoining park. Sportsmen of Ontario should seize an early opportunity to elaborate their views on this important question, having regard not only to Rondeau but to other similar recreative grounds, as only by their co-operation can we hope to secure the adoption of the proposed amendments.



THE ATLANTIC SALMON

Robert Page Lincoln

THE reel should be in the one hundred yard size to admit, as I mentioned in the last chapter, of about that number of yards of the enameled silk line. Some of the best of these single-action reels for salmon come rather high, and if you pay twenty dollars for such a reel you will get one of German Silver and rubber; coming in nickle and rubber you may be able to get one for twelve dollars. One I have in mind will cost you that price and it is a very good reel. Another reel, coming in very serviceable and durable material, with mountings in nickled-silver will cost the sum of eight dollars; this reel is the standard size for large salmon; for grilse and small salmon you may get a reel in the same make for five dollars and a half. The handle of this reel is directly connected to the revolving plate and lying close to the reel, never fouls the line. One thing the salmon reel must possess and that is a strong drag. When the fish gets to running it is a very good thing to have such a drag to put a stop to a cutting flight, particularly when you fear your line fouling. It is a very good idea to have your reel supplied with a large spool so that swifter winding is the result. With a narrow spool, slow winding, or absorbing of line, is the rule, and sometimes one will find need of hasty winding.

If there is one thing in the salmon angler's outfit that must be well chosen, that is the various flies for use. Any old fly will not do. This is not however laid down as a rule. Just like trout the salmon will at times take most anything that has the resemblance of an insect. If they are in the taking frame of mind they will not hesitate about snapping up a desirable looking fly; then most anything will do. It might truly be said that the salmon fisher has need of very few flies, that

is; types of flies. A certain number of each type should be added. I would say, if going on a long trip, away from civilization, then have in your book about six of each, especially of those flies known to be most killing under all conditions. Nine or twelve flies is sufficient; some suggest that six kinds are plenty, though this is left entirely to the individual. I will name the flies in the order of their killing ability, and perhaps, if you wish, the last named may be cut out. The Silver Doctor and the Jock Scott are so well and favourably known, and have always proved so killing, that they should by no means be left out. The Durham Ranger comes third, with a reputation equally as good as the first two. Add then the Brown Fairy and the Black Fairy and you have some flies with which you should not be afraid to face any stream, under any variety of conditions, in any part of the country. One great angling authority avers:

"It will be observed that Jock Scott, Silver Doctor and the Fairies are included in the flies most appropriate for all stages of water, and varieties of weather, and although I have never done it myself, I think a man provided with an ample stock of different sizes of these three flies could catch as many fish in any river of this country as if he had the entire stock of any fly-tier in the world to choose from."

A sixth fly of note is the Dusty Miller; seventh, the Silver Grey; eighth, the Black Dose; ninth, the Nicholson; tenth, the Popham; eleventh the Butcher, and twelfth, the Tomah Joe.

Out of this collection you will draw some of the most killing flies extant. The selection of flies is one open to controversy; for salmon fishing has been one of the most debated topics in piscatorial literature, not so much

in our day, as in the past, when such past masters of the art as Charles Hallock, Dean Sage, William C. Harris, John Harrington Keene, Henry P. Wells and many others placed the great pastime before us. One thing the salmon angler should have with him and that is a variety of feathers for fly-tying. This has been suggested also to the trout fisher, but for the salmon fisher it will prove more interesting and productive. The salmon has some degrees of eccentricity in its body. Sometimes even the standard winners fail to cause them to rise. Then a repairing to the bank and the making of a fly, or the addition of a few experimental feathers or hairs, or tinsel, or a bit of silk may instantly cause a rise. This has been proven time and time again, not only to famous salmon fishers, but also to the average fisherman.

In the selection of hooks, as to size, it should be remembered that one hook size alone will not do. Large, medium and often small hooks should be included. If a large-sized fly will not take, the putting forth of a smaller one of the same kind will often register a kill. Ordinary Sizes, 2 and 4, are most commonly used; also the I and the I-O. Sizes 2-0 and 3-0 are also used. Very small flies should not be used. It takes exceptional skill and patience to use these and often the result is an escape on the part of the fish. Salmon flies, because of the time taken in trying them, cost a pretty price. Jock Scott flies cost fifty cents a piece, or six dollars per dozen. Silver Doctors may be had for five dollars and a half a dozen. Durham Rangers cost fifty cents, or about six dollars a dozen. The Fairies cost something like twenty cents each, or two dollars and a half per dozen. All these prices are named for size of hook No. 4. No. 2 comes higher; the No. I-O goes higher still. Nor are single hooks the only variety of hook, and number of hooks used. There are found upon the market, and they are to a certain extent in use, the double hook, which purports to put a firmer hold on the fish. These fly hooks cost from five to ten cents more per hook than the single-hooked affairs. That a knowledge of tying the salmon fly is not amiss, to the man who intends to travel along these courses for pleasure, may be readily seen from viewing the above prices. One should remember that good material is demanded; cheap flies, as in trout fishing, are more or less of an abomination. The flies that you pay from twenty to fifty cents a piece for are flies that can be depended upon. They are not tied haphazard by men, boys and girls in factories who do not know what they are to be used for and who evidently judge them by their coloration to be destined for parlour ornaments. Good flies are tied by men high up in the art; who know the trick of it; and what they are to be used for.

A fly-box, for the eyed-flies, and a leader box for the leaders are two little things that are very necessary.

Fly-boxes may be had in tin and aluminum, some of them furnished in rubberoid finish. One of these boxes in black rubberoid finish, with rust proof clips, holding twenty-five salmon flies will cost one dollar and seventy-five cents. Another box in the same material

six inches long, will hold forty flies, costing two dollars and twenty-five cents.

A leader box will cost forty or fifty cents.

That a gaff is a necessity in the paraphernalia of the salmon fisherman one will find out after a little experience. Ordinarily if wading the stream a guide or a companion follows you and does the gaffing. Take-down gaffs are found on the market, and they very well serve your needs. When this gaff is jointed it has a length of eight feet; the hook itself is detachable and is eight inches long and two and one half, or more inches wide. But by far the best gaff I know of is a certain automatic gaff that you may purchase at most any reputable sporting goods store or big company. A sort of a trigger affair, or central point, I should say, acts when the gaff is jabbed into the fish. The two clinchers then spring to, and close on the object assailed. This is known as a clincher gaff and is about the best in the gaff line that I know of. No handle comes with this. It has its socket and a handle may be put in upon arriving at the grounds. It takes up little or no room in the outfit. A long time ago gaffs were used almost entirely in the salmon angling operations but now one will find large hoop nets also in use. These have a span of about two feet. Though useful they are clumsy and from the point of convenience are not to be thought of. Much depends upon what conditions you are fishing under as to how you shall gaff your fish. Sometimes if on rocks and ledges a ten foot length of gaff handle is none too great a length. Gaffing under such circumstances as when one is on the rocks, certainly is a puzzle. Where the shores lie low, and where there are smooth sandy beaches the beaching of the fish is a thing of possibility, but under very few conditions do such places present themselves to view. In using the ordinary one point, turned hook gaff one must be very careful to get the fish just right, and the right place to gaff the fish is just back of the head at the shoulders or practically speaking, the balancing point of the fish. Hook him backward, in the belly for instance, and you will soon find out to your sorrow that you hit the wrong spot. Great care must be used in gaffing the fish, especially when the fish is a great fellow and has not been thoroughly exhausted. In such cases a guide or a companion is more or less of a necessity. Many anglers have in their possession a small pistol, of the Stevens type, and shoot the fish. This is a very good idea and recommended not only in salmon fishing but when you go out for great northern pike, lake trout and muskies.

That there is a great deal of science in the art of salmon angling goes without the saying. Says Charles Hallock, the Dean of American Sportsmen, (who at a ripe old age is still living in Washington, D. C.,) in a treatise on salmon fishing:

"Lots of things are to be borne in mind when one goes salmon fishing. One object is the reel. Keep your eye on the drag and don't let the line back-lash, or overrun. An unexpected jerk on the line will do this and make mischief in an instant which an hour of labor will not undo. In general, a heavy salmon

hooks himself by carrying down the fly in water which is curly, else he is not hooked at all. To strike a salmon on a taut line when well down the stream will be fatal to the tackle. An old angler simply lifts the tip of the rod gently and so tightens the line at the proper instant. In dead water, or back eddy, when the fly is well under the surface, a smart stroke is not only admissible, but necessary. When to strike, how to strike and whether to strike at all, are questions of the moment, not to set precept. Categorically, the whole subject of salmon angling is one of varied and continued practice. An angler may fish the same river all his life with the best of success and yet fail to kill on a different river until he has studied its different idiosyncrasies. It is the intensely specific characteristics of rivers which make salmon fishing a superlative art and the most difficult to master of all piscatory attainments. A doctor might as well undertake to diagnose one case by the symptoms of another as for one angler to judge of the temper of one river by that of another. The more we fish the more surely we discover this truism and its parallel. One cannot always judge character by physiognomy; we discover it by trail. The master hand may outline the rote and routine of an angler, but he cannot make an adept. Perhaps this is why an old hand is tempted to discard treatises. Fortunate he may be if he is not compelled now to hang up his rod forever. To the contemplative angler, still robust and hearty, but poor of purse, it is misery to reflect that he must yield his pastime before his day is run. Rivers continue to flow, and the splash of the salmon is heard in his stream, but he may not fish; the priceless waters are open only to the few who can afford to buy. The willow wand is superseded by the golden rod. But what astounding sums these angling privileges command. Ten, twenty, thirty thousand dollars, and even more for a few rods of river front with a bare fortnight's fishing per annum. To those who have enjoyed the freedom of the river, without money and without price, in years gone by, the changed conditions of things seems strange!"

Casting, as typified in salmon fishing, is an art in itself and is learned only through rigorous experience. One makes his cast across river and sloping down the stream. Perfect command over the faculties must at all times be striven for and careful work is the work that brings success. Somewhere an angling writer has said that a nervous man will never make a good angler of the fly casting type. This may or may not be true but assuredly it is true that skill and practiced casting and unhurried work are what counts. Fish your waters carefully, making as little noise as possible. Do not become impatient. Make your first casts close in and then work your line out until you have taken in all the water more or less within a radius of eighty feet. Dragging the flies in the water under the surface, by the submerged method, is usually as prolific of success as any other. The flies should be worked gently back and forth to give animation to the feathers, or the wings. Dragged through the water one way they present little or no animation and the fish are rarely, if ever, aroused to rise and strike.

There comes a time when you have fished and studied the ways of this fishing long enough when you can almost tell where your fish lies. You will know what fly to select and you will find that a jumping from one fly to another is not always the way to usher in success.

And as to the time of day when to fish, there is another puzzler. Some hold that the very early morning is prolific of very few fish and that it is practically useless to go out before nine o'clock; others will find that before that time they may be taken. Eccentricities are also noted by the way in the salmon family as well as among the trout and the bass. However from nine o'clock, on, good fishing is the rule. The evening hours are also good at times, despite reports to the contrary. When fishing in the evening use rather larger hooks than ordinarily: size I and I-O will do very well. Ordinary hooks are used in the single barb form. It should be noted that salmon flies may be had tied to double hooks, but those who believe in fairness will rarely use them, believing the process unsportsmanlike, and therefore tabooing it. Salmon are also caught by the live bait system, and upon various phantom minnows and artificials; in fact the Ouananiche is very chary about rising to the fly; some use live bait entirely for this latter fish.

In those rivers where wading is the rule, those rivers being shallow enough for the purpose, the angler must, as a matter of course be provided with wading foot-wear, and while in trout fishing the ordinary hip boots can very well and favourably be used, in deeper rivers nothing short of waders that reach to the waist, in pants form can find favour. These English waders, so-called from the fact that they are made in the mother country, are very excellent; those in the stocking form being worn with rubbers of a durable make. They are highly recommended. Waterproof trousers of medium weight, of stout twill, will cost something like ten dollars; in a lighter weight but of fawn sateen with stocking feet, will cost higher, generally eleven dollars being the price. American made wading-trousers, with boot feet, will cost twelve dollars; they come in a mackintosh finish. Having mentioned footwear it might be as well that a few words be handed in in regards to clothes, for serviceable material and durable material and warm material are needed. Woolen underwear and stockings, or socks, are generally the best; and canvas coats, of the hunting variety with many pockets find favour everywhere where angling is the rule. Khaki material is very good, and the waterproof, so-called duxbak is just as good as any that I know of for all sorts of weather, and particularly suited to bad weather. Duxbak clothing, by the way, is waterproof and it has a lasting wear about it that places it easily foremost among outdoor garmnets.

In warm weather it is always well to go out as loosely clad as possible. This holds good also for trout fishing for the reason that one has more elbow room. Finish off with a pair of good material riding-breeches, those that lace along the leg. You will obtain a very serviceable pair for five dollars; flannel shirts of the greenish, army style are the best on the market.

THE AUTOMATIC REEL

Robert Page Lincoln

THE proposition of selecting a reel for fly-fishing has been treated with due care and various reels of the single action sort have been tabulated and recommended for use. Some of these reels, coming in the best of material, in German Silver, are the most excellent that manufacturers can produce and as such naturally command a good price. Their lasting merits need not be recounted, they are standbys, and fill the bill. These reels may be had in price from six to ten dollars; and certainly some of the most satisfactory fly reels in the world are, and have long been put out by Messrs. Hardy, Alnwick, England. The Hardy reels have an established reputation, and since all of their wares are dependable, long use may be had from them without breakage or deterioration. Regarding one of his latest fly reels Mr. J. J. Hardy says:

"It is satisfactory to be able to report considerable progress in the development of fly reels. In no part of the angler's equipment has so much valuable progress been made. The old form with its side plates held together by screwed intermediate bars, which were a big job, and required quite a number of tools to take asunder, has gone, and a good riddance. Imagine a reel getting wet or half full of sand and no means of clearing it out until one got home and found the tool box. Those who have once used Hardy's Perfect reels with ball bearings, regulating check and line guards, which can be dismounted in a minute, without the use of any tools, would hardly be satisfied to go back to the older form, or indeed to any reel which requires a tool chest and some knowledge of mechanics before it can be dismounted. This excellent reel, which is so well known, was happily only the parent of others, of the same kind, with differences found necessary to meet the special requirements for each kind of fishing. The original form is still retained in the salmon sizes, but in the trout sizes we have the contracted form for quick winding. The same reel is made with circular agate line-guide, and again another with agate bar and facings. The Halford improved pattern of the St. George is another of the class specially designed as a light, large drum reel for dry fly fishing. Then there is the Special

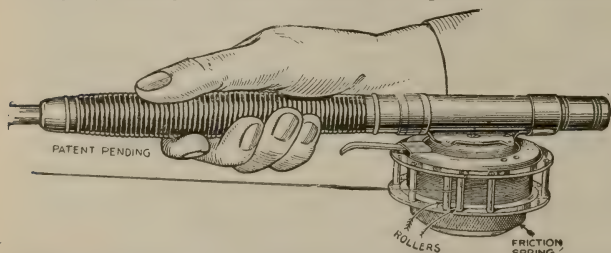
Perfect, for loch fishing where a very long line needs to be carried, and lastly, the Bougle, as an extra light reel for small rods. A most notable recent improvement is the patenting of an arrangement by which all liability of locking in the check work is avoided."

This is but one of the new features on the Hardy reels, which have proven surprisingly efficient.

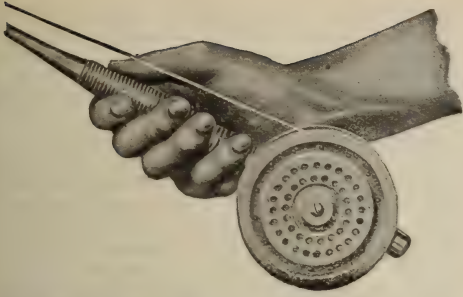
A reel must not be too heavy when used in the pastime of fly casting, or fly fishing. The reel should be of the correct balance, for a too heavy reel on a light rod, or a too light reel on a too heavy rod will throw it far out of balance and one will suffer points in efficiency as a direct result. That correct balance and more evenly proportioned reel and rod weight should be looked into there is little doubt.

In fly fishing the reel has been confused as an implement almost entirely meant to hold the line; and it is pointed out that only for a certain scant time is it directly brought into use. That this is true in a number of instances we all know to be a fact, but can that be said of it all of the time? The process wherein the reel is brought into use, in any detail, in trout fishing is as follows. *First*, the line is stripped from the reel and the casting of the fly is under way. The reel is then scantily in use. A spot being covered it may be desired to finish with a short line, hence the rod is turned, reel up, and the line is reeled in. *Second*, a fish is caught, and yet the reel cannot be said to come into its own. Here is a matter that has been touched on so sparingly, if at all, by angling writers that I am taking up space to explain the method of reel usage from the time the fish is hooked to the time it is landed. Instantly upon the nip at the feathers the barb is set. Your fish is on. For a few moments there is a fight that holds you breathless and wondering if the light tackle, the leader, will hold him safely. But it does, though he races this way and that you follow him, always keeping the line taut, giving and taking in as desired—and yet the reel cannot be said to have come into use. Now that he weakens he must be impelled toward the net. Now the line will accumulate and how this accumulation is taken care of, if the reel remains stationary,

unused, is something that angling writers religiously endeavour to forget, and pass over with hardly a word. *First*, the line may be cast loose or coiled in hand and reeled in afterwards, since not a great deal will be between the fish and the net. *Second*, the reel may be brought into direct and more consistent use, but to operate this, and keep a taut line at the same time is something that requires more than a little attention to detail.



THE MEISELBACH AUTOMATIC. SHOWING HOW IT IS OPERATED BY A LIGHT TOUCH OF THE LITTLE FINGER UPON THE TRIGGER.



THE WELL-KNOWN Y. & E. ORDINARY AUTOMATIC REEL—THE UTICA; WOUND UP AS USUAL WITH THE MILLED DRUM.

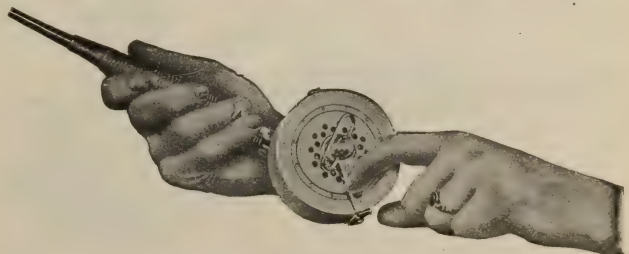
Ordinarily, however, one tries to get the line back on the reel if possible, though it is readily a fact that no two times can we operate the rod and reel alike for each fish we capture has seemingly a new way of fighting, he may rush now, and he may come easily along and then make a rush when all seems comparatively within safety, and the convenient net. The fish is played to within such a distance of you that by holding the line between the rod and the forefinger, and over the other fingers, the rod itself is moved backward over the head, at which time, if the fish is then within reach, the net is gathered around him and the deed is done. Whether you then have all the line on the reel, or whether you have coils of it to spare, you reel up and prepare for another try-out.

Here is where the automatic reel comes in for especial mention, in that its mission concerns itself with speedily gathering up that slack without the need of physical or mental effort. Your automatic is wound up by the drum on the plate. It is wound up something like a clock. Your fish is captured; you find slack accumulating; what then? A little lever on the automatic regulates the mechanism internally and a bare touch upon it with the little finger causes the line spool to revolve, to suit your fancy and your immediate needs and the slack is eaten up in a twinkling. The process is natural, and surprisingly convenient. It eliminates bother, worry and a trainload of other things. The lever is not out of the way. You do not need to turn the rod, so that your reel will be up. It is right there and the little finger is in close proximity to it. You touch it. It begins revolving. The rest is a matter of the fish, your net and yourself. The automatic speedily fulfills its mission. It is almost an absolute impossibility for a fish to get any slack line if your reel is used rightly. An automatic reel is singularly misunderstood by many of the piscatorial element, who have not tried it out and found to their satisfaction that this reel is workable, and will prove successful. Generally people believe that an automatic proposes pulling the fish bag and baggage into the boat, or into the net, for you, and that the strength is such that this feat may be done. This is a miscon-

ceived notion to say the least.

An automatic fulfills its purpose mainly in comprehensively absorbing that bothersome slack line that is naturally bound to accumulate and does not interfere in the least with your pleasure of playing the fish, which is really the height of the enjoyment and is the practical test of your piscatorial wisdom. Now in the case where large fish are taken, steelheads, gamey lake trout, or cold water generated rainbows, there are times when one finds himself in a pretty pickle indeed, and as often loses his fish. Why? Because of that inconceivable and treacherous slack line. In many cases the automatic therefore is a decided blessing. Ordinarily the automatic reel is wound up by a milled drum on the plate, somewhat in the manner of winding a clock—by spring work. This drum may be wound up when the line is out. Only the touching of the lever will set it going, when it will recover the line in proportion to its speediness. Being automatic, the spring is rewound when the line is stripped from the reel; thus: pull the line out and doing so you are rewinding the reel. Notable modern improvements in automatic reel production endeavour to escape the high rate of speed with which the older automatics were possessed. A touch of the spring of these reels will seize the hooks and the fish in the water with a terrific suddenness that astonishes rather than elates, and is far from being positively efficient.

The well-known and highly appreciated Meisselbach automatic reel is in this feature highly improved upon by the new process of speed retarding, known as speed governors. This speed is controlled automatically and is a patent controlled exclusively by the makers, who first became famous as the producers of the Takapart reels, which I have so many times recommended for use in bait casting. This moderate recovery of the line has merits that can be readily seen. Lightning speed of recovery is unnecessary; and the moderate form is practical enough for any needs. In the Meisselbach automatic also is contained a rather handy thing working in conjunction with the brake lever. If the reel is desired to revolve any length of time, this same lever may, without undue trouble, be moved with the little finger into a slot and speed will be put on till the lever is again lightly moved into its old place. When in this old place it works the same as any other automatic reel. In this reel there is also noted a device known as the safety winding spring; by this addition the spring



THE Y. & E. AUTOMATIC COMBINATION—SHOWING HOW THE SLIDE IS WORKED.

may be wound up whether the line is in or out; and there is no danger of overwinding when it is fully wound up. Also the place where the line passes out between the two rollers is noted; these revolve and in consequence the line suffers no wear, as it would if allowed to be reeled over a stationary surface. These rollers, or enclosures, are in reality what might be termed a reel guide, and it is on this guide that the line stands in danger of suffering the most wear. By the addition of these rollers (a feature of simplicity) the line cannot be injured no matter how long it wears against them. In the main the Meisselbach reel is made in very durable mechanism; the main shaft is of carbon steel, and runs on bronze bearings. The spring is made in the finest of tempered steel; the working parts are of hard brass. The milled spring box, or the drum of the reel, which you wind up is made of aluminum. A feature in this automatic is that it may be taken apart and put together again in about five minutes.

The Meisselbach reel comes from a reputable maker and the automatic above mentioned sells for the small sum of three dollars and one half. It may be procured of the company, 22 Prospect street, Newark, New Jersey, U. S. A.

This reel has a capacity of one hundred yards of Number 5 line.

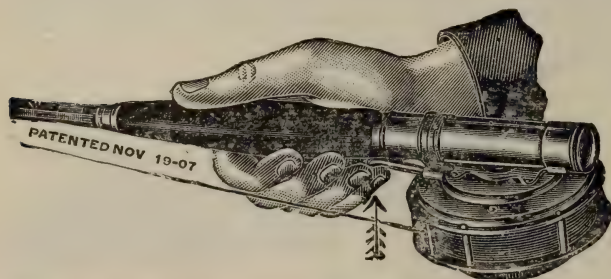
I have before mentioned the virtues of an automatic reel, and before I go on to the next reel I shall point out certain corners of Troutdom's Realm where it is especially useful. Take for instance brush environed streams, where there is constant need of reeling, and shifting the rod around; poking it in cautiously here, and easily and lightly there. How much work it often is to actually reel in on the single action or the multiplying reels! And how productive of comfort is one of these automatic reels. On large and rushing rivers, especially when bait fishing for the large rainbows, and particularly in the spring of the year, say, you have let a great quantity of your line drift down the stream, but suddenly there is that strike, and you find yourself far away from the fish and the hook; a touch of the automatic lever and as you work your fish skillfully in, along comes the line. At the same time, when you are fishing with the spinners here by light occasional touches on the lever, impetus may be given to the lure, and the sudden flash of it may attract the fish when otherwise he would pay no attention to it. Again, where there

is no current to set the spinners a-twirling, artificial force must be supplied, and in the old way it is done most generally by reeling, here it is done automatically; and you are able to fish water which otherwise you might pass by.

A reel with a very good reputation is the Kelso automatic, put out by the H. J. Frost Company, of 90 Chambers Street, New York City, U. S. A. This company puts out one of the meritorious bait casting reels I have mentioned in a previous article as being such an efficient tool. Just as is the case with their bait casting appliance, lightness is one of the features also of the automatic. It is made of aluminum throughout, which ensures its being more rightly balanced on a light rod. That lightness is a virtue in an automatic reel, as well as in a single action reel goes without saying. In the Kelso reel we have an appliance that can easily be wound up, and as in the Meisselbach the stripping of the line rewinds the spring. This reel is made only in one hundred yards size and will hold something like one hundred and fifty feet of Number 5 silk line which is the usual gauge of measuring capacity in automatics. While the Meisselbach reel has its well pronounced speed governors the Kelso reel is speedier and yet I have found that the sensitive finger can so well regulate it that at times it has virtues far above what one would imagine. Often a swift gathering of the line is necessary, and the fish may be rounded in in half of the time it would otherwise take. The Kelso, as I have mentioned, is light and can be used on a light wand of bamboo, though it is heavy enough for bass. The value of any reel depends on how long it will stand by you. The Kelso if care and consideration is accorded it, will be as good in five years as when it was first purchased. The Kelso sells for five dollars and may be purchased direct from the company, or any reputable sporting goods house.

An automatic reel of exceptional merit is the Yawman and Erbe reel, which may be purchased from Horrocks-Ibbotson company Utica, New York, U. S. A.

The Y and E reels are of a reputable make, with a firm foundation, that has been established for years. Not alone, are the Y and E reels widely used in this country, but they have also a wide sale in Europe. These reels which are neatly and simply made of the lightest of materials—aluminum—may be used on light rods and will hold a perfect balance, without interfering with your process of distance casting. This the heavy reel cannot do. Your heavy reel must also have a heavy rod to match it, before you can cast and get any results out of it. This company puts out reels in two styles: *first*, the automatic-combination reels, and *second*, the plain automatic reels, like the reels previously mentioned. The automatic-combination reel as will be seen in the two illustrations has a catch by which tension can be applied to the reel. Without pushing the



THIS IS THE KELSO AUTOMATIC, FAVOURABLY SPOKEN OF HEREIN.

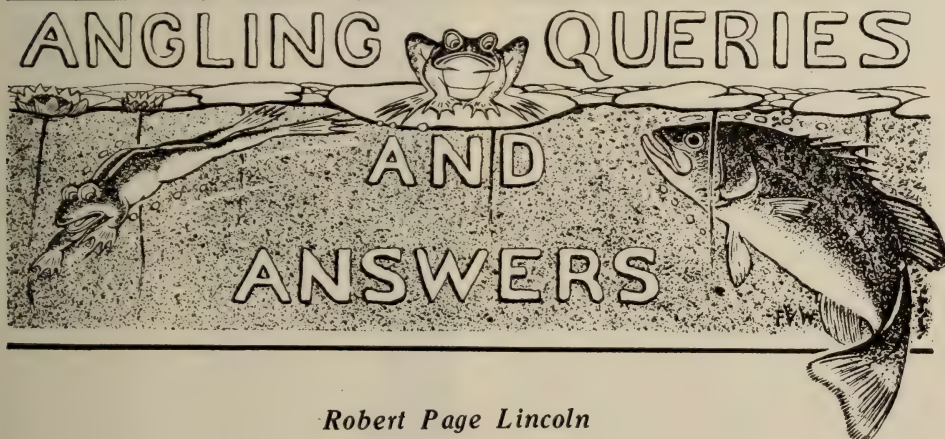
catch slide your reel is free-running; this is so as to enable you to cast freely without having to strip line from a line spool that is tensioned, and which, when drawn, rewinds the spring. When you have cast with this reel in its free-running state, the mere moving of the slide makes the reel automatic like the others. A departure also from the earlier forms of automatic reel construction is the key-winding feature. More tension to the line being desired, it can be applied by means of turning this key, or may be made to act according to your demands.

The Y and E reels of the automatic sort, made in aluminum with tool steel bearings are made in two sizes. Number one holds ninety feet of the usual number 5 silk line, and weighs eight ounces. It costs five dollars. The number two, one hundred and fifty feet of Number 5 silk line, and weighing twelve ounces is priced at six dollars. In the automatic-combination sort of reel there are three styles to suit the fisherman for various varieties of fishing. Style A weighs seven and one half ounces, capacity 125 feet of No. 5 line, and winding automatically fifty feet of line without rewinding, costs seven dollars. Style B, weighs eleven ounces; capacity 300 feet of No. 5 silk line; winds automatically 90 feet, and is priced at eight dollars. This reel by the way is the favourite of them all and is a

sure enough winner in all sorts of fishing. The largest reel of all is the Style C, with a diameter of four and one eighth inches, capacity 600 feet, winding automatically 150 feet without rewinding, which costs the sum of nine dollars, and is as good a reel for the money as can be found anywhere.

The Yawman and Erbe reels have a solid reputation behind them.

Above I have considered the three automatic reels I have had a chance to look over and thoroughly try out. Yet they are not the only automatic reels, for there is also the well-known Martin Automatic reel, manufactured at Ilion, New York. This reel has a lock brake that makes manipulating with the finger needless. "This can be applied at any time, controls the run of the line, giving the right pull to tire the fish without risking your rod or tackle." This reel, as usual in automatics has a milled drum, and a friction clutch so that line may be stripped from the reel when it is wound to its top-notch capacity. A lock break on this reel is another feature. It comes in many sizes ranging in spool capacity from seventy-five to two hundred and twenty-five feet, and is priced from five to eight dollars. The Martin reel company has a flawless reputation; and is noted for its production.



Robert Page Lincoln

No. 39.—Will you tell me whether or not the wall eyed pike is one of the pickerel family, and can you give me some information on how he is caught. Will a spoon get them or is there some other variety of lure that would prove as good? I am as yet a great deal confused on the question of pikes, muscallonge and the wall-eyed pike and would be greatly interested in knowing more about the question. I have had such trouble in identifying various specimens I have caught and have gotten into so many arguments about it, that I would like to have a statement in print from an authority, which I can keep to prove things by in the future. I trust I am not presuming

too much in this. If this passes your waste basket could I hope to hear from you?

William White, Upper Pen., Michigan.

Ans.—The question of identity of the pike and members of the pike family will always remain one of the puzzles that will rout out arguments innumerable, cause hair to raise on various heads, and local fish sharps to breathe their ponderous reiterations that a large pickerel is a musky; and that a wall eyed perch is nothing but another pickerel, and that a great northern pike is most conclusively a pickerel of the first water; or is even a musky; or that the whole works, each

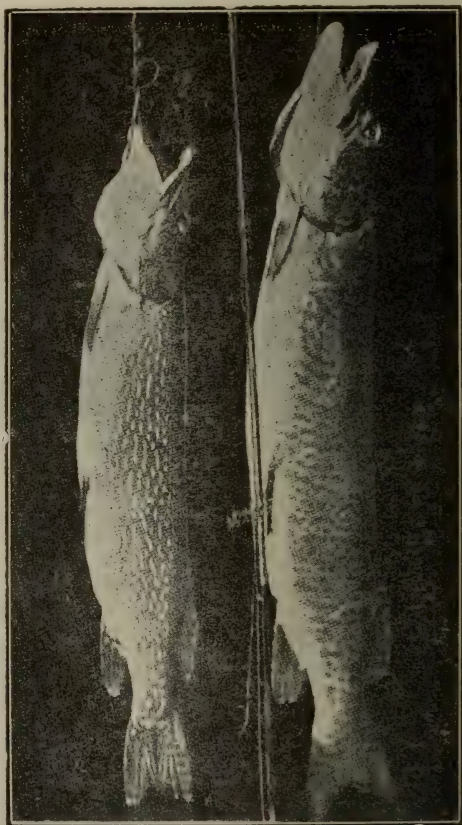
and individually, taken collectively, are pickerel, etc., I have taken upon myself the duty of once more explaining the situation so that hereafter there will be no mistake about it. You may tuck this away in your notebook and if you are ever argued against, and criticized, send the party to me and retiring to my study and to various stuffed specimens I will gently prove the truth of certain assertions.

First: A wall-eyed pike is not a pike at all; it is not a musky; it is not a pickerel—the name given it is a misnomer. It should be wall-eyed perch instead of pike, for the wall-eye belongs to the perch family, *Percidae*. It is technically termed, in Latin, *Stizostedion vitreum*. If the wall-eyed pike could not be told from the true pikes in any other way, remember this: The true pikes have only *one* dorsal fin, and that fin is rather far back toward the caudal, or tail fin. On the contrary, the wall-eyed perch, have *two* dorsal fins, the forward one being rather spiny, for the perch belong to the order of spiny fishes. Again, as is true of the yellow perch (*Perca flavescens*) the body is hard and free from slime. The pikes are invariably slimy. In death the eyes of the wall-eyed perch, or “pikes”, turn white producing the wall-eyed effect. There is another northern fish, found in Great Lake waters, and other Canadian waters, the sauger, (*Stizostedion canadense*), sometimes known as the sand-pike which belongs to the perch family though it rarely attains to any great length. *Lastly:* the wall-eyed “pike” is a perch and not a pike.

The pike, or an order of flat-headed fishes, *Haplomi*, gathers to itself three specimens, the pickerel, pike and muscallonge. Of the pikes, Dr. William Hornaday has said: “Like scaly assassins the pikes and pickerel lie in wait for their prey; and whenever one rushes like a green streak from under the lily-pads, and bolts a trolling spoon in one great, ill-mannered gulp, the angler feels a savage delight in thinking that it serves him right. These fishes are the most voracious creatures that inhabit our inland waters. Their ambition is to devour every living creature that comes in sight, and they prey upon all other fishes, frogs and amphibians generally, ducklings, other small aquatic birds and also small aquatic mammals.” Of the common pickerel Thoreau, the great American nature writer, has said: “It is the swiftest, wariest, and most ravenous of fishes, which Josslyn calls the river-wolf. It is a solemn, stately, ruminant fish, lurking under the shadow of a lily-pad at noon, with still, circumspect, voracious eye; motionless as a jewel set in water, or moving slowly along to take up its position; darting from time to time at such unlucky fish or frog or insect as comes within its range, and swallowing it at one gulp. Sometimes a striped snake, bound for greener meadows across the stream, ends its undulatory progress in the same receptacle.”

The common pickerel, (*Esox reticulatus*) is found pretty nearly everywhere; and there are two other members of the pickerel family, the pickerel of the Atlantic seaboard, the

(*Esox americanus*), and (*Esox vermiculatus*) of the middle west. However the common pickerel, or chain pickerel, is widely scattered. This, the common pickerel, grows to great proportions, and twenty and twenty-five pounders are occasionally taken in some of the northern lakes; and are then of course naturally mistaken for the well known great northern pike. The pickerel however are “banded”, rather than spotted as are the great northern pike; they are in other words, reticulated; and they are generally greenish and a light greenish as an almost absolute rule. The great northern pike are darker by far, and murky olive-gray would more nearly express it. The great northern pike is ten fold more wicked and murderous of countenance than the pickerel. Had I only a look at the head of a great northern pike I could instantly name him, *by his looks* as well as from the fact that on the pickerel the cheeks and the opercles are both covered with scales. While on the pike the cheeks are scaled all over, and the opercles are without scales on the lower half. The pike is identified by spottings, as a rule—the reticulations belonging to the pickerel. These spots are a shifting between white and yellowish, upon a background coloring of uniform gray-olive. There is also a means of



THE PICKEREL AND GREAT PIKE CAN READILY BE TOLD FROM MUSCALLONGE.

identification, the so called rays, or bones that are found in the gill coverings, by which breathing is facilitated, in the movement of opening and closing. These rays are found to the number of *eighteen or nineteen in the muscallonge*. The great northern pike has hardly ever more than *sixteen*, while the pickerel has the least, ordinarily from *twelve to thirteen*.

The great northern (*Esox lucius*) hardly ever grows to such a great size as the muscallonge, though far be it from me to say that large specimens are not taken. Some of those coming out of French River, Ontario are certainly some of the finest specimens in the north. The musky has blackish spottings on its sides; note that the pike has yellowish spots. The ground color scheme of the musky is usually more of a silvery grey than golden olive; and that the dominating tone is grey there can be little doubt. A great northern pike hung next to a musky will or should, instantly be recognized, by the shades and spottings. There should not be any confusion in telling a great northern pike or a common pickerel from a musky; it would be harder however to tell a large pickerel from a great northern pike of the same size, apart. The muscallonge (*Esox masquinongy*) has scales on the upper half of both the cheeks and the opercles; the lower half is bare of scales. Remember the grey of the musky; the bluish olive of the pike; the notable green of the pickerel, also the reticulations of the pickerel; the spottings on the great northern pike; the square-like spots on the musky which are blackish, as different from the yellowish ones of the pike. Remember, lastly, the scalings on the cheeks and the opercles of the three fish named.

The wall-eyed pike may be taken with either spoon or live bait trolled, though by far the better bait is the live bait, and frog or live minnow cannot be excelled for the purpose. The live minnow is so hooked that it will ride back up in the water, and be alive for some time. The wall-eyes run in schools, and finding a school all one has to do is to troll back and forth over the school, or cast for them. An oddity in this sort of fishing is that some of the best may be had in the late autumn months, and away into December in favoured years they may be taken more than ever successfully for it seems that the wall-eye is in his element, when the other fish are going into winter dormancy.

R. P. L.

No. 40.—Could you give me some information regarding the whitefish, and is there any manner of catching this fish with a lure in fishing? Though I have tried any number of times to interest these fish with bait and spoon I cannot say that I have ever made a capture. I should be glad to hear from you on this question.

Henry Ainloss, Ontario.

Ans.—Of the whitefish contingent there is only one member of which I am reasonably certain anything can be expected in a fishing way, for the whitefish can hardly be taken successfully in fishing. However the Sault

whitefish, found in eastern Canadian streams, and lakes of New Brunswick (*Coregonus labradoricus*) may be taken on flies, in fly casting; though this is about the only instance known when they do take the fly. The whitefish are not a marauding or cannibalistic fish. They are identified by their poor teeth, some having hardly any teeth at all; small mouths; large scales and the great hump on the back right back of the head. They are essentially a lake fish, not a stream fish; and pure water seems to be their chosen abiding place, for murky waters are as death to them. The most common and famous of the whitefish is the commercial individual (*Coregonus clupeiformis*), the white fish of the Great Lakes. It is the pan-fish par excellence; a tasty, delicate fleshed specimen, most agreeable to the appetite, which never seems to tire of it. Upon this whitefish the hump on the shoulders is most pronounced, and easily fixes the identity of the fish. The whitefish of the west, the Rocky Mountain whitefish (*Coregonus willisamsoni*), is slightly different from the eastern brother in that the nose is shorter and more blunt than that of the Great Lakes whitefish. The western whitefish is found here and there and everywhere in the mountain regions, in the Mackenzie and the Yukon rivers; also south into the United States as far as Colorado, and throughout the Sierra region, also on Vancouver Island, northward and coastwise. In the Great Lakes and also northward and westward to Alaska is found another whitefish member scientifically known as (*Coregonus quadrilateralis*); and as far as I understand it can be taken upon bait in fishing, though I can offer no special means. That whitefish can be taken upon the hook there is little doubt and it would be highly interesting if members of our family will give us some of their opinions upon it; for only in this way can we gain the most complete information.

R. P. L.

No. 41.—While it may seem out of the jurisdiction of fishing, perhaps you can tell me how pearls start in fresh water mussels, or clams. This has been a problem to me. Could you give me the necessary information? Can pearls be taken from the clam without killing the clam? That is to say, can the pearl be taken out, and the living clam be put back into its native home to continue, alive.

Russell Peterson, Fort William.

Ans.—While it is not generally understood how pearls start in fresh-water clams, still there is every reason to believe that they have their inception through a grain of sand getting into the shell, forming what is known as the nucleus. This grain of sand evidently causes an irritation, and no doubt hurts the clam; therefore the clam throws out a precious fluid known as *nacre* with which to surround this grain. The *nacre* forms around the grain and takes away the sharp corners making it less irritable. This *nacre*, or fluid, is thrown out to surround the pellet occasionally, and soon becomes a well established habit, as the pellet still remains inside. The result is the

valuable pearl, specimens of perfect luster bringing enormous sums of money.

To the best of my knowledge there is no way of taking the pearl out, and returning the clam, alive, to the water. The clam supply is gradually being destroyed, and perhaps in ten or fifteen years few will survive. The opening of the shell and the tearing apart of the insides in search of the pearl kills the mussel.

It has been thought that pearls may be artificially propagated by opening the clams and inserting the necessary grain of sand; but for some reason or another the success has not been what was expected.

R. P. L.

Letter:—I have read the question and answer contained in your last issue regarding muscallonge teeth and I am pleased that you have requested opinions of anglers concerning the matter as I would like to see this question cleared up.

I have caught muscallonge in different parts of Canada in July, August or September during the past thirty years and in Wisconsin one year, and I did not hear it stated until about ten years ago that they "shed" their teeth and get new ones annually.

When I come to think of it I do not now recall ever seeing a muscallonge that had lost all of its teeth. As an angler of long experience I regret to admit that I have never given this subject much consideration.

About ten years ago an Indian guide told me that muscallonge "shed" their teeth in the early part of July and do not have new ones fully developed until about the middle of August. After that whenever I caught a muscallonge I examined his mouth and in most instances those caught during July and the early part of August had inflamed reddish gums and their teeth did not look natural. That is to say, some teeth looked crooked or out of position and other muscallonge did not seem to have as many teeth as I thought they should have, but I do not recall catching a muscallonge that did not have any teeth.

The question is, do they actually lose all or any of their teeth at any season of the year? The thought has occurred to me that perhaps they may lose teeth of a certain age but not those of another age, or their teeth may all become loose at a certain time during the summer or their gums may become inflamed and all their teeth become loose and some of them be lost when catching and masticating live fish for food.

I do not know just when the gums of a muscallonge become inflamed and the teeth get loose, but I believe it is not long after the spawning season, which is generally in May.

No one I have ever met seems to know very much about muscallonge. I have read the statement that during June and July when muscallonge have sore gums and their teeth become loose they go among the weeds and live on marine insects which can only be revealed by a microscope; that these marine insects are very prolific and one female can produce a million a day. This may be true as regards the marine insects, but I have my

doubts. However, I have never found small fish or other hard food in the stomach of a muscallonge whose gums were inflamed.

The Indians of the Pickerel River Tribe say that as soon as the teeth of a muscallonge become normal they leave the grassy places and go to the rocky shores and reefs where they lie in hiding and dart out at unsuspecting bass, perch and other fish that go by. This I know to be true in lakes that have grassy bays and rocky shores but I have caught many muscallonge in lakes that had nothing but grassy bays and grassy shores.

I am more particularly interested in catching muscallonge than any other fish and I would like to know more of their peculiar habits.

I read an article some years ago in which the writer stated that a large muscallonge lays about one hundred and eighty eggs about the size of a pea. I do not see how this can be when three years ago this month I caught a female muscallonge weighing thirty-three pounds and her spawn indicated many thousands of eggs.

I have digressed from my text, namely, whether muscallonge actually "shed" their teeth annually, but I have done so for the purpose of broadening the discussion. It is more than likely that you can refer your readers to articles which will assist at least in clearing up some of the mysteries that seem to surround this truly wonderful fish as to the following points:

- 1st—Where do they spend the winter?
- 2nd—Do they feed during said period and if so what on?
- 3rd—Where do they spawn?
- 4th—When do they spawn?
- 5th—About how many eggs does a twenty or twenty-five pound muscallonge deposit?
- 6th—Do they go to the weedy shores and bays immediately after spawning?
- 7th—When do their gums become inflamed and they begin to lose their teeth?
- 8th—How long before they have fully developed new teeth?
- 9th—In the lakes where there are weedy bays and in some places weedy shores, when do they leave the weeds and go to the rocks?
- 10th—If they live, as is claimed by some so-called authorities, among the weeds when they are losing their teeth and getting new ones, how does it happen that they frequently strike at and are taken on trolling spoons which certainly indicates that they have no fear of biting on hard substances during the period of teething?
- 11th—Why are muscallonge and pike never found together and which if either holds the mastery over the other?

Yours very truly,
Edward O'Neil, Pittsburg, Pa.

Ed. Note:—It is gratifying to receive this letter from our subscriber, one of the oldest on our list. He is a fisherman of long standing, and his remarks and queries should be carefully attended to by fishermen everywhere who read this. We want to try and reach the older heads in this game of getting the best information extant, and if our readers will reply with such it will be thankfully printed.

As Mr. O'Neil remarks, at best there is little known regarding the muscullonge. We feel sure that there are veterans in the game who can answer the above questions if they only will take down their pens. We wish to make this our Canadian Anglers' Camp, and this department should be our fireside; so it is up to you readers to bring in wood to keep the embers glowing. This department is conducted for your pleasure, entertainment and profit. Your brother anglers like to know your views on the various angling topics. An editor of a department such as this is often sorely tried in that he is left without backing

or encouragement by older members of the Waltonian guild. Is it then true that the older an angler becomes, the less communicative he is? A crystalization of such true and tried knowledge helps to make such a departure as this eminently successful. Artistically and otherwise we hope to present to our readers the best in this department; and the editor will endeavour this coming year to present articles by all of the well-known angling writers, brief and to the point.

R. P. L.

A Forecast of the Contents of "Fishing Notes" Department for the Coming Months

This department is *your* department and you are asked to make the most of it in any way you feel would prove beneficial to you. The virtues or failings of an enterprise cannot be ascertained save through the co-operation of the individuals interested in it, and particularly is this the case with the magazine publisher who cannot know that he is pleasing his readers unless they show their interest by their co-operation. Great study and experience are necessary if one is to deal with the various subjects that may be gathered together under the head of fishing, and to deal with them successfully. Readers can help greatly to fill the needs of this department by proffering their advice and suggestions as to its betterment, and in contributing short accounts of fishing appliances and new methods or means of fishing. For the coming year we intend to list the various fishing grounds of Canada, along with advice as to how to get there, where to locate and what to bring along. This should and will be helpful to many and

readers can, by communicating with us, assist in furnishing this highly valuable information. Canada is a big place. She has plenty of elbow room. The fishing grounds are far from over-run; in fact there are places where you can catch bass two at a time on the fly rod. How to get to these places will interest many. Future numbers of this magazine will contain articles dealing with the dry fly, fish culture, rod making, fly tying, etc. and will be of such value that the amateur cannot afford to be without them, for it is the intention of the editor of this department to explain each move carefully and to avoid that mysterious un-get-at-able method of explanation employed by so many writers. Each move in these details will be skilfully illustrated. Our intention is to make this department one of the best published in any sportsman's publication and while we have this yet to prove we feel that with your co-operation anything is possible.



A CANOE TRIP

W. R. Bocking

A little missionary work along the line of telling Canadians what kind of a country they inhabit would seem to be not only a patriotic but a necessary undertaking. This summer I took a 100-mile canoe trip along one of the finest routes in the north country, passing through Timagami Forest Reserve, and in the whole five weeks met only one other party of travellers: They were Americans from Buffalo.

I believe the only reason more Canadians do not make use of the magnificent waterways of Northern Ontario is that the idea of a canoe trip has never been presented to them. There must be hundreds of young men, and older men too, who either own canoes or could obtain them for two or three weeks in the summer, and who would welcome a vacation in the woods if they once undertook to plan one.

It does not require experience, and a small initial outlay will provide a camping outfit that will last for years. A book by Stewart Edward White, "Camp and Trail", is a splendid help in the matter of equipment, while a little volume, "Camping and Canoeing," by J. E. Jones (Wm. Briggs) is of inestimable value in the matter of selecting a route. Both books treat fully of camp cookery and food supplies.

Last year, through reading these and similar books, I got the wilderness fever. So feeling rather green about everything in

general, and cooking in particular, a pair of us struck off with an outfit to do 125 miles in Algonquin Park. We had the best month's holiday of our lives. We did not get lost, nor drowned, nor attacked by anything larger than mosquitoes. We found ourselves able to build fires, make comfortable camps, and negotiate heavy packs on portages with very fair success. And the products of our cooking, instead of being poisonous, or at least ludicrous, as we had expected, turned out to be really palatable and enjoyable.

This year, with confidence born of a whole month's previous experience, three of us did 100 miles in the Timagami Reserve. Once more we were able to keep comfortable, fare royally, and find our way home safely; and now we hope that in future our summer's holiday in the woods may come as regularly as our winter's work in town.

There is a secret influence at work in the wild places of the North that seems to cast a spell over the men who have once been in them. One can never forget the lakes of such wonderful beauty, the rivers, peaceful or turbulent, the quiet portage paths, or the mighty forests of real trees. It is really getting to know Canada, to go where these things are. After having made camps along the water routes, one feels a proud sense of ownership of that part of the country, which must develop into a deeper feeling of patriotism in regard to the whole land.

THE FIRE-BUG AND THE EAST WIND

E. T. Allen

'It's time to hit the trail again,'

The careless camper said,
And left his little fire ablaze
Within its leafy bed.

'I'll light another cigarette,'

The idle loafer said,
And chucked his old snipe in the brush
One end still glowing red.

'No, I'll not burn my slash this spring,'

The moss-back logger said,
'I'll trust to God and luck again;
Expense is what I dread.'

'Let's punch the screen out of the stack,'

The donkey fireman said,
Ans so he did, and all the sparks
Sailed blithely overhead.

'Come on, we'll dump our ashes now,'

The railroad trainmen said.

The train soon fanned them far and wide
As on its way it sped.

'Good time to fire my slashing now,'

The thrifty rancher said,
And touched it off without a thought
Of how far it might spread.

'I'll think I'll blow an hour or two,'

The restless east wind said,
Then liking it he changed his mind
And blew a week instead.

'Millions in lives and timber lost,'

The newspapers next said.
What made those fires all start at once,
We wondered as we read.

'It wasn't us, it was that wind,'

The fools in chorus said.
So they're alive and loose this year,
—We hope the wind is dead.

A HUNTING EXPEDITION NORTH OF VANCOUVER

D. J. McDougall

THERE were five of us in the crowd—Tom, Ted, O'Neil, Bert, who owned the boat, and the writer. We had stocked up with a plentiful supply of condensed milk, meat and vegetables, as well as a good store of the commodities that make bachelorhood possible, and had started out on a hunting expedition up the Pacific coast as far as Toba Inlet, about one hundred and thirty miles north of Vancouver. We left North Vancouver at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, October 29th, and after taking on sufficient gasoline for our trip, we set out. As Bert owned the boat he was appointed engineer and attended to the mechanical end of our voyage, while the rest of us made ourselves useful in the culinary department, taking a hand also in the navigating of our craft. We had smooth sailing for the first part of our trip, but on crossing Howe Sound the wind and sea were both quite violent and made things interesting for a while. We had all partaken of a very hearty dinner at 6 o'clock which did not help matters any. The writer would have gladly given anything within reason for the privilege of getting off and walking, but of course this was not possible. Some writer has described the sea as "the melancholy main" and I quite agree with him. For the space of two hours I felt decidedly melancholy, in fact until the inevitable happened. For a time I resisted the nauseating mal de mer with all the will power at my command, but to no avail. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak and it ended in a triumph of matter over mind. The others did not fare much better, but when we got inside Welcome Passage the sea was not quite so rough and we passed the night in the sheltered confines of Secret Cove. The next day we hunted in that region but though we saw signs of game we did not have any luck and returned to the boat early in the afternoon. The writer shot one grouse across a canyon but on searching for it found it had disappeared, having fallen into the thick undergrowth. On returning to the boat, however, we were pleased to notice that Bert had shot some ducks which same had been made into an appetizing meal by Ted who was then and there appointed head chef, there being no dissenting vote. We left Secret Cove that night and made Pender Harbor at 8 p. m. where we passed the night and listened to some fabulous accounts of the game that was to be had in that region. One old timer cheerfully told us that he was in the habit of shooting deer from his back door at least once a week, but we were from Missouri and had to be shown. We left this modern Annanias on Saturday morning and had a pleasant trip that day, reaching Mink Island at 4 p. m. where we hunted until dark, but found nothing. As there was no shelter we left here and went

to Forbes Bay where signs of game were better, and where we shot a number of ducks.

On Monday we set out for big game. Tom and I went up the mountain but saw no game until late when we spied two mountain goat at an impossible altitude, at any rate for that day. The region around Forbes Bay had been overrun by a forest fire some time before and the ground was covered with fallen logs in all positions and of all shapes and sizes, making travelling very difficult. We therefore turned towards home to discover that our cook in addition to cooking the ducks had exceeded his previous efforts and made a pudding which was above criticism. We had no name to give it but judging by the subsequent feats which we performed in mountain climbing the writer thinks that "Jacob's Ladder Pudding" would be an appropriate cognomen. It was indeed a masterpiece and the writer feels quite sure that if Robert Burns had made its acquaintance the haggis would not have had the honor of being the "chieftain of the pudding race," at least in British Columbia.

Tuesday morning we set out in search of goats. Tom and Bert went up the mountain while O'Neil and I went around its base. We found an old watercourse and followed it up until we reached snowline. We heard a fusilade of shots away up on the mountain but owing to the steepness of the mountain side could not ascertain what it was. Mountain goats are fond of high life and it appears that Tom had succeeded in discovering a herd of them across a canyon. Tom is a crackshot and succeeded in getting a goat at his first shot, but as he depended upon its sliding off the mountain he did not get the goat itself, which slid down part way and rested on a ledge. As it was unable to kick much or dislodge itself it stayed there and as the mountain was almost perpendicular it was not possible to get at him. Having discovered nothing on our trip that day O'Neil and I returned to the boat about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and found that the cook was still living up to his reputation. He was puzzled he told us at our late arrival for he thought that he had heard some one whistling about an hour before and was quite positive that one of us was returning home in a cheerful frame of mind as he claimed he could clearly distinguish the swinging measures of "Casey Jones." O'Neil looked at the cook and ventured to remark that it might have been some birds in the near vicinity and to this theory the cook reluctantly agreed. I saw the Irishman examining the locker where we kept the material we were in the habit of using for medicinal purposes. He remarked that the liquid in one of the bottles was a little below high water mark but was prepared to attribute this phenomena to the

influence of the tides. He suggested that we go and hunt for the particular birds responsible for the bursts of melody heard by the cook, but the suggestion was not favorably received. The writer is not sufficiently conversant with tidal phenomena to endorse or refute our friend's theory regarding the disturbance in the medicine locker, but has seen results of the influence of certain medicine on the expansion and contraction of ideas when such medicine is taken in large enough quantities. Whether it is capable of expanding itself under tidal influence is uncertain as far as the writer knows.

As the game was too far back from the water at Forbes Bay we left there the following morning and went twenty miles farther up the Inlet. The engineer kept house that day and the rest of us went for a hunt. Ted and I returned at 12 o'clock, having seen no game. The engineer and Ted went out that afternoon and got a deer, the first one we had secured on this outing. This made a welcome addition to our larder as duck was getting monotonous. We went still farther up the Inlet that night and found better hunting the next day. As my shoes were beginning to show signs of wear, and as I was developing a monstrous appetite, I helped the engineer to keep house and beach the boat that day. After Tom had shot the goat at Forbes Bay I noticed a marked change in the eating capacity of the crowd. My theory is that is some mysterious manner we must have made connection with the appetite of the unfortunate goat that had fallen a victim to Tom's rifle. Goats, according to the theories of the comic paper editors, are provided with a very healthy and hearty appetite and our appetites developed these characteristics at an alarming rate. Tom saw a buck this day but he was too far away to shoot, so did not get him. We had our first roast of venison this day too and it was pronounced a decided success. Our pudding had been excellent and our other dishes above criticism but that venison was like Cleopatra's morsel for a monarch. "Dancing is poetry in motion, sculpture poetry in stone," but nobody has been able to express cooking in literary terms. Everybody was delighted with the creations of the culinary department on that day and the writer feels a little proud that he helped with the household arrangements on that date.

The next day we all went hunting but as it rained torrents we did not stay out very long. Tom, however, shot a buck that morning so we were able to report some progress. The next day was Saturday and we all went out again except O'Neil, who volunteered to officiate as chef. The writer saw a deer that day but was not quick enough to land it. I had a lever action repeating rifle and as I do not believe in carrying a charge in the barrel when travelling over rough ground I was not able to work the lever rapidly enough to do any harm to the deer so had to return empty handed. There was no game shot this day though a few were seen. The next day was Sunday and Bert and I went for a stroll in the woods along the shore. We separated a short distance from the shore and Bert returned about 10 o'clock to find that a storm

had risen and lashed the waters of the Inlet into fury and threatened to throw our happy home on the beach with disastrous results. About 11 o'clock I returned, only to find that I was marooned. The boys had to leave with the boat to avoid disaster and an interesting time they had of it. The engines refused to work part of the way and the rudder cable broke so that they had their share of trouble. I missed all this however and luckily fell in with some trappers who were established there for the winter. They were in very comfortable quarters and I passed an enjoyable day and night with them. One of their number proved to be a man of more than usual talent. He could discuss Plato and Greek literature with unusual intelligence and was as well acquainted with the Theogony of Hesiod and the worship of Isis and Osiris and other Egyptian divinities as Lloyd George is with the income tax. I was delighted to meet this modern Jacques in the forest enjoying close communion with nature, where he could read "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything." A trapper's life is full of excitement, though very lonely. The antics of amateur hunters and woodsmen who live in steam heated apartments when they are at home furnish them with considerable amusement at times. They are often called on to administer first aid to some of these Nimrods whose experience of woodcraft often results fatally. The boys returned for the marooned passenger on Monday morning. Ted and O'Neil having stayed ashore to hunt. They had chosen one of the islands in the Inlet for their ground and on returning we found that Ted had shot a deer and seen a herd of five more at a distance. We got anchorage for the night and next day Tom and Ted shot some more deer. Wednesday furnished the climax to our adventure as we had to camp out beneath the stars that night.

We had all separated in the morning, Bert and I taking the rowboat to a point two miles below where we had our launch beached. We were all too eager in our quest of game to pay any attention to the time, with the result that I landed at the water's edge at 5 p. m. three miles below our rowboat. As the trail was impossible in the dark I decided to stay for the night where I was. My clothes were wringing wet and I had not had a bite to eat all day and as the weather was quite chilly my feelings can be imagined. Aside from the cold and hunger I did not mind the experience in the least. It is a novel feeling to stay out all night by oneself with the vault of heaven for a roof and the earth for a pillow. My particular pillow was too hard to be comfortable and as I had no mattress or blankets I did not sleep much. After it got dark the woods echoed to the noises of the various animals prowling round. I was near the shore and could plainly hear various creatures splashing in the salt water which all animals like to drink. I heard noises close to my shelter and in hope of getting a shot at some big game I went out and investigated. It was, however too dark to see anything and I was disappointed in my search for excitement. Dawn came at last and as it was low tide I was able to

walk along the shore with little difficulty. I walked three miles and rowed two on an empty stomach. I was most ferociously hungry and reached the launch about twenty-six hours late for breakfast. Tom and Ned had had a similar experience but they had had a small fire which helped matters out somewhat. I was so hungry that I ate a dozen prunes in their native state and thoroughly enjoyed them. After a hot drink and a good breakfast we all felt natural once more and passed the whole affair off as a joke. We collected our game and anchored close to shore on the other side of the island that night. A brisk wind came up about 3 o'clock in the morning and we started on our return trip. We had a brisk gale on our stern and we made good time, arriving at Lund about 12 o'clock that day. We stopped here for dinner and as our boat dragged her anchor in the cove and threatened to collide with the other boats anchored there we took our departure, much to the relief of a certain flaxen haired gentleman whose accent and features proclaimed his Scandinavian origin. We left him in an agony of uncertainty as to our intentions for some time but we eventually eased his mind by leaving the inhospitable neighborhood of his boat which was of wood and newly painted, while ours was of steel and while staunch and serviceable could scratch off a lot of paint. We made Nelson Island that night at 8 o'clock and as it was rough on Saturday decided to hunt for a while. Our hunt proved fruitless and we returned home to find that Bert and O'Neil had in addition to cooking dinner got rid of their whiskers. We had all let our beards grow and the effect in some instances, particularly in mine, was startling if not

terrifying. — We could all have passed for stage pirates and I think we all averaged a crop of at least forty bushels to the acre. We spent Saturday afternoon in getting rid of these ornaments as we did not wish to frighten any of our city friends.

The passage home was rather stormy. We arrived in North Vancouver at 1 o'clock on Monday morning. All had enjoyed the outing immensely and we would gladly repeat our experiences another year. The writer, particularly, felt that he would not have missed the trip for a respectable sum as he feels he derived at least a hundred dollars' worth of good from the trip. It is a great relief to a man to leave town and go to the woods where he can forget all about work, wages, barbershops and stomach troubles. We had a deck of cards and our rifles with which to pass away the time and these and O'Neill's whistle proved sufficiently amusing. This whistle was a musical monstrosity and when in working order sounded like ten nights in a bar-room. We might call it ten notes in a bar-room, perhaps, as he had the ten notes with some to spare. A game at euchre and a performance on the whistle furnished our night's entertainment and time never hung heavy on our hands. To those contemplating a hunting trip the first thing to choose is the crowd. Anyone with ballroom Willie feelings should be left at home, as they will be entirely out of their element, and their delicate feelings will be sure to be hurt by the trials of mind and body which they may be called upon to endure, but with a good crowd and a good boat there is nothing to prevent one's having an enjoyable time if there is red blood in one's veins.



"WE CAN GET YOUR TOURISTS LOTS OF THESE HERE IN OCTOBER,
WRITES "M. W. G." FROM DINORWIC, ONT.



Small Game Rifles

Lieut. Townsend Whelen

IN my last article I discussed the cartridge for an all around small game rifle. I intend to take up here the design for such a rifle. Shall it be a single shot or repeater? Shall it have a plain or set trigger, and what kind of sights shall it be equipped with? First of all we must realize that our target is very small indeed, and requires not only fine marksmanship, but a rifle which will do credit to fine holding. The marksman must not be handicapped by ordinary equipment. The buckhorn rear sight, German silver factory front sight, and a seven pound trigger pull may not hopelessly handicap a rifle for deer shooting at 50 or 100 yards, but the small body of a squirrel or crow, or the head of a woodchuck at these ranges requires an accurate arm, fine sighting, and a good left off.

The choice between single shot and repeater depends much upon the character of the country and the particular kind of small game in one's shooting territory. In the wooded portions of Eastern Canada and the United States where squirrel and grouse will form ninety percent of the game the repeater will probably be the choice. While not one rifleman in a thousand will ever have the chance to develop that degree of skill which will enable him to make even a decent average at running or flying game, yet in such country opportunities will often occur where two or more shots can be obtained at a flock of ducks, a covey of grouse, or at a swimming muskrat. The repeater is the weapon for short range game shooting, but as at present made for the market, and with the cartridges adapted to it, it is not a satisfactory small game weapon at ranges much over 50 yards. Its limitations are chiefly due to the fact that nail driving marksmanship is more difficult

with it than with the single shot, and that no suitable small game cartridge with flat trajectory has yet been made for it. The proportion of misses and crippled game at over 50 yards will be very large. It is not the best weapon for woodchucks and varmints, and it is not as interesting a weapon as the single shot as one soon acquires shooting ability exceeding its capabilities.

At present I do not own a small game repeating rifle. I have had a number of them at different times, and the last which I used in Maine for a season was very satisfactory, but as I stated in my first article, it quickly came to grief through the use of Sharpshooter powder. Were I getting another such weapon it would certainly be a .25-20 repeater, either a Winchester or a Marlin, and it would have a smokeless steel barrel, solid frame and Lyman sights. A smokeless steel barrel is necessary because the primer acid from the smokeless primer is not diluted much by the small powder charge in this cartridge, and smokeless steel seems able to resist primer acid better than ordinary steel. A solid frame is very desirable because a takedown rifle is very prone to change its normal elevation and zero from time to time. It may shoot as small a ten shot group as the solid frame rifle, but day after day it will throw this group in different places. This is partly because a takedown rifle will never go together exactly the same each time, but chiefly because such a rifle is very much more liable to changes in vibration or buckle during recoil through having a joint in its vital portion. It certainly does not help much to find after carefully targeting ones weapon at 50 yards that it shoots from one to two inches off the mark everytime it is tried, and almost always in a different direction. Such dif-

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ferences make little difference in a large game rifle unless it be used for long shots, and in a majority of cases this vibration would never be noted unless one indulged in a lot of range shooting and kept a careful track of his point of impact from day to day. But on small game this variation means many misses. On some days one will seem to miss all the time until he tries his rifle at a target and finds it is shooting off. The trouble is the amount or direction of these off shots are no indication whatever as to what the variation will be under some other condition. Never again will I own a small game rifle which has not a solid frame.

I have specified Lyman sights for the repeater principally because variations of light do not affect these sights while they usually do the open sight, no matter what the pattern. Here again we have the difference in the target between the large game weapon and that for small game. Variations in light will make little difference when the target is a deer at from 50 to 100 yards, but they are often enough with open sights to make one entirely miss a grouse or squirrel at 50 yards. Also I know by experience that I can make closer and quicker shots in all lights with Lyman sights than with any open sights.

I would never use factory ammunition in the .25-20 because the black powder cartridges are all very inaccurate due to fouling and caking, and because the smokeless cartridges, both low power and high velocity, are loaded with Sharps shooter powder. In reloading I would use only the 86 grain soft point metal jacketed bullet as I have found it very much more accurate than any kind of a lead bullet. I would experiment with Du Pont Schuetzen, and Du Pont No's 75 and 80 powders in various charges until I found the most suitable load. None of these powders should ever be compressed in the shell. From my experiments with the .25-20 single shot cartridge I think that the best results will be obtained with a charge of as much Schuetzen powder as can be loaded without compression.

My own preference for a small game rifle lies with the single shot. As I have stated running and flying shots are practically impossible at the average small game. I think that experience will show that it is entirely a matter of luck and that no amount of practice will make one any better at shooting at running or flying game until the game reaches the size of jack rabbits at least. With the single shot one does not have the advantage of being able to deliver a rapid second shot at a covey or flock, or in the case of a miss with the first shot, but I think that this disadvantage is fully offset by the facts that one can make surer with the first shot, and that the rifle can be adapted to a cartridge which will permit the marksman to make practically absolutely sure of a hit up to 100 yards provided he does his part correctly. With my own single shot I have found a deal of satisfaction in the regularity with which I can make clean kills with the first shot and be practically sure of doing so up to 100

yards without having to make any estimate of the distance.

All of my single shot rifles are of Winchester make except one which has a Ballard action and a Winchester barrel. I have owned 12 of the Winchester single shot rifles and have done more shooting with them than with all other makes combined, and never have any of them failed in any respect. This rifle certainly deserves the name of "Old Reliable", a name usually given to the Sharps rifle. The Winchester single shot, by the way, was designed as an improvement on the old Sharps Borchart rifle. To get the best out of any rifle it should be chambered for a proper cartridge, it should have a light, clean trigger pull, it should have a sling strap suitable for shooting in the standard prone position, and it should have a good telescope sight. With the even dozen of this make that I have owned I have done much experimenting as to equipment. I did not obtain perfect satisfaction until I had finished fitting up my latest small game rifle. This arm has now been in use for a year and has been found so perfectly satisfactory that in that time I have not been able to think out any way in which it can possibly be improved. Therefore I believe that I cannot better give my ideas on this subject than by describing this rifle.

The basis was a Winchester single shot with a 27 inch No. 3, round, nickle steel barrel, pistol grip stock, checked steel shotgun butt, and rifled and chambered for the .25-20 S. S. cartridge. Mr. Neidner then rechambered it for the .25-35 W.C.F. shell of Winchester make. This was not a Neidner chamber but a tight accurately reamed chamber of the usual commercial design. Shells fired in it require resizing, but not nearly as much as with the ordinary commercial chamber. The shells are loaded with 22 grains weight of Du Pont Military Rifle Powder No. 20; U.S.C.Co. No. 8 primer; and an 86 grain soft point jacketed bullet of Winchester make. The velocity is estimated at about 2100 f.s. Partly due to being sighted with a telescope sight having its axis $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches above the axis of the bore, the rifle requires no sight adjustment up to 100 yards. If the cross-hairs of the scope intersect on the head of a squirrel anywhere between 25 and 100 yards when the trigger is squeezed that squirrel is mine sure. The rifle was also equipped with a special breech block designed by Dr. Mann, containing a unique firing pin which absolutely prevents punctured primers, enlarged primer pockets, or escape of gas to the rear, and precludes any misfires from firing pin troubles. This is far more important than it would seem to the novice. The Winchester single shot rifle is made with a black powder firing pin, and this is its only weak point when adapted to high power cartridges. To attach the military sling strap I had special swivels attached. These are of the pattern used for the butt swivel of the .30-40 Winchester Model 1895

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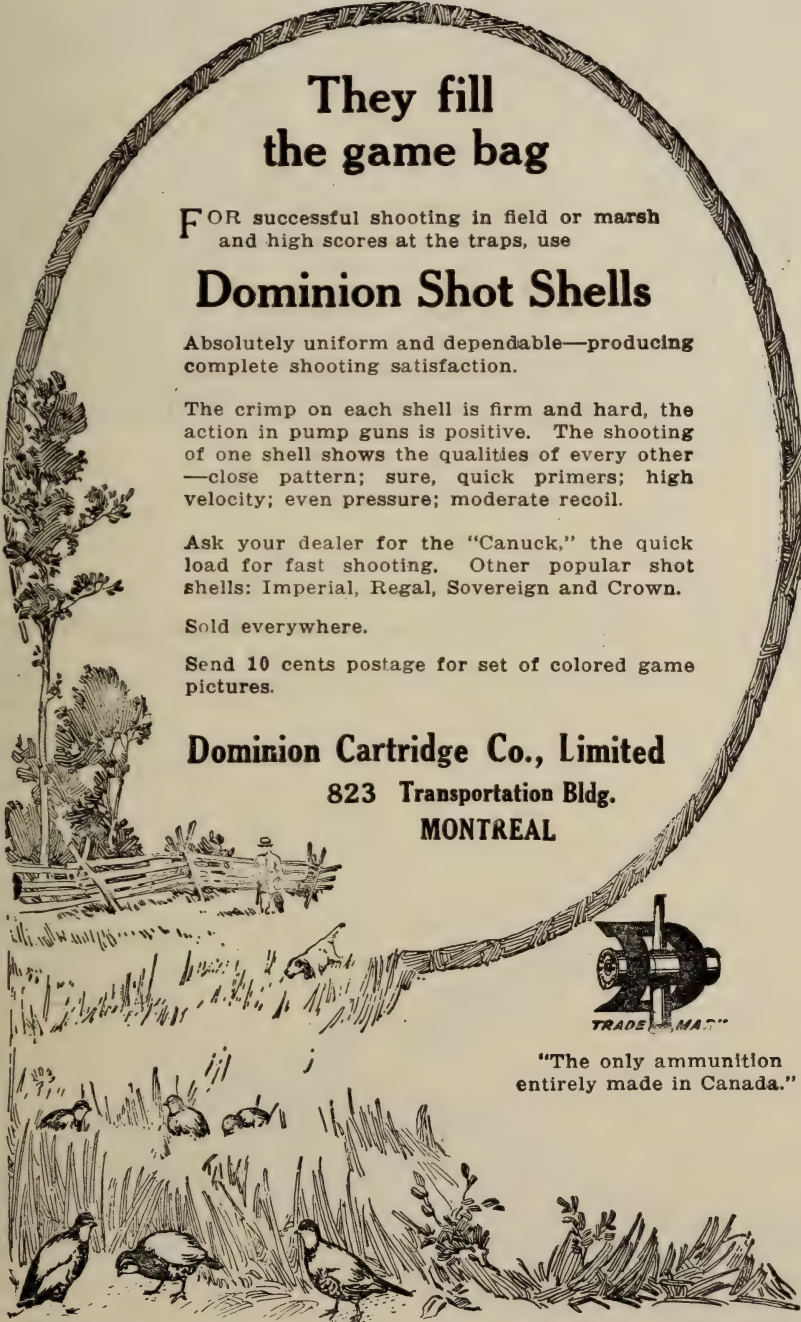
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musket. They do not turn or allow the sling to twist, and they can be instantly removed from the rifle by simply pressing a spring. The front swivel is screwed to the barrel 2 inches in front of the forearm tip, and the rear swivel to the stock 2 inches in front of the toe of the butt plate. The trigger is a plain one eased up to 1½ pounds without the slightest suspicion of a creep. The telescope sight is an old one which I have had for fifteen years, made by John W. Sidle in his best days. It is 3 power with a very large bright field, optically perfect, and I believe the best glass he ever turned out. But this glass is no longer made and I believe the next best is the Winchester A5. The scope mountings were quite a problem. I would hate to tell how many well earned dollars I have spent on mountings in the past five years in an effort to find a mounting which did not have an error. The mounts on this rifle are absolutely satisfactory. I have found none others that are, have tried every commercial make, and have designed and had made a number of special ones. These mountings are the Winchester double micrometer mountings remodelled by Mr. Neidner so as to fasten to the barrel by means of the Mann taper dovetails. The Winchester dovetail and screw method of securing the mountings to the barrel was not found entirely satisfactory. It permitted a variable error of sometimes as much as 1½ minutes of angle (1½ inches at 100 yards). The Mann taper dovetail method of attaching has no error at all. The idea of combining the Mann taper dovetail and the Winchester micrometer mounts was my own, and mine were the first that Mr. Neidner made up. Since then however he has made these mountings for a number of riflemen and in every case the sighting troubles have ended. By no other method that I know of can perfect sighting be attained. The rear base is placed on the barrel up against the receiver, and the front base so placed forward on the barrel that the mountings are 7.2 inches apart. This makes one graduation on the barrel of the micrometer equal ½-minute of angle (½ inch at 100 yards).

This rifle is the most interesting one that I have ever owned. It is so reliable that I take more pleasure in shooting it, either at game or target, than any arm I have ever owned. It is seldom that I miss anything with it except through error in judging distance at ranges over 100 yards. I get about as much satisfaction out of what I call "field target shooting" with it as from hunting. I like to lie down on the edge of a lake where there are lots of small stumps and stones showing in the water, crawl into the sling, estimate the range, allow for any wind blowing, make the

adjustments to inches on the micrometers' and then plug the stumps and rocks, one after another, with never a suspicion of a splash of water except when a bullet cuts clear through a stump.

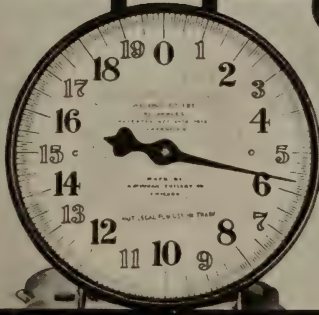
The telescope sight proves its worth many times in the game fields. Small game is often very hard to see. Grouse and squirrels are often hidden to the naked eye in the dark of woods and branches, and rabbits and chucks in the grass and thicket. But with the scope all outside lights are cut out and one can see right into thickets etc., and make out the game clearly. Then too it has always surprised me how slow riflemen are at discovering that quicker aim can be taken with a properly made hunting telescope than with any form of metallic sights. I admit that it takes quite a little practice to become accustomed to the scope, and also that the average scope has so small a field and so narrow lateral accommodation as to be much slower than open or Lyman sights. But a wide field, broad accomodation scope is quicker than any metallic sight. A scope having a wide lateral accommodation is one which in aiming does not require the eye to be exactly in line with the axis of the scope to obtain the full vision, but permits one to see the full field of view through the glass if the eye is within say ¼ inch of the axis. With metallic sights the eye must be exactly and accurately in the line of sight if accuracy is to be expected. Take the operation of sighting with open sights. One throws his rifle to his shoulder. In doing this considerable skill can be acquired so that the eye will catch a view within say ¼ inch of the absolute line of sight. Operation 1. Next the rifle must be moved around until the eye, the front, and the rear sight are exactly in line. Getting the eye and the front sight in line is one operation, and operation 3 consists in getting the rear sight in this same line. Then operation 4 consists of getting this line of sight accurately aligned on the object or game. There are actually four operations to aiming with metallic sights. With a proper hunting telescope however there are but two operations. First the rifle is thrown to the shoulder and as it is only necessary to get the eye within ¼ inch of the axis of aim to see clearly one finds that at the end of this first operation he sees the game clear and magnified in the field of the scope. Only one more operation is therefore necessary, that is moving the rifle so that the crosshairs will intersect on the game. I have tried this out so many times that I am fully convinced that the good hunting telescope is twice as quick in catching the aim as the best metallic sights. The lateral accommodation and field of view of the different makes of scopes vary greatly. Those I have at present I have found to be as follows:

Winchester A, 5 power.....	1/8 inch.	17 feet
Sidle Snap Shot, 3 power.....	1/4 inch.	27 feet
Stevens-Smith, 8 power.....	3/16 inch.	10 feet
Stevens No. 474, 5 power.....	3/16 inch.	18 feet
King-Adolph, 3 power.....	1/16 inch.	51 feet
Goerz Certar, 2 3/4 power.....	5/16 inch.	60 feet

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- ¶ Decreased weight of a 5 3/4 lb. 16 bore gun and a day's supply of ammunition makes it possible for you to travel farther, finish fresher, get into action quicker and this feather weight does the business.
- ¶ Twenty bores from 5 1/2 to 5 3/4 pounds, 28 bores from 4 3/4 to 5 1/4 pounds, 12 bores from 6 1/2 to 8 1/2 pounds, 10 bores from 9 1/2 to 10 1/2 pounds. ¶ Large catalog—FREE. Double guns \$17.75 up—Single Trap Guns \$85 up.

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Winner of Professional Average—Lester S. German, with 499 x 500
 Winner of Amateur Average—Woolfolk Henderson, with 493 x 500
 Third, Amateur Average — — — Allen Heil with 485 x 500
 Winner Double Championship—Woolfolk Henderson, 86 x 50 pairs
 Second in Double Championship—Guy V. Deering, 85 x 50 pairs
 Third in Double Championship — — — Allen Heil, 84 x 50 pairs

Sousa Trophy—Won by Woolfolk Henderson, with 100 straight.
 Shanley Trophy—Won by Allen Heil with 99 x 100 and 19 on the shoot-off.

Tied Westy Hogans Trophy—Allen Heil, with 100 straight.
 National 18 yd. Championship won by Allen Heil, 97 x 100.

In addition to the above, **Parker Guns** figured prominently in the winning of many other high places.



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The last two scopes are of German make, and far excell the others in the above table, but they are so constructed mechanically as to allow of certain optical errors which class them as unreliable and unsatisfactory. A long experience with scopes at the target and in the game field has proved to me conclusively that in order to be suitable for quick work a scope must have at least $\frac{1}{4}$ inch lateral accommodation and a field of at least 17 feet at 100 yards. I understand that lately the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company has been purchased by another corporation and has been turned over entirely to the production of war material, thus the only one of the above scopes available to the public at present is the Winchester A5. Although this glass is deficient in lateral accommodation, and has cross hairs that are too thick for the most accurate aiming, on the whole it will be found fairly satisfactory. As a matter of fact in some other respects, such as accurate boring of the

tube and the method of focusing, it is ahead of any other scope made. While not ideal in some ways it is the best we can do at present.

Lest the reader thinks that this article has degenerated into a treatise on scopes I must state that I believe that correct sighting is one of the most important requirements of the small game rifle, and the problem has been the most difficult and expensive of all for me to solve. It has paid for itself however in the knowledge that has been acquired of the subject, only a few pointers relative to which it has been possible to give here. The liability of a telescope sight to injury will usually and properly preclude its selection for a big game rifle to be used in the wilderness, but the same objection does not hold with equal force for a small game arm, and for this latter class of weapon I consider it absolutely essential if shooting at game is to be indulged in at ranges much over 50 yards.

Some Old-Time Rifles and Rim Fire Smokeless Ammunition

A. L. King

THE writer has been amusing himself this summer by trying to obtain some photos of the different types of firearms in the possession of himself and friends. Among others and after many failures I got some real pictures of what I consider the most interesting group of .32-40 caliber rifles in this part of the country, showing actions open and closed, standing, finger-tip position and sitting locked-in position and complete cleaning and re-loading outfit.

The rifles are,—a No. 47 and 52 Stevens, a Sharps hammerless and a Ballard. I was unable to get a Winchester, which I regretted very much. However the pictures present an interesting study in butt-plates, stocks, grips, fore-ends, checking, actions, barrels and sights, no two parts being alike excepting that there are two Stevens-Pope rear sights and three hand-made front sights.

The Sharp's stock is a masterpiece but the Ballard's is the one of the most interest to the writer. It was bought last winter from a man in Vermont and had a barrel so thick that it projected past the receiver all around.

It was fitted with a 30-inch No. 3 Schoyen barrel, a new (?) foreend borrowed from an old .38-55 Ballard was checked and fitted to it, the forward trigger was made straighter to allow more finger room, a new set-trigger and several screws were made. Several of the screws which had been abused were re-blued. The rear sight is old original Lyman, non-locking tang sight and was sent to the factory to be fitted with a No. 47 stem and disc, the regular stock stems not fitting perfectly. Both front and rear sights then took a trip to be equipped with Martin's discs and peep cups. You may imagine the fun my pal and

I have had in fitting up the rifle and the interest with which we watched its first performance on Labor Day.

The barrel, sights action and even the new load we doped out, were all that could be desired and put it strictly 'to the man behind.'

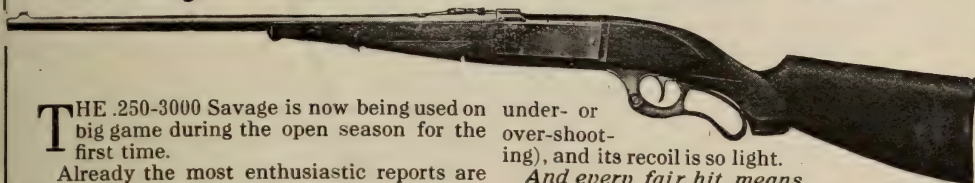
The outfit consists of an Armory mold, Universal powder measure, bullet sizer and lubricating press, single mold, Ideal tool, Winchester tool, re and de-capper, apothecaries scales, melting pot and dipper, seater, scope, rods and cleaning fluids etc.

I would like to draw the attention of the readers to the fact that "Primo", a new nitro powder solvent is being placed on the market by W. H. Glover of Hamilton, Ont.

The members of the King Edward Rifle Club have been using this new solvent during the entire season with most excellent results. Having been accustomed to the use of powder solvents, and our outfits containing the various best known makes on the American market, Mr. Glover felt that we were in a better position to test his formula than the man who uses vaseline, coal oil etc. He therefore used us as a medium with which to try out his ideas. Some of the members did not take kindly to being thus 'used' but by dint of experimenting with old guns and several belonging to their friends (?) they finally gained enough confidence to trust their pet target rifles and revolvers into the keeping of the new member of the solvent family and now use "Primo" entirely.

Pending its being stocked in hardware stores throughout the country Primo may be obtained from Mr. Glover only by non-residents of Hamilton where it is for sale in the sporting goods stores at twenty-five cents.

Every Fair Hit A Clean Kill!



THE .250-3000 Savage is now being used on big game during the open season for the first time.

Already the most enthusiastic reports are coming in.

The .22 Savage Hi-Power, "the finest deer rifle in the world", paved the way for it.

The experts who tested its wonderful accuracy and ranked it with the New Springfield predicted it.

The forest rangers who used it on bear, wolves and other predatory animals during the summer predicted it.

The peace officers who used it on Mexican bandits to protect the Texas border predicted it.

But the results have outrun the predictions.

The .250-3000 Savage is now proving every day that you can make more hits on game with it than with any other rifle—because it is more accurate, because its trajectory is flatter (no

under- or

over-shoot-

ing), and its recoil is so light.

And every fair hit means a clean kill—a paralyzing, explosive knockout punch. Experts say about twice the killing power of the .22 Savage Hi-Power, which has killed the biggest American game.

Take this rifle with you and give yourself a fair chance. You'll be glad you did.

In details and finish the .250-3000 Savage equals the expensive European rifles, which it totally outclasses in symmetry, convenience, and effectiveness.

Takedown pattern; 22 inch tapered round hi-pressure steel barrel with integral front sight base; checked extra full pistol grip stock and forearm; checked trigger and corrugated steel butt-plate; weight 7 pounds; price: \$30. Cartridges with soft-nose or full metal cased bullets \$4.20 per hundred. Write us for particulars.

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The Hunter Arms Co., Inc. 29 Hubbard St., Fulton, N. Y.

The articles in this magazine anent the subject of cleaning firearms and the use of smokeless rim fire ammunition certainly touch the spot and the writers deserve credit for the stand they have taken on the latter subject especially. The average buyer of twenty-two caliber ammunition uses smokeless simply because it is manufactured. It is cleaner than black powder, is of more modern origin, is recommended by some arms makers and he naturally takes it for granted that they know all there is to know on the subject.

Is it any wonder that the boys get the idea that smokeless is the correct thing? One ammunition company advertises very extensively its "smokeless greaseless .22-caliber rim fire cartridges" and our school cadets use the same kind of feed for their rifles. All of which proves nothing except that we are still having rim fire smokeless thrust on us.

Regarding its injurious effect on the barrel I may say that I have yet to see one in which it had been used that was not pitted. I have cleaned and used school cadet Ross and Remington rifles in which smokeless had been used and found them all leaded or pitted,—or both. These rifles had always been taken care of by a musketry instructor and cleaned with oil.

The members of a certain .22-caliber rifle club started off using smokeless or black powder about two years ago. From personal observation I know that the only decent barrels in that club belong to the more recent additions who profited by the experience of these fellows. That club just last week ordered 10,000 rounds of Remington-UMC. 'Lesmok'.

As regards accuracy there is no comparison. All the leading riflemen in the U.S.

use Lesmok or King's Semi-Smokeless and turn in some remarkable scores. At home in our own club we have entered for the past eight years in the Canadian Rifle League Miniature Series, shot prone indoors at twenty-five yards. Always using Peters .22-caliber cartridges loaded with King's Semi-Smokeless we have landed six 'firsts' and two 'seconds'. The last matches in 1913-'14 in which we were beaten by Vancouver, our team's score was 3946 ex 4000 and we had to pick a ten-man team from twelve members at that. This is the official score, taken from the C. R. A. report, Ottawa October 16, '14. Do not misunderstand me. We had nothing to crow about. We only led the next team, Belleville, by four points and Victoria was only two points behind them. I am making these statements merely to back up my previous statements to the effect that these cartridges are used also in Canada by the riflemen who are around when the scores are finished.

As I understand it the Peters Cartridge Co. blazed the trail, bringing on their cartridge and the other companies after a long fight were forced to counter which they did by bringing out Lesmok .22-caliber ammunition just as the Dominion Cartridge Co. has been forced to follow suit.

There it is out at last; had to come. We have had an axe to grind and wanted Semi or Lesmok and if they wanted to sell they had to give us what we wanted or nothing doing. We have used 20,000 rounds of Remington-UMC Lesmok this year also some Winchester and U. S. and find them all splendid and will be delighted to try some Dominion Lesmok when we get a chance. We are not patriotic enough to burn smokeless and clean with oil.

The Accuracy of the .22 Hi-Power

Chas. Newton

IN Mr. Crossman's excellent article in the August issue, wherein he described the Martini system rifle made by the Birmingham Small Arms Co., for the .22 Savage high power rifle cartridge, he comments at some length upon the decided improvement in accuracy shown by this rifle over that shown by the Savage repeater when using the same cartridge. Likewise he states that he cannot explain the reason for this difference in accuracy. We think his article contains the complete explanation.

It will be noted that the barrel of the Martini system rifle described has the old Greener device for tightening the joint where the barrel of the rifle screws into the receiver. This consists of a slotting of the lower side of the receiver ring where the barrel screws in, and providing a strong screw passing through the frame, from side to side, below the barrel seat. By means of this screw, when the barrel has been screwed into place

by hand, which can be done easily, the barrel seat in the receiver is clamped firmly upon the shank of the barrel, which thus becomes just as rigid as is this joint in a non-takedown rifle where the barrel is screwed in by the aid of a vise and wrench. With the Savage repeater the barrel is merely screwed in by hand, using an interrupted screw, with more than half the threading cut away in the bargain, and the barrel keyed so it cannot unscrew, by snapping on the forestock. The barrel is practically loose in the receiver at all times.

When it is fired the entire rifle is thrown into a state of violent vibration, beginning as soon as the firing pin strikes the primer, increasing when the charge of powder ignites and slams the bolt back against its shoulder, and the bullet begins to force its way along the bore, incidentally taking up its rotation from the rifling. One effect of this vibration is easily seen when we fire the .22 long rifle

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THE importance of powder reliability increases as scarcity of game and length of shooting season is affected. To make every shot count is the aim of sportsmen. They want to be absolutely certain that their pull of the trigger will send the shot with the necessary velocity and penetrative force to "bag the game." Generations of sportsmen have learned why **Du Pont Sporting Powders** excel. Over 80% of the shooters are to-day putting their reliance on these game-getting powders.

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cartridge from the same rifle by the aid of a Marble adapter, and attempt to use the same sighting as for the full charge. The point of impact is not only far lower than the difference in trajectory will account for, but is to one side as well. The degree of vibration, and of deflection of the bullet by that vibration, is different.

With the B. S. A. rifle, the barrel of which is firmly clamped into its seat in the receiver by the transverse binding screw, the weapon vibrates as a whole, throughout its whole length, to a far greater extent than does the Savage, although not so thoroughly as does a rifle having a one piece stock. With the Savage rifle, the barrel of which is practically loose in the receiver, this loose joint furnishes a center of vibration from which the barrel vibrates on its own hook.

We do not need the science of triangulation in any marked degree to show us that if we move one end of a rod, or barrel, a given distance from its original direction, the other end being fixed, its new direction will be at an angle with its original direction. Likewise the longer the rod so moved for a given distance at one end, the less will be the angle of its new direction with its original direction. Given two rods, one twenty inches long and one forty-eight inches long, both fixed at one end, and move the free end of each one half inch; you will find the angle of the new direction to the original direction to be more than twice as great in case of the shorter rod. In fact it will be as 48 to 20.

Coming back to our rifles, the B. S. A. Martini is about 48 inches long. The vibrations of the muzzle affect the whole rifle, which thus pivots, as it were, at the shoulder, 48 inches from the muzzle. The Savage barrel is 20 inches long, and due to its being so loose in the receiver it vibrates or pivots from that point instead of from the shoulder, hence its vibrations are in a length of 20 inches.

The effect of this vibration is, as shown above by the case of the .22 rim fire cartridge shot in the Savage rifle, to deflect the bullet. If further proof is needed just rest your high power rifle barrel upon a solid rest, or against

the side of a tree, where the vibrations are interfered with, and note how it shoots away from the sight line followed when shooting with the barrel free.

Assuming that the same cartridge gives the same degree of vibration in the Savage rifle as in the B. S. A. Martini and we have the deflection due to this vibration in the Savage as compared with the Martini as 48 is to 20, or about the difference which Mr. Crossman found when giving the best accuracy figures for the Savage. Where the Savage barrel was a little looser the vibration was greater and the groups larger. However, as a matter of justice we will state that the Savage rifle mentioned is as accurate as any other takedown rifle the barrel of which can be unscrewed by hand and is not clamped after being put in position by the Greener method used in this Martini. None of them can approach the accuracy of a rifle the barrel of which is firmly screwed into the receiver by the good old vise and wrench method.

Mr. Crossman is likewise in doubt as to why one particular make of cartridges should give difficulty in extraction when used in his rifle. From our experience in cartridge making we would suggest that he try the outside diameter of the offending cartridges in comparison with that of the makes which give no trouble. We have found that a cartridge which is somewhat smaller, before firing, than the chamber will extract more freely than will one which is just as large as can be easily entered into the chamber. There seems to be a certain stretching of the shell necessary before the proper springback takes place, and when the shell is restrained by the chamber before it reaches this degree of "stretchment" it does not spring back enough to free it from the chamber but clings to the latter and extracts hard. In fact shells which will enter a chamber with absolute freedom may yet be so near the exact chamber size that when fired they act as though they were annealed, and instead of freeing themselves by springing back they stick as though cold swedged into the chamber. It would be interesting to hear from Mr. Crossman in this connection.

Experiences with the .32-40 Marlin, .22 Hi-Power, and .250-3000 Savage

E. C. M.

WHILE not styling himself 'the experienced big game hunter' we read so much about these days, still the writer has hunted in the Adirondacks, in South West Oregon and in Washington. I have used various rifles for fifteen years and have also seen the effects of several of the most popular calibers. A deer was found about one mile from my place in Oregon with seven (7) .25-35 bullets in him and he had got away and died.

The .35 Winchester model 1895 is a good killer,—at both ends. The .35 Remington Auto is also a game-getter but the rifle that I tried out with the intention of buying, kicked the hardest of any gun I ever fired so I gave up the thought of a .35 Auto. I tried out the .401 Winchester Self Loader; still too much kick to suit me though the gun is a good killer at close range. I could not fire aimed shots from these automatics any faster than from

The Ross Rifle

Mr. J. Moorehouse of Winnipeg, who sent us the photo we reproduce is a strong advocate of the Ross .280 --which he used when he shot the large moose shown.

The fact is that the Ross .280 used with the Ross Sporting Ammunition with copper tube expanding bullet, patented, offers big game hunters the best combination not only to **hit** but to **anchor** the quarry, the bullet being it is believed, the most destructive known.

At \$55.00 for the Rifle, and \$7.50 per 100 for the Ammunition the price is reasonable especially as **one** single shot usually suffices to kill the game.

The Ross .303 models offer special advantages. Powerful, accurate, and fitting the readily procured .303 British Ammunition the price of these models,—from \$25 and up make them general favorites.

For boys and for use about the house or camp, the Ross .22 is proving very popular. It sells at \$12.00 and takes the .22 short, long, or long rifle. It is most accurate and is fitted with a new and excellent peep and globe sight.

Dealers all over Canada and United States sell Ross Rifles

Illustrated Catalogue Free on Request.

Ross Rifle Co., - - Quebec



my .32-40 Marlin H. P. and in this connection would like to say a few words about the Old, Old .32-40 which has been brought up to date three or four times and is still an Old One. My first big game rifle was this .32-40 Marlin with 26-inch nickel steel barrel, half-magazine 5 shots, weight about six pounds (no extra charge for this latter light weight feature).

When I first commenced to use this arm I noted that the bullets did not act as I thought well-behaved bullets should. They would break up and tear horribly for a certain depth and come out in four or five places making only small holes which would not allow bleeding and in case the deer could run it was not possible to track it.

Or again the bullet might go, clear through. I have a bullet now that struck a deer in the flank, passed through the paunch and lodged between the skin and short ribs on the other side.

I had heard of wire-patched bullets so I commenced to experiment and being a greenhorn I naturally ran up against things. I spoiled three pairs of bullet moulds but finally succeeded in getting a bullet that suited me. This I got by cutting the grooves from an Ideal bullet mould No. 319295, winding 22 gauge copper wire in form of a coil spring and inserting it in the mould before casting the bullet, and then sizing and seating gas check at the same time with Ideal sizing die. This bullet made with pure lead with just enough tin added to make it flow easily weighs about 185 grains or 20 grains more than the regular factory bullet. The core cannot jump from the jacket as factory bullets will sometimes do but having a large amount of lead exposed it upsets well and with base of bullet intact has enough weight to carry it through and out of a large animal like a deer or black bear.

At first I used the same charge of lightning as for the 165-grain bullet,—twenty-four grains,—and say, there was never a mountain large enough to make sure of me hitting it but I finally discovered that 23½ grains gave good results in every way.

I have killed several deer with this load in a perfectly satisfactory manner. One deer shot at about 150 yards was struck in front of the shoulder too far ahead for the heart. The bullet ranged slightly backward, ground up one rib at entrance, two ribs and the large joint of shoulder on opposite side, cutting a smooth hole all the way through though the ball did not break up. The hole in the hide at point of entrance was one and one-half inches and at point of exit two and one-half inches in diameter.

There was positively no meat spoiled. This deer was knocked down as if he had been hit by a sledge-hammer but jumped up, ran about 100 yards and fell dead. I tracked him by a trail of blood which had spurted from both sides of him making a trail eight feet wide at some places.

The effect of this bullet is alike every time and this load shoots as accurately as the factory high power load and must have much more energy than the .303 Savage on account of a slightly higher velocity.

Now for a few words regarding my much-knocked Marlin. I have had this rifle about

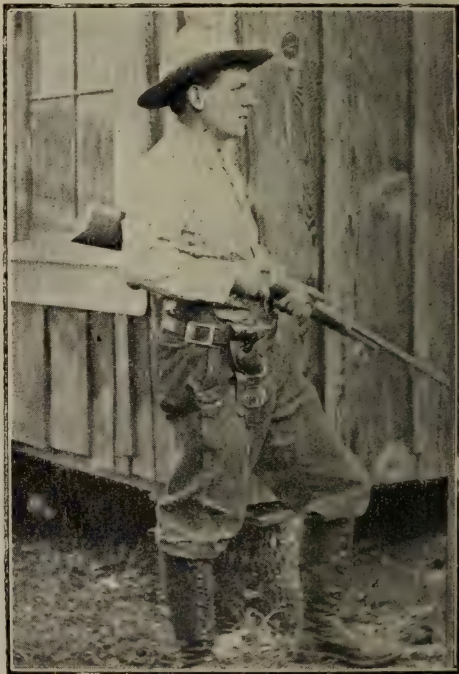
eight years and have fired it somewhere around four thousand times and have never had a jam that could possibly be laid to the charge of the rifle and in my experiments I got some pretty heavy loads, some of them smashing the No. 9 UMC primer considerably more than does the 1906 U. S. Gov't. and the gun is in perfect working order yet. I have fired this arm five times in four seconds and gotten a 4-inch group at twenty-five yards and this is quite a bit faster than I can fire a Savage.

Of course with my rifle on account of its tubular magazine, modern ammunition cannot be used and for this reason I purchased a .22 Hi-Power Savage as soon as this model was placed on the market.

I-M-P "Imp" in more ways than one. The old Gent himself is this rifle when it comes to keeping it clean. I haven't got patience enough to circumvent the fouling in the barrel so I have neglected it until I ruined one barrel and now have a new one on it.

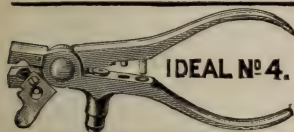
I find this rifle very accurate when loaded just right and if kept very clean. If the barrel is only slightly fouled it will show on the target or if too small or on the other hand, too large a charge of powder be loaded in the shell the bullet does not seem to balance right owing probably to not having the proper spin.

I have re-loaded the shells with very good results using the regular factory bullet and 24 grains of Du Pont Military Rifle Powder No. 21 also with Ideal gas check bullets and nine grains of Du Pont Rifle smokeless No. 1. With the latter load I got especially good results as to accuracy.



The writer standing at the corner of his shack in Grant's Pass, Ore.

Reload Your Shells!



IDEAL No. 4.

Save half of
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expense by
using
Ideal Tools

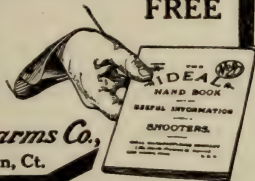
This set of tools performs all operations required in reloading rifle and pistol shells—moulds and sizes bullets, expels old primer from shell, seats a new primer, measures powder charge, seats bullet to proper depth and crimps shell onto bullet, giving you a complete cartridge ready to shoot.

No. 4 tool for .25-20 single-shot and repeater; .32-20; .32 S. & W. long; .38-40; .38 S. & W.; .44-40; .44 S. & W.; .45 Colt's, etc. Price, \$2.50. No. 6 tool for .25-36, .25-35, .30-30, .303, .32-40, .32 Special, .38-55, .38-56, and various .40 and .45 calibers. Price, \$3.00.

The Ideal Hand Book tells all about reloading all standard rifle, pistol and shotgun ammunition—tells how bullet moulds are made, how to cast your own bullets and reload your shells—how to save money and do better shooting with less wear on your gun than with factory loaded ammunition. 140 pages of practical information for shooters. Free for 3 stamps postage.

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.22 Calibre Repeater

New
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Model No. 32. Hammerless—and built right! The pistol grip stock has a real pistol grip and the greater "drop" that experienced shooters like so well. The quick-adjustable Wind-Gauge rear and Ivory Bead front are "extra quality" sights—

the best ever furnished on any .22 repeater.

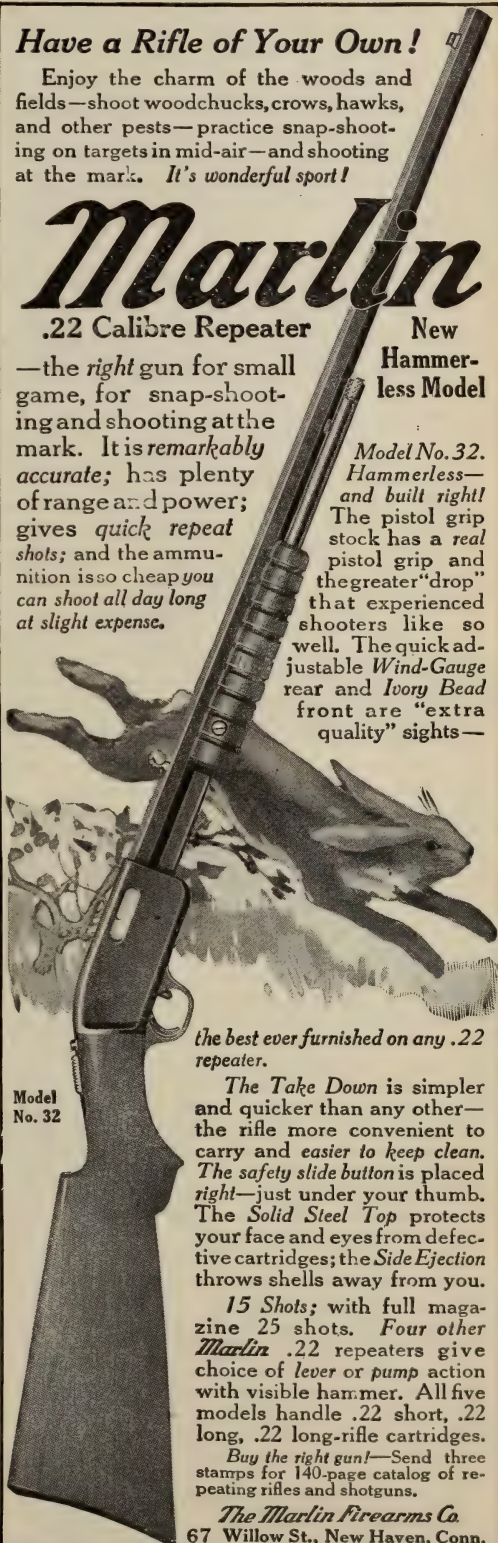
Model
No. 32

The *Take Down* is simpler and quicker than any other—the rifle more convenient to carry and easier to keep clean. The safety slide button is placed right—just under your thumb. The Solid Steel Top protects your face and eyes from defective cartridges; the Side Ejection throws shells away from you.

15 Shots; with full magazine 25 shots. Four other Marlin .22 repeaters give choice of lever or pump action with visible hammer. All five models handle .22 short, .22 long, .22 long-rifle cartridges.

Buy the right gun!—Send three stamps for 140-page catalog of repeating rifles and shotguns.

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67 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.



The .22 Hi-Power is a very good shell to re-load but the Savage rifle action allows the shells to stretch and after being used three or four times they stick in the chamber or break around the head. However this rifle has probably the best workmanship embodied in it of any rifle made in the U.S.A. My rifle is equipped with a Lyman tang sight with the wind-gauge attachment, also a Malcolm No. 2 telescope six power with side mounts designed by myself and made by the Malcolm people. They are made to attach to the rear sight slot on the barrel and to the tang sight thus making a very strong and rigid mount which can be easily detached and does not mutilate the rifle in any way.

The second time I tried this rifle with the 'scope I killed seven woodchucks missing none. Some of them were one hundred and fifty yards away.

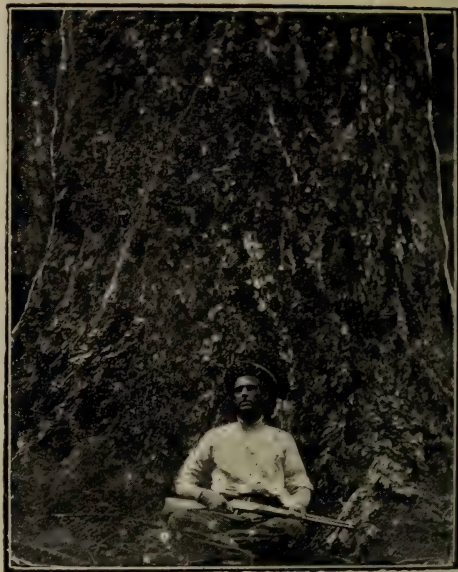
For woodchuck and other game up to the size of a large dog the .22 Hi-Power is a sure killer. I have never tried it on deer always using my .32-40 Marlin for this game but the way it will distribute a woodchuck over the surrounding territory is something wonderful. Sometimes, however, it will not work the same way but one time will pass through a woodchuck making only a small hole—in fact only slightly larger in diameter than the bullet itself,—killing the animal of course instantly, then again if the bullet strikes lengthwise of a woodchuck it may not come out at all but make sausage meat of the insides of the 'chuck.'

For rabbits and squirrels, etc. the light load I mentioned is very good as it does not spoil the meat but nevertheless kills cleanly. I do not consider the .22 H. P. a proper rifle for deer but think that spot for spot it would kill quicker than a .30-30 but if the deer should run any distance it would not leave much of a trail of blood and therefore could not be tracked as well.

While on the subject of woodchucks however I will say that last summer there was a sly old black fellow that lived in sight of my house and though I tried many times to get within decent range of him as soon as I would start from the door-yard he would apply the principle of "safety first" and take to his hole without delay. But one day I took a shot at him at long range (325 yards as I afterwards paced it off) and was successful in hitting him on the hip. He ran about twenty feet and dropped dead. Now at this distance the bullet still retains its explosive effect to a great extent and this brings up something I have never here discussed.

Does a bullet retain its centrifugal energy at all ranges or does it die down at the same rate as its velocity?

While camping and shooting woodchucks with a friend who had a .250-3000 Savage I



There is some very good hunting territory in Oregon. This fellow, Arthur Pyror of Texas, never saw a tree over 20 or 30 feet high in his life until he came here on a visit. This tree is probably 250 feet high.

had a good chance to observe its action on this small game. Its performance on woodchuck is very similar to that of the .22 H. P. only more pronounced.

If I never intended to shoot any larger game than deer I would surely tie up to a .250-3000 Savage as they are plenty strong enough for this game and such sized animals except when shooting in thick brush where nothing but a large bullet at slow speed should be used, as a high velocity bullet will explode on contact with almost any sized bush whereas the large caliber bullet driven at low velocity will plug through a two or three-inch tree and then through a deer or so beside.

I have been looking for an all-around rifle for some time as I can't afford all the different arms of various calibers and I believe that I have found it in the .256 Newton. Now if I can 'make' the rifle and I usually do if I want it badly enough, I am going to Alaska sometime and I want a rifle, not two or three but just *one* powerful enough to kill the largest game and adapted to cartridges easily re-loadable with loads for squirrel, ptarmigan, etc. and as the Newton Arms Co. recommend the practice of re-loading and will furnish tools for this rifle I think that it will be the one that I will take with me. I like the sound of its 2133 foot pounds energy at 500 yards and my 'scope will fit it nicely.

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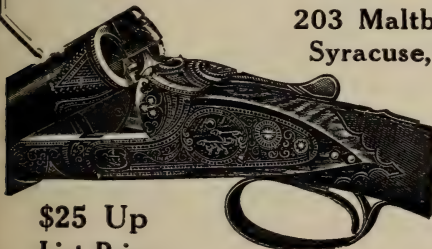
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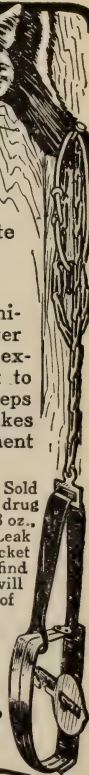
is very attractive to fur bearing animals—seems to draw them better than bait. This is attested by expert trappers who have tried it to their profit. 3-in-One also keeps guns and knives from rusting—makes boots, belts and leather equipment soft, pliable.

Don't go trapping without 3-in-One! Sold in sporting goods stores, hardware, drug and general stores: 1 oz. bottle, 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (1/2 pt.) 50c. Also in Non-Leak Handy Oil Can—just fits the hip pocket—3 1/2 oz., 25c. If you cannot find these cans with your dealer, we will send one by parcel post, full of 3-in-One for 30c.

FREE—A generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of uses. Write for them.

Three-in-One Oil Co.,

55 New St., New York.



Advantages of Ultra High Velocity Rifles

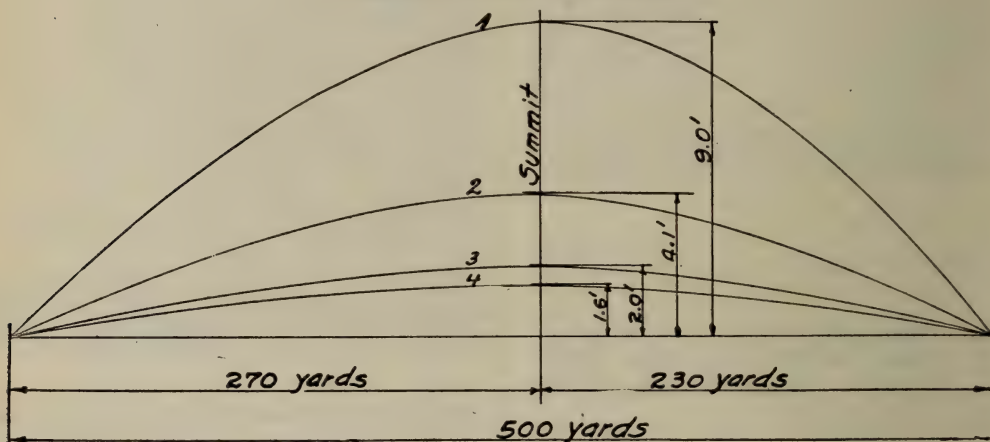
Fred Adolph

TO the gun crank, who is thoroughly versed in velocity, energy and trajectory of existing cartridges, the following pages will tell nothing new; the aim of the article is to bring home these points to those otherwise entirely respectable people, who have a distinct dislike for mathematical formulae and to them apparently meaning-less numbers.

If we place a sheet with ballistic tables

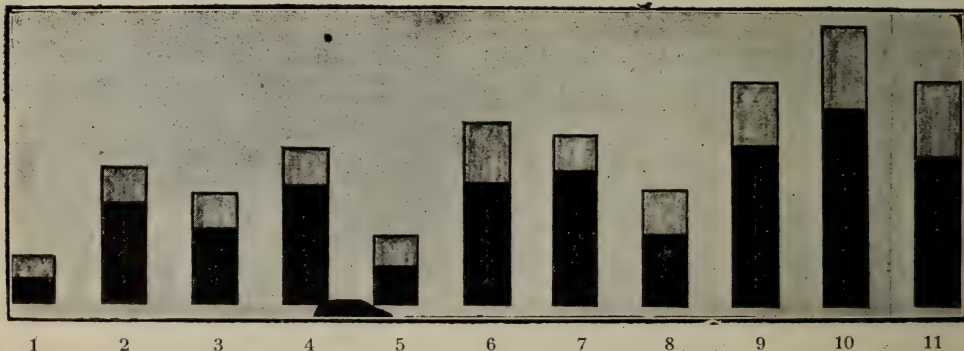
before a certain number of sportsmen, about 90 per cent. will not take the trouble to study them—I know, because I distributed a lot of them and found out afterwards, that the benefit my customers received from them wasn't worth mentioning. To make the matter plain without any numbers at all is of course impossible, but they can be cut down considerably.

Comparative Curves of Trajectory



No. 1. 45-70 at 1,250 feet velocity.
No. 3. Springfield 1906 at 2,700 feet.

No. 2. Krag, 8mm, etc. at 2,000 feet velocity.
No. 4. The Adolph Express cartridges 3,000 feet.



	Muzzle Energy	Energy at 200 yds.
1. .25-35 W. C. F.	1,016 ft. pds.	515 ft. pds.
2. .280 Ross	3,002 ft. pds.	2,247 ft. pds.
3. .30 U. S. Government, '06	2,445 ft. pds.	1,686 ft. pds.
4. .30 Adolph Express	3,440 ft. pds.	2,631 ft. pds.
5. .30-30 W. C. F.	1,522 ft. pds.	850 ft. pds.
6. .33 Adolph Express	4,000 ft. pds.	2,700 ft. pds.
7. .333 Jeffery	3,750 ft. pds.	2,950 ft. pds.
8. .35 W. C. F.	2,687 ft. pds.	1,550 ft. pds.
9. .35 Adolph Express	4,925 ft. pds.	3,500 ft. pds.
10. .40 Newton Express	6,180 ft. pds.	4,320 ft. pds.
11. .450 Cordite	4,944 ft. pds.	3,264 ft. pds.

Black portion indicates energy of bullet at 200 yards. Entire height indicates energy of bullet at muzzle.

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LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT



Flat Trajectory.

The cut illustrating this article shows the comparative curves of trajectory of four different cartridges; the height of the .45-70 curve if fired at 500 yards, is 9 feet, of the .30 Adolph and the .280 Ross it is only 1.6 feet. The advantage of this flat trajectory is that mistakes in judging the distance will not affect very seriously the result. If you have raised the sight for 400 yds and the game is away 500 yds, the hitting point will lie only a few inches deeper; if you made that mistake with a .45-70, you would miss the game by several feet. Therefore, flat trajectory is a very desirable thing, because it does away to a certain degree with judging of distances.



THE .30 ADOLPH EXPRESS.
3,208 Ft. Secs. Velocity.
3,440 Lbs. Energy

Remaining Energy.

One of the commonest errors made is judging the cartridge by its muzzle energy; yet the game is not killed with muzzle energy, but with remaining energy at longer distances and here we see again that ultra high velocity cartridges are superior. The .25-35 starts with an energy of 1016 lbs. and arrives at 200 yds with only 515 left. The .30-30 Winchester starts with 1522 lbs. and this melts down to 850—a loss of about 50 per cent. The .30 Adolph Express starts its journey with 3440 ft. lbs. and registers 2361 at 200 yds; its loss is only 800 lbs., about 25 per cent. instead of 50 per cent. and it has at 200 yds. still the same power as the 35 Winchester at the muzzle. The cubes on page 600 show very clearly, that the black portion of No. 1 and 5, indicating the remaining energy at 200 yds, occupies only half of the entire height, which indicates the muzzle energy of the .25-35 and .30-30.

Reduced Weight of Rifles.

Hand in hand with superior energy of modern cartridges goes a decided reduction of weight of rifles. The first order for a gun I got in this country called for a double rifle .450 Cordite. This cartridge has a muzzle energy of 4944 lbs. and in spite of 11½ lbs. rifle weight the recoil was anything but

Lieut. Townsend Whelen; after having tested a .30 Adolph Express rifle for about 6 months, wrote:

"The .30 Adolph Express should prove a most excellent rifle for Western shooting where long shots often have to be taken. The velocity and energy, particularly of the 172 grain load, are so well retained at long range that it is doubtful if any other rifle now made can excel it at ranges over 300 yards in game shooting. The recoil is so light that good long range practice can be done with it even by a light man." There was no sticking of shells or other troubles. The rifle behaved splendidly.

pleasant. By adopting lighter bullets and firing them with greater velocity the recoil has been lessened to a remarkable degree and the .40 Newton with 25 per cent. higher muzzle energy than the .450 Cordite, can be fired very comfortably from a rifle of 3 lbs. less. Winchester rifles for the .405 cartridge weigh 8½ lbs. and kick like a mule—repeating rifles for the .30 Adolph Express, which is superior in every direction, weigh 7 and 7½ lbs. with considerable less kick.

Value of High Velocity

High velocity has a value per se, aside from producing greater energy. The advantage of a high speed bullet over the old slow moving missile becomes visible if you look at the following table, (this is a case of not-getting-along-without-numbers) which indicates how much one has to hold ahead of running game with an old time rifle of about 1400 feet velocity and a more modern rifle with 2700 ft. sec. like the Springfield. It shows, that at a distance of 200 yds you have to hold ahead about 12 feet with a rifle of Springfield velocity, but 22 feet with a rifle of the .32-40 and .38-56 class. That will come as a surprise to many a fellow, who cannot understand how he missed that deer—"It just was on top of the front sight when I pressed the trigger".

Velocity of running game.

Velocity of bullet	5 yds per sec.				10 yds per sec.				15 yds per sec.			
	Distance to hold ahead in inches at yards											
	50	100	150	200	50	100	150	200	50	100	150	200
1400 ft. sec.	22	44	66	88	44	88	132	166	66	133	210	266
2700 ft. sec.	12	24	26	48	24	48	72	96	36	72	108	144

Killing Power.

The killing power of a certain cartridge cannot be expressed in ft. lbs.—it depends to a great deal on the qualities of the bullet and in publishing the results, which Mr. Thomas Powell of Nelson B. C. obtained with one of

my Adolph Express rifles, I want to mention that Mr. Powell used Reed bullets of 172 grs. weight. He tried out the rifle in comparison with a .405 Winchester and the cuts show three bullets of each kind.

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BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

Of all Stores, etc., 1-oz. 25c.; 2-oz. 40c.; 4-oz. 70c.; 8-oz. \$1.30;
16-oz. \$2.25. Bovril Cordial, large, \$1.25; 5-oz. 40c. 16-oz. Johnston's
Fluid Beef (Vimbos) \$1.20.

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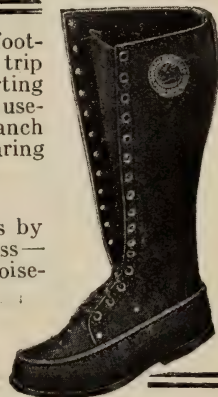
less. You want a pair of the best you can get, made by specialists in this branch of shoemaking. Ensure warm, dry feet and complete comfort by wearing

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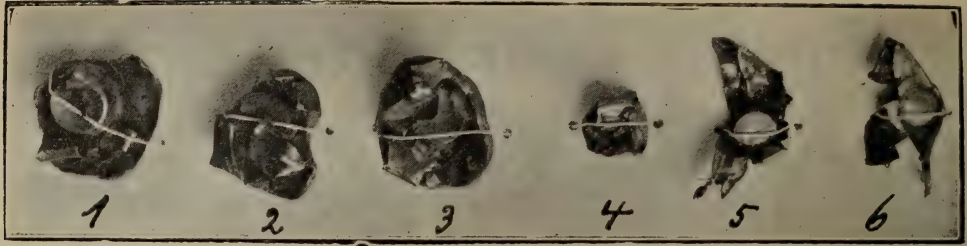
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This is what he says:

"No. 1—.405 bullet. Killed black bear at 200 yards. Bear ran about sixty yards after shot.

"No. 2—.405. Large cinnamon bear. Killed at 175 yards. Ran fifty yards after being shot through shoulder.

"No. 3—.405. Killed grizzly bear at twenty yards. Bear ran thirty yards after being shot.

"No. 4—.30 Adolph Express, 172 grains Reed bullet. Killed brown bear at 150 yards. Shot through seat of pants—blew his whole seat away. Died in a few seconds.

"No. 5—.30 Adolph Express, 172 grains Reed bullet. Killed black bear at sixty yards. Shot through hips. Killed almost instantly.

"No. 6—.30 Adolph Express, 172 grains Reed bullet. Killed black bear at 150 yards. Shot through shoulder. Killed instantly. Too dead to struggle."

In a letter dated Nelson, B. C., May 7, 1914, he says:

"I killed a black bear at about 300 yards, as near as I could judge.

It was impossible to measure the distance, as I had to shoot across a canyon.

"The bullet struck about the center of body on the right side, ranged forward blowing the heart in fragments, then passed through the ribs into the left shoulder, breaking in small fragments, but without going clear through. The bear dropped stone dead to the single bullet.

"The next bear was a small brown one, and the bullet struck him through the center of body at about 150 yards, killing it almost instantly.

"This is the best rifle I have yet used for long shots."

On July 16, Mr. Powell wrote, in speaking of the .30 A. E., in comparison with the .405 Winchester:

"The .405 did excellent work, but it didn't seem to kill as quickly as the .30 A. E. The bullets of the .30 seem to go to pieces very badly. One of the bears looked as if he had sat on a stick of dynamite and it had gone off. The whole seat of his pants was blown out. It was remarkable that a bear could be killed with a shot through the hips."

On September 7, 1914, Mr. Powell wrote: "Killed two fine black-tail deer with the .30 A. E. Killed the first at about 100 yards and it never moved out of its tracks. The bullet struck left side, passed through and lodged in skin of opposite side.

"The next deer was killed at 125 yards, also killed instantly. It was running broadside to me and the bullet hit it in the neck."

On October 21, 1914, he writes, on the wrappings which contained the bullets:

"This bullet killed female grizzly bear at 125 yards. Bullet struck to the right of tail and four inches high, passed through intestines and stomach, heart and lung; killed instantly; about 400 pounds weight.

"Killed cinnamon bear, 90 yards; tumbled end over like shot rabbit. Made a terrible wound—killed instantly; weight, 300 pounds.

"No. 9. This bullet killed a large male grizzly bear among the huckleberries at a distance of 300 yards. Bullet struck just under heart on right side and lodged under skin on left side. The big fellow tumbled over like a sack of oats; weight, 600 pounds."

On June 28th 1915, Mr. Powell writes:

"Was out bear hunting again with the .30 A. E. It sure is "big medicine" for bear. On June 4th killed female grizzly at 125 yds. She dropped in her tracks to a single bullet regardless of the fact that she was hit too high up in the shoulder. Died in a few moments.



Male grizzly bear killed June 7th, 1915, distance 125 yards. Killed with single bullet from 30 A. E. Rifle, weight between seven and eight hundred lbs. A powerful bear in vigorous prime. Such a bear could make short work of a lion. The skull is 15 inches long.

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Gillette Building, Montreal

June 7th. I killed a very large male grizzly—would weigh between six and eight hundred pounds. Was hit in the shoulder also—smashed ball and socket joint and blade into small fragments. The bullet struck rather high but he fell as if pole-axed. A very large and powerful bear.

Was disappointed as regards black bear; didn't even get a shot at one. Will send you a skin as soon as I kill one."

On Sept. 9th. 1915, he writes:

"On my last hunting trip I killed one deer (white tail), one Rocky Mountain Goat and three grizzly bear. The goat was shot at about 200 yards; he fell to the shot like a bundle of rags and never moved again. And I might say that in my experience I have found a mountain goat will stand as much, or even more, punishment than a grizzly.

The deer was killed at 250 yards and he never moved one step after receiving the 172 grain Reed pointed, soft point bullet, through the kidneys.

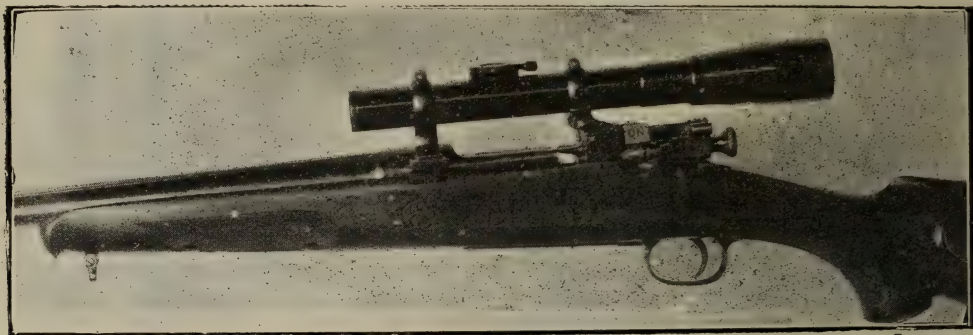
The grizzly, a female, was standing among huckleberries at about 125 yards, when she received the light bullet, backed up by a powder charge that would fill a .280 Ross cartridge case clear full and some more. She fell with a loud bellow and was dead in less than five seconds. Inside the chest was an awful mess; blood, lungs and bits of bone.

Previous to this trip I have killed six Grizzly, two brown and one cinnamon bear, and four deer. In each case it was a clean kill or rather an unclean kill, for I have never seen a rifle that smashes things up so much as this .30 Adolph Express.

I killed one very large Grizzly in June at 150 yards. The bullet struck too high on right shoulder but he died in a few seconds. After cutting the flesh away the shoulder bones looked like a plate glass window that a base ball had been thrown through. I shot a female grizzly at about 125 yards, the bullet striking near the tail, about four inches above, but she fell stone dead, for the bullet had passed just under the back bone, pierced the stomach and blown heart and lungs to fragments. So far this is the best rifle I have ever used for all round big game hunting. Previous to this rifle the .405 Winchester was my favorite for bear hunting, and even now I am very partial to that splendid rifle, but the 30 A. E. has it pushed to the wall for good.

I have used rifles for 20 years, from .22 B. B. up to the big powerful .577 but like this .30 A. E. best of all."

The cut shows a .30 A. E. rifle made for a gentleman in Butte, Mont. Springfield action, Krupp hardsteel barrel with matted rib, Adolph telescopic sight, fancy stock and English engraving.



Some Alaskan Experiences with the .30-30

"T"

GLANCING over some of the numbers of this year's issue, the several controversies re the different arms used and the divergent opinions of the various contributors is quite interesting. Perhaps a word from one in the far away Yukon after a residence of eighteen years may be of interest to the readers.

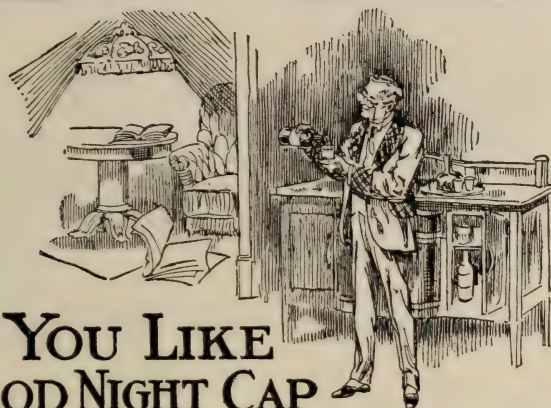
Like "A.D.F." in the June issue I disagree with Mr. Hill (March Number) in his opinion of the .30-30 as an every day service gun. I think I've used every gun put on the market in the last twenty-five years from the old '73 model .44 to the new Ross which latter arm is certainly 'some gun' I have a \$125.00 L. C. Smith gun which I have owned some twelve years, a 16-gauge 1912 model Winchester

pump, a .30-40 Winchester, a .30-30 Winchester and a 6 mm. Mauser. When I go hunting I take the 16-gauge shotgun and .30-30 and the camp is never without meat.

Of course there is one reason for the popularity of the .30-30 in this country, the fact that the ammunition is light and that means much in a country where you practically carry everything when you leave the navigable streams,—pack-horses not being used as there are no trails. Of course in winter time it is back to the dog trains.

I started out to cite an instance or two where my personal experience taught me the usefulness and trustworthiness of the .30-30.

During the winter of 1905 while taking an overland trip to Fairbanks Alaska, (some



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480 miles) crossing the Eagle Divide between Circle City and Fairbanks I ran into a small bunch of fifteen or twenty thousand caribou on the west side. I didn't bother them that day but had to wait over two hours for them to pass. I arrived at Eagle Creek and caught a teamster there hauling supplies from Fairbanks to the mines and made arrangements for him to wait over two days and promised him a load of meat.

I had seventeen shells for the .30-30 and I sent this man into town with twelve caribou and I don't think any wounded ones got away. Later that same winter I made a trip alone into the Mt. McKinley country after mountain sheep still carrying the .30-30 and on one occasion in twenty (20) shots (I usually only carried a box) killed eleven out of fourteen sheep and afterwards found one that had died from a paunch shot.

On the same trip I got two moose—large

ones—, at sixty yards, both shoulder shot and neither ran over 150 yards. I also had a friend, J. Moody by name who supplied the meat for the Nazeena Mining Co. for three years and he used a .30-30 at all times. His arm was fitted with Lyman rear and ivory bead front sight with the buckhorn sight taken off.

On a trip, 1911-'12 from Iditarod Alaska to Seward Alaska with some 2250 pounds of bullion for Wells Fargo & Co., consigned to Seattle, Wash. I kept the party of five men and forty-seven dogs in meat most of the time as it was too far to haul dried salmon, the usual dog feed. The .30-30 was the only gun in the party and my partner on that trip, U. G. Norton, killed a Kenai Peninsula grizzly weighing 1400 pounds with one shot at a little over 100 yards so must say they are not bad pop guns after all.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Editor Guns and Ammunition: After reading the exceedingly interesting article on combination guns in the September number of Rod and Gun, I wondered why no mention was made of the English "Ball and Shot gun." These guns have now been made for years with "invisible" rifling which allows conical ball to be used with the accuracy of an express rifle up to 300 yards, and can show rather better than ordinary cylinder patterns with shot. The weight of a 12-gauge double of this design is about 7½ lbs. So far, these guns, owing to the very limited demand for them in the old country, have only been manufactured in rather superior grades, therefore the price is high, say from \$75.00 up. But I see no reason why comparatively cheap pump guns should not be manufactured with a ball and shot barrel and I am sure that they would be ideal weapons for such a country as this (Newfoundland), where one often goes after deer and meets a company of black ducks or a flock of geese in a pond. All this month I have been packing two guns around, a 12-gauge shot-gun and a rifle and found plenty of use for both whereas had I possessed a ball and shot gun one weapon would have sufficed.

Yours truly A. T. R.

THE .303 ROSS AND LEE-ENFIELD.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I have been a constant reader of this magazine for some time and think the gun department one of the most interesting features.

I would like to know whether the .303 British cartridge is powerful enough for moose also would like to be advised as to the shooting powers of the .303 Ross.

Have any of the readers used the .303 Lee-Enfield and if so what is your opinion of the arm?

Yours,

"Reader"

(The killing power of the .303 British is

adapted to the American Krag military rifle approximately that of the well-known .30-40 and to the single shot and Model 1895 Winchester.

It is a well known fact that the .30-40 has made a good record on moose and though the advent of the ultra-high velocity rifle has changed things somewhat still this rifle remains very popular and is used by experienced hunters for the biggest American game. The energy of the .303 British at the muzzle is 1908.3 foot pounds and at 100 yards 1505.7.

There is very slight individuality in the shooting powers of two different rifles adapted to the same cartridge, barrel lengths being equal and the performance of the .303 Ross and .303 Lee Enfield would be identical as far as killing power is concerned.

We trust that those of the readers who have used the rifle mentioned will oblige our correspondent with the required information. Editor.)

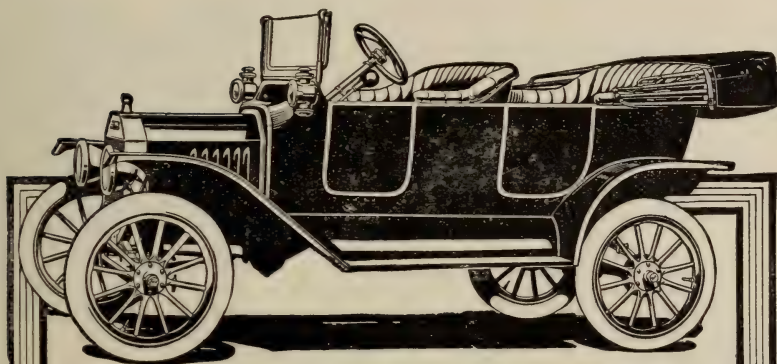
AMMUNITION FOR THE .38-55 WINCHESTER.

Editor Guns and Ammunition: Could you give me information through this department as to the best ammunition to use in the Winchester .35-55? I do not want to know the best make of ammunition to use but desire information as to smokeless powder, lead or metal-jacketed bullets etc.

I have two sets of reloading tools for my rifle, one supposed to be for "short range" ammunition. The bullet for this mould seems to be very short and light.

Rusticus.

(For re-loading your .38-55 shells I would suggest that you use any of the loads mentioned in the Ideal Hand Book. From this latter source of information I would mention two loads which you will doubtless find suitable: the regular 255-grain lead bullet backed up by 48 grains F. G. black powder or the



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same bullet with 19 grains of Du Pont No. 1 Rifle Smokeless. If your barrel is of the ordinary soft, black powder steel it is unsuitable for use with high pressure ammunition and if it is your desire to use such ammunition it will be necessary for you to have a nickel steel barrel fitted to your rifle.

Such loads as are recommended in the Ideal book for use with barrels of the ordinary soft stock steel will give good satisfaction without undue pressures.

Doubtless the short range mould casts bullets which are fully described in the Ideal Hand Book but from your letter it would be impossible for me to give you any definite information as to the proper powder charge for this bullet. There are several short range bullets described in this invaluable little book and very likely your bullet is among the number. Editor.)

INFORMATION REGARDING THE .280 ROSS

Editor Guns and Ammunition: I would like to hear from the readers about the .280 Ross as a big game arm.

Would you advise me as to the recoil of the rifle in comparison with that of a 12-gauge shot-gun loaded with smokeless powder.

I have heard from a friend that the bolt of the Ross is liable to blow out. Have you ever heard of this? Would it be possible to have the stock altered to enable me to shoot with the left eye as I am right handed but have bad sight in my right eye?

Toronto.

W. F. B.

(We referred that portion of your communication touching the recoil of the .280 Ross and the possibility of having the stock altered to meet your requirements to the

manufacturers who advise as follows:—

"The recoil of the Ross .280 with copper tube bullet of 145 grains with muzzle velocity of 3030 fr. secs. is 21.20 ft. lbs. These figures are worked out from the table compiled in the British Text Book of Small Arms but the recoil effect is considerably less than the figures given.

Touching the communication you received from a Toronto subscriber, we could not possibly alter our standard stock to suit him. We should think however that he would very soon become accustomed to our ordinary action as we have a number of customers who are entirely left-handed, and they do not seem to experience any inconvenience in using the standard action when they have once become accustomed to it."

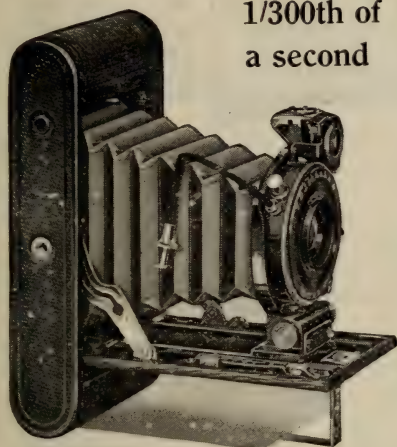
We would advise that the recoil of a 12 gauge shotgun loaded with $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams of smokeless powder and $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces of shot is in the neighborhood of 28.00 foot pounds.

The recoil of the .280 Ross using the 180-grain bullet at 2700 ft. secs. muzzle velocity is 21.22 foot pounds.

As to the liability of the Ross bolt blowing out it would seem that your informant is but indifferently posted on the subject since the .280 Ross in the hands of Mr. E. C. Crossman has proved itself capable of handling huge charges of Sharpshooter to the fullest capacity of the shell and loaded with the 180-grain bullet. With these tremendous charges the bolt held in the game serenely and it might be of interest to mention the fact that with the 180-grain bullet and 58 grains of this powder which was finally tried, the backward thrust on the bolt (estimated at over 100,000 pounds, failed to 'blow out' this portion of the rifle's anatomy. Editor.)

TO ALPINE CLUB MEMBERS

Mr. Frank Yeigh of Toronto will contribute to the next issue of Rod and Gun an account of the Alpine Club Camp of 1915, which was held in Ptarmigan Valley. Mr. Yeigh graduated at the first Alpine Camp that was held in the Canadian Rockies just ten years ago.



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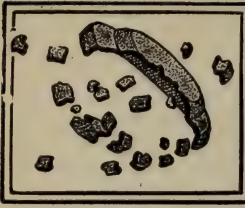


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TOURNAMENT DATES.

Nov. 29th, 30th; Dec. 1st, 2nd, 3rd.
St. Thomas, Ont., Grand International Handicap shoot at Targets and Live Birds. W. J. McCance, Manager, 475 Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ont.

St. Thomas Grand International Handicap Shoot

St. Thomas, Ont., is the place selected for the Grand International Handicap shoot which is to be held this year on Nov. 29th and 30th, and Dec. 1, 2, 3, a five days open to the world shoot. Two thousand dollars in cash trophies and merchandise will be offered to the shooters at this big event. Mr. McCance, manager of the shoot writes. "It is up to the shooters now. They can depend on me to do my part. There is no reason why Canada cannot hold a shoot as large as the Grand American Handicap. We've the finest grounds in Canada or in the United States. Last June Mr. James S. Day of the Peters Cartridge Co., broke 590 targets out of 600, which should be proof that our shooting grounds are all they're said to be. This shooting was done over our five different sets of traps which will be used at the coming shoot."

There will be five hundred targets in the target event, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On the last day of the targets the Grand International Handicap will be shot, which is open to the world 16 to 23. Three hundred dollars will be added to this one event, \$100 in cash to the winner and a \$50 gold watch also. The balance which should be one thousand dollars divided high guns. The entrance is \$7.00 to this event, open to the world's amateurs, one hundred targets in this event. The two high professional men will be awarded in the Grand International Handicap, two beautiful prizes. Ladies shooting throughout the entire programme will also be awarded a handsome prize each.

The live birds are to be shot at Thursday and Friday The Grand International Handicap on live birds is to be shot the last day, 20 live birds handicap, 26 to 33 yards. \$300 in cash is also guaranteed to this event and a fifty dollars gold watch to the winner.

\$100 in cash is also guaranteed to every ten bird event and some trophies. The targets will be shot over five sets of traps and the live birds shot over the Fulford traps. The club have just built a new club house to accommodate two hundred shooters and have also spent several hundred dollars on the grounds and are now ready for the big shoot.

It has taken Mr. McCance and his office staff a whole year to prepare for this shoot and they feel that there is no reason why Canada cannot have in the shoot to be held in St. Thomas in November and December next a shoot as big as the Americans put on.

The big shoot will be opened at 1 o'clock on Monday afternoon, sharp, November 29th by the mayor of the city Mr. N. B. Johnson. The office will be in charge of Mr. Geo. R. Ginn of the Winchester Co., New Haven, Conn., and Mr. Rubert M. Watson of the Dominion Cartridge Co., Montreal, Canada, two first class men. There will also be a five hundred dollar merchandise event. 60 different shooters can win a prize. It has been stated by shooters that it will be possible for a shooter to win \$150.00 in cash at this big shoot besides "prizes."

For all information write W. J. McCance, "The Men's Furnisher," 475 Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ont.

Chilliwack B. C. Gun Club.

The Chilliwack Gun Club held their final shoot before the opening of the duck season in ideal weather on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 26th. Thanks are due Mr. J. Cadham the District Representative of the Dominion Cartridge Co., who conducted the shoot, and the local merchants who donated prizes. The following scores were made:—

Total number shot at.	25	25	10
J. McCorquodale	21	14	
J. Farquharson	18	11	5

S. Eckel	16	11	
S. Johnson	18	14	
W. McCutcheon	20	14	
C. B. Reeves	22	23	
Dr. McCaffrey	17	16	
E. Henderson	4	2	
W. Cox	13	12	4
A. E. Menzies	15	21	
C. Parker	11	16	
G. Bradley	8	13	4
W. R. Nelems	12		
F. Jubb	11	15	
F. Joudry	11	15	4
W. E. Frost	23	15	
J. Cadham	23	25	
M. Ingram	18		
F. Webb	12	14	6
J. Hammar	11		
F. A. Menzies	13	12	
M. Stallard		6	

Stanley Gun Club.

The Stanley Gun Club held their usual practice shoot on Thursday evening, Sept 16. As the evenings are getting so short it was decided not to hold shoots on Thursday evenings in future, but arrangements were made for a Saturday shoot. The scores for Thursday were as follows:

	Shot at	Broke.
Stevens	75	66
Fox	75	62
Marsh	50	37
Case	75	61
Goldstein	50	46
Tomlin	50	33
Collins	45	23

—Doubles—

	Pairs.	Broke.
Stevens	24	32
Fox	24	29
Marsh	24	36
Case	12	10
Tomlin	12	9

Edgar Sturt Scored High Average at Big Jordan Fruit Shoot

The Jordan Gun Club held its eighth annual fruit shoot on Saturday, September 18, and the largest crowd of shooters that ever attended this popular tournament was present. The day was ideal for high scores and ten men shot 90 per cent. or over. Shooters were present from Detroit, London, Tillsonburg, Toronto, Hamilton, Galt, St. Catharines, Welland and many other Niagara district points, and all went home loaded down with the finest peaches grown in the famous Jordan peach orchards. The high average was won by Sturt, of Hamilton, second high by Day of London, and third high by Funderburk of Detroit and Choate of Hamilton.

Three professionals were present viz: R. Day, representing Empire and Ballistic powders; G. M. Dunk, for the Dominion Cartridge company and Mr. Ross of the U. M. C.-Remington company of Windsor.

The Red Cross ladies had charge of the lunch counter and provided a dainty luncheon for everybody. Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.
Sturt	100	97
Day	100	95
Choate	100	95
Funderburk	100	94
Long	100	93
Marshall	100	92
Dillon	100	91
Beam	100	91
Cashmore	100	90
Fenton	100	89
Sherwood	100	89
Konkle	100	89

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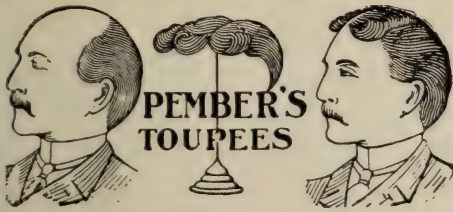
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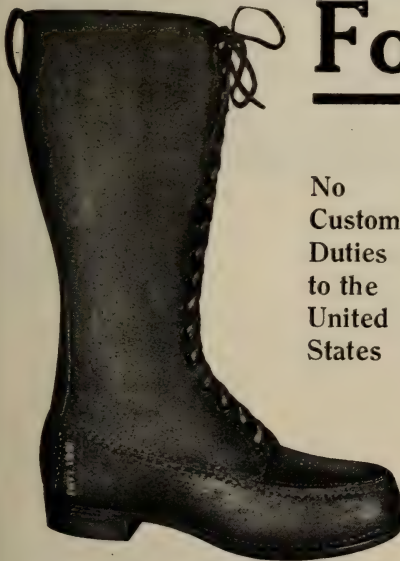
1. Caught by W. G. Harding, St. Louis, Mo.
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W. Van Valkenburg.....	9	18	14	40	8	17	150	106
D. McGregor.....	15	14	13	40	12	20	150	114
A. Tarves.....	9	—	13	—	7	16	75	45
G. Peacocke.....	6	6	13	—	—	15	85	40
M. Corrigan.....	13	17	15	37	12	17	150	111
W. Lythe.....	12	17	15	32	11	17	150	104
J. Milligan.....	10	—	—	—	—	19	40	2
J. Gilhooly.....	9	8	—	—	5	6	80	28
J. Cram.....	13	11	10	*16	9	18	125	77
W. Owens.....	12	17	13	41	11	18	150	112
C. Wood.....	7	15	10	*16	—	—	85	48
Harry Dennison.....	—	—	15	*18	—	17	70	50
N. J. White.....	12	15	18	*17	9	18	125	89
Dr. Robb.....	12	20	11	*14	10	15	125	82
Tom Brooks.....	10	16	13	*17	9	16	125	81
F. Hockin.....	9	12	16	*15	13	22	125	87
F. Grant.....	7	19	15	—	—	20	85	61
P. Girgulis.....	7	6	8	*16	13	15	125	65
H. Smith.....	—	—	—	—	—	12	25	12
C. Bullis.....	10	18	13	*9	10	12	125	72
R. G. Waddell.....	9	7	13	*11	6	21	125	67
O. Price.....	14	19	13	*15	12	16	125	89
R. E. Turnbull.....	5	15	8	—	6	13	100	47
H. J. Smale.....	9	12	14	—	10	[20	100	65
A. A. Pierce.....	5	9	3	—	—	—	60	17
C. N. Blewett.....	7	7	9	—	—	7	85	30
A. J. Gibson.....	—	7	7	—	—	9	70	23
J. Changuris.....	—	4	10	*9	6	—	85	29
D. Ross.....	—	—	—	—	—	19	25	19
Judge Lamond.....	—	—	—	—	—	19	25	19
Geo. Don.....	—	—	—	—	—	7	25	7
K. W. Ross.....	—	—	—	—	—	14	25	14

* Did not complete events;—Did not compete.

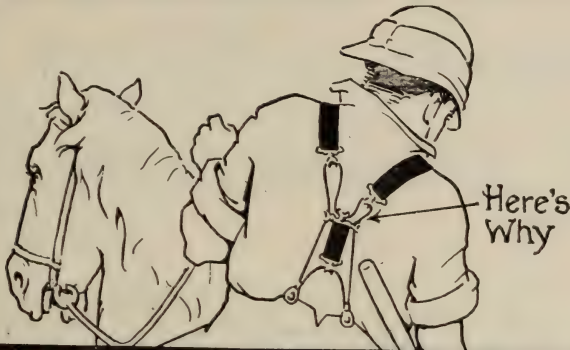


REGINA GUN CLUB SHOOT, SEPT. 6th, 1915.

Novice Won Spoon At St. Hubert Club.
At the weekly shoot of the St. Hubert Gun Club on Saturday, Oct. 2nd, "Bobbie" Cameron one of the young shots of the club won the weekly spoon with a score of thirty-nine plus a handicap of six, making his total forty-five. The scores were not of a high order on account of the threatening state of the weather and also a tricky wind. The following were the scores made:
Cameron, R. L..... 21 18—39

Easdale, Geo.....	21	18—39
Rogers, V. V.....	18	21—39
Heney, F. A.....	16	22—38
Corby, W. J.....	18	20—38
Johnson, W. J.....	20	15—35
Booth, C. J.....	16	18—34
Sheppard.....	15	18—33
Williams.....	15	15—30
Rogers, C. H.....	13	15—28
Collins, Ben.....	11	16—27





PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

NONE-SO-EASY

MADE IN CANADA

The HUMANE GAME TRAP

For Catching Mink, Marten, Weasel, Muskrat or Skunk. Kills the animal instantly when taking the bait without damaging the fur. Not affected by the



snow, not troubled by Whiskey Jack, Rabbits or squirrels. Has safety device, can be baited, spring set and snare placed in position before leaving home for the trap line.

Weight 1 3/4 lbs.
Size of body 3 1/2 x 4 x 6 inches.

PRICE \$1.00 EACH, \$10.00 PER DOZEN.

FOOT PADS

Made from rubber and graphite, especially prepared for snowshoes, keeps the snow and ice from accumulating under the ball of the foot, adds comfort to what is otherwise a disagreeable inconvenience.

Price 65c per pair, \$6.00 per dozen pair. Weight 3 ozs. All orders from U.S. shipped direct from Niagara Falls, N.Y.



Humane Game Trap Co., 190 Richmond St. W. TORONTO, Canada.

Rush's Tango Minnow



85c

\$50 Gold Prize Contest Bait

Contest does not close until Dec. 1st, 1915. EVERY FISHERMAN ELIGIBLE—the only condition for entrance is that you make the catch with RUSH'S TANGO MINNOW. You can get the fish and money too if you angle with this new and liveliest bait that floats—it gets them all. Ideal for trolling or casting—appeals to amateurs or professionals. Hooks being behind body makes it practically a WEEDLESS BAIT. Don't delay—enter today. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name, and 25 cents for sample, or \$3 for complete set of four assorted brilliant colors. Our radiant bait glows at night. "bates 'em all."

Write for details and bait now—be sure to mention your dealer's name.

Dealers pronounce Rush's Tango Minnow the best ever—now's the time to stock it.

U.S. Specialty Co.
944 S.A. & K. Building,
Syracuse, N.Y.





ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY GEORGE J. THIESSEN



THE golden haze of autumn has again settled over the woods and fields. Already the wild animals are preparing their winter quarters. You—my readers of the cold North and the warmer South—will get down your traps and prepare to take the many fur bearers. Some of you are just starting out for the first time; others have spent their lives, so to speak, after the mink, otter, fisher, skunk, marten, fox and other animals. It is our intention to make this department of practical value to all of you, whether amateur or professional. But in order to do this we must have your aid.

Of course we will not discontinue the question and answer department. It is here that the “knotty problems” are solved. It is the editor’s belief that more than one discouraged beginner has come to this page and been helped. For such that have, “Rod and Gun” holds a place second to no other publication of its kind.

But in the past not enough of you have written to the editor of the trapping department. Such letters that came—and there were quite a few even though not so many as we would have liked to have—were gratefully appreciated. However, this season we are going to have a cosy place around the camp-fire for every trapper, and when the day’s work is over, when the last fur has been stretched and pipes lighted, we want you to join us for the evening chat. We want to know your experiences; we are interested in your trapping secrets—in fact we would like to know anything about the art of trapping that is either interesting or practical. Both, of course, are preferable.

In order to get acquainted with you, we are going to offer a series of prizes for the best letters or stories. As first prizes, we are going to give a



GEO. J. THIESSEN

year’s subscription to “Rod and Gun.” As second, a dollar bottle of Attractor—the best-known baits in the world and recommended by the editor—for any fur-bearing animal. For other letters published we will give—according to merit—six and three months’ subscription to this magazine. Remember the prizes are to be paid every month and the best letters win. This does not mean that you have to be a story writer to get your letters into print or earn a reward. Spelling and punctuation are not what we are after but your experiences. Write on one side of the paper, with pen and ink preferably. But should stationery be limited; should you have nothing but a pencil—write anyway. We want to hear from you.

Help us make this department the best possible. Remember it is for you.

THE COMING FUR SEASON

What about the coming fur season!

All of you want to know what it holds in store.

Some might forecast the market pretty accurately—and others have no idea.

At best, the results are uncertain.

In other words, the season of 1915-16 is one of expectation. The prevailing opinion is that despite the European markets which are destroyed, prices will be considerably higher than they were last season. Many dealers are very optimistic—and this spirit backed by that unknown something which in reality is advance information is going to liven up the trapping conditions of America.

Get busy then, boys.

RAW FURS

RED, WHITE, BLUE, CROSS, BLACK, SILVER
FOXES, BEAVER, LYNX, Etc.

WANTED FROM ALL SECTIONS OF CANADA

Every raw-fur shipper who is looking for a better outlet for his raw furs should write at once for our price list. We are in a position to pay top market prices, and will do so at all times. Let us hear from you.

Send for our Price List.—NOW READY—We buy Ginseng.

STRUCK & BOSSAK, Inc.,

Importers of and Dealers in RAW FURS.
152 WEST 28TH ST., - NEW YORK.

We pay highest Prices For

RAW FURS

**And Remit
Promptly**

GUNS

**John Hallam
Limited**

More Trappers and Fur Collectors send their Raw Furs to us than to any other five houses in Canada.

Because they know we pay highest prices, pay mail and express charges, charge no commissions, and treat our shippers right. Result, we are the largest in our line in Canada. Ship to us to-day and deal with a Reliable House. No shipment too small or too large to receive our prompt attention.

We sell Guns, Rifles, Traps, Animal Bait, Shoeboxes, Flashlights, Headlights, Fishing Nets, Fishing Tackle and Sportsmen's Supplies at lowest prices. CATALOG FREE

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Hallam's Three Books
"Trapper's Guide"
English or French

96 pages, illustrated, tells how and where to trap and other valuable information for trappers; also "Trapper's and Sportsmen's Supply Catalog" "Raw Fur Price List," and latest "Fur Style Book" of beautiful fur sets and fur garments.

All these books fully illustrated and sent
FREE ON REQUEST.

TORONTO

NOTICE TO FUR-BUYERS

FIRMS OR PERSONS

dealing in protected fur-bearing animals, i.e., beaver, otter, mink and muskrat, or the skins or pelts of protected animals, i.e., beaver, otter, mink, muskrat, moose, reindeer, caribou and deer are required to obtain a license in accordance with sub-section 5 of section 41 of the Ontario Game and Fisheries Act. The fee for such license is fixed at \$2.00, by clause (d) of section 49 of the same Act.

Dealers will note that the close season in Ontario for beaver and otter does not expire until October 31st, 1916.

A. SHERIFF,

Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries.

When Jim Ellis

started in the fur business way back in 1899, at a little place called Stony Ford, which consisted of a depot and two houses, some people said he was crazy.

Jim Ellis thought then and still thinks that no matter where a man locates, if he has honor and integrity in his make up he is bound to succeed.

Sixteen years of pleasant business relations with shippers from Alaska to New Mexico, and from Maine to California have proved that idea correct.

Prices on most articles will be quite a little higher than last year, and if you expect to make any changes with your shipments this season give Jim Ellis a chance.

You'll find him prompt, courteous, and willing to go the limit with any man who is satisfied with fair treatment.

Price List Ready in November.

JAMES P. ELLIS, Exporter,

39 & 41 Mill St., - Middletown, N.Y.

A Review of Fur Trade Conditions

A Prosperous Season Predicted

IN an interview with Mr. John Hallam, the Toronto fur merchant Mr. Hallam gives an interesting résumé of conditions in the fur trade during the past year.

"The fur trade has passed through the most remarkable year in history," said Mr. Hallam. Before the war 65% to 75% of all the raw fur caught in Canada and the United States was annually exported to Europe; the two largest fur markets of the world being London, England and Leipsic, Germany. Shortly after the war broke out the export of furs to Germany from the United States was rendered very difficult by the activity of the English fleet, while the decree against "trading with the enemy" prohibited exports to Germany from Canada and the British Possessions."

"The fall of 1914 found great stocks of raw furs in London, so that there was no demand for American furs from that quarter, while many dealers in the United States and Canada had large stocks of raw furs in their warehouses which they had failed to ship to the London June sales of 1914, owing to the poor outlook for obtaining reasonable prices which preceded that sale, while the results of the June sale proved that their fears were only too well grounded. Leipsic fur merchants, who previously were very heavy purchasers at the London sales, having large stocks of raw fur on hand, attempted to have the June sales of 1914 postponed and on refusal of the London merchants to grant their request, a boycott of the members of the Fur Merchants' Association at Leipsic was instituted under a heavy penalty for any member of the association who purchased raw furs directly or indirectly at the June sales of that year.

"This fact, taken with the large offerings of furs and the lack of purchasers, resulted in a heavy decline in prices compared with the prices realized for the same class of furs one year earlier; the result being that many fur dealers withdrew their stocks from the sales, and the war coming on shortly afterwards, left vast quantities of furs unsold on the London market, while the American dealers were also well stocked up with raw furs. Business in all lines was in a more or less demoralized condition; many men were out of employment, both in the United States and Canada, and the outlook for the sale of manufactured furs in America was far from promising, so that the raw fur dealers were at a loss to know whether they would be able to find a market for the furs they purchased or not."

"Owing to these facts, some raw fur dealers withdrew from the market for the time being, while others readjusted their prices as far as possible to meet the new unprecedented conditions, and purchased such furs as were offered them for sale. Manufacturers of

fur garments and retailers bought only on a hand to mouth basis, fearing to lay in their usual stocks, owing to the unsettled conditions then prevailing. Articles appeared in the papers advising trappers not to set out their traps, stating that there would be no market for their raw furs, all of which naturally tended to demoralize business of all kinds, and especially the fur trade."

"The ruling prices were lower than they had been for several years, but were decidedly higher than they were some fifteen or twenty years ago. This gave the general public an opportunity to purchase manufactured furs at very reasonable prices and had a stimulating effect on the retail trade, as the public were thus enabled to purchase American caught furs at prices they had formerly been forced to pay for inferior imported furs, thus opening a new avenue for the sale of American furs, which aided the dealer in disposing of his stocks, and the trapper in securing reasonable prices for his catch. This was especially noticeable in Canada, as the war tax of 7½% placed on all furs imported into Canada, made it an object for Canadian manufacturers to purchase Canadian caught furs with which to supply the Canadian trade."

"The result of the increased consumption of American caught furs in the United States and Canada has tended to use up the accumulated stocks that were in the hands of the dealers at the time the war broke out. Business has assumed a more settled condition, manufacturers have bought heavily and retailers have bought their usual stocks of manufactured furs, so that the present raw furs season opens with no great accumulation in the hands of the dealers, and the market is practically cleared ready for the new caught skins to be absorbed in the ordinary course of trade."

"Under these conditions we can only look forward to a prosperous season for all concerned. The consumer will purchase American caught furs at comparatively low prices, this stimulates the demand of the retailer from the manufacturer, the manufacturer from the raw fur dealer and the raw fur dealer from the trapper, consequently we expect that the prices which will prevail during the coming raw fur season will be fully as high on all articles, and considerably higher on some articles, than were paid during the past year, and while they may not be as high as the prices that prevailed for several years when values of raw furs were inflated yet they will be sufficiently high to amply recompense the trapper for his efforts in securing the valuable fur-bearing animals, and the larger catch which he will undoubtedly have, will materially assist in increasing the size of the trapper's bank account."

Big Drop in Prices of FURS AND FUR GARMENTS



No matter where you live or what you and your family want in Furs, or Fur garments, you can buy cheaper and better by dealing direct with us.

It will pay you to send for our Fur Style Book, 1915-16 edition, SENT FREE on request, which contains 34 Pages of illustrations of beautiful furs, and will tell you how you can buy cheaper and better from us under our system of

FROM TRAPPER TO WEARER

When you realize that we are the largest cash buyers of Raw Furs in Canada, purchasing direct from the trapper, you will appreciate the unrivalled opportunity we have to select the finest skins, manufacture them into desirable Fur sets and Fur garments, then by selling direct by mail save you the middlemen's profits.

You will be astonished to see the beautiful Furs you can purchase from us for a little money, every one a gem in its class.

This season furs are lower in price than ever before, owing largely to most of the European markets being closed on account of the war, but the stock of Raw Furs in America now is so low, that prices are stiffening up, and it looks to us as if they will advance steadily from now on. You should buy your furs this season WITHOUT FAIL. Remember our Fur Style Book prices mean goods DELIVERED TO YOU, AS

WE PAY ALL DELIVERY CHARGES.

Every article is sold under OUR POSITIVE GUARANTEE to "SATISFY YOU OR REFUND YOUR MONEY."

The furs illustrated here are taken from our Fur Style Book, and give you but a faint idea of the numerous bargains offered to you, which are shown in our Fur Style Book. Should the furs shown here meet with your approval, send us their price, and we will ship at once, delivery charges paid by us, and guaranteed to be satisfactory.

MUSKRAT COAT

112. This MUSKRAT COAT is 50 inches long, made from evenly matched Muskrat skins in this popular style. This coat is very special value, well made in every way. Lined throughout with good quality brown satin. Deep shawl collar and cuffs, fastens with large crocheted buttons and silk loops. Sizes 32 to 42 bust, . . . Price \$34.50

Same coat 45 inches long Price \$32.00
113. MUSKRAT MUFF to match above coat, in large pillow shape, silk lined, down bed and wrist cord Price \$5.50

WE ARE THE LARGEST CASH BUYERS OF RAW FURS IN CANADA.

Black Wolf Set
\$12.75

No. 225 Muff \$6.50
No. 224 Stole \$6.25



BLACK WOLF SET

This is a beautiful set made from long-haired—good quality—whole skins. The stole is cut extra deep and wide over shoulder and back—giving good protection

against cold—is trimmed with head and tail over shoulders and tails at each end—lined with good quality satin and warmly interlined.

The muff is made in the large classy pillow style, trimmed with head, tail and paws and mounted on good down bed giving great warmth and comfort—lined with good satin—with wrist cord. No. 224, Stole, \$6.25. No. 225, Muff, \$6.50

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TRAPPERS, SHIP YOUR RAW FURS TO ME
Highest Prices, Fair Assortment
— WRITE FOR PRICE LIST FREE —
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OUR CONTINUOUS GROWING DEMAND FOR CANADIAN FURS

Puts us in a position to pay you the highest market values at all times.

Ship us your furs and put your lowest price on them and if not satisfactory we will return your goods and pay all Express both ways. Who can make you a fairer offer? Write us today for price lists which are now ready. Price lists and tags are free. A postal will do.

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Big Money in Trapping skunk, coon, mink, muskrat, fox, etc. You can trap furs—we teach you how.

Funsten Animal Baits guaranteed to increase your catch. \$1.00 a can postpaid. "The Funsten Perfect Smoker" "smokes 'em out." Price \$1.50; parcel post 30 cents extra. Both guaranteed satisfactory or money back. Traps at factory prices.

FREE 3 books in one (trapper's guide—game laws—supply catalog). Tells how, when, where to trap, how to remove, prepare and ship skins. Will send you fur market reports, shipping tags and big book FREE—Write today. We tan hides and furs for coats, robes and garments.

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All About Airedales

By R. M. Palmer

A Book of General Information

Valuable alike to dog lovers and owners, breeders and fanciers. Illustrated from selected photographs of noted dogs and rare scenes. Interesting alike to the novice who is a fancier of other breeds than the Airedale and of particular interest to the Airedale fancier.

Paper Bound \$1; Cloth Bound \$1.50

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA MAGAZINE
(Book Department), WOODSTOCK, ONT.

KENNEL DEPARTMENT



CONDUCTED BY ARTHUR ELLISON.

Introductory

In making our bow to the readers of Rod and Gun it may be as well to state the object of this department. The aim of the writer has always been to assist any dog lover in any way which lies in his power, to endeavor to elevate the dog fancy, and to discourage "crookedness" in any shape or form. We would like our readers to look upon this department as a medium of correspondence between each other, sending us the news of their doggy doings, letting us know their difficulties and their successes. We are not out to boost any particular breed, but all breeds and we may say that you will receive the same treatment whether you advertise in this paper or not. Whatever your difficulty, let us know it and we will do our best to eliminate it. Of course we cannot assume responsibility for the statements of our readers, or any reading matter which comes from outside sources, we will simply have to trust to the common sense of contributors.

The Canadian National Exhibition

To those of you who have never seen the dog show at the big fair we would say—make it a point to go next year, where you will have the privilege of seeing the second greatest show on the continent, second only to the Great New York show. The war had little influence on the show this year, over 600 dogs being entered, coming from all parts of Canada and the States. St. Bernards made a noble exhibit and seem to be becoming more popular, Bloodhounds were few and not of a high quality as the whole; Newfoundlands only four and the same remark might apply as to the Bloodhounds. Great Danes were good and numbered an even dozen. Russian Wolfhounds were low in numbers but high in quality, whilst Greyhounds were quite a fine collection. American Foxhounds made an attractive exhibit as did Pointers whilst most of the English Setters came from the States and included some good ones. Irish Setters were grand not a bad one in the bunch, whilst

Gordon Setters were few and fair.. Airedale terriers were there by the carload and many good ones did not touch the money. Competition was very keen in this breed most of the exhibits being of a high order. Cocker spaniels were a big muster and were of good quality. Collies also were a fine exhibit and nearly all Canadian bred. English bulldogs were better than ever, some exceptionally fine home bred ones getting well up in the prize list. Smooth Fox terriers were fairly numerous and were mostly of high merit, their wire haired brothers outclassing them in both numbers and all round quality. Bull terriers were about the same as last year and just as good. Irish terriers were away ahead of last year, two of the best from the States being at the top. Scottish terriers were good in numbers and quality and are leaping into public favour. White West Highland terriers seem to hang fire and showed nothing startling. The same applies to Bedlington terriers. Black and tan terriers were a good show.

Beagles were fairly numerous and very good as were Whippets. Pomeranians are always a good show and some of America's best were on view.

Sales were numerous and fair prices were paid especially when one considers the financial stringency.

It seems almost useless to denounce the building as so many complaints have been aired in this last few years. Out of date is a mild term to me, it is a positive disgrace to such a live institution, especially when one considers the revenue derived from the annual dog show. One is constantly hearing kicks about the management,—the management cannot be perfect in such a building.

The judging called forth a lot of criticism and in many cases this was justified. Personally we are positive that we have better judges in Canada than those brought from the States. Our judges may not be such good all round men, our men giving their whole time, as a rule, to one or two breeds but they actually breed the dogs—they don't derive their knowledge at shows. Who should know his breed best—the man who breeds the dogs



FOXES

Get "More Money" for your Foxes

Skunk, Muskrat, Lynx, Raccoon, Fisher, Wolves, Beaver, White Weasel and other Fur bearers collected in your section

SHIP YOUR FURS DIRECT to "SHUBERT" the largest house in the World dealing exclusively in **NORTH AMERICAN RAW FURS**, a reliable—responsible—safe Fur House with an unblemished reputation existing for "more than a third of a century," a long successful record of sending Fur Shippers prompt, **SATISFACTORY AND PROFITABLE** returns. Write for "The Shubert Shipper," the only reliable, accurate market report and price list published. **Write for it—NOW—it's FREE.**

A. B. SHUBERT, Inc., 25-27 WEST AUSTIN AVENUE
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Ch. Avondale Ascot

AVONDALE KENNELS

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Breeder, Importer and Exhibitor of High-class

SCOTTISH TERRIERS

I have usually for sale at reasonable prices, young stock for show, sport or companions. At Stud, the big winners:—

CH. AVONDALE ASCOT (Imported)
ALBOURSE RAVEN (Imported)
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ARTHUR ELLISON, Proprietor.

Top Prices for Your Furs

Any firm could use a heading like that, claiming that they pay more. So send a single trial order to us and find out for yourself how much more we pay for your work.

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We get higher prices because of dependability and our close connections with the European market, where we have four branches. Europe is producing few furs, and America must supply them. We pass on these higher European prices in higher prices to those we buy from. You get a Check by return mail when you send furs to us. If you wish it, we hold your furs separately in cold storage until you say the amount is satisfactory.

These Prices Will Surprise You

Send for our new price list. Compare our grading and prices with what you have been getting. Prove us with a single trial shipment. You will wish you had discovered us before.

Write for book on Successful Trapping, sent free. (11)
Don't delay.

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NEWTON HIGH-POWER RIFLES

Highest Velocity Rifles in the World.

USE FACTORY AMMUNITION

New American made bolt action rifle ready for delivery about next September. Uses Newton high power cartridges in .22 caliber, .256 caliber, .280 caliber, .30 caliber, .33 caliber, and .35 caliber, also .30 caliber Springfield. .256 Newton, 123 grain bullet, velocity 3100 f.s. .30 Newton, 170 grain bullet, velocity 3000 f.s.

PRICE \$40.00. Send stamp for descriptive circular. We have been delayed in getting machinery on account of the demand for making military rifles for export; but it is now coming in. Sporting stocks and .256 barrels for Springfield rifles now ready, \$12.50 each.

NEWTON ARMS CO., INC., 506 Mutual Life Bldg., BUFFALO, N.Y.

and watches them grow up, weeds them out and knows when he has a promising dog, or the man who merely sees them in a ring for about half an hour. Every year judges are brought from the States at a big expense, why not engage Canadian judges and keep the money in the country? We have the men, why not use them?

Notes Of Interest

Mr. Short of London showed a nice Wire-haired fox terrier dog puppy which was claimed at his catalogue price by Mr. Alf. Delmont. His career in the States will be watched with interest.

Mr. B. Roberts sold his winning Airedale bitch to Mr. J. Russell at a good figure. Mr. Russell is out for the best and we wish him luck in his enterprise.

Mr. Sam Bainford sold several Smooth Fox terriers at the show.

Avondale Kennels sold the Scottish terrier dog. Avondale Abbott and the bitch Avondale Actress both to Alf. Delmont. Several bids were made for Avondale Amethyst but she was not for sale.

Mr. Jos. Perkins had a field day with his English Bulldog, Lanfine Chief, going through to winners and defeating the renowned sire Champion Cheetham Squire.

Mr. MacKenzie's Airedale, King Nobbler's Double went through to winners again. He has yet to be defeated, and credit must be given to his handler, Bert Swann. Mr. Jas. Mortimer the veteran judge failed to fulfil his engagement owing to illness. He was seen in the Dog Show building on the Monday morning but was evidently a very sick man and was soon after ordered to his bed by a doctor. Although well up in years we hope to see him around again as his replica would be hard to find. Mr. Mortimer has held the position of superintendent of the Westminster Kennel Club Show, New York for many years and would be sadly missed in that capacity.

Mr. Thos. Moore of Montreal was on hand as of yore. The disastrous fire in his kennel which took place a year or so ago evidently did not quench his ardour. This gentleman had a very hot string of Wire haired Fox terriers previous to his unfortunate experience and having collected some of his old blood he seems bound for success once more.

There was some talk of an all Terrier show to be held in Toronto in December. We hope so.

Many of the old faces were missed this year none more so than Donald Munro. Still, others were on hand that we missed the year before so that things were about evened up.

Mr. W. P. Fraser was noted, looking up his old friends, the Scotties. We would sooner have seen him handing out the ribbons.

Mr. Donovan former owner of the Canadian Kennel Gazette was seen and was looking well. He seems just as interested as he did when it was his business to be so. May his shadow never grow less.

Mr. Dickinson of Mastiff fame was on hand with a puppy. This gentleman has had the greatest run of bad luck that ever happened. He has imported several of this breed but all are under the sod except the puppy mentioned. However, he is certainly game to the core so let us hope that his luck has turned. Determination is bound to win out in the finish.

The Breeding of Dogs

The breeding of thorough-bred dogs as a hobby has undoubtedly proved to be remunerative as well as interesting to most people who have entered into the subject with a determination to succeed. The necessary key to success is, however, not only determination, but an innate love for the dog himself. Many a would-be fancier has entered into the game merely with a desire to make money, lacking the interest in the dog as a pleasurable pet or companion, finally quitting the idea in disgust. This class of fancier is fairly common, but one of another type is also to be met with, in the man who buys a high-class dog, pays a big price for him and after showing him once or twice finds out that he is the unfortunate owner of a dog that has seen his best days, having deteriorated or "gone back" since his winning was done. This man invariably throws up the sponge. Undoubtedly the most satisfactory way of obtaining a good dog is to breed one; the way may be long and tedious, but "it's a long lane that has no turning," and as there are now so many really good specimens of almost every breed in this country, a budding fancier has a chance that was lacking twenty years or so ago.

Naturally, the first step in this direction is to buy a bitch of whatever breed the fancier decides upon, and before going further we might say that personal fancy should always decide the variety, as there is always room on top for any breed. A young bitch of course is preferable to an old one as she has her whole career before her whilst an old bitch has always a tendency to throw weakly offspring. Of course there are exceptions to every rule, and sometimes a bargain can be had in an old bitch with a reputation as a producer of good stock, but this is seldom the case as few breeders part with their good brood bitches. Therefore we would advise the purchase of a young bitch, as providing she is a good specimen and of good breeding she has a much better chance to repay the outlay. In the case of having little or no knowledge of the breed decided upon, (and it is for the guidance of the uninitiated that these lines are written) the only alternative is for the novice to place himself in the hands of some breeder of high reputation trusting to his sense of honor as to a square deal. No breeder of any repute, having built up a reputation for reliability can afford to lose his good name so that we are quite safe to trust him. The old days of crooked deals are wiped out.

In any variety, the best is the cheapest in the end. A poor class of bitch rarely breeds a good puppy whilst the good ones are no more expensive to feed and care for than the "mutts."

In selecting a stud dog, we should not

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J. W. N. JOHNSTONE, General Passenger Agent, Reid Newfoundland Company, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

always favour the dog having the most wins to his credit unless he has proven himself to be of a dominant nature. The ideal stud dog is the dog with something to give away,—exaggeration of type or an abundance of substance as the case may be. The majority of breeders expect the dog to produce high-class stock from inferior bitches, forgetting that few really good ones are produced even from the best bitches. In our experience we have always found that a bitch gives some of her good qualities to her puppies but as a rule more of her faults, therefore the less faults she has, the better, especially should those faults have been common in her "side of the house."

A dog of feminine appearance rarely makes a good sire and never is really a consistent sire, an intensely masculine appearance usually denotes the necessary dominance.

The old saying that "blood will tell" has

been a stumbling block to many. Blood or high breeding is undoubtedly necessary but without type it is next to useless. The true type always has a tendency to degenerate even in the most highly bred animals so that when we breed from a poor specimen we are practically assisting in its loss.

To be Continued.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. Crook, Rockton, Ont.

We have not on hand a book on training the fox hound but could procure for you any of the following books: The Foxhound by Roger D. Williams, 75 cents; Horse and Hound, by Rodger D. Williams, \$2.50; Hounds and all about them by Frank Townsend Barton, \$2.25; Hunting Dogs by Oliver Hartley, \$1.00.



Some Good Fishing At Arnprior.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

Enclosed please find payment of my account for Rod and Gun.

I always look forward to receiving Rod and Gun each month and eagerly peruse every word of it from cover to cover. Your Guns and Ammunition department is surely a most valuable asset to your magazine, also the articles on angling by Mr. Neal Brown and Robert Page Lincoln. These articles are practical and right to the point and if the amateur travels along the lines indicated by these two authorities he will surely become most proficient in the art of angling, bait casting and in fact anything and everything the word implies.

Only last Friday I made a fine catch of black bass in about an hour's time a short distance from my home (what would be about a five minutes' walk). I hooked and landed four bass which when weighed tipped the scales at 10¼ lbs. One of these was the large mouth variety and lacked about two ounces of weighing four lbs. This was the first large mouth bass I have ever caught. This fish seems to be rather rare in the waters of the Madawaska which is where the fish referred to was caught, and I am not aware that it is frequently caught in the Ottawa river either. Some specimens may have been taken from the last mentioned waters but I have not heard of it, at least not in this vicinity. I spent July and part of

August camping at Rhody's Bay this past summer and had some nice fishing trips which I may write an account of for some subsequent issue of Rod and Gun. Wishing you continued success.

Yours very truly,

Arnprior, Ont.

Thos. W. Dontigny.

A Request For Grey Squirrels.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

I would like to correspond with parties who would have or would be able to furnish me with six or twelve grey squirrels to introduce in the spring into the Laurentian range near my camp. Could you please give me the address of some party or parties who might get these squirrels for me?

Yours sincerely,

4157 Westmount Avenue,
Westmount, P. Q.

L. A. Boyer.

Note. Can any of our readers furnish Mr. Boyer with these squirrels. Mr. Boyer is a member of the Shawinigan Club and although seventy-seven years old killed his moose this year.

A Trip by Launch

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I enclose picture of my launch which was taken in front of the National Yacht Club, Toronto after completing a trip from Lake Scugog via Lindsay, Scugog River, Sturgeon Lake, Bobcaygeon, Pigeon Lake, Buckhorn Lake, Lovesick Lake and Burleigh Falls



“No man is a born woodsman or trapper

**There is always something
more to learn.”**

“Those who seek to be trappers today must in a measure, at least, emulate the old-timers' ways, and, profiting by the experience of others, learn even to avoid their failures, yet achieve their successes. Life is too short for universal personal experiment; the successful man of today is the one who profits by the experience of others—reaps a harvest or reward.”

The above is an extract from Buzzacott's second volume, and all who have read his “Sportsman's Guide” know that Buzzacott is the premier writer of the great outdoors.

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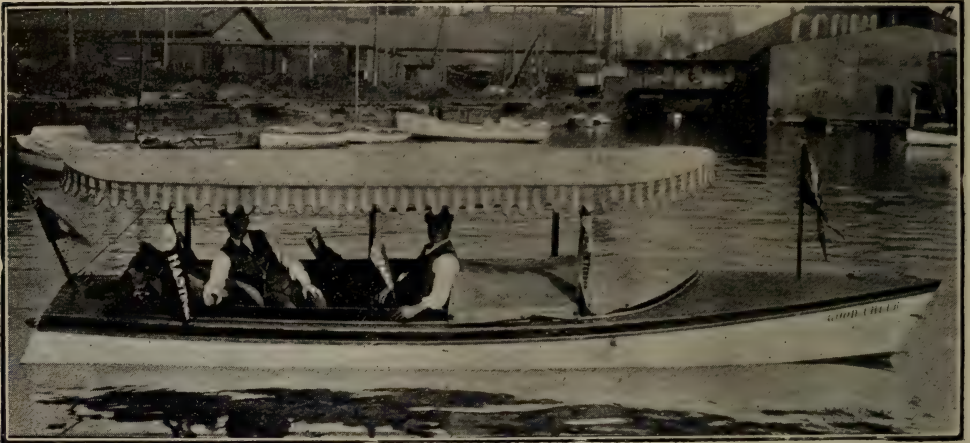
W. J. TAYLOR, Limited, PUBLISHER, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Stoney Lake, Clear Lake and Katchewanook to Peterborough then Otonabee River to Rice Lake. I had my boat teamed ten miles to Port Hope, to Lake Ontario then on the home stretch a little over sixty miles to Toronto arriving June 1st, 1915. We made the first trip of the season and would like to say for the benefit of the readers of Rod and Gun that it is the most enjoyable outing any one could wish. These lakes mentioned are well stocked with 'lunge and bass. I might also say we passed through about twelve different locks and numbers of drawbridges, also the well known Lift Lock at Peterboro. This

trip can be made in two and a half or three days easy straight running. We only had one Lake of rough water—that was Sturgeon Lake and we enjoyed it finely, although the waves were rolling over the ship. There were three of us making the trip Mr. O. A. Bracken, Mr. W. J. Finley and myself. Owing to business Mr. Bracken was unable to complete the trip much to his sorrow. The picture shows Mr. Finley to the left and myself to the right. Hoping you may find space for this, I remain

Yours very truly,
Thomas Pizer.

Toronto, Ont.



A PICTURE OF MR. PIZER'S LAUNCH

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

A Comparison and a Malediction.

If two men owned a goose and one killed it to make a mulligan, the other would certainly have a kick coming, yet every year this same thing is happening and very few raise a voice in protest.

It therefore must be taken for granted that the subject has not been given serious thought by those interested. In order to set people thinking we will consider the case of two townships A and B of game range, both stocked at the beginning with the same number of game to wit 24 head of bucks and 24 head of does. We will allow for the sake of demonstration that the does have an average increase of one and a half per annum, and have their first fawns at two years old. Now in township A there is a buck law which allows 50 per cent of the total available bucks to be killed yearly and no fawns or does. In township B half the available bucks and does are allowed to be killed. Now compare the results.

At the end of 10 years in township A there are left 384 bucks and 1554 does and 1225 bucks have been killed.

In the township B at the end of 10 years there is total extinction of all deer and the total killed 231.

Now, if after considering these figures, an individual will persist in killing does for sport the thinking apparatus of a weak minded

rabbit bred from a cataleptic father and a soft brained mother, would be an ideal think tank compared to his. My sincere wish is that the horses of such an individual shall have the glanders, his cattle the hoof rot, his dogs the mange and his poultry the pip; that his wife will run away with his tailor, his daughters drink rum with tailors and that old Job's predicament will be a bed of down scented with roses compared to the fix his carcass would be in if I had my way.

H. Riviere,
Box 96,
Pincher Creek, Alta.

Fifty-Seven Varieties.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

While summering on Lake Simcoe near Belle Ewart this year the writer kept a list of birds seen from the fifth of June until the fifth of September. Possibly it may interest some of the readers of Rod and Gun in Canada to know what birds visited Lake Simcoe during this period.

Strange to say the list when numbered, turned out to be fifty-seven, and reminded me instantly of that very famous branch of pickles etc. Practically all of the birds here named were observed from my own verandah and as there is a sort of orchard in front of the house, I was able with the aid of field glasses to study a great many birds.

Six species of the Warbler family were seen

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EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT

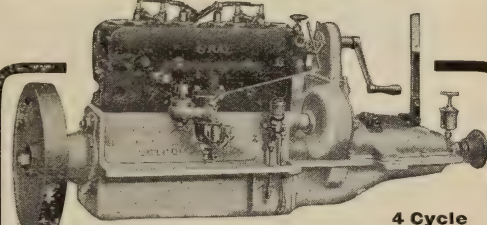
A compact electric light that you can carry in your pocket or keep in your kit. It's wind and water proof; it won't scare the game; it won't start fires—a real, honest light that's made for service and is guaranteed to give it.

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and a number of Flycatchers were observed during the summer. I made a special point of studying a pair of Marsh Hawks and for five days "from morn till night" I stayed in the swamp and obtained much information for my pains. Once when crossing an open field four Mourning Doves were flushed, the only ones I have ever seen in that vicinity.

On the whole, I spent a very interesting summer studying our feathered friends, and I hope that the following list will be of some interest to the bird lovers.

- No. 1. Flicker.
- No. 2. Baltimore Oriole.
- No. 3. Goldfinch.
- No. 4. Blackbird.
- No. 5. Crow.
- No. 6. Loon.
- No. 7. Catbird.
- No. 8. Robin.
- No. 9. Yellow Warbler.
- No. 10. Great Flycatcher.
- No. 11. Red Winged Blackbird.
- No. 12. Spotted Sandpiper.
- No. 13. Blue Bird.
- No. 14. Pine Siskin.
- No. 15. Killdeer Plover.
- No. 16. Kingbird.
- No. 17. Kingfisher.
- No. 18. Herring Gull.
- No. 19. Chimney Swift.
- No. 20. Song Sparrow.
- No. 21. English Sparrow.
- No. 22. Humming Bird.
- No. 23. Bobolink.
- No. 24. Meadow Lark.
- No. 25. Blue Jay.
- No. 26. Bohemian Waxwing.
- No. 27. Cedar Waxwing.
- No. 28. Crested Flycatcher.
- No. 29. Phoebe.
- No. 30. Olive Sided Flycatcher.
- No. 31. Cuckoo.
- No. 32. Mourning Dove.
- No. 33. Downy Woodpecker.
- No. 34. Great Blue Heron.
- No. 35. American Bittern.
- No. 36. Black and White Warbler.
- No. 37. Myrtle Warbler.
- No. 38. Water Thrush.
- No. 39. Maryland Yellow Throat.
- No. 40. Chickadee.
- No. 41. Black Duck.
- No. 42. Marsh Wren (horn billed).
- No. 43. Yellow Legs (Summer).
- No. 44. Black Wren.
- No. 45. Common Tern.
- No. 46. Vesper Sparrow.
- No. 47. Marsh Hawk.
- No. 48. Broad Winged Hawk.
- No. 49. Sharpshinned Hawk.
- No. 50. Parula Warbler.
- No. 51. Rose Breasted Grosbeak.
- No. 52. Red Eyed Virio.
- No. 53. Yellow-bellied Sapsucker.
- No. 54. Pine Warbler.
- No. 55. Towbill or Chewink.
- No. 56. Blue Winged Ted.
- No. 57. Ruffed Grouse.

Yours truly,

Toronto, Ont.

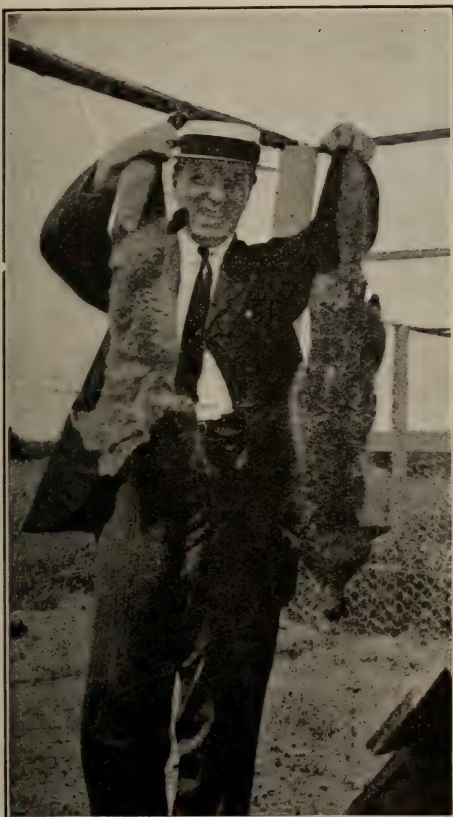
Gordon Dana.



Trout Fishing near Springhill, N.S.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

The accompanying picture which I hope may be clear enough for reproduction in your magazine illustrates another incident of the lad with the birch limb for a fishing rod and a string of trout caught where the expert angler had failed to get even a nibble. This giant trout was caught by Earl Paul and Frank Hefferman, both of Springhill, N. S. Three hours after it was landed it tipped the scales at three pounds, being twenty inches long by five and three quarters inches. The two lads left home for a fishing trip with one fly and a box of angle worms. They had caught four dozen trout, none larger than a sardine, but were well pleased with their catch. About sundown when the bait was all gone Paul said he would try the fly even though his companion said it was no good. He fastened it on the end of his line (dear knows how) tying it on with a knot, but it did its work for at the first cast this great-grand-father trout gobbled it up, thus terminating his career in Ripley's mill pond. His first attempt to free himself of the bush was a clear leap out of the water which made the reel scream as the first ten yards of line was swirled off. Then something happened that would have made the heart of an ordinary fisherman thrill at a lively pace but the boys were quick to remedy the accident—the tip got disconnected and slid down the line towards the struggling captive. There was no time to dilly dally. Earl signalled his companion to chase the erring tip and replace it in its proper place while he gave sufficient slack to enable



Dr. Croft on his Fox Ranch

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him to perform this feat. Frank promptly obeyed orders and the tip was soon replaced and the attack renewed. With the aid of a piece of something that is always lying about a mill pond Frank was able to be of material help to the man with the fishing pole giving quick aggressive strokes on the head or body of the wriggling fish whenever the opportunity offered.

By these military tactics the trout was safely landed and the proud anglers wended their way home, not sadder and wiser, but "prouder and gladder" men than when they had left.

Springhill, N.S.

M. E. Boss.

Information as to Quebec Hunting.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

I have been a subscriber to Rod and Gun for several years and am going to ask you a favor. Please give me some information as to Caribou and deer hunting in Zone No. 2, Quebec Province. Can one get in camps and board or how do they manage it. What is the license fee in Zone No. 2. I would like to have the address of guides that I might communicate with them at once. If you have any literature on same would be pleased to receive it.

Yours truly,

J. E. Perry.

Pierceton, Ind.

An abbreviated copy of the Quebec Fish and Game laws has been forwarded you. Very little indeed is known of the interior of Zone No. 2 and of the great Ungava district to the North of it. Immense herds of northern caribou exist in the country drained by the lower waters of the Koksoak River which flows into Ungava Bay. Coming to more accessible parts of the country, many of these animals are found to the north of the Saguenay River from 10 to 50 miles inland from the St.

Lawrence and about as far from the Saguenay itself. Another favorite resort for these animals is to the North East of Lake St. John extending some 40 to 45 miles North of Chicoutimi.

Mr. Joseph Guay of the Chateau Saguenay Hotel, Chicoutimi is in a position to answer all enquiries concerning the big game of this locality. It was at Lake Onatchiway, an expansion of the Shipshaw river that Mr. James Wilson, 3rd. of the Philadelphia Geographical Society got his fine caribou head a year ago. For information in regard to the big game in Zone No. 2 and for guides in that territory, among the best authorities are Mr. Eugene Caron of Tadoussac, and Mr. Jos. Guay of Chicoutimi.

Tadoussac is reached by steamer from Quebec and so is Chicoutimi, but Chicoutimi can also be reached by Railway.—Edit.

A Weasel Perhaps.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:

Can you tell me what kind of an animal it is which is about as big as a red squirrel, has a long but not a bushy tail, is dark red in color and has a white face with a very peculiar expression. I wounded one recently but it escaped.

Is there a close season for black squirrels this year?

Yours truly,

Collingwood, Ont.

Henry Coles.

Note. Probably the animal to which you refer was a weasel and you saw him before he had changed his coat of mahogany brown for his winter overcoat of white. The weasel in northern climates changes to white in the winter and his fur is the ermine of commerce. The open season in Ontario for black squirrels is from the 15th of November to the 1st of December except in the counties of Haldimand and Halton where there is a close season until 1917, and in Waterloo until 1918.

Does Anyone Know to Whom This Pigeon Belongs

E. J. Thrasher, Deputy Game Warden, writes from Lapeer, Michigan, to say that he has in his possession a carrier pigeon with marking as follows: Wing M. L. E. 1913, leg M. O. B. 1915, metal band 868, inside 533;

and that he is caring for him and will return him if the owner can be found. He dropped down on Mr. Thrasher the latter part of September.



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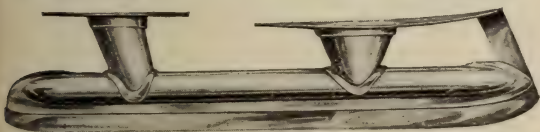
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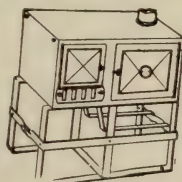
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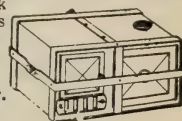
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W. H. DUNNE, 1492 Queen St., W. TORONTO



Mr. A. W. Kinney of Bridgetown, N. S. writes that a Bay shore fisherman of Bridgetown when visiting his mackerel nets some short time ago discovered a big shark entangled in the net and slashing the fish contents right and left. With the aid of several other fishermen and after a most exciting encounter they succeeded in lassoing his tail, by which he was dragged ashore. The huge manatee measured a little over ten feet long and weighed nearly one thousand pounds. It was stated that the shark was sold at a good price and cut up for food at a big black fox ranch.

We shall be very pleased to have more of our subscribers contribute to Our Letter Box or Medicine Bag department. Many sportsmen have items of interest, anecdotes of hunting or fishing experiences, or some outdoor kink worthy of being passed on, none of which, perhaps, are sufficiently important to be worked into a "story" but which nevertheless would prove of interest and perhaps of value to brother sportsmen. We shall be pleased to give publicity to such as may be of general interest in as early an issue as we can arrange for after receipt of same. As to the length of these items we prefer them to be not more than 300 words in length, preferably a little less.

The circulation manager handed us the following parody clipped from one of our newspaper exchanges with the suggestion that it be incorporated in Medicine Bag. Far be it from us to refuse such a perfectly natural request.

"How dear to our heart is the steady subscriber

Who pays in advance at the birth of each year.

Who lays down the money and does it quite gladly,

And casts round the office a halo of cheer.

He never says: "Stop it, I cannot afford it, I'm getting more papers than now I can read."

But always says: "Send it, our people all like it—

In fact we all think it a help and a need,"

How welcome his check when it reaches our sanctum,

How it makes our pulse throb: how it makes our heart dance.

We outwardly thank him; we inwardly bless him—

The steady subscriber who pays in advance."

A propos of the above the following prose extract from an American subscriber's letter just to hand is of interest to the publishers, at any rate.

"I take the leading outdoor magazines published in this country and of course like them all, but I consider Rod and Gun the best magazine of this kind I have ever taken."

The Department of Marine and Fisheries is coming to the assistance of the salmon. On many of the best salmon streams in Canada power development works have been constructed or are being constructed. Dams have been built across these streams barring the salmon's way to the spawning grounds. In times past it has been the practice to overcome ordinary obstructions, such as natural waterfalls, etc., by the construction of fishways, but no salmon on an egg-laying mission can climb past a big power dam by means of a fishway. The Dominion Biological Board has wrestled with this difficulty, and an experiment is now being made by the Fisheries Commissioner, Prof. Prince, with a new contrivance. The thing is nothing more nor less than an elevator, which, for the benefit of the more cultured fish, may be called a lift. The fish arrives at the foot of the dam and finds his way into the elevator shaft. It is then taken up on a tray to the upper level and permitted to glide into the upper stream. The tray goes up because another tray, which has been filling with water at the top of an adjoining shaft, gets heavy and comes down. The process goes on repeating itself perpetually.

One of these salmon elevators has been built at St. George, N. B., and it works. The fisheries officials believe that this will mean millions of eggs which even the best-intentioned salmon would other-wise take elsewhere.

Provisions for restocking many of the Ontario lake waters with fish are being considered by the Provincial authorities.



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ADDRESS:

BOOK DEPT., ROD AND GUN IN CANADA, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

Forty-seven States and most of the Provinces of Canada now prohibit the sale of all or certain kinds of game at all seasons. In a few instances, prohibitions against the sale of certain game are so general as to afford protection over a considerable area in adjoining States. Thus, ruffed grouse may not be sold in any state or Province along the Canadian border except Quebec and practically every State in which prairie chickens occur now prohibit their sale or export.

American sportsmen visiting Canada to hunt, camp, etc. must deposit with the customs officer at the port of entry an amount equal to the duty (30 per cent. of appraised value) on their guns, canoes, tents, cooking utensils, and kodaks. If these articles are taken out within six months at the same port, the deposit will be returned. But members of shooting or fishing clubs that own preserves in Canada and have filed a guaranty with the Canadian commissioner of customs may present club membership certificates in lieu of making the deposit. They must, however, pay duty on all ammunition and provisions.

In Maine this year a law was enacted whereby moose are protected for four years, the first absolute close season on this species for 35 years; since the suspension of hunting from 1878 to 1880; while for the first time in twelve years moose hunting is permitted in Wyoming.

The Kennel department which makes its appearance in this issue is intended for the exchange and discussion of ideas relating to the dog, his breeding, training and handling. The editor of this department will welcome contributions of general interest and it is hoped that the department may become a source of interest to every reader of the magazine and particularly to those of our readers who are lovers of the dog, as indeed we take it for granted the great majority of our readers are to a greater or less extent.

How Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States and leader of the Bull Moose party, had to break the game laws of Quebec on his recent visit to Quebec and kill an extra moose in order to save his own life, is told in an affidavit sworn to by himself and his two guides. It appears that the Colonel, who was the guest of the Tourille Club, had already killed the one moose allowed him by law and was returning with his two guides in a canoe when they sighted another moose at some distance on the same lake. It was expected that as soon as the latter got their wind it would make away, but when the canoe came near it attempted to charge, so that the Colonel and his guides had to put out into deep water again. Thinking to scare it, Mr. Roosevelt fired over its head, but this seemed only to infuriate it the more.

It was getting dusk, and the party had some distance to get back to camp. Their way home lay through a small stream connecting two lakes, and shortly before they

came to this the moose, which had been following along the shore, took to the bush. Usually when this happens the moose is not seen again. However, after the canoe was some way down the stream its occupants suddenly saw the black bulk of the animal looming up ahead in the stream itself. He was waiting for them and in a spot where the water was only about a foot deep. At thirty feet off he began his charge. Roosevelt fired over his head in spite of the shouts of the guides, who were urging him to kill at once. The moose kept on, and then the ex-President, realizing, as he said afterwards, that it was either his life or that of the angry beast, fired again and struck the latter in the chest at about 18 feet away. This slowed him up for a moment, but he came on again, and this time the big game hunter gave him his rest with a shot through the head, which brought him crashing down within a few feet of the canoe.

According to regulations regarding forest protection in the National Parks of Canada, now in force, the period from the first day of April to the first of November in each year shall be known as the close season in respect to the setting of fire, and no person shall during this season set out or cause to be set out or started any fire in the open air within the limits of any Dominion Park, except for the purpose of cooking, obtaining necessary warmth, or for insect smudges, without first having obtained written permission therefor from the Superintendent of the Park. It is provided however that any fire warden or ranger may with reasonable care set out fire or cause same to be set out under his instructions at any time for the purpose of protecting the timber or decreasing fire danger or for any other purpose required for the proper administration of the Park. Any person who makes a fire in the open air for cooking or camping purposes is required to clear away all brushwood, dry leaves and other combustible material from a space having at least a radius of ten feet, in the centre of which the fire shall be kindled. Precaution is to be exercised to keep the fire from spreading and the same must be extinguished before the person making the fire quits the place. It is forbidden during the close season for any one to throw down upon any combustible material in the park any burning match, lighted cigar, cigarette or other burning substance.

An order-in-Council approved the 8th. day of October prohibits the hunting, taking or killing of black and grey squirrels in the County of Waterloo for a period of three years from the 14th day of November, 1915.

Mr. Wilmot Burtch of Jordan Station found a small black bear on the railroad between Jordan Station and Vine Mount, Ont. one day in October last. The young cub was thought to be about three months old. The little bear seemed quite tame with no fear of being approached or handled and it was thought probable that it had dropped from a circus car while passing through.

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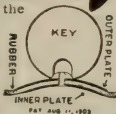
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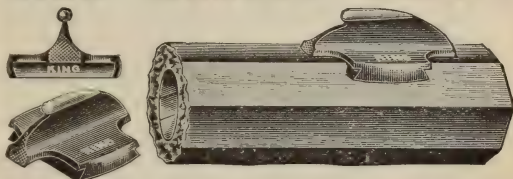
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Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered

A New Yorker of wide experience has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily and completely banished in three days with delightful benefit. The author, Edward J. Woods, 290A, Station E, New York City, will mail his book free on request.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. Get rid of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette, snuff or chewing tobacco to pacify morbid desire.

It is reported that quail have made their appearance in Essex County, Ont., in large numbers. On Sept. 30th. a correspondent wrote:

Bevies can now be seen in almost every cornfield, where they feed on the different kinds of weed seed. The hunters will not have a chance to shoot them for another year yet and probably not then. They are well protected in this district, and if anyone should have nerve enough to kill one of these innocent birds there would be fifty people ready to hop onto him. They have become quite tame and several large flocks have been seen in different barnyards. During cold weather the farmers feed them.

Mr. Charlie Chase of Ruthven met with a painful accident when in the act of cutting the head off a large catfish he had caught.

In using his pocket knife his hand slipped with heavy force against the three-inch "horn" of the fish, the horn going clear through the hand. These horns are rank poison, it is claimed, and in the course of an hour the hand was swollen to twice its natural size. Turpentine was used freely to draw the poison out.

Wild ducks made their appearance at Ruthven, Essex County, Ont. the week of Sept. 20th., passing over the lake in large flocks making their way toward the Point Pelee marsh. Some fine specimens of blue-bills were shot near Ruthven in the early part of the season. Crows, blackbirds and bluejays were reported then as passing over by the thousands going to their southern homes for the winter, and weather prophets predicted from this wintry weather in six weeks.

TRADE NOTES

Everyone who has done any camping out knows what an important item is the one of "eats." The camp fire and a few utensils may be made to do for a party of one or two for a short time but everyone is not successful at camp-fire cooking, and everyone is not satisfied with the limited menu that the camp-fire cook furnishes. Sportsmen, automobilists, soldiers, boatmen or prospectors will find something that will meet their requirements perfectly in the Baxter Portable stove with its complete cooking and serving outfit. Its oven is big enough to cook a turkey in and yet it is so compact that it may be packed into a neat package that may be carried in the hand, on the motor or checked as baggage. The manufacturer, W. E. Baxter, Louisville, Ky. will be glad to send any readers who mention this advertisement full particulars of this stove, with prices of the stove alone or the stove and cooking equipment complete.

The wise fisherman is he who will not leave the choice of his fishing tackle until he is ready to go on his outing but who will employ some of his spare time during the winter months in looking up particulars and prices of the rods which he decides are best suited to his requirements. Messrs. Hardy Bros.,

the famous English rod makers, whose advertisement appears in this issue, publish a catalogue which is a positive delight to the angler and which every reader of Rod and Gun should possess. It contains a vast amount of interesting material concerning fishing in its various phases and in the different countries throughout the Empire, besides fullest particulars regarding Messrs. Hardy Bros. vast output. Send for this catalogue and order your rods before the opening of the season. Orders sent in during the winter months mean that the manufacturer is enabled to go into the most minute details in a careful and thorough manner, sending you a production which will be generally speaking an improvement in many ways on the article which is purchased in the hurry scurry of the season.

The Enterprise Mfg. Co. of Akron, Ohio have put out a novel spinner called the Pflueger-Lewis Interchangeable Spinner, particulars of which are included in their latest catalogue of the excellent line of fishing tackle put out by this Company. With the Pflueger-Lewis Interchangeable Spinner it is claimed the fisherman is prepared to meet any and all conditions promptly and conveniently.



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Rod & Gun's Artist Can Reproduce Your Trip True to Life In Oil, Pen and Ink Sketch, or Wash Drawing.

He can illustrate that incident which stands out prominently in your memory, just as it actually happened—full of life and action.

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You know his work—you see it every month on the cover of this magazine. He excels in reproductions of Big Game Hunting, Canoeing, Mountain Climbing, Fishing—any and all of the vast number of subjects offered by the great Outdoors.

He will do this, either from descriptive matter furnished by the sportsman, or from his snap-shots, or better still, from a combination of both. You'll be delighted with the result and number the picture among your Den's treasured articles.

Send us the details and photos; we'll turn them over to the artist. He'll work for you just as well as he does for us. And the price will be moderate. Address—

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WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

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Advertisements will be inserted in this Department at 4c. a word. Send remittance with order. Copy should not be later than the 10th of the month.

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MOTOR CAR BARGAIN

FOR SALE—2-Passenger Motor Car, combined pleasure and business car, suitable for light delivery. Bargain if sold at once. Apply, Box T, Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont.

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FOR SALE—Tire Chains, several pairs, in good condition. State size required, to Box L. ROD AND GUN, Woodstock, Ont. TF

FOR SALE—Set of Electric automobile lamps, two side and one tail. Never been used. Box L. ROD AND GUN, Woodstock, Ontario. TF

FOR SALE—Several B and B Bronze Propeller wheels, two or three blades, all new. Will sell at a sacrifice. For further particulars, write Box G. Rod and Gun, Woodstock Ont. tf

BOATS AND CANOES.

FOR SALE—16 foot, 30 inch beam, 12 inch depth canoe, close rib, metallic joint, basswood, half-round ribs 1 1-8 inches apart. Copper fastened, varnished inside and out. All oak gunwales. Weight about 65 lbs. This canoe is absolutely new. For price, etc., write box E. Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont. tf

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

FOR SALE—Best quality ranch raised mink, also Canada wild geese. Nelson Waldron, Tyne Valley, Prince Edward Island. J 6T

Bob White Quail, Pheasants, Peafowl, wild Ducks, Geese, Swans, Cranes, Fancy Pigeons, Fancy Poultry, Pet stock, Game Birds, Cage Birds, Parrots, Canaries, etc. Also Elk, Deer, Buffalo, Silver Foxes, Mink, Odorless Skunks, etc. Big beautifully illustrated catalogue animals and birds 25 cents, price list free. Horne's Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo. 11 6T

FOR SALE—2 pair red crosses \$10.00 a pair; 1 red male \$3.00; 1 pair large dark coons \$4.00; 2 patch male foxes. Wanted a good fox and rabbit hound, broken. Wantless Bros, Varna, Ont. 11 1T

FOR SALE—Ferrets, foxhound pups, trained rabbit dogs. All sure high class hunting stock. L. Walters, Norwich, Ont. 10 tf

CAMERAS.

FOR SALE—Korona Camera for either plate or film backs, made by Gundlach-Manhattan Co., size 4 x 5. Brilliant finder, horizon level, piano hinge, automatic swing back, reversible back, detachable lens, board rising and falling front, extension bed, with equipment of plate holder, adapter for filmpack, folding tripod, sole leather carrying case with shoulder strap. As good as new, only used short time, cost over \$30.00. What offers for cash. Box B. Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont. TF

DOGS.

FOR SALE—Foxhound pups, born June 28th, also Airedales crossed with foxhound, born July 3rd, parents trained cougar bear. Fred Mansell, 345—20th St., North Vancouver, B. C. 11 1T

FOR SALE—Exceptionally high class Irish Water Spaniels 5 months old, by Champion Imported Ballyaller Mike ex Lady Venus she litter sister to Hooker Oak Hogan, winner at the last San Francisco Show. What better do you want. Get busy. Guaranteed. H. R. French, Wetaskiwin, Alta.

FOR SALE—Splendid Llewellyn. English, Irish, Gordon setter pups and trained dogs, pointers, spaniels and retrievers in pups and trained dogs. Enclose stamp for description. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. tf

FOR SALE—Pedigree Cocker Spaniel Dog, liver and white. In A-1 condition. Price reasonable. Apply Box D. Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont.

FOR SALE—One foxhound, male, \$12.00; one foxhound, female, \$10.00; one foxhound, female, \$8.00. F. W. Probst, Linwood, Ont. 11 1T

AIREDALES—Some excellent values in young and grown stock. The ideal dogs for the hunting fields, besides being unsurpassed for all kinds of useful work. All pedigreed. Write for free folder. Dufferin Kennels, Shelburne, Ont. 11 1T



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AIREDALES FOR SALE—Exceptionally high class puppies ready for delivery, sire, Stormy-Weather, dam, Topsy-Turvy. Write for booklet if interested. B. Welbank, Quill Lake, Sask.

The Blue Grass Farm Kennels of Berry, Ky., offer for sale setters and pointers, fox and cat hounds, wolf and deer hounds, coon and opossum hounds, varmint and rabbit hounds, bear and lion hounds. Also Airedale terriers. All dogs shipped on trial, purchaser alone to judge the quality. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. 56 page illustrated, instructive and interesting catalogue for ten cents in stamps or coin. 7 tf

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FOR SALE—Semi Speed Square, or Round Transom and Compromise stern hulls, finished ready for engine, up to 30 ft. length. New. Will sell cheap. Box A. Rod and Gun in Canada. Woodstock, Ont. TF

Motor Boats and Motors, selling off large stock of second hand, great bargains, send for list. Ditchburn Pleasure Boats Ltd., Gravenhurst. 11 3T

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FOR SALE—Frog and Minnow Bait, Weedless Hooks, Line Drying Reels, Landing Nets, etc., etc. Write for free list. Box L. ROD AND GUN, Woodstock, Ont.

FOR SALE—Several Fly and Trolling Rods, also quantity of Reels, absolutely new. Will sell cheap. Box L. ROD AND GUN, Woodstock, Ont. TF

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GUNNERS—A BARGAIN.—Mullins sheet metal "Bastle Duck Boat," 46 inch beam, 14 ft. long with standards for attaching grass blinds, 1 pair oars, 1 paddle, 1 pole, canvas gunwale and keeler, also two-wheeled cart for conveying boat. Everything is new shape. Cost over \$50.00, will sell for \$30.00. 1 doz. Mallard, 1 doz. Redhead, 20 Blue Bill wood decoys, carved and painted by a professional, absolutely in new condition. Half males and females. Price 65 cents each. The duck shooter wishing a bargain will buy these now. Robt. Hodgson, Raglan, Ont.

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FOR SALE—Several Beers Thermostats. This is an automatic apparatus for opening and closing the dampers of your furnace, hot water heater, or steam boiler, at exactly the moment when they should be opened or closed, thus keeping the temperature of your house uniform through every hour of the day and night. Saves coal. Saves worry. These Thermostats can be installed by anyone who can handle a hammer, screw driver and auger. Write for further particulars to Box L., ROD AND GUN, Woodstock, Ont. TF

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SPORTSMEN—The new TAXIDERMY BOOK, published by Jack C. Miles, Sculptor Taxidermist, containing 50 Big Game pictures on 11 x 14 enamelled paper, mailed for 10c postage. 1710 Broadway, Denver, Colorado. 12 tf

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FOR SALE—Pair white swans, fully mounted. Will sell cheap for cash. Box L., ROD AND GUN, Woodstock Ont. tf

FOR SALE—Moose Head, fine specimen excellent condition. Apply Box L., ROD AND GUN, Woodstock Ont. TF

FOR SALE—Handsome Moose Head. Apply Box T., ROD AND GUN, Woodstock, Ont. TF

FOR SALE—Mounted Elk, Caribou, black and white tail deer, Rocky Mountain sheep and goat and bear heads. Beautiful specimens, newly mounted by myself. Write me for full particulars. Edwin Dixon, Canada's Leading Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. 11 TF

FOR SALE—Two large mounted moose heads, 54 and 50 inches spread of horns, heads of the highest class, perfect in every way. No better ornament obtainable for a gentleman's office, home or club. Edwin Dixon, Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario. 11 TF



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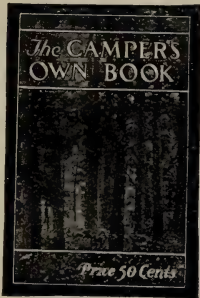
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VOLUME XVII

NUMBER 7

Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, December 1915

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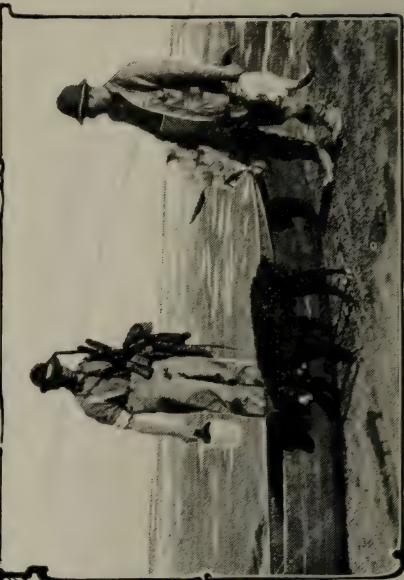
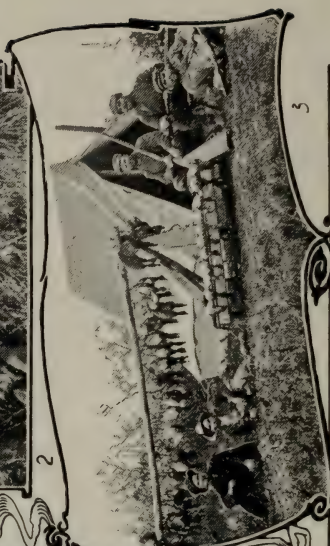
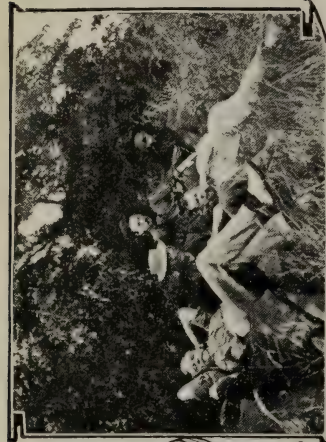
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BIRD SHOOTING in CANADA



- (1) A day's sport on the prairies. (2) After lunch in camp. (3) Duck Shooting near Trenton, Ont. (4) A good haul. (5) Returning from the shoot.



THREE POLARS AND A CREE

R. J. Fraser

AS Samuel's mixture of English and Cree is intelligible only to one who has lived with him for a time I shall have to tell his story for him. Samuel Miles is the name he is known by though he is a full-blooded Swampy Cree. A strange combination you think? Maybe, but one hears and sees many strange things in the strange old North where truth is often far more incredible than fiction. Sam has a native name—Wapeestan, which is the Cree for "The Marten," and like that animal he is a true runner of the wilds. He is one of the nerviest guides and hunters with whom it has been my good fortune to have lived.

Samuel Miles has the unique record of having shot more polar bears on the Hudson Bay coast between the Nelson and the Churchill than any other hunter in that section. During the past twenty-five years he has accounted for sixty of these animals, an average of two and a half bears a year,—if one can be said to have killed half a bear. Some of those which Sam only half-killed made very ugly customers. It is of some of his adventures with these polars that he would have me write.

One fall I had attempted to strike a trade with him offering him a rifle for some furs to which I had taken a fancy. He was going off to hunt caribou for me and asked to be allowed to take the rifle along and try it out. If satisfied with its shooting he would gladly pay my price. It would have

been a good gun had it shot straight, but it didn't. No matter how one adjusted the sights it always fired a foot high at a hundred yards. With the loan of the rifle I gave Sam a whole box of ammunition and told him to give the gun a fair trial.

In five days he was back. He brought a small deer and a polar bear skin, all the game he had seen,—but his ammunition pouch was empty.

He had gotten the deer when three days out—six shots at very close range. Returning south down the coast he espied the polar out on the mud flats grubbing for food. At the first crack of the rifle the bear, instead of making for the water, bolted for the woods. Like a scared rabbit he galloped past within fifty yards of the Indian who for a moment thought himself about to be attacked. Even at that short range the soft-nose slugs flew harmlessly over the animal's back and he got inside the tree line.

"Gun dam bad!" exclaimed Samuel in disgust. He dropped his load on the beach and took up the chase. The Indian was no slouch on his feet and the polar never got out of sight or range, and Sam, stopping occasionally to blaze away, plunged through the soft muskegs on the white bear's trail. At each miss he grew more disgusted with the gun but more determined than ever to get the bear. He stopped and threw away his coat for running in the woods was warm work. Then he threw away his vest and sweater, and each time that he

halted to refill the magazine he cursed the gun anew.

When the barrel of the rifle had become too hot for comfort he ceased firing and grimly settled down to run the bear to earth. He did it, too, and not until the beast turned and faced him did he fire again. Then within three yards of his quarry the Indian pumped as many shots through its head and ended the long, hot chase.

"One bear—thirty-seven shots," said Samuel, as he tossed down the skin at my feet and handed me the much-abused rifle.

"Gun no good; no wantem."

I still have the rifle.

One year, late in the fall, Samuel was trapping on the coast near Owl River, fifty miles south of the Churchill. For some days there had been little doing and so when he came across the tracks on the beach of three white bears he decided that their skins would be worth going after. The trail led inland and was not more than two days old. The Indian's keen eyes read the signs of the wild which told him the bears were starving. That meant a dangerous hunt for one man but the Cree had taken such chances before. He had not yet become the owner of a magazine rifle but was dependent on his old single-barrel muzzle-loader and with this and his grub and blankets on his back he took up the trail of three.

One day's tramp brought him through the woods that fringed the coast and on to the open muskeg plain of the interior. Scattered clumps of sickly-looking stunted juniper were spread about on the barrens and the intervening stretches were dotted with small ice-covered ponds. It was near the end of the second day when Sam espied the bears,—the three of them sporting in the centre of one of the small lakes on which they had broken all the thin ice sheeting.

No sooner had he emerged from the junipers than the animals' sharp eyes spotted the Indian. They started through the water towards him, one well in advance of his mates.

"I must get them one at a time," thought Samuel, "and each with a single shot. If they come along one well behind the other I can do it, for

that will give me time to reload. If they come in a bunch, I'm done for."

There was not a tree for miles around that would bear the hunter's weight. Thus Samuel explained to me how he had lain out his plan of campaign.

As bear number one emerged from the water he emitted a roar of delight,—here was food for himself and his mates. The Indian looked to the priming of his gun and waited coolly. He could take no chances on a long shot and so he let the bear come on within easy range. With much satisfaction he saw that it was the dog, for well versed in the nature of the beasts he had hoped that the mother would be the last. Growling and snarling, his eyes flashing in anticipation, with the water slaving from his jaws, the bear galloped up to within three yards of the Indian. Then the latter took careful aim and fired. The shot went true but Samuel did not wait to see. He turned like a flash and ran for all he was worth away from the spot, reloading as he went. As he had hoped, the mother bear and the third one—a large cub—stopped for a moment to sniff at the fallen one. That allowed Samuel time to halt and carefully prime his gun. Then he was ready for number two.

He turned to see, with great dismay, the two come on together, the cub but a yard ahead of its mother, which was now enraged at the death of her mate. How could he get the one and escape from the other? Would the old one stop again if he managed to kill her cub or would she come right on for him? Samuel had little time to worry over his chances of escape and for a moment he thought of trying a long range shot. He raised his gun to his shoulder. But no, that was too risky,—close range was the surest and he would take a chance on the last of the brutes. He ripped open his vest and disengaged one arm—his pack had been dropped when he had first sighted the animals. Then the two were almost upon him. Carefully, as before, he fired and the cub dropped in its tracks. The Indian needed not to look back to know that the old

bear was on his heels. Her roar of rage and the crashing of the bracken warned him of his peril. It was difficult to reload for he did not dare to slacken for a moment and he was now running at the top of his speed. Quickly the bear gained upon him and the sudden snarl at his very heels warned him of her leap. He sprang aside just in time and the clumsy brute—for the polar is very slow in turning—plunged on for several yards before she could check her terrific way and come about. This gave Sam the opportunity he had looked for. He paused just a second to tear the vest off his arm and fling it behind him, then he raced on as before. It was his last hope of escape.

The polar, furious at missing her prey, stopped at the bait thus thrown to her. She paused only long enough to slap one paw vigorously upon the garment and with an upward fling of her head rip it to pieces; then she plunged on in pursuit. But that pause was enough for the Indian,—

he halted, rammed his load home and flung the rod from him. With shaking fingers he pressed the primer down and Samuel was ready for number three.

He had scarcely turned about when she was upon him, open-mouthed and fearful to look upon.

'No time for aim,—no time raise gun,—' said the old hunter, as he told the story. 'Just push muzzle into her mouth, pull trigger, and jump aside.—'

Here he showed me the second finger of his right hand which was gnarled and distorted. 'Gun no on shoulder,—' he exclaimed, 'Kick bad,—break finger.' Bear just slap gun once and break it. Then roll over and lie dead. Gun over there.—'

Samuel pointed into the corner of the shack where an old muzzle-loader lay, the barrel doubled over like the frame of a snowshoe, and, as I examined the wreck, I fully realized what the tough old Cree had been up against.

PROTECTION OF GAME

Reasons why the Sale of Game should be Totally Prohibited

Dr. William T. Hornaday, America's leading conservationist with respect to wild life, is an uncompromising advocate of total prohibition of the sale of game. He gives the following reasons in support of the measure; some refer only to United States conditions while others are of general application. Coming from an undisputed authority, they can be neither ignored nor denied by opponents of the measure.

(1) Because fully 95 per cent. of our legitimate stock of feathered game has already been destroyed.

(2) Because, if market gunning and the sale of game continue ten years longer, all our feathered game will be swept away.

(3) Because it is a fixed fact that every

wild species of mammal, bird or reptile that is pursued for money-making purposes eventually is wiped out of existence even the whales of the sea are no exception.

(4) Because the laws that permit the commercial slaughter of wild birds for the benefit of less than 5 per cent. of the inhabitants of any estate are directly against the interests of the 95 per cent of other people to whom that game partly belongs.

(5) Because game killed for sale is not intended to satisfy hunger. The people who eat game in large cities do not know what hunger is, save by hearsay. Purchased game is used chiefly in over-feeding; and as a rule, it does far more harm than good.





A Story of Dog Devotion

H. C. Haddon

*"What do you dream about, old dog,
—when you lie by the fire at night—
You whine and twitch in your sleep,
boy; are you back on the trail again?
A couple of frozen whitefish each, and a
start in dawn's grey light,
A trail to break, with a rotten crust, and
a soft snow turned to rain—"*

(The Song of the Dogs.)

HECTOR was a sledge dog. I first saw him many years ago, in Joe's cabin in British Columbia. He was only a sprawling ungainly puppy in those days, but even then he showed many promises of the fine dog he was going to make some day. For three years he and Joe bached it—"jest me and the pup together"—happy, care free years for both of them. During those three years of idleness Hector learned many strange tricks—strange, that is, for a sledge dog.

For instance, he was taught to guard a coat or any property that was entrusted to his care; he would "die for his country," and on one or two rare occasions he even up and begged

for food for all the world like a pampered lap-dog. His father was an Indian dog, wolf-sired. His mother was Red Klootch, that queen of huskies. And this is his story:

As the wind died down, and the flurrying snowflakes ceased to fall, it seemed to Joe that the pain in his leg increased. At times the agony of it would cause him to clench his hands hard together, and to bite into his lips to save himself from shrieking aloud, and then at other times it seemed as if there was no pain at all. Then Joe would lie with closed eyes, conscious only of the throb, throb of his leg, until he would come to his senses with a jerk. He was thankful for these moments of respite from pain, and yet he feared them. For he could imagine himself falling off the sleigh in his unconsciousness, and rolling into the snow, and the remorseless dogs going on, on—and oh God, the coldness of the snow!

Once or twice, by an effort, he roused himself, and spoke to the dogs, his voice so hollow and unreal that he could scarcely recognize it as his own.

"Say Hector" he would say, a world of appeal in the four simple words "home, boy!"

And Hector would look round at the master who could only lie on the sledge, and would wave his great bushy tail, and quicken his pace just a little bit more. Then the other five dogs would fall into stride with their leader; and the snow fell away from the sledge with the same dreary hiss that it had kept up all that day, and all the day before, and the day before that. And now they were only a couple of hours from the cabin. Ahead of them stretched the trail they had yet to break; behind, like a giant furrow, was the trail they had just broken—and oh the weary miles of it!

At last the cabin came in sight. To this day Joe cannot remember how he did it; but he somehow managed to unharness the dogs, and he even got a fire going in the stove to thaw out some water to bathe his leg. It was a nasty wound. Axe cuts generally are. This one had festered and frozen—but I am not going to tell you about it.

While he waited for the water to thaw out, Joe lay down on the bunk, and there merciful unconsciousness overtook him. He must have lain there on the bunk for over an hour, for when he opened his eyes again the fire was out, and the cabin was quite cold. He tried to rise, but was too weak to do so. One of the huskies pushed against the door and walked into the cabin. She had always been a bad tempered beast, and there was a look about her eyes now that made Joe call out, and that brought a note of terror into his voice.

At the sound of the shouting, Hector came bounding into the cabin.

"Good dog!" said his master "guard the cabin, boy."

It only took him a few seconds to hustle the offending husky outside. Then, with a last look at his helpless master on the bunk, Hector lay down in the doorway with his nose between his paws.

Followed two awful hours. Joe wished for death, and yet he feared to die. He was ice cold, and the pain in his leg nearly drove him crazy. All

strength had left him. He tried to pray.

Outside, the huskies walked to and fro in the snow, looking for food. They were hungry and could not understand why they were not fed.

Late in the afternoon the miracle happened. Far up the frozen river sounded the silvery tinkle of sleigh bells, and along came a prospector, going to the outside for more food. He was a sensible man, was this prospector. One glance was sufficient to show him Joe lying semi-conscious on the bunk, and Hector's attitude was more eloquent than words. Having no desire for a pitched battle, he simply called out to Joe "Say there—if you want any help, call that dog of yours off."

When Joe was safely tucked up on the sledge, the prospector started on to catch Joe's dogs. He caught all, with the exception of Hector. Having fooled away several valuable minutes (for the afternoon was growing late) he finally roused Joe.

"Look ahere, old timer" he said "if you want that darn wolf of yours to come along, you'd better call him up. It was then that Joe did a thing that showed him to be quite off his head. He pointed a shaking finger at the dog-that-would-not-be-caught, and said "Go and guard the cabin, Hector."

The prospector made a last effort at capture, failed, and then shrugged his shoulders. He hitched Joe's dogs ahead of his own, putting his own leader in Hector's empty place. Then with a cheery "Mush on! Mush on!" he was off. If Hector chose to come along, well and good.

If not—; and Hector, lying in the doorway of the deserted cabin, watched his master, and his master's rescuer vanish out of sight down the frozen river.

For two days that great dog guarded the cabin without moving from the doorway. Then at last hunger drove him to find something to eat. Food there was in the cabin, of course, bacon and flour, but this was a sacred trust, and Hector never thought of violating it. Down in the swamp, however, Joe had set out some rabbit snares, and these the dog visited.

The result was a meal of frozen rabbit, the first of many. However the snares were soon all knocked down and sprung, and so this source of supply was closed.

Then began for that lonely dog that age-old battle—the struggle for existence.

Food was necessarily divided into two divisions—big game and small game. Of the former there seemed to be no signs. The bears were all dened up, sleeping the winter away. The deer and caribou were miles away in their winter yards. So Hector had to rely on the smaller wood folk. Under this heading came rabbits and squirrels and mice, and even at times, weasels and muskrats. Grouse were not to be caught, so wild were they. You must remember that there was well over two feet of snow on the ground, and this turned even such a simple operation as digging out a mouse into very hard work. And Hector could have eaten so many mice.

Nor was it easy for this big heavy dog to catch even such a stupid beast as a rabbit. Sometimes he was able to come upon them quietly when they were feeding, and to snap them up before they could recover their senses; but you have to go very silently until you are almost on top of them. Then a couple of quick bounds, and (if you are lucky) there is a warm rabbit kicking its life out in your mouth. Once get him alarmed though, and you may as well say good bye to the rabbit. He goes silently over the snow, hop, skip, and a jump, sliding away like a shadow, while you are plunging up to your belly every jump, in the soft snow.

Hector would lie for hours, too, waiting for a red squirrel to come down out of a tree. This squirrel catching is, at the best a very uncertain game, and such patience is needed. You must not make a sound. Presently, if he believes the coast to be clear, the red chatterer will descend his tree to try and find those fir cones he buried in the good days of last fall. When he is well away from the tree—now!

More often than not, however, Hector only succeeded in catching a

mouthful of snow, and the squirrel, safely perched in the topmost branches, would hurl down insult on the hungry dog below. For Hector was hungry these days. There must have been weeks and weeks when he was face to face with black starvation. There is not a great deal of nourishment in a squirrel for a big strong dog weighing well over the hundred pounds. Another drawback was that there were not nearly enough squirrels. Once, when he was in full cry after a rabbit, he stopped suddenly, as if he had heard somebody calling him by name. His tail went between his legs, and almost shamefully he went back to the cabin. But there was nobody there; would nobody *ever* come to relieve him of his trust?

For this trust was the reason why he did not take to the woods, and live (or starve) as the wolves do. The hunting became poorer and poorer; there is little enough life in that northern country in the winter, anyway. Then the weather broke up, and the spring snow storms came, and for days at a time the big wet flakes fell with the same heartbreaking monotony. These were dark days indeed. No animals move about much in bad weather. Hector ranging far from the cabin, driven by the relentless hunger gnawing within him, one day discovered a fresh trail in the snow. It was deep and broad, and the dog, with hope borne anew, took it up and followed it until he found the maker.

The maker was a gentleman, very fat, but covered with sharp quills that bristled and rattled at the hungry dog. The wolves know how to make a meal off a porcupine without injury to themselves, and so does the fisher, but Hector had forgotten, and this day also he went hungry.

Followed in quick succession a thaw, and then a hard frost. The snow was crusted almost sufficiently to bear a man, and crunched musically under your feet. Hector, visibly weaker and thinner, was out on the food trail again. He knew he must soon have meat and lots of it or—. I think a strange man would have had to fight for his life against this hungry dog. Luck, or chance, or

fate, or the gods that ordain these things—who shall say to whom the credit due.

That day Hector came on two deer moving from one range to another. They were unable to travel far because of the crusted snow, and at every jump they went in up past their bellies. They had as yet no beaten trails to take to and escape on, and fear stricken by the grim remorseless dog on their scent, they plunged deeper and deeper in the treacherous snow. There could be but one ending, and that night Hector lying in his old place in the cabin doorway, licked his paws contentedly.

By the time the last of the deer bones were gnawed clean, spring had come. There were temporary times of famine, of course, but on the whole Hector did not fare so badly. As the year wore on, so times improved. There were many young rabbits, and little grouse, and mice in the woods, and big fish coming up the river to spawn were left stranded on the beach.

So Hector grew fat and strong once more, but the longing and grieving in him for his lost master never grew less.

In the early spring, when he came out of the hospital, Joe was still a very sick and weak man. For a month or so he lay around town, basking in the spring sunshine, gaining strength every day. When his money was just about all spent, news reached the town of a new gold strike, and Joe went south in search of it. He found a little gold—very little—and every day he would catch himself longing for his old cabin on the river. Had you talked with him then, you would have found him very homesick, and still grieving over the loss of his favorite dog.

"Why" he would have told you, sorrowfully "Hector and me was real pals, real good pals."

One morning quite suddenly, he packed up all his kit and "just beat it back home."

Joe had travelled hard all day, and knew that another ten minutes leisurely paddling would bring him round the turn of the river, and in sight of the old cabin on the bank. The old cabin!

The light was fading fast when he beached his canoe, and it was almost too dark for him to pick out the cabin. He had only taken a few steps up the beach when he started to run back to the canoe, his voice raised almost to a scream.

A large flying body struck him, and he was bowled over on his back. Without weapons, he could only put his arms up to defend his throat. And his shout broke off suddenly, and changed to words of endearment. This was no wolf tearing his throat out—*this!*—*this!*—why this was only a great dog slobbering out all its joy at meeting the long lost master!

Joe and his dog went up to the cabin, and there the master sat on the bunk, and fondled the great dog's head, and smoked a cigarette. Joe saw all the food in the cabin, just as he had left it, but he could not see the days and weeks and months that had passed, nor the fight that the dog had fought to keep alive. But I like to think that the joy that these two found in their meeting wiped out all memory of those times.

All this happened quite a few years ago, but Joe is never tired of telling about his dog, and how he was faithful to his trust. Should he ever tell you this story, he is quite certain to say, at the end of it.

"By gosh, you're a great dog, aren't you, Hector?" And the great dog, hearing his name, will look up at his master from his place by the stove, and then thump, thump, thump will go that big bushy tail on the floor.



F. V. Williams

THIS was a new experience. Roy Brown had stood for a half hour silently looking at a fast clouding sky. He was on his favorite hunting ground, and had been for four days. It was now December 23rd, and four o'clock in the afternoon. For four years Brown had made this his particular hunting ground. A good shot, a lover of out of doors, and particularly the wild life found in this locality, good fishing in season, lots of grouse and rabbits and also deer, and for the past four seasons there had been venison for all five of Brown's friends at home, until they had got the idea that Brown could bring home the bacon "or venison" whenever he chose to go for it. It had been his custom to leave town about the fifteenth of December and spend a week in the woods, allowing time for a ranchman friend who was located on a ranch some twenty miles away to the south, to come in for the "meat" with a horse and pack saddle, but as he stood and gazed at the clouding sky he came to the conclusion that the deer had all received notice of his coming, as there had not been a 'flag'.

waved at him from the brush in the entire week.

Away off to the left through a dip in the hills one could see a long ridge that had been pointed out to him years before as the home of some famous old timers, but up to this time he had never thought it worth while to travel so far; not that he did not have loads of time at his disposal, but when the deer were always plentiful so close to his cabin, why travel fifteen miles away for the same shooting. Aside from that Brown had his own ideas on game getting and preferred to hunt alone. Years before the guide had casually informed him that a 'green hand' in the woods who attempted to get over into those hills would surely get lost. This had hurt Brown's pride quite a bit for he considered himself as good at woodcraft as the guide, and for that very reason had never had a guide with him on his last four trips, exploring the ravines and hills by himself until he had a fairly good knowledge of the country within a radius of ten miles of his cabin. Well! the deer had evidently left for reasons best known to them-

selves, for this season and had probably dropped back to the collection of hills and small lakes just beyond that distant ridge.

"The 23rd, hey?" he pondered. "Well, I'll try it. I believe I can get over there by to-morrow morning and by doing a little forced marching have that deer I came for and be out to town by Christmas day". Suiting the action to the thought, he started on the back track to his cabin which was reached in a half hour, and another half hour sufficed for him to emerge again with a good serviceable outfit for a two nights' stay away from the cabin. Even though the temperature was down to fifteen above, and would probably be much lower by morning, his intentions were to get as far as possible in what little daylight remained and have a hunt the next day, camp out, and return the next, never doubting but what he would get his deer and a big one at that, if the stories were true of that mysterious ridge.

By this time there was a gray bank of clouds piling up on the horizon. Brown knew this meant snow but he had been out in snow storms before and did not particularly fear this one. He had his compass to rely on if the snow should happen to be too thick for landmarks, and he had heard the section he was bound for described so often there was nothing to be had as far as descriptions went. The sky rapidly became overcast, and inside an hour's time as he crossed a particularly open stretch, the white flakes began to fall and before he reached the next piece of woodland they had begun to whirl around him in regular snow squalls that completely shut out the landscape a few yards distant. It was beginning to grow dusk, and once he reached the shelter of a wood he began to cast an eye about for a favorable spot to pass the night. Following a ledge of rock that cropped out of the underbrush for about a quarter of a mile he heard the noisy splashing and babbling of a small stream which was partly frozen over, and upon coming in sight of it found that luck was indeed with him, for there by some big flat stones was an ancient leanto. Someone had

evidently passed the night here a couple of seasons ago as there had been a camp fire with upright forked sticks for boiling coffee and just inside the edge of the little shelter could be seen a bundle of birchbark.

"Bet that was old man Johnson," muttered Brown, as he slipped his pack from his shoulders and unloosened his belt axe preparatory to lopping off some branches for the roof of the dilapidated lean-to. In a short space of time he had cleared away the debris and covered the poles with new brush, and another few minutes chopping had furnished him with a number of good armfuls of dry and pitch-covered limbs from an old spruce close by. With the fire started between two heavy sticks drawn up a few feet from the entrance of his shelter, coffee boiling and bacon frying, Brown took occasion to take stock of the weather conditions again, and was surprised to see that the clouds looked quite broken and that the snow had nearly ceased, although even in the timber there was enough on the ground to make the surroundings look decidedly wintry. But the snow would give away the secrets of the woodfolk in the morning, and that fact alone helped his peace of mind amazingly as he curled up in his heavy blanket after making a bed from a large pile of fir branches, and collecting more dry wood for the early morning fire. An owl hooted in the distance, a few stars shone through the breaks in the clouds and these were the hunter's last observations as tired with his hustling of the day before, he fell asleep only to wake in what seemed to him like two hours' time, to see the grey light of morning creeping through the treetops, and realizing that he was a bit cold in spite of the blanket, and that his comfortable camp fire had burned down to two pieces of smouldering coals. In a few moments the logs had been rolled together, and a few dry sticks added and while the fire was picking up, the hunter started for the stream with his coffee tin for water. At this point by the stream a number of boulders and a miniature rapids had kept the stream open in spite of the cold. The snow was from a quarter

to half an inch in depth on the banks of the stream, just a carpet of pure white with scarcely a break in it. A number of big round spots of darker shades, such as an animal track would make, caused him to stop and examine them. One look was enough, and he was on his feet peering into the surrounding thickets, examining every suspicious shadow with the keen quick eye of the experienced hunter. But there was nothing—not even the slightest rustle of a frost nipped twig to satisfy his search, and hastily filling his kettle he hustled back to his fire scarcely a hundred feet away.

Those dark shadows in the snow that he had examined had been made but a short time previously by two lynx, the larger one an enormous fellow of his kind, judging from the tracks, and now the reason was plain enough why the deer were not so plentiful in this locality as usual.

He was not afraid of the lynx as he knew they would seldom if ever attack a man unless driven by hunger, but he sure did want to see daylight once more as this trip had already begun to look mighty interesting. It was quite light by this time, and as Brown sat munching his lunch with a steaming pail of coffee at his elbow, he happened to glance up stream, and there sitting on the end of a fallen tree sat the biggest, most ferocious looking lynx it had ever been his luck to set eyes on. For a full minute the man and beast sat gazing at each other, the man rapidly turning over in his mind how he could reach his rifle lying on his blankets ten feet away, and the beast calmly looking him through and through with his big yellow eyes. Slowly Brown laid down the piece of bacon and bread he had been munching and as carefully as possible started to shove himself back toward the gun. He could almost reach it now. Another second or two and he had hold of the stock and drew it slowly toward him, and then the bolt caught on a strap on his blankets and in lifting the gun to clear the strap the barrel struck one of the sticks in the leanto and sent down a shower of snow that seemed to take all the interest out of the pro-

ceeding for the lynx for he quickly rose and dropped over the log and out of sight. The hunter was on his feet in an instant and carefully approached the log with rifle at the ready, but there was nothing to be seen. He hunted for a half hour, and once a gray shadow drifted past an open place in the underbrush, but it was gone so quickly and completely that the hunter could not have said positively whether it was an animal or imagination, and as the ground hereabouts was well protected by the thick foliage of the spruce and fir, there were no tell-tale tracks to verify his suspicions and as it was getting late he returned to his fire, finished the now cold lunch and adjusting his pack started for his 'land of promise,' the distant ridge he had seen from his hunting ground of the day before.

The travelling was rough and grew worse as he approached the ridge and half way up the side was such a tangle of fallen trees and brush that he had to follow on the outskirts of this barrier for a couple of miles before finding a chance to cross. The crossing was affected by noon and from the summit one could look down into a section of country which abounded in small lakes and hills, the hills being covered with brush and small timber, ideal places for deer. The weather which had been decidedly mild all forenoon was now beginning to get cloudy again, and the wind which had been from the Southwest yesterday, was now from the East. Sitting down with his pack resting on a limb of the tree, he reached for his pocket compass to get his directions more accurately in mind, when to his surprise he found that his compass was gone. He went all through his pockets and after giving up the search, concluded he had lost it coming through the windfalls a couple of miles back. Looking over his back trail and over and down the way he was to go, he thought that even though it were to storm it would be easy to find the way back again, and now even though he felt the loss of his compass keenly (having always depended on it) he decided to push ahead and get down towards the lakes and swamps with as little delay as possible.

After a hasty bite, as it was near noon, he descended in a round-about way for about three miles and found a suitable place near a small spring for a night's rest. Fixing his shelter and leaving his pack here, he started for the nearest swamp. Not two hundred yards from his stopping place he found deer tracks so fresh (three of them, two does and a buck evidently) that involuntarily he looked about for the others. Carefully lifting his feet to avoid loose twigs and branches he moved to the right to look behind a fringe of small firs,—nothing there—and he silently released the hammer of his rifle to safety again. Rat-a-tat-rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat-tat drummed a woodpecker on a hollow stub a few yards away, and the hunter turned back to his tracks to travel farther over into the small hill country. He walked past an old tangle of windfall and brush, when suddenly with a bomp, bomp, crash, went the very deer he had been looking for. It all happened so quickly that the hunter did not as much as raise his rifle. He did not 'come to' until the white flag of the last deer had vanished in the underbrush.

"Guess they're here all right, all right," mused Brown and right here will be as good a place as any to start in hunting. Unmindful of fresh deer sign and the trail of the two surprise deer he had just had a glimpse of, he started in the direction of the nearest small lake with his rifle at the ready and carefully watching all possible places for deer. A partridge got up with a rush and whirr and was away to cover again a short fifty yards ahead, and as the hunter slowly and noiselessly slipped along, Mr. Partridge put on his best strut and walked back and forth along the limb of a big birch, stopping in his parade and cocking his head to one side to watch the man suspiciously whenever he stopped to look or listen.

The hunter arrived at the shores of the little lake and made the complete circuit of it without seeing a deer although he had found five separate and distinct trails in a two hours' hunt, all of them apparently not a half hour old, and as the deer were evidently moving slowly in familiar feeding

grounds he had no doubt but what he'd get his quarry. As he sat on an old log he glanced overhead and was surprised to see the clouds blowing past over the treetops at a great speed, heavy and unmistakably 'snow clouds' and as he looked a few flakes came sifting down through the bare branches of the trees near his resting place. It certainly looked this time as if the storm were to be the real thing. The easterly wind was increasing in violence and it had already begun to cast a gloom that surely spelled 'night' in the thickest patches of timber, and as he was in for a stormy night he concluded to get back to his little shelter near the spring. He did not start a minute too soon as darkness, down here below the big ridge he crossed earlier in the day, seemed to come on with surprising swiftness. There was no time for hunting. In fact it was too dark to see his rifle sights long before he reached the spring where he quickly got his fire going and lighting a small carbon miner's light that he carried for just such occasions, he took the axe from his equipment and skirmished round among the windfalls for old dry stubs until he had a generous collection of dry firewood. Not until then did he eat his supper, consisting of condensed soup and hardtack and a bit of bacon.

Up to this time there had been no increase in the snowfall. Squalls of short duration would send the fine snow flakes scurrying down, but there was hardly a noticeable difference in the covering on the ground. When Brown finally rolled up in his blankets he went to sleep, to be awakened in the grey dawn by the wind howling and roaring through the treetops, and as he lay and listened before turning out, he could hear branches and limbs of trees breaking and once or twice he heard the crash of some tree with not enough hold on mother earth, that came down bringing numerous branches and smaller trees with it. The fire started and a couple of good hot cups of coffee with some hardtack under his belt, the hunter covered his fire carefully and taking his rifle walked a short distance from the shelter to have a look at what the

storm had done. It surely had been a wild night, the worst he had ever seen in the woods. Branches broken off littered the ground and the very underbrush in places seemed to be flattened out, and as yet there seemed to be no signs of the gale abating. Returning toward the spring a big 'snowshoe' rabbit sprang out from the brush and jumping a short distance ahead, sat up stiff and straight to have a look and see what strange thing this was that was abroad on a day like this. The leaden pellet from the hunter's rifle put him on the menu, as the hunter knew there would be no danger of the shot disturbing deer with all this hellabaloo loose in the woods. Taking his rabbit he arrived at the little camp and lay down and took a good long morning nap, figuring the "beauty sleep" might stand him in good stead if he should have any difficulty in trail finding in the next forty-eight hours.

At about noon he crawled out again, had a sumptuous feast of fried rabbit, hardtack and coffee and after frying the remainder of the rabbit he arranged his pack, got together another pile of wood with a quantity of birch bark against his return at night hungry and tired, and putting a couple of sandwiches made from his hardtack and fried rabbit in his hunting coat pocket, he carefully extinguished his camp fire and started out. The wind had dropped to half a gale and it was beginning to snow steadily as he left his shelter, but it looked so simple to find his way about, that he was positive he could find the place again, though he had to do it in the dark. Two hours' hunting and he had not seen a deer sign. He had passed two rabbits, and once a red squirrel had scolded and barked and made an awful racket over him in passing through a small patch of green timber, but aside from that, there had been no game moving. Standing on a little hummock at the edge of the swamp he had been traveling through, the hunter's eye took in what he at first supposed to be the branches of a dead tree, but there was something so fascinating and so much of the shape of antlers about them that he watched them intently

and to his surprise the 'branches' moved, then went straight up in the air as their owner, a big four point buck rose from his 'nest' on the far side of the log. Steadily the rifle went up and covered the game and as the buck walked slowly into the open there was a spurt of flame, and the hunter pumping another shell into the chamber of his rifle, gazed at—not the big fellow on the ground, but a flash of his coat as he passed from view into the thicket directly opposite. But, there had been no display of a triumphant flag bobbing away through the brush which same fact told him that although apparently 'fresh' the deer must have been hit, and as the hunter with as little noise as possible ran forward and examined the sign on the snow, he readily saw that he was hit, badly too, but probably a trifle too far back. Instead of following the deer he turned to one side and went around the little hill and finding no tracks leaving it on the opposite side, carefully started to hunt back to the starting point. He had hunted scarcely ten minutes when in glancing under the branches of a big cedar he noticed something that looked suspiciously like a deer with his back toward him. Cocking his rifle, he gave a soft whistle, and at the sound of it, the deer—for it was he—tried to struggle to his feet, but a shot mercifully put him down for good. All this had taken time, and after dragging his deer into the open and arranging the carcass for carrying, it was considerably darker and snowing harder than ever. The deer was a pretty good load but it was also 'some prize,' and Brown started back toward camp.

A half hour's travelling and it was nearly dark and Brown was also pretty tired. Leaving his game against a tree in such fashion that he could sit down he ate his sandwiches, then got up and struggled on for some time till to his dismay instead of finding the sheltered wood that he expected on one side with the ridge on the other, he discovered he was back at the swamp. He would try once more. If he could only find his tracks of a few hours previous it would have been easy, but the flying

snow obliterated everything in a few moments. Remembering that on leaving he had hunted straight up the wind and it had brought him to this spot, he resolved that if he travelled with the wind at his back it would surely take him to familiar surroundings, and then it would be no trouble to locate the camp. Accordingly he started again, only to find after an hour's floundering about in the snow that he was just as badly lost as ever. He did not like to leave the deer, although he was fast becoming too weary to carry the heavy carcass and with a last effort decided to climb a small hill that rose on the left, thinking that perhaps up there in what looked to be a thicket of fir, he could fix up a place to pass the night. He had matches and the belt axe with him, but even at that he did not relish the idea of spending a night like this away from his blankets. Half way to the firs, he stopped to rest, when—chunk, chunk, chunk chunk—surely that couldn't be the sound of an axe? It sounded right ahead and a little around one side of the hill. What wild fancy was getting into his mind now? He was not frightened and had not been, although he would admit he was worried a bit about the duration of the storm, but even as he thought of these things—there came a chunk, chunk, and then the crash, as of a small tree falling. Settling his game more securely on his shoulders he struggled and stumbled on around the hill, over snow covered rocks and brush, until suddenly straight on a little level piece of ground he saw a faint light and upon getting closer, the light resolved itself into a camp fire before which a man, sitting under a very comfortable shelter, was busily engaged in splitting up some dry wood. As the snow made footsteps practically noiseless the man at the fire did not hear the one approaching until he staggered, rather than walked, into the circle of light thrown by the fire.

The man at the fire was so surprised the pipe fell from his mouth as he paused with axe poised in the air, to look at the man that came staggering out of the black night and storm with a deer on his back. Springing

to his feet, he was at the stranger's side in a moment and helping him with the deer which he slipped off his shoulders, then stood his rifle against the leanto, and helped him to a seat in the cosy shelter. All this happened before Brown got a good look at his good Samaritan and by the light of the fire recognized the man who had warned him years before about getting lost in this part of the country.

Evidently the guide had not recognized Brown for he picked up his heavy axe and finished splitting some pitch wood, with which he proceeded to feed his fire and as the fire was going in great shape by this time he turned and said,

"Wal, old sport, how do you feel by now? We'll have some hot chocolate now in about five minutes and it'll make you feel like a new man. Guess you had gone to about the 'last wiggle' hey?" he laughed, as the hunter made a grimace of disgust. "Here you get some of this down inside where it will tickle your ribs, and I'll go boost that 'Mowich' (deer) of yours up on a pole out of the snow. And after sundry thuds and much cracking and snapping of underbrush, that could be heard above the roar of the wind through the trees, he came around the corner of the shelter, with a—

"There that's done, and guess we're all snug for the night, in spite of this young blizzard. Guess we would have done better to have had snow shoes along, but who the devil would have thought there'd be this much snow up here at this time of year. We don't as a rule get much snow before the first of the year hereabouts, but guess this is one of the different years. Say, how you like that chocolate?"

"Fine, fine!" answered the weary one. "Fact it's a lot better than coffee a night like this."

"Well, that's good of you to say so. Some of the boys have a lot of fun kiddin' me about my chocolate, but believe me, it's good enough for your uncle on a night like this, and it stays with you much longer than coffee, and now for the eats. 'Spect you want to take that deer out with you!"

Brown nodded his assent, and then the guide continued,

"Well you see we have a pretty good assortment to choose from. I've got rabbit and a pair of partridge and we just won't carve that there deer of yours, not tonight anyhow."

In the course of an hour the guide had a partridge stew that made our hungry hunter take a new interest in life, and as he was about to 'bail' out his portion of the stew from the pot to his tin plate, he was surprised to notice there were potatoes in the dish, and he could not help but ask the wonderful person where and how he had managed to carry potatoes along with his other pack. It seemed to the hunter that this was excess baggage.

"Oh yes, them 'spuds!' Let me tell you something, young fellow. Do you know what day this is? Plumb forgot hey? Well this is Christmas eve, old top, and that there is your Christmas dinner if we don't get out of here by tomorrow. Now dig in and don't waste any of those 'spuds.' I put a few in my pack when I left the camp a few days ago, but did not think at that time that they were going to be a cause for so much joy."

After they had eaten they sat for a long time gazing into the fire, Brown with his thoughts on home and wondering if they were worrying about him, etc., while on his side the guide was figuring the shortest and easiest way for two men to get out to the settlement with a deer, before the next day night. The snow flakes still came hurtling down, but not quite as thickly as a few hours back. Occasionally a bunch of snow would break off from the branches overhead and fall sputtering and sizzling into the fire, which presently began to burn down. The guide stretched himself, knocked the ashes from his pipe and pulling out his nickle plated recorder of the flight of time looked across at the sleepy hunter with a "Merry Christmas, pardner! We might be a lot worse off than we are right now at that, hey?" and the hunter after returning the compliments of the season, heartily agreed with him that they might be worse off than they were, and as they

arranged the guide's blankets for their bed, he looked out into the black night where the trees were tossing their giant arms about in the snow storm, and then back to the cosy fire and the snug shelter that reflected the heat from the camp fire, and agreed within himself that it was indeed a mighty Merry Christmas and also a lucky one for himself at any rate. Brown had just comfortably settled himself in the blankets and the guide was putting the final touch to his fire for the night, when a screech that startled him from his blankets causing something very akin to fright came from the blackness of the camp. Scarcely had he sat up when there was another scream, a different toned one this time, and as he looked at the guide's broad back as he squatted in front of the fire, he wondered what in the deuce could have induced a lynx to come that close to a campfire. He had never heard a scream like that in all the seasons he had hunted, but was positive it must be a lynx and to him it sounded directly back of the leanto. Slowly turning his head the guide grinned at the hunter's startled face, and before he could ask a question, remarked,

"He got him that time!"

"Got him? What do you mean?"

"Why that's 'old shadow' one of them big lynx. That's his style of hunting. Oh you don't know everything about the woods yet! I told you that some time ago when I advised you not to come over to this neck of the woods without a guide, didn't I? Ha, ha, haw, haw," he roared, "you thought I didn't recognize you when you came wabbling in tonight. I didn't want to say nothin' about it, but it was too good to keep, haw, haw, haw," he roared. "Say this is no business, as my friend Issacs would say, my getting a laugh out of your troubles is it? as he noticed the confusion of his companion. "Say, I started to tell you about 'shadow' they call 'em lucifers back in New Brunswick, but they's just lynx. That fust screech you heard is his best yell for scaring the wits plumb out of any living thing that he suspects is close by. You ought to see him hunt once, its great

sport. I watched one one time. It was a quiet night and we had a big fire going, just a light fall of snow and I knowed there'd been rabbits round just outside the light from the fire a couple o' nights—found their tracks in the morning, you know—guess they were curious about the fire. Well anyway the boys—I was guiding for a party of four—had all turned in plumb tuckered out. They were just out from town and hadn't got toughtened up. Well that wild yell sounded—seemed to me not fifty feet from camp—the boys had heard them before and they were too tired to notice. I got a shotgun, slipped in a couple of loads of heavy shot and sneaked round into the shadow of the trees back of the fire. Well I stood there I s'pose a half hour about one hundred yards from camp where I could see all that passed between me and the light. Two or three rabbits were dartin' round settin' up and lookin' toward the fire now and then, and once just over where I'd seen a particularly big rabbit I thought I saw a shadow slide in back of an old windfall. I laid the gun over my arm and pretty soon out popped that big rabbit agin. He was white you know, and you had to look sharp to see him. When all of a sudden, he cocked his head sideways and after lookin' into a pile o' brush, he fairly flew for about twenty feet toward the branch of a fir that hung down pretty low. I couldn't see nothin' and was just beginning to think it was a fool play on the part of the rabbit when I saw the snow drop off some bushes about ten feet from the rabbit's hiding place. Then the bushes moved but still there was nothin' to be seen, when all of a sudden there was the cussedest yell—I nearly dropped the gun and that darn fool rabbit went out of his hiding place on the jump, and he just did make about one jump, when the 'shadow' came out over a bunch of low brush like a whirlwind. I remember"—Brown sat up a little straighter and all thought of sleep left his mind tired as he was, as another awful scream came from the woods a little way to the right. "There's more'n one of them devils out there tonight," commented the

guide as he glanced over past the edge of the firelight "as I was sayin' I remember seeing the lynx give that rabbit a clout from one of them big clumsy feet of his while he was in midair that knocked him cold ten feet away, and before I could swing the gun onto him he grabbed that rabbit and faded into the shadows again, but just as he grabbed his game he let out that second yell of hisn. Did you notice the difference in 'em? I figured it out this way, that when you hear a lynx let that first awful screech he's generally satisfied that he's pretty close to his meat, and he knows dinged well nothin' in fur or feathers can sit still when he lets loose of that war cry of hisn, and that other one's of vict'ry. P'raps I'm wrong, but I'll bet you'd find that second fellow that didn't yell twice had lost his rabbit. You know the stubtailed varmints are not very good at hunting as compared with some of the other animals, and I figure that their stock in trade is them yells—Why don't you go out and try for one?"

But Brown's aching legs and the fact that he had nothing but a rifle made him think better of it, as it was too dark to see the sights on a rifle to do accurate shooting, and as they both rolled up for sleep to get rested up for the morrow's hike, he resolved that some day he'd have a try at one of those 'stub-tailed varmints' as the guide called them. He fell asleep quickly as is the rule in the big woods after a hard day's doings, and as the snow ceased coming down and the fire burned low, a big gaunt grey creature stalked out of the near by brush, lifted his snub nose and took an inventory of the different things the now gentle breeze told him, and as the man smell greeted his nostrils, his broad flat face broke into a hideous grin, his big yellow eyes turning fairly green as he edged away into the shadows again, leaving his big padded foot prints for the men to wonder at and talk about in the morning as they got ready their outfit for getting back to town.

The guide had informed Brown that there was a blazed trail through the heavy timber that would take them out to his friend the rancher's in

about five hours, and as this was good news to Brown he decided to leave his pack at the spring for the guide to bring in later on in the month, as he mentioned he was coming back for a try at the lynx himself. With the buck on a pole between them and a good breakfast in the place where it would do them most good, they started out.

They left their snug little shelter at six A.M.—first having had a look about in the brush where sure enough they found where a lynx had killed and eaten a snowshoe rabbit—and after an uneventful hike of five hours through a piece of country entirely new to the hunter they arrived at a familiar piece of road that led to the ranch where the hunter made known his wants and was down at the Station in time to catch a train back to town with his venison. As they parted at the ranchman's house,

shaking hands with all the little animosity that Brown had held against guides in general, and this one in particular, gone, the old ranchman grinned and remarked:

"Well, boys I'm glad you understand each other at last. You're both fine fellows and it's just these little misunderstandings that spoil a lot of good friendship in this old world. Ain't I right? Hey?" and as they agreed he was, he chirruped to his team and headed for the Station yelling back over his shoulder to the group at the door of the farm house where the guide stood watching Brown depart.

"I may put up the team down at the Station master's place and go on to town if I get an invite, and if I should, just tell the folks for me, 'A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!'"



"Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, how does it seem to you?"

NORTHERN CAMPING TRAILS

C. H. Lockwood

(PART 1)

TO get away from the mockeries and artificialities of civilization, after having been imprisoned therein for a considerable length of time, is a very good thing. To leave the cities and enter the woods, getting close to Mother Nature, is the best known way of re-vitalizing one's body with necessary energy and relieving one's mind of the self centered notions which may have found an abiding place there. Until recent years, in speaking of camping trips and canoe voyages one connected such adventures oftenest with men. On such occasions the gentler element were usually left behind to those duties or pleasures which it was conceded they were so pre-eminently fitted for.

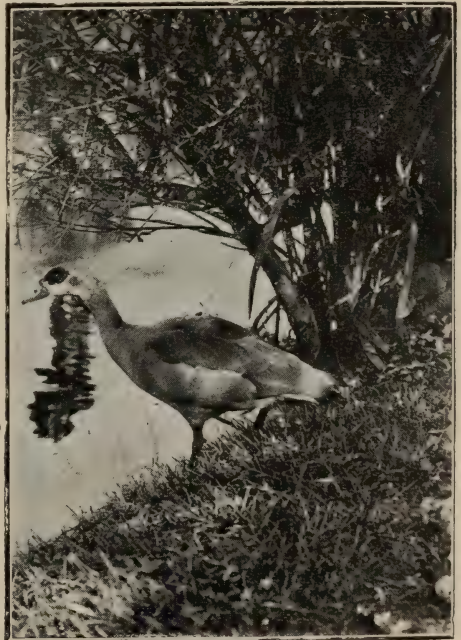
When, therefore in planning a trip to Canada I included my wife in my plans, I laid the flattering unction to my soul that I was exhibiting unusual consideration. That she subsequently both enjoyed and benefitted by the outing it will not be necessary to relate. From her first step into the pine wood coverts she was a tip top winner and an excellent comrade.

We planned to rid ourselves of the restraining bonds of conventional ways to as great an extent as possible, to dress in loose comfortable clothes, and to get into as close touch with Nature and the things worth while in Nature, as possible.

The scene of our adventures lay along the P. D. railroad, New Ontario, Canada. This road has been referred to as the "Poverty and Destruction" route. It was originally intended that it should run from Port Arthur to Duluth, but owing to certain untoward circumstances it never crossed the boundary waters. To the busy shipper, the commercial drummer, or the wholesale merchant, this eighty miles of crooked trackage might as well be pushed off the map; but to the camper, canoeist, angler, hunter or trapper this winding trail of zig-zag rails leads the way to the happy hunting grounds. Moose and black bear are here in abundance while every stream and lake abounds with pugnacious, aboriginal trout. The common pickerel or perch are beneath the angler's notice in this region for the trout and whitefish seem to have far outdistanced all other native fish in the matter of eating. When it comes to the zip of the spinning reel and the play of the long line the great northern pike and the maskinonge are there to hold their own.

It was on July 7th, according to my notebook, that we Americans landed at Port Arthur, Canada, from a north shore lake steamer, having come from Duluth via Lake Superior to Port Arthur and Fort William, set at the entrance to Thunder Bay, which are also at the entrance to one of the most famous fish and game regions of New Ontario. Either of these cities is a good place for the canoeist

or camper to secure his outfit and canoes can be either rented here or purchased. Our stay in these towns was brief, barely long enough to enable us to secure our outfit and supplies, which were ordered delivered to certain stops along our route. Upon inquiry we found out that the P. D. train was only running two trips a week and that it was rather uncertain on just what day it would return. Trout fishing seemed to have something to do with the schedule of the time tables, at least so it was whispered. Anxious to be on our way we engaged passage on the Canadian Northern to Stanley Junction, twenty miles out, where it crosses the P. D. tracks, and from this place we decided to start out afoot. From Stanley Junction to Silver Mountain is just twenty miles and to make this place we decided to mosey along the railroad with a light cruising outfit, fishing such streams as we happened to cross and taking our time. In fact, after one gets into the woods the slower he goes at the outset the swifter he is liable to wind up. I have known people to so overdo themselves the first day or two in the woods as to make it impossible for them to get over the stiffening effects of their first few days until half the trip was over. You may be sure, the pack sack which the scribe was destined to carry was filled with the condensate of the condensed. It was not without some argument that my



GOOSE NEAR NEST; NOTE FEMALE



PELICAN AND CANADA GOOSE

easy. Women need outdoor life really more than do men because of their closer indoor living conditions. Once initiated into the joys of the woods and streams they are soon content to abandon their conventional settings and to assume a truthful attitude in Nature. Cumbersome shirts are less desirable than overalls or khaki, but for the woman who objects to the overalls the short skirt can be made to serve the purpose where the trip does not involve riding or mountaineering.

The few people at Stanley Junction looked upon us curiously as we departed. Short skirts and felt hats appeared to be a new sight to the aborigines.

We were now in what may be termed the foothills of the Height of Land Country where the waters drain to the great Gitchie Gumee (Lake Superior) and its tributaries on the south, and northward to the Hudson Bay and Arctic Ocean. On either side of the tracks rose hills of varied height, generally wooded, yet in places running to long, barren rampikes. The rails of the tracks were laid so crooked that looking ahead it seemed as though a train would have great difficulty in trying any speed work. The heat during the day was quite intense, although we found the nights cool enough. I was very much pleased to see the women unconsciously developing an interest in the little things of Nature, the crooked tracks, the various trails we passed, the pines and other trees, glimpses of water and cosy nooks on trout streams. These were the things we all began to look for and our interest increased as the hours rolled on.

We encountered several small brooklets, each no doubt having its full quota of brook trout, but the first real stream we came to was about six miles from our starting place and named, we afterwards learned, Pitch creek. Here we decided to make a temporary camp as the women were not used to long walks and the pack was getting heavy. We soon located a spot back a little distance from the creek which looked ideal from a camper's viewpoint. It had a commanding view of the stream to which there was easy access for securing water, also there was plenty of dry wood in sight and balsam thickets for the bed, all high and dry above the level of the creek. After building a camp-fire, a necessary thing at all times, ye scribe decided it was a good opportunity to hie him away up stream in search of fish, for the women folks had decided that a cool bath in the stream was just what they needed to wash off the dust of travel. Do not imagine that the writer announced his intention of securing a mess of speckled beauties. Not he! He wasn't going to risk the possibility of the fish not biting or some other accident. It is not well to arouse the anticipation of one's guests until one is assured of the fulfilment of such anticipation. Thus it was that only when well out of sight of camp did the scribe bring forth from beneath the shelter of a coat-flap a bamboo rod, one of those rods of many parts. The pack rod has been condemned because of its many ferrules which, it is objected, interferes with its pliancy and resiliency. Where one encounters wild regions, however, and where as little space as possible must be occupied by

wife and niece could be persuaded to part with what I considered unnecessary wearing apparel. They were finally trimmed down however to sweaters, short skirts, felt hats and walking shoes with an extra pair of hose each and a looking glass. After I had accomplished this job I felt that a fight with a grizzly bear or a bull moose would have been

each specimen of the paraphernalia, the pack rod is to be recommended for it takes up little space and it is sufficiently limber to have very good casting abilities, though of course it is not to be compared to the three piece rod. A light single action reel, a tapered enameled silk line, and a medium sized leader made up the rest of my angling tools. Also I had a fly book with some well selected specimens which worked to perfection. It was dry season on Pitch creek and one could step from rock to stone rarely finding it necessary to get into the water. A few fingerlings came to basket within the first half mile up stream, but the larger fish seemed on a vacation. I had about despaired of getting any fish of note when my ears caught the sound of falling water. Pushing on I came to a deep dark pool where the water foamed and swirled from a drop of several feet. Attached to the silken line as a leader was a Grizzly King. A second fly was that old standby the Professor. The back fly was a Cahill. From their place of concealment they whipped out over the water and barely had they touched the surface when there was a sharp rise and the barb set in the lip of a pugnacious little trout. That vermilion spotted, olive backed fellow ribboned the water and not until tired out would he allow the net to encircle his sleek sides. Soon others of his kind came as unwillingly as he from the haunts where they were wont to roam in freedom. After several moments more of lively fishing some dozen speckled beauties lay within the creel, making a total weight of some fifteen pounds or thereabouts. This was sufficient for our needs and although the fishing would undoubtedly have yielded sport for some time it did not seem to me to be truly sportsmanlike to take more than I needed. By the time the fish were properly cleaned and turned over to the fire tenders it was high time for the male member of the party to make preparations for the night.

There is among campers a great diversity of opinion as to what is the proper tent for camping out. I will not go into a discussion of the various styles, doubtless they are all well and good in their proper place. The kind of tent a camper uses must be designed to fit the actual use to which it may be put. For a person who is travelling on foot a heavy tent would be an abomination. On the other hand for a permanent camp, a small light tent would be unsuitable. Our cruising tent was one of those wigwam tents and would accommodate two or three people with their packs and outfits. Of course there wasn't any room to spare but it was a shelter from the rain and it weighed but three and a half pounds. The goods of which it was made was waterproof baloon silk, very durable, and could be set up in a very short space of time. At the peak of the tent was a long, light weight rope which supported the tent by fastening it to the branch of a tree or on crotched sticks. I do not remember the maker but it cost thirteen dollars and fifty cents. This is generally a convenient tent for cruising purposes as in cold weather it can be left open in front when a well built fire will keep its occupant comfortable on a very cold night. In warm weather, similar to what we encountered, it

can be closed up tight enough to keep out mosquitoes. To exclude the mosquitoes a strip of muslin a yard wide was sewed to the bottom of the tent, which after turning inside and covering with camp belongings, made the bottom fairly tight. Along the front opening a piece of mosquito bar of suitable width



YOUNG HAWKS
SOLID GROUND
SOME TROUT

reached from peak to ground, being sewed to one side and pinned to the flap on the other with wire-spring clothes-pins. We claim no advantage for this tent over other makes, its merits so far as we were concerned consisting solely in the fact of its lightness, durability and the waterproof character of the goods of which it was made. It was satisfactory also because we could set it up quickly with or without the aid of poles.

After getting the tent satisfactorily set up next in order came the difficult feat of making a comfortable bed. Camp beds are as various as other articles of out-door paraphernalia. Pneumatic mattresses were not to be thought of on account of their weight though where one's outfit is more varied these are said to be excellent. The difficult art of making a comfortable camp bed from materials close at hand was what confronted me. It was an easy matter to select a medium sized, well furred balsam and with the camp-axe to chop it down. After trimming off the branches one of the largest boughs was selected, same being laid on the ground curved side up like a saucer to act as a drag on which to pull a big load to the tent door. Various campers use diverse ways in making brush beds; some trimming out all the coarse boughs use nothing but the tops; others use larger limbs arranging them so as to get the springy effect. Still others believe in using semi-size limbs which they stand up almost perpendicularly. When made by an experienced hand all of these methods can be used to advantage. Our favorite way was to use most all the branches brought in on the drag, trimming out only the largest. The next largest we used around the edges, starting to lay by pushing butts into the ground at an angle of forty-five degrees, thus bringing the stems down and tops up. This process continued to the end makes a springy bed that will keep one off the damp ground. This can be further improved by adding layers of finer brouse, dry grass, etc. The fragrance of the balsam boughs is not the least advantage of this form of bed.

When it came time to make use of our cooking outfit the women were instructed to help themselves from the packsack. Their laughter was palpably audible as they held each article up for inspection. They had not thought out all the intricate details of how they were going to cook, supposing that we would encounter at least a few hotels to start out with. Yet here we were dumped at first shot squarely upon our own resources. After their merriment had somewhat subsided over the size of the outfit they began to scrutinize the compactness with which the various articles were telescoped together. The entire outfit was of aluminum ware and consisted of a frying pan and three kettles, knives and forks and cups all within one bundle and covered with a canvas jacket, weight all told less than two pounds. It was necessary to help the woman secure a suitable long stick to fit into the frying pan for a handle. With strips of bacon, which they used in place of lard, they soon had those speckled beauties sizzling in the pan and emitting an odour that hung over the whole camp. With the inspiration from that wonderfully appetizing

smell the way the chips flew and the night wood piled up was astonishing. At last came the call to dinner. How sweet it sounded to the ears of a hungry man can well be imagined. How clear and healthful the women's eyes appeared in the gathering dusk, illumined by the camp-fire light, and how graceful their forms in comparison with the rugged trees and rocks along the stream. And then the fish—dear old *salvelinus fontinalis*! Travel as far as you like they are hard to surpass. No slime no scales, no bores except the backbone, just the firm, tasty, juicy meat.

"They were not at all like butcher shop fish" said one of the fair cooks and I replied that I thought that was due to the skill with which they had been cooked although I did not explain that nothing adds to the flavor of a fish like being fresh from the stream. The women however were entitled to all the praise bestowed upon them for cooking before an open fire is somewhat different from cooking on the kitchen range and my companions certainly did exceptionally well. While the fish were the *pièce de resistance*, we had something else of course, but mostly food that could be easily carried and which was light in weight. Each article of food we had packed in a separate bag, these bags varying in color so as to be easily distinguished one from the other. Our commissary department was not overstocked and we depended to a great extent upon fish for our bill of fare.

It is little trouble to get young rabbits or partridges in season and for small game we carried in the pack sack a .22 calibre, 16 inch barrel, skeleton stock Stevens pistol. As lightness and compactness were an essential part of the other items so also did this apply to the gun we carried. To carry a large rifle in summer is foolish for it creates the impression that its bearer wishes to kill big game out of season. The fact that settlers have little regard for game seasons appears to have no bearing on the case. A stranger is looked upon as an unprivileged character. Most any kind of a gun is cumbersome to carry around at times and the advantage of the pistol I have mentioned consists in its accuracy and in the conscientiousness and simplicity of its make-up and the lightness and cheapness of the ammunition which is used in it. We used smokeless longs and hollow point shorts with good success. In addition to the .22 Mrs. L. carried a heavy Colts for though we did not anticipate trouble we thought it best to have one heavy calibre gun at hand.

By the time we had completed our meal and prepared for the night, dusk had settled down over the landscape; notwithstanding, with our cozy little fire we felt quite at home in the dark woods. For an hour or more after supper we sat about our fire discussing in detail our plans for the following day. The birds had gone to roost, a chattering red squirrel ceased its chatter, rabbits stole forth into the night, a great horned owl hooted in the distance, Pitch Creek played a musical melody and three tired but happy adventurers at last laid themselves down and slept.

"What's that?" whispered my wife in the small hours of the night as she unceremoniously wakened the entire tenthold.

"Something's walking around out there," whispered Miss E. Rubbing the sleep from my eyes I raised on one elbow and peered through the mosquito netting door into the darkness beyond. The fire had died down to a soft bed of glowing embers and our conversation was turned to harmonize with the silence of the night.

"Might be a skunk" I suggested, "but it sounds too heavy for a skunk."

No sooner had I made this suggestion than a piercing shriek sounded from out the darkness and startled the women almost out of their wits. Again the sound was repeated, as blood curdling and unfathomable as before. Visions of black cats, wood-devils, panthers, etc. began to float through the air. The screeching sounds came from the tree-tops but the footsteps came from the ground. While debating over this last puzzling problem I was surprised to hear the churk, churk, of little old Mr. Saw-Whet owl, and soon was able to distinguish some not very lovable conversation between a Saw-Whet and a Screech owl. The footsteps which the women soon

learned to distinguish from other sounds, were made by Mr. Porcupine.

At this point in my narrative I feel that I would be infringing on the patience of the reader and the rights of the editor if I were to attempt to describe half the substance of the subjects brought up by our first night in the woods. Here, for instance, we heard the Saw-Whet owl, or as it is sometimes called, the Acadian owl. It is remarkable for the regularity with which it can utter its croaking chirp, which is generally repeated at regular intervals of about two seconds, and it generally utters but two churks in each instance. The camper generally hears it in the most lonely places, imaginable for the Saw-Whet is a real sport in that he invariably keeps in the neighborhood of the roughest and wildest places. He is considered one of the smallest of our earless owls, ranging over the northern parts of America and well up into Canada. He is smaller than the small screech owl and I mention him particularly on account of his peculiar voice and his small size, as compared with the giant snowy owl and horned owls.

(To be continued)

Prince Rupert has Charms for the Izaak Walton Tourist

W. Coyney

In the early days Prince Rupert was too busy cutting streets through mountains of rock, filling in huge hollows and dabbling in real estate to think much of trout fishing, but as the city built up, and particularly since the railway up the Skeena river has been in operation, the number of enthusiastic fly throwers has steadily grown and today you can scarcely find a home in which there are not rods and lines.

About three years ago Fiddler creek was discovered as a great trout stream. This empties into the Skeena about forty-two miles from here. Of course there are points nearer, plenty of them, but none in which such good creels could be made. Fiddler creek, however has not to take a back seat. There the game was mostly confined to the Dolly Varden species of trout, and this cannot be classed as a gamey fish when compared with the Rain.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: MR. PATMORE SHOWING A 6 LB. RAINBOW TROUT; A STRING OF SEVEN WEIGHING 35 LBS: A STRING OF FIVE WEIGHING 26 LBS.

bow. Recently another stream emptying into the Skeena has been discovered the waters of which swarm with this bully fighter.

The scenery along the Skeena river is the most ravishingly beautiful of any on this coast. It has been immortalized by three of Canada's greatest artists in oil whose works have found place in the great galleries of Europe, where their portrayal of Skeena's sylvan beauties and rugged grandeurs have caused many thrills of wonderlust. But the enthusiastic fisherman has little soul for scenery—his mind being centered on the proper fly and the probable catch—though, of course the natural beauty by which he is surrounded gets into his system and increases exhilaration.

Up the beautiful Skeena forty-two miles one comes to the rapid mountain stream Katada, in which Rainbow abound. Up an ascending, fairly good mountain trail some four miles the Katada Lakes are reached, one about a mile and a half long and the other about seven miles long. These lakes are believed to be the greatest habitat of the

Rainbow trout of any in Canada. Louis W. Patmore, our leading barrister, and Harry McLeod, Provincial registrar, recently registered splendid sport at these lakes. The catch averaged one hundred fish per rod per day and, most remarkable, not a single fish taken was of any but the Rainbow species.

Mr. McLeod acted as the official photographer and in one of the accompanying photos he has Mr. Patmore proudly exhibiting a Rainbow that swung the beam at six pounds. In another he is showing seven that weighed exactly thirty-five pounds, and in the other a string of five beauties just over twenty-six pounds.

This proves that we shall be able to afford the Izaak Walton tourist some pretty good trout fishing. Mr. Patmore says the lakes swarm with Rainbow which takes the fly with avidity, and declares the Rainbow to be as gamey as the black bass.

"Why, talk about sport," he says, "when I hooked that six-pounder he stood right on his hind legs and walked across the stream."

BRUSH PILING AND BURNING

Fire Hazard Materially Reduced by this Means

The veteran Ottawa lumberman, Mr. J. R. Booth, has caused the piling, ready for burning at a safe time, of inflammable debris on a narrow strip of his limits parallel to a portion of the Canadian Northern Ontario railway, east of North Bay. This progressive action in connection with forest fire prevention will materially reduce the fire hazard to valuable timber lands in the vicinity. Similar action by other limit-holders would undoubtedly be a paying investment.

Some of the governmental fire-protective agencies have given attention to the general situation caused by the accumulation of logging debris in close proximity to railway lines.

The Forest Act of British Columbia provides that the Provincial Forest Board may declare inflammable material which endangers life or property a public nuisance, and may order its removal.

In Quebec, the provincial government has under consideration the issuance of an order-in-council requiring the holders of licenses on Crown lands to dispose of inflammable debris on a strip one hundred feet wide, adjacent to railway rights-of-way. Such action will well accord with the progressive attitude of the Quebec government toward the conservation of its forest resources.—C.L.



A JUST RETRIBUTION

P. H. Godsell

IN the fall of 1906, on the rocky shores of Red Deer Lake in the wild and almost unknown district of Keewatin, a number of conical birch-bark wigwams might have been seen. This was the winter camp of a number of Fiddler Indians, a branch of the better known Cree tribe.

Of all the Indians in this district, the Fiddlers have come the least into touch with civilization, their manners and customs, to-day, being the same as they were a hundred years ago. They are of wild and migratory habits, making their living by hunting, fishing, and trapping fur-bearing animals, the pelts of which they trade with the Hudson Bay Company at their fort at Island Lake.

On this particular day it was evident from the air of subdued excitement that something unusual was taking place in the village.

Presently there emerged from one of the wigwams an Indian bearing in one hand a drum, and in the other a large rattle. This man Jose Pa-ye-quan, was the medicine-man or conjuror of the band, and had been called upon to visit one Sap-was-te, the young and comely wife of one of his relatives, who was lying sick in an adjoining teepee.

Accordingly Jose, naked, save for breach-clout and moccasins, and his body plentifully daubed with coloured clays, proceeded to visit his patient.

Soon from inside the wigwam which held the sick woman proceeded the song of the medicine-man accompanied by the rhythmic beating on his medicine-drum and the rattle of she-she-quon (medicine rattle.)

At first the song was low and querulous as he endeavoured to persuade the spirit of sickness to leave the body of the prostrate girl. His powers of persuasion not having proved satisfactory, Jose, now proceeded to change his tactics, and with loud cries, shrieks and the incessant beating of tom-tom, and rattle of she-she-quon endeavoured to frighten the evil spirit of sickness from the body of the patient.

At the end of about three hours incantations, Jose emerged from the wigwam and proceeded to the bark dwelling of his uncle John Pa-ye-quan, the chief of the band.

With much gesture the medicine man laid the case before the chief. Nothing had availed his efforts, the woman was possessed of a We-ti-go (or devil) and if she were allowed to live, would become a cannibal maniac, running amuck in the woods seeking whom she might devour,* thus endangering the lives of all—therefore as was the custom of the tribes in such cases, she must die.

The consultation ended shortly, and both men this time proceeded to the wigwam of the sick girl. Now what really ailed Sap-was-te was simply this. She was taken ill earlier in the fall with fever and although this illness was probably scarlet fever, the medicine men with all their incantations were unable to help her. Thus with the natural advance of the disease delirium relieved her of the immediate pangs of her sufferings.

To the ignorance and fanatical superstition of the band, this same delirium was the manifestation of the possession of her body and soul by the devil, hence immediately upon the appearance of these symptoms it was decided, as had been the custom for centuries back, that she must be disposed of.

So, with the stoic indifference of his race, John immediately began preparations for the execution of Sap-was-te his own daughter-in-law.

As afterwards transpired this was probably the twentieth execution of this kind that this seventy year old chief had presided at.

John and Jose Pa-ye-quan now proceeded to fasten a narrow band of cloth round the condemned girl's throat, round this a long piece of narrow cord was twice twisted in the form of a noose, the two ends being pushed through small apertures made on opposite sides of the wigwam, the ends of the cord thus dangling on the outside.

As John Pa-ye-quan stepped out of the wigwam, after viewing his preparations and the body of the young girl lying bound hand and foot on the floor of the teepee moaning in her delirium, he observed a couple of young braves on the point of embarking in one of the bark canoes lying on the beach.

Calling these young men to him he instructed them as follows:

The Owl was to take hold of the extremity of the long cord dangling through the aperture on the east side of the wigwam. Similarly the other young Indian Angus Rhea was to do likewise with the cord on the opposite side. As soon as they heard the beating of the medicine man's drum, each was to exert all his strength on pulling on his cord, and was to continue to do so until the drumming ceased.

Each did as instructed, whilst John Pa-ye-quan re-entered the wigwam.

The sign was given and whilst John muffled the bound and struggling form of the girl the strangling took place.

In the evening the body of the murdered woman, was conveyed into the surrounding forest and buried, an enormous mound of

*So deep-rooted in the minds of the Crees is this dread superstition, that the following from the Winnipeg Free Press having reference to a similar case, may be of interest.

"Rev. John Semmens, the well-known Indian Agent, who arrived at Norway House during the visit of the Free Press representative recalled a case that occurred on Berens river, near Lake Winnipeg in 1876 and which caused quite a stir at the time. Three brothers participated in this affair, the victim being their mother. The method pursued in this case was particularly horrifying. One brother pulled up the flap of the teepee wherein the aged and fevered woman was reclining by the fire. The second fired the fatal shot, after which the third entered with uplifted axe. The tent, which had been first stuffed with dried bark, was next fired, and in the cremation that followed, all evidences of the crime were burned. Not content with this, the brothers entered after the fire had cooled, carefully collected the bones of their dead parent, and broke them one by one into small bits, which they scattered along the ice-bound river bank."

rocks being piled above the grave, lest she should still come back and haunt them.

It is customary in this district for most of the Hudson Bay Company's post-managers and traders to repair by dog-train to the Company's headquarters at Norway House for Christmas accompanied by their half-breed and Indian dog-drivers.

Consequently when the dog drivers arrived at Norway House at Christmas it was only natural that this episode should form one of their leading topics of conversation.

Sergeant D. B. Smith, chief of the North West Mounted Police detachment at Norway House, was not long in hearing of this fiendish outrage and decided to put a summary stop to such occurrences.

Knowledge of the not infrequent practice of this unholy rite upon the part of this and other isolated branches of the Cree tribe had long been known to the police, yet in all previous instances the perpetrators of the crime had been allowed to go unpunished, owing to the impossibility of securing sufficient evidence.

Other instances of this crime of We-ti-go are not wanting in the annals of the North West. Two similar instances occurred in 1888, one at Lesser Slave Lake and another near Edmonton. The same act was also performed in 1892 a second time on Slave Lake whilst scores of less authenticated cases are recalled both by police and fur-traders.

Early in the spring of 1907 a Mounted Police expedition was despatched to the scene of the murder, for the purpose of arresting all those directly concerned in the crime. This little expedition consisted of constables T. A. O'Neil and W. A. Cashman; interpreter D. Hett, an Indian guide and one dog driver. Four dog trains were used for carrying the provisions, robes etc. etc., necessary for the 400 mile journey to Deer's Lake.

Early in March the four dog trains one

behind the other left the police barracks, on a brisk trot, the guide running ahead, and each of the men running behind his sled. With much barking of dogs, ringing of sleigh bells and cries from the drivers the teams sped along the well beaten trail down the Nelson River and past the Hudson Bay Fort, and were soon lost to sight in the forest.

Thus halting at mid-day to snatch a hasty meal and camping at night in an open hole dug in the snow with only the sky for a covering, they kept on their way. Passing on their way the Hudson Bay Fort at Island Lake they proceeded on into the heart of the Indian country and eventually arrived at the Fiddler encampment.

As I have already stated, this band of Indians are a surly people, avoided and feared by the surrounding tribes, most of them never having seen any white men other than the Hudson Bay Traders at the fort.

Nevertheless with that fearless courage which has ever distinguished the Mounted Police, these two officers alone with a half-breed interpreter immediately entered the wigwam jointly occupied by the chief John and Josie Pa-ye-quan, regardless of the dark and scowling looks of the other members of the tribe.

Even in this North country news travels quickly carried by the fleet footed Indian runners, and these Indians had been expecting the arrival of the police for some days past. Consequently most of the braves from the surrounding forest camps had come into the village and were all assembled around the wigwam of the chief when the police arrived.

At first the Indians who all had their guns in their hands were inclined to offer resistance and the chief pointed out, that they were but three men to his many bucks, what was to prevent him and his braves from dealing with these two policemen as they thought fit.

With great tact and diplomacy these two



YORK BOATS' CREWS AT NORWAY HOUSE

officers with the aid of the interpreter answered these and many similar queries. The chief was informed that though they might dispose of the two constables effectually, for each policeman who was killed a hundred would return and woe to those who had lent a hand to the deed.

Without further ado, the arrests were quickly made without any further show of hostility save the scowling looks and guttural remarks of the surrounding Indians.

The two constables now proceeded to call a council; whereat they explained to the blanketed groups of dusky hearers, their reasons for arresting their chiefs, and warning one and all against further participation in the rights of We-ti-go. A somewhat lengthy council terminated by the police installing the son of John Pa-ye-quan chief in his father's stead.

The following morning the expedition commenced their 400 mile return journey taking with them John and Jose Pa-ye-quan, and also the Owl and Angus Rhea, the latter as eye witnesses of the atrocity.

Owing to the mild weather that now ensued travelling proceeded under numerous difficulties. Most of the travelling was done at night, as in the daytime, when the sun was up, the snow became so wet and sticky as not to admit of sleighing and also made it impossible to travel on snowshoes.

In due course the party again arrived at the Hudson Bay Post at Island Lake, and decided to remain there until the ice went out, and to continue the rest of their journey by canoe or York boat.

In the middle of June it is the custom of the Hudson Bay Company at all these inland Posts, to engage Indian boatmen to man their large York Boats used for conveying the goods used for trade, from the depot (at Norway House) to these out of the way forts by means of the network of lakes and rivers. These brigades of from two to four boats each manned by a steersman and eight native rowers, and capable of carrying each from four to five tons freight, leave for Norway House (the depot of the district) laden with bales of furs the result of the winter's trade, and return laden with a stock of trading goods for the ensuing winter; the return trip usually occupying close on two months.

The policemen together with their prisoners embarked with the Island Lake brigade of three boats in the second week in June.

A trip of this kind is to say the least far from comfortable as no provision is made in these open boats for passengers, and one has to crouch down in the bottom hour after hour so as not to impede the action of the rowers. Thus one is exposed to both the sweltering rays of the sun, and the rain and not the least of one's troubles is the torment occasioned by the myriads of mosquitoes.

Long and protracted waits occur, when as often happens, on account of some un-navigable rapid, or stretch of shallow water the boats have to be hauled by the united strengths of the crews for long distances over rocks and through swamps, to a point below the rapid from which re-embarkment takes place.

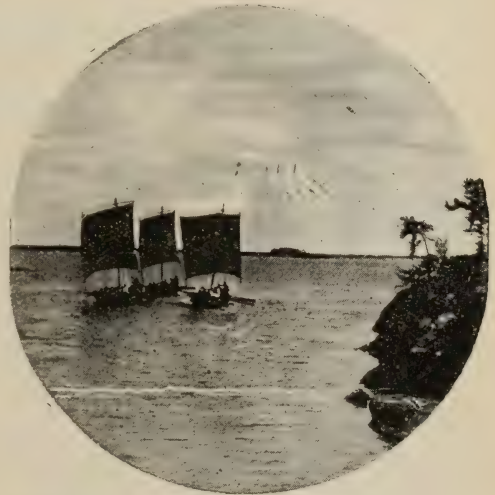
Thus the journey proceeded, camp being

made each night in the woods skirting the river or sometimes on an island in a large lake. Numerous rapids had to be "shot," and occasionally a good run would be had when luckily a fair wind would be encountered on one of these huge inland lakes. On such occasions big square sails would be hoisted, and the rowers would rest from their labours as the boat sped merrily over the water.

In this manner, the journey continued, passing on the way the Hudson Bay Fort at Gods Lake and Oxford House, eventually arriving at Norway House on July 11th 1907, nearly five months after leaving there.

The prisoners bore themselves cheerfully and uncomplainingly throughout the whole journey, although they passed the last three days of their journey up the Nelson River without food of any kind.

Immediately upon arrival at Norway House the prisoners were conveyed to the R. N. W. M. P. barracks and lodged in the guard room under the charge of a constable.



ARRIVAL OF ISLAND LAKE BRIGADE AT
NORWAY HOUSE WITH POLICE AND
PRISONERS JULY 31, 1907

A preliminary hearing was held, the evidence being taken by Inspector Pelitier (R. N. W. M. P.) and forwarded to Ottawa. Upon its receipt advices were sent to the R. N. W. M. P. headquarters at Regina and upon August 8, 1907, the two prisoners were put on trial for their lives, on a charge of murder before Colonel Saunders of the North West Mounted Police.

The trial was held at the Hudson Bay Fort in the historical old council chamber, the same building in which the Hudson Bay Factors held their councils a century ago.

The two Indians John and Jose Pa-ye-quan faced the jury composed of residents of Norway House mostly Hudson Bay employees and frontiers-men, without a tremor and apparently entirely unafraid.

After hearing the evidence in which The Owl and Angus Rhea were the chief witnesses the jury retired and in a short time returned pronouncing a verdict of guilty but with

strong recommendations to mercy on the grounds of ignorance and custom.

However both men were condemned to death, the date of the execution being fixed for January 8th 1908.

Shortly after the result of the trial was made known, a petition framed by one of the missionaries was circulated at Norway House, for the purpose of having the punishment reduced to a term of imprisonment.

The result of this petition was that the death sentence passed on Jose Pa-ye-quan was commuted to life imprisonment, and he was shortly moved to Stony Mountain Penitentiary.

Close confinement in a prison soon told upon his health and he died in jail three months after his incarceration at Stony Mountain.

It was decided that the chief must hang and

he remained at the barracks at Norway House, under close guard, and visited daily by the famous Indian convert and missionary Rev. Edward Papanekis.

The execution was fixed to take place upon January 8th., but on New Years day John Pa-ye-quan escaped from the guard room and after a lengthy hunt his body was found in the woods at the rear of the barracks.

He had upon escape fled to the woods taking with him a piece of rope. Making a noose at one end of the rope through which he had thrust his head and attaching the other end to the trunk of a large tree, he had walked round and round the tree until the rope became taut, then throwing the whole weight of his body forward, had strangled himself. When the body was found he was quite dead and frozen stiff.

Thus was Sap-was-te avenged.

SAILOR OF THE WOODLANDS

Charles Dorian

SAMMY Singleton's occupation was mostly snoozing when there were no boats in port. As a wharfinger he was considered very young but he himself did not think so. He had the confidence of all the Captains and they told him that his predecessors had "nothing on him." On some days there was a siege of work and on others none at all. He had an office in the corner of the big dock warehouse with a large lookout window facing a big stretch of the North Channel. It was a lonely spot. The village behind the wharf was scanty: no need for a large village, nothing to keep one up. The dock fed the railroad and the wharfinger was an adjunct of the railroad.

One evening as Sammy sat watching a pillar of black smoke miles out indicating to him a night's work when the vessel docked, he yawned and reached into his pocket for his key to lock up. As he did so he was startled by the lightning appearance of a small yellow cat on his desk. The cat ignored him and went about sniffing everything on the desk and window-sill and then began to climb with a perseverance born of ambition. Sammy watched it interestedly for a while and then laughed aloud. The kitten paused to blink at him and Sammy reached up and hauled it down, at the same moment christening it:

"Here, Sailor, come off that spar."

It was only a handful of kitten—or more correctly a handful of fur and bones. It had evidently emerged from environs where the foraging was poor and the dust thick.

"Lor' what dirt!" exclaimed Sammy, reaching for a piece of soap. "Hate to do it but you'll feel better when it's over," murmured Sammy, carrying the mite to the water's edge back from the wharf where there was a little beach and soaping vigorously between dips he gave to that poor animal the only forcible

ablution it ever had had. It fought with unusual strength and when it tottered on the sand spent with exhaustion, limp and turtle-eyed with the wet, Sammy felt sorry.

There was a boarding-house in Ragonak but Sammy preferred to live throughout the summer in his own way. He consulted nobody but went ahead and had a small shack put up on a little promontory of land across a small bay from the warehouse and there he prepared to "batch." This made him all the stronger with the Captains of vessels calling there and they shamelessly abetted him in his nomadic undertakings.

Sammy picked up his waif tenderly, dried it carefully with cotton waste and took it home to share his supper.

Sailor grew rapidly in size and strength and she followed Sammy almost everywhere. She rode on his back and shoulders whenever he went to the lake to carry water. She invariably dropped to the ground before reaching the water, however, but now and then he would hold her, give her a dip and let her romp along the path and dry in the sun. Frequently he would overtake her on his way back licking herself dry in a sunny spot.

He fed her no meat so that she would keep mice and moles away from the house. At this she was most successful and even caught chipmunks much to Sammy's chagrin. He wanted to make pets of them too, but Sailor made a merciless crusade among them. Spiders, beetles, flies and birds were all prey to her and she was the first cat that Sammy ever saw chase a snake.

One day while Sammy was at the wharf the Captain strolled around the point near Sammy's place, his Scotch terrier trailing behind or darting into the woods.

There was an immense foundation of what was intended for a palatial hotel, abandoned

years since, and it was close to this wonderful pile that Sammy had built his shack. Piles of stones six feet deep and twenty to thirty feet broad were placed all around the point ready for use when required—but now covered with patches of green moss.

Sailor was sunning herself on the highest wall of the foundation when the dog came. Doglike he stopped to bark and prance for the Captain's approval. Sailor, talons taut and hair bristling flew through the intervening space and landed heavily on the terrier's back. He yi-yi'd pathetically and fled, Sailor clinging to him for a short distance and escorting him the rest of the way.

Shortly after that incident she disappeared. Sammy was nearly distraught for two days, running through the bush, calling "Sailor, Sailor!" He had never thought of changing her name—she was the most mannish feline he had ever known. Then one morning right after breakfast as he started to his work he was met at the door by his lost pet begging weakly for milk. Wherever she had been Sammy could not divine but she was dirty as a crow!

The disappearance act became a regular thing. She would come home only once in two or three days for a long time and finally once a day. So Sammy followed her one day as she departed. There was nothing to do at the wharf so he could afford to follow very patiently. She led him a zig-zag trail through the bush and arrived the longest possible way around to the stone piles near where Sammy went for water every day. She disappeared among the rocks and Sammy distinctly heard the weeny voices of tiny kittens somewhere in that subterranean labyrinth. He followed the sound and when he thought they had travelled as far as they could go he started unloading stones from the top. He rolled aside enough to enable himself to see them and once he put his gloved hand down. He was met with a furious but futile spitting and he succeeded in bringing up a grey, pudgy kitten with slate-colored eyes and very short ears. It was the best nurtured kitten he had ever seen. It blinked and spat at him in turns and its face was so dusty he called it "Smoke."

Sailor came to the surface immediately to watch him. She made no fuss—merely sat on a rock ten feet away and watched him steadily. He tried to reach the others but was several hours throwing aside huge boulders before he succeeded in cornering them.

He was muscle-sore when his task was done and he brought the little family home and provided a box for them.

He worked late that night and when he returned home in the morning Sailor and her tribe had vanished.

He went back to the rock pile and listened but he heard no sounds from the caverns beneath. Coming back he noticed Sailor on the wall of the foundation and knew that the kittens must be close. He searched several crannies in the wall and at last came upon "Smoke" and his two red and white brothers peeping out of a hole which opened in the bottom of a wall and ran away underground.

He told one of the townsmen about his pets who offered to take the young ones either singly or en masse. This neighbor lived a mile away across the river and the railroad. Sammy let him take away the kittens and was delighted to hear that they had found a good home and that the neighbor's kiddies were greatly pleased with them.

Two days later Sammy saw "Smoke" at his door and Sailor tripping up the road with one of the red ones in her teeth. They were all back that night. Next day Sammy took the red and white ones back to the neighbor and gave "Smoke" to the storekeeper who did not live so far away. He heard no more of them for several days and Sailor seemed to take it for granted that they were well cared for.

One day he took a blue bird from her and spent an hour bringing it back to life. Sailor watched him interestedly and when he released it to the wind she went away and promptly came back with a chicken-hawk in her jaws. He could not save the hawk but he took it from her and scolded her roundly. She blinked at him as much as to say: "Go, get my kittens and I'll be good." He ran at her to give her a spanking but she escaped him and ran up a tree. Next moment he saw her spring after a flying-squirrel and catch it neatly before it touched earth. He took it from her but it was quite dead.

Blueberry season was drawing nigh and Sammy armed himself one afternoon with a tin pail, following an old tote-road which branched off from the main village road and which came out to the railroad track a mile from his shack. He had gone about a quarter of the distance when he heard a wrangle of feline voices behind him and there was Sailor trailing after him with "Smoke" and his two brothers waddling and bumping along trying to keep up.

He chased her back several times but she would not stay chased, so he went and gathered up the tribe and carried them along while Sailor followed, panting through the heat.

Sammy picked his pail half full of berries before he decided to move to a better patch. Sailor watched him and blinked while the young ones cuddled up and went to sleep.

Sammy knew of a good berry patch on a rock half-a-mile farther away down the track and he bade Sailor look after the kittens while he went in quest of bigger berries. But Sailor would not stay. The little ones slept on but Sailor romped after Sammy, yelling after him like a lost soul. It was uncanny the way she followed him and complained. Still he must get those superior berries and if Sailor did not like it she could go back to her brood. He trudged along and Sailor panted after him in the hot sun, until her tongue lolled out.

The rock was a hundred feet above the lake level a hundred yards inland and there was a deep cleft in it where all the good berries grew. Sailor gasped and meowed, meowed and gasped while Sammy settled down to the picking, then she became unwontedly quiet. Sammy descended the gulch for still better berries and was about to grab a tree bole for

support when he discovered that there was another berry picker close by.

His contemporary was a beautiful specimen of the bear tribe and seemed to be as frightened as Sammy. But it recovered quickly and made a wobbly lunge toward Sammy. Sammy dropped his pail and reached for a gnarled stick. When he had regained a standing posture he was knocked sprawling by a well-directed blow from a brawny paw. Simultaneously he heard an eerie wail from Sailor whom he perceived up the dead bole of the tree. Next instant she was hurtling toward bruin with stiffened limbs and talons spread for action. She landed on bruin's snout and he toppled over. She screeched as she slipped into his furry embrace and in a moment they were rolling over and over down the steep gulch to the precipitous edge and into the tangled brush below.

Sammy crawled to the edge and looked over. He listened intently for several minutes but no sound emanated from the blackness of that impenetrable maze and so he turned back to

his pail of berries lamenting over the loss of his companion.

His berries were mushed but he bothered no more that day with picking. When he regained his first berry patch he found the kittens romping around without a care. He picked them up and carried them home.

That night he did not sleep but rolled over and over in bed with the pain in his shoulder where bruin had struck him, and the pain in his back where he had struck a rock in his fall and pains in his legs and arms from the day's exertion.

But he forgot all these things when at four in the morning he heard the voice of Sailor plaintively calling from the dooryard where she lay, exhausted.

Her right forepaw and left leg were broken and her right eye was closed and bleeding. Sammy forgot aught else and bent all his skill to splinting the broken limbs and bathing the wounded eye. At daybreak he and Sailor lay down together on the bed and had a good sleep.

SOME NOTES ON A TRIP IN ALGONQUIN PARK

J. C. Devitt

AN early call for breakfast at the Highland Inn, and then the final preparations for our week's trip in the woods, a trip through some of the most beautiful lakes in Algonquin Park, the best trip ever, as it subsequently proved to be, for the weather and other conditions were ideal. My nephew, Dr. E. Sisson, and myself were accompanied on this trip by Dan May as guide.

About 10 a. m. our canoes are loaded ready for a start. We are delayed somewhat, however, by the lengthy farewell of the younger member of the party, but finally are off through Cache Lake, and into Madawasca River, into White Lake, over the portage in Beaver pond, then into Little Island Lake. Already we are beginning to get hungry but Dan says, "Not yet" so on we go through Couchie and then the long last portage brings us into Smoke Lake. We were glad to set our canoes into this lake as a couple of miles' paddle, we knew, would land us at Windy Point our destination for the day. Nominigan camp and Molly Island were passed on our way across.

Putting out our line we were lucky to catch a nice trout before landing and scarcely was he through kicking before he was in the pan. Oh, what a dinner we were able to stow away! Lake trout, bacon, bread and butter, jam and tea, and all served in the open as we sat around a rough table overlooking a beautiful lake on a perfect summer's day.

After dinner we rested awhile before putting up the tent for the night. While Dan was preparing tea we tried for some more fish, but

luck was against us, so we answered the call to supper and afterwards paddled over to Nominigan Camp where we wrote and posted the last letter until our return.

We were glad on reaching the camp site again to warm up at the fire Dan had going, as the night was cool. Soon we were rolled up in our Hudson's Bay blankets enjoying the soothing aroma of the sweet smelling pine boughs Dan used for our bed. Dan was soon asleep but the novelty and lure of such a per-



PICTURE OF A DOE IN THE WOODS NEAR SOURCE LAKE

fect moonlight night was too much for the writer so out he crawled through the open tent flap to watch the effect of the moonlight on the calm surface of beautiful Smoke Lake. Across the lake, near Molly Island, two noisy loons made love to one another in calls more lonesome, it seemed to me than poetic; a lone owl deep in the woods behind us gave his nightly call of "Who, who, ho, ho" at half minute intervals; across the lake at Nominigan Camp a few lights twinkled dimly; a lone canoe came quietly up the lake, seeming to follow in the path of the moonlight that was reflected in the placid waters of the lake. I went back to bed then, but not to sleep. In a short while my nephew sat up suddenly asking "What is that noise?"

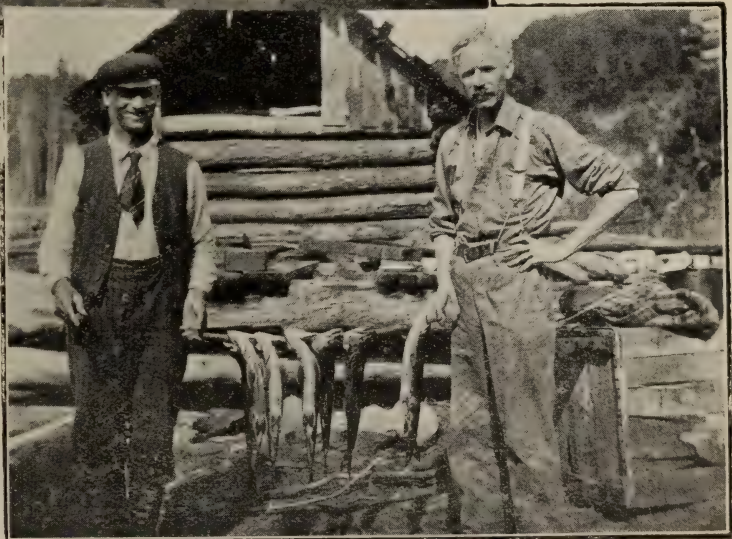
"It's a deer snorting, go to sleep" responded Dan in no uncertain tones.

A few more loon calls and answers and then a gnawing sound is heard in the vicinity of our table and grub box. Being the only one awake I felt it my duty to investigate. Securing a couple of sticks I soon came upon a fat porcupine standing up on his hind legs trying to eat a way through the cupboard Dan had stocked with provisions. Such a smack as I gave his quillship, landing same fairly on his fat stomach! Mr. Porcy beat it but shortly returned and this time both Dr. S. and I got after him. This time he was located under the table eating salt. We had a few swats at him and he escaped up a pine tree and was heard no more. Peace then reigned in the tent until morning.

After a hearty breakfast the next morning consisting of pancakes, bacon, bread and butter, etc., we were soon ready to pack up for our next trip down the south arm of Smoke Lake and across the portage into Ragged Lake in all its rugged beauty. How pleasant it was to recall the places where the previous year I had caught some big ones. No chance to-day, however, so on up the third mile portage into Porcupine, a good 150 feet above Ragged Lake. Porcupine is a small lake but is noted for its beauty and its good fishing. We were soon down the narrows into Bear Lake, which well deserves the reputation



it has of being one of the most beautiful little lakes in the park. Several islands lie snuggled in its waters and the shore line is made of hills that stand back high and rugged and are covered with a dense forest growth of different species of evergreen trees. We have dinner and camp near the portage into Bonnehochere Lake; and for the first time have to show our license to a Park Ranger. After dinner we rested in the shade of the trees until Dan decided



1. DRS. SISSON AND DEVITT, ROCK LAKE
2. DAN MAY AND DR. SISSON WITH 6 GOOD ONES, 4 AND 7 LBS. EACH, CAUGHT AT RAGGED LAKE



DR. DEVITT WITH A SPECKLED TROUT 20 INCHES LONG, CAUGHT IN BEAR LAKE, ALGONQUIN PARK

DR. SISSON AND PORCUPINE, SMOKE LAKE

we must have some speckled trout for supper. You should have seen me sit up when something hit my bait like a young cyclone.

"Dan, this is some trout" and it surely was a fine one. Dan saved its skin to be mounted for further inspection and we had the flesh for supper. We were off to bed early that night as we had a hard trip before us the next morning.

The night was again perfect and the silvery moonbeams flooded Bear Lake and contentment reigned in our hearts. The loons again gave us some lonesome calls and an owl called in vain to its mate. This night however, we were soon fast asleep, the only thing that happened to disturb our slumbers being the dismal howl of a wolf far away in the woods, which we heard about midnight. Six o'clock came all too soon and after breakfast we were soon in the portage to the three Bonnechere Lakes. These are in the Height of Land and are marvels of beauty with their many bends and hilly, wooded shore lines. On the Second Bonnechere Lake we saw a big buck and a handsome picture he made standing at attention on the shore of the beautiful lake with an evergreen forest for a background. We would have liked to have camped here as this part of our trip appealed to us as the most attractive yet. However we went on, making four portages before we landed at Crooked Lake, another beauty spot and noted as well for its good fishing. We were sorry we could not test it but Dan's instructions were "on" so on we went. The portage into "Rod and Gun" Lake, the next lake we came to, cannot be described in language appropriate for printing. Suffice it to say we got up it into the little lake which nestles in its rocky basin. Then the half mile portage brought us into Lake Louisa, another gem. Lake Louisa is five or six miles in length and a mile or so wide

and has several islands of various sizes set in its sunny waters.

"The third island over," said Dan, "and then dinner and camp for the day. Also we need some fish for dinner." The fish we got before landing and it was still kicking when Dan went to prepare dinner. Oh you fish dinner, cooked on a rock fire-place by Dan May! Such a one has any shore dinner that was ever cooked in the best hotel on old Orchard Beach beaten a mile.

When we are able to sit up and take notice we get busy and wash the dishes, then put up the tent and get the beds ready for the night. We are then ready for a couple of hours' rest in "the shade of several lonesome pines." This island is a happy resting place, free from worry and care. With the pine scented breeze gently playing round your sleepy head you lazily wonder that more tired town and city people do not come up into this land that a wise Providence has set aside for regenerating and reclaiming lost nerves, wasted blood corpuscles and putty flesh. If you can't afford it sell the baby carriage and try it for one season. I am sure you will thereafter plan your life according to your annual outing in the woods. The hours of rest go all too soon and Dan informs us that we need a trout or two for supper. He is to paddle, it is decided, while Doctor S. does the fishing. Before long they are back with four nice ones, enough for supper and for breakfast too. The lake, they report, is alive with fish.

Another moonlight night is made beautiful by the reflections among the islands that dot as fair a lake as I have ever seen in this magnificent northland.

After breakfast, and by 8 the next morning we are packed up in our canoes and on our way across Louise Lake to the portage into Rock Lake. This morning the weather was hot

and close but we did not mind as we were getting hardened to atmospheric conditions so that every experience we looked upon as a joy ride. The portage into Rock Lake was a long one, two miles in length, but the road is good and leads through a beautiful bit of forest. By noon we had reached our camp ground where it was decided to stay for a couple of days before returning to the Inn. Here, again, the fishing was good and we got four nice trout in short order. After fishing we paddled over to have a look at Pen Lake and Falls, taking some pictures of the latter.

Evening comes again and Rock Lake is a scene of perfect beauty. In front of our camp the water shows as smooth as glass, the green trees and islands being reflected to perfection in its placid face. Through the channel between two beautiful islands another island can be seen nestled back near the mainland, and behind that rises a hill that stands high against the sky and rounded off to the east and west. Conspicuous on the summit of this stands a monarch pine high above its fellows. A clear sky is above us, except for one small thunder cloud to the west which quietly creeps higher and higher, presaging a thunder storm before so very long.

About fifty feet out from shore a muskrat pushes his way through the water, leaving an ever widening wake on the quiet surface, heading for its home after the day's work of hunting. A large winged crane lifts itself on high and slowly lumbers its clumsy way through the air to its place of rest farther inland. A flock of ducks headed by an old one, noisily splash about in the water past our point but they too are soon quiet for the night. We think of our couch and our blankets snugly hidden beneath the white tent and as all nature is at rest we slip away to rest.

A couple of days are spent on Rock Lake, just loafing, and the last day we do some fishing for bass and trout, getting a nice lot to take away with us when we regretfully have to leave for Rock Lake Station, from which point we take the G. T. R. for the Highland Inn. Here we had perforce to part with our guide as another party were waiting for him. We found it feasible also to part with our week's crop of whiskers.

We hope to meet again next year, and in the meantime know that we shall have many pleasant dreams of this outing throughout the winter months that intervene.

NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU

J. W. McGrath

THE moose of the Canadian provinces has fallen a victim to most North American huntsman. The lordly caribou of the Rockies has formed an endless theme of admiration; but the vast herd of deer that roam the interior of Newfoundland; and which sportsmen suppose is only surpassed by the species of the Rockies, still continue their yearly migration immune from the huntsman's bullet for the world is yet ignorant of the race.

The total caribou herd of Newfoundland is conservatively computed to be a quarter of a million. They are thought to be a relation of the reindeer of Lapland; which having adapted themselves to their new environment developed a nobler variety altogether. A full grown stag will average 600 pounds. Unlike most deer both male and female are supplied with antlers. The body is irregular and stumpy; with legs and feet that are large and unproportionate, the eyes are small and piercing. Each individual limb is anything but graceful and yet the tout entier when stirred by fear of pursuit assumes a mould of majesty and magnificence.

Generally they pass the winter in the shelter of the thick woods along the southern coast of the island; and feed on the black moss obtained from the trees. Towards spring their thick white coats begin to assume a chocolate tint and then commences a migration northward. On their pass north they traverse the large barrens and marshes covered with algae that marks these as favourite pasture lands. Here the months

of May and June are passed till the young are brought forth and then the whole family sets out again northward to summer amongst the mountains. Early in September the thin film adhering to the horn scales begins to fall off; the friction of the antlers with the stunted copsewood soon has them clean and polished.

About this time the shooting season begins, to be exact the twentieth of October, and lasts till the first of February.

As soon as the autumn dews have begun to fall the march southward of the caribou is again commenced. The precise time of this march is variable with the severity of the season. If the weather indicates an early winter the march south is accelerated and hardly any stop is made. If, however, the autumn is long and the weather mild the herd relaxes its speed and makes several halts along the mossy barrens to taste the white moss of which they are very fond. The sight of this vast army of stags and does moving in a body is one of the most beautiful, as well as the most wonderful sights to be seen anywhere. To provide, as it were, amusement for the great throng, exhibitions of combats and frolics are at intervals indulged in all along the way.

Many reliable natives tolerably acquainted with the interior of the country as well as the moods of the deer can be obtained at the rate of two dollars a day. The men can pack loads, of great weight with almost amazing agility; and are acquainted with every emergency.

Speaking of the game laws governing the pursuit of the Newfoundland caribou, Mr. H. Heskett Pritchard, one of the very few English sportsmen to visit the wilds of Newfoundland states: "The game laws of Newfoundland are sounder than those of any country I have visited.

They do not permit guides to shoot when accompanying a sportsman. A \$10 license permits the foreigner or visiting sportsman to shoot three stags."

Dr. S. T. Davis of Lancaster, Pa. in a book on his experiences in Newfoundland hunting states that during a twenty days' trip a few miles inland from Hall's Bay his party counted 900 deer; and this was on one small march to which their sport was confined. Here Dr. Davis states that he captured a stag which was "the largest and most perfect woodland caribou head in America basing this opinion on specimens carefully examined wherever an opportunity was offered including those at the sportsman's exhibition recently held in Madison Garden, New York. Some of the dimensions of these magnificent antlers were as follows: Length of horns from hair to tip 42 inches; spread from tip to tip 32 inches; points 47; circumference of entire rack 11 feet, 9 inches."

From Canada and America the island can be reached in a few hours on steamer from Cape Breton. A railway runs through the country and vast herds can often be seen by the traveller from the window of the railway carriage. It may be incidentally noted here that the annual migration takes place across the railway track.

Anywhere along the railway, camps may be pitched and a walk of a few hundred yards leads to the teeming hunting grounds. The experiences I have had in these wilds are the most refreshing I have ever enjoyed.

The climate at this season is less fluctuating than at any other time of the whole year. The atmosphere rather inclines to calmness whilst the sun's heat is never too hot for the trailing hunter in suspense. The nights are generally cool. The Aurora Borealis is common at this season and lights up the vault of heaven with its silvery streaks that



THE NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU

are truly grand. In almost every place are to be seen relics of a comparatively recent occupation by the Beothic Indian. Much of this land is unexplored and all of it is uninhabited, which is a source of endless delight.

A great deal of strategy is necessary to secure a big head. The bigger is the more fearful and disappears at the least scent of danger, leaving however his footprints to betray his whereabouts.

After a couple of days he loses suspicion of being chased and resumes an ordinary pace, by these means always keeping to the leeward the hunter gets in shooting distance.

When shot he makes generally a great agonizing leap accompanied by terrific roars before falling dead. A sportsman who is but a novice at the work can always be sure of at least one forty pointer for his trip.

When the great sport of hunting the Newfoundland caribou becomes advertised the country, I believe, will become the most popular hunting ground in all north America.

ADVENTURES OF NELS ALIAS OLIE

J. Alfred McCartney

ALL aboard! was proclaimed by Bob, as he unanchored the large row-boat containing our cargo of camp equipment, flour, bacon, canned goods, and numerous other necessities besides our guns' ammunition and ample supply of "John Dewar's Special," known to us as "Tanglefoot", which five of us were accompanying for the purpose of annihilating, if nothing else. Our party comprised, Bob, Andy, Simon, Nels Alias Olie, and yours truly, and we were going some seventy or eighty miles down the Saskatchewan River, to enjoy a few weeks deer stalking and bear and wolf shooting.

Bob, a reckless dare-devil, who had knocked about a good deal and had always seen life from its roughest side, was well experienced in river work and him we elected to the honorable position of pilot; Andy, a young man, but well experienced in the routine of camp life received the appointment of cook pro. tem. Nels Alias Olie, as his name suggests, was a Swede, a man of some thirty years, and just out from the old country long enough to enable him to murder the English language atrociously; Simon was a young lad just starting in his twenties, inexperienced in many things as well as hunting, this being his first trip.

In a small crew there is always a tendency to mischievously lay all the blame of ill luck, mishap etc., upon some one individual, and Simon, who was wont to take everything seriously, was this particular individual in our party. Simon was accompanied by a miserable looking cur he called Snarl, whom he claimed was a thorough-bred something (just what has slipped my memory) and would be of great service to us in numerous ways. Bob, who apparently took a spite against Snarl *prima facie*, to the great annoyance of Simon described him as quarter hound, half coyote and the balance dog, and expressed his opinion that he would be a good rig to keep bread from moulding.

However the boat was unanchored, Snarl being allowed to board, and after the hustle bustle of getting in ship shape we were soon sailing quietly down the middle of the stream. Bob, taking in his paddle proposed the drinks which were dealt out and we all drank to the health and good luck of our party. We floated down a half mile or more, when Simon who seemed anxious to commence operations, threw in his trowl to try his luck fishing, and before the boat had traversed half a dozen lengths of itself pulled up a large ling. The moment the ling made its appearance above water, Snarl who had been standing on the stern end scrutinizing Simon's performances with a falcon eye, seemingly sensing Bob's skepticism as to his legitimacy, with a hurrah in dog language, made a dive for the ling by way of vindicating his inherited qualifications as a genuine game dog. At the same time the speed of the boat was increased several knots an hour as he shot it from under him

with his hind feet. As a consequence Nels Alias Olie, who was perched on the other end of the boat (engaged with a pair of field glasses in a "brown study" of the sublime scenery, was treated to an extempore plunge bath, head first accompanied by the field glasses. Nels Alias Olie, Snarl, and the field glasses struck the water simultaneously, necessitating Simon and Bob's fishing for one, Nels Alias Olie. Simon leaned over the side of the boat gazing abstractly into the water apparently with the idea that Nels Alias Olie, would reappear in precisely the same place he had disappeared, when the energetic Snarl landed on the side of the boat in a "bull in a china shop" style, one ling plus a considerable quantity of water heavier than when he left, canting the boat quickly to one side, and despatching Simon in the same direction as Olie, that is to say downwards. Andy and I lay in the bottom of the boat in a fit of laughter which rendered us utterly incapable of offering any assistance whatever, leaving Bob entirely responsible for the rescue of the unlucky victims. Nels Alias Olie, came to the top within ten feet of the boat (the field glass grasped tightly in one hand) with "poo whoo" followed by some Swede volubility, implicating the dog, and "Mein Gott! dot vos an arrow escape," which was generally a terminal assertion with Olie, after the slightest mishap. Simon put in his appearance, a few seconds later with the "poo whoo" in English and the milder exclamation "My! My! I am wet," to which we all agreed. Both were soon safely aboard again, where Olie relieved himself by occasionally exclaiming, "Mein Gott I kilt dot tog so sure I git on shore mit the gun." Simon reproved Snarl with a gentle admonition, while Snarl, apparently realizing that he was the cause of the whole catastrophe, put as much of himself as possible under the bow seat, and there remained in solitude to meditate over his misfortune, and decipher some strategem whereby he might make atonement for his past rash actions. Much sport was had as the result of Simon and Olie's dip, Bob advising them to go easy on the "Tanglefoot," intimating, that it was the cause of the whole affair which was indignantly denied by Olie who had laid all the blame on "the tam tog."

We anchored for the night at the mouth of a small canyon; and after camp was staked and supper despatched. Simon and Olie indulged in a change of clothing, and nine o'clock found us all in bed, his canine majesty (Snarl) taking up a corner near his amiable master, despite the many protests of Bob, who declared the beast had company that he did not care to associate with, Nels Alias Olie, continued to swear vengeance on Snarl, while Simon endeavoured to console himself by swearing at and killing as many, as he could of the blood thirsty mosquitoes that seemed to have taken a particular fancy to him.

The melodious voice of the millions of mosquitoes joining in one chorus, the single

tone croak of the frog and the occasional interrogation who! who! of a lonely night owl blended with the mournful *ki yi* of a coyote, or sometimes a chorus of them, served as a lull-a-bye to those accustomed to this combination, but somewhat disturbed and unnerved Simon who gave vent to several ardent wishes that he was home and bestowed upon himself all the worst names in the English vocabulary for coming on such a fool's errand. The rest of us with a view to getting as much fun out of it as possible, feigned to hear wolves, bears, lynx and numerous other carnivorous animals near the tent, some of which did not exist in this or any other country. Olie who had not fully recovered from his recent narrow escape, as he termed it, was restless and would give vent now and then to some unpublishable assertions in Swede and broken English alternately, aimed at Snarl and expressive of his intentions to "do away mit the tam tog." If a snag under his bed insisted on prodding him Olie gave us a complete repetition of his grievances if a mosquito stung him it had precisely the same effect. Without doubt the night was one of trouble for Simon and Olie, although one of amusement for the rest of us.

Next morning a strong wind was blowing, and rigging a sail we traversed some forty miles before camping. Nels Alias Olie, took no chances whatever of any one again immersing him and kept strict surveillance on Snarl. Simon kept in the middle of the boat holding onto the sides most of the time, except on one occasion while shooting a small rapids at a sharp bend in the river, when with the expectation that the boat was about to take a short cut over land (it certainly looked as though this was its intention) was making preparation to jump when we suddenly changed our course.

We were lucky enough this day for Andy and Bob, each shot a deer while I succeeded in laying low a couple of coyotes, Olie and Simon however, satisfied themselves by acting as spectators. Camp was staked for the night in a large canyon and Andy, Olie and myself dressed the game while Simon and Bob prepared the supper. After discussing our supper of venison, finishing our pipes, and having our usual night cap or Tanglefoot, we rolled in, (or as Bob, termed it) flopped, to battle with mosquitoes (which were as thick and vicious as I have ever seen or ever want to see them) hoping to catch a snooze between acts. Simon declared they all came his way, but the rest of us surely got our share of the torture. Olie claimed that they did not bother him much, Bob, explaining that this was probably due to the fact that they did not care for Swede, at which Nels Alias Olie repeated his little sermon very fluently.

About midnight a fierce thunder storm came up, the tent flopped wildly for some time and finally the ridge pole broke with a crash, letting the whole construction collapse, burying us under a wet sheet of canvas. We endeavoured in vain to get it into shape again and at last gave it up when we had got wet as it was possible for us to get. The rain had beaten through the canvas until it was as wet inside as out. When the tent fell Snarl

stampeded and in an effort to extricate himself trampled over Olie's face, several times, with his wet and muddy feet, which completely aroused Nels Alias Olie (who up to this time was only half conscious of what was going on.) Recalling Snarl's previous misdemeanour and his consequential suffering, Olie began to cuss in the usual manner, directing some very strong language against the whole oog fraternity, and vowing Snarl's destruction upon the first opportunity he had "mit the gun" for the hundred and fourth time. Simon, whom the mosquitoes had ceased tormenting consoled himself with a repetition of his wishes that he was at home, etc., and diagnosed a dozen or more maladies he was subject to and would suffer from as a result of this accident which won for him thereafter the nickname, "Tenderfoot." The only consolation he received from the rest of us was to be blamed for the whole catastrophe which we declared to be due to his not fixing the guy ropes properly.

Nels Alias Olie, openly accused Snarl of the whole affair, thunder lightning, and rain. Meantime Bob and I crawled out and managed to kindle a fire, having judiciously stored our matches in a tin can. Daylight was a welcome sight, and found us grouped around the fire like so many half drowned rats endeavouring to dry ourselves with no other alternative than to remain in wet clothing turning around before the fire like human clothes horses. After we had breakfasted I proposed holding camp and drying things up. This being mutually agreed upon, Andy and Simon remained in camp for that purpose while Olie and I took a run up the canyon to try our luck. Snarl, deciding to join our party and aware of the fact that his company was not wanted, and ascertaining by some instinct the route we intended taking, took a circle and joined us later on, positively refusing to return when discovered. About half a mile up the canyon we cached Olie on a deer runway and persuaded Snarl to remain with him, Olie promising to spare Snarl's life for the present. Bob and I taking out of the canyon (only being able to get in or out of it at certain places) went up along the banks for a couple of miles, where we turned in again and started back in view of running whatever game was in that portion that we were unable to secure ourselves, down to Olie. We had travelled about a mile on our way back without running onto anything more than a jack rabbit when we came to a clearing and espied a black bear entering the bush on the opposite side about four hundred yards ahead of us. I insisted on taking a crack at him but Bob persuaded me to have patience, and try and get closer so as to make sure of him. We advanced a couple of hundred yards, sometimes having him in sight and sometimes not, when Mr. Bruin receiving some sign of approaching danger, started at a lively rate down the canyon. We did not hurry ourselves as we were only a short distance from where we left Olie, and bruin could not very well get out of the canyon, owing to its perpendicular banks at this part, without passing Olie. Taking into consideration the danger of shooting towards Olie we decided to leave

bruin to his fate at the hands of Olie. Olie heard the cracking of brush and braced himself to watch for further developments. When bruin suddenly loomed in sight Olie had no doubt in his mind as to what the animal was. It was a bear and very huge bear to his imagination. Its effect on Olie was apparently mesmeric for he forgot that the rifle he held was an instrument of any use whatever in a strait of this kind, and as bruin was coming at a pretty fair rate decided that it was about time for him to make a move for safety. Snarl at this stage made a dash for bruin, as all dogs are wont to do, whereupon bruin made a dash for Snarl, Snarl made a dash for Nels Alias Olie, and Nels Alias Olie made a dash in the direction of camp, Snarl meanwhile keeping close at his heels and bruin close at Snarl's heels, with Bob, and me bringing up the rear. Olie progressed favourably until he came to a fallen tree, about three feet above the ground and across his path, which he jumped onto with the intention of jumping off again, but the bark being wet and giving way saved him the trouble putting him through the acrobatic performance of a double summersault. Whether a Swede possesses feline activity or not I do not know but Olie was on his feet and at full speed again with the agility of a cat. Snarl followed Olie's example, and went over the tree, bruin taking a short cut under. If Olie did not swear vengeance on Snarl about this time he made up for it afterwards. Taking no chances of being transformed into a pillar of salt (or bear meat) Olie reached camp out of breath with Snarl and bruin hard after as much frightened as Olie which was not a little. Bruin on coming in sight of camp changed his course and started up the river but Andy was alert with his rifle and succeeded in shooting him before he got out of range. Bob and I arrived with an extra rifle just as the excitement was about over. Olie in a few minutes had sufficient breath for "Mein Gott dat vas an arrow escape" while Bob informed him that a black bear had never been known to eat a Swede and he need not have exerted himself to such an extent. This skit was not taken in the best of humour by Olie who considered we were making very light of his narrow escape and our chaffing put him in the blues for the rest of the day. Andy accompanied by Olie who first made certain that life was extinct, skinned the bear.

After discussing our evening meal for which Bob, (whose turn it was to cook) had cooked a large quantity of bear steak, and the usual yarn spinning, our bunks were given hearty consideration. The previous night's happenings had rendered us very susceptible subjects to the subduing influence of slumber, and having taken the precaution to smoke out the mosquitoes, the night passed quietly, with the exception of an odd ejaculation from Olie who had probably run onto another bear in dreamland.

Next morning we moved camp ten miles down the river where we remained until our return. Bob and I succeeded in capturing a moose each, Andy an elk, and Simon to his great glory a coyote.

One morning when the tenderfoot was out taking a squint around as he termed it we heard half a dozen shots a short distance up the river and went up to find him pegging away at a loon, unaware of the fact that one of these feathered creatures possesses the ability to dodge a bullet. The tenderfoot was much amazed and annoyed at the alacrity with which the loon got under water just as the bullet struck, entertaining the idea that the loon should sit still and let him peg it full of lead, although the probabilities are it would have been quite safe. After a couple of unsuccessful attempts Andy succeeded in getting a bullet in the right place, killing the loon and giving Snarl his opportunity in bringing it out.

The day before we broke camp, Olie having fairly recovered from his bear fright and not wanting to return without having added his mite took a stroll up the canyon, accompanied by Snarl who was apparently aware of the fact that he was quite safe in Nels Alias Olie's company so long as Nels Alias Olie was in good humour and having good luck. Olie and Snarl returned in about an hour Olie informing us that he had corralled a pretty little black and white animal in a hollow stump and killed it with a stick and started to carry it to camp but "whooh she smell" and he wanted to know "what we tank it vas." It was unnecessary for us to tank anything about it for from the odor that Nels Alias Olie and Snarl sent forth it was easy to determine beyond a doubt that the pretty little black and white animal was a pretty little skunk. Olie upon this intelligence gave vent to "Mein Gott I tank so to." followed by his vocabulary of broken Swede and English. After many interrogations regarding disinfectants for the restoration of his clothes to their original fragrance, and finding out that the odor was unquenchable and that it would be necessary for him to sacrifice his clothing, he parted with them with as much ado as lots of men would part with a limb, and more than is made by many who have parted with their heads.

Next morning the whistle of the tug (that was scheduled for once a month and ran so nearly on time that it was never known to be more than three weeks late) was heard and as this was our best means of return, we hurriedly packed, hooked on behind and were soon steaming up the river homeward, Simon the richer by some experience and the knowledge that a trip of this kind is not all sunshine, Nels Alias Olie, with a few more narrow escapes to add to his list, but regrettably the poorer by one suit of clothes.

BIRD SHOOTING IN CANADA

THE sharp-tailed grouse of the Canadian prairies is a splendid representative of the large grouse family; he is a big, thick-set heavy bird, lighter in color than the ruffed grouse; his back is a pretty chocolate with black feather-bars, the under parts are pure white, each feather with an arrowhead of black. He goes in coveys the earlier part of the season, but later on packs in large flocks till the spring-time, when the birds separate again for mating and nesting. Many parts of the Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta prairies are rolling and studded with bluffs; this makes a prettier landscape than a monotonous level prairie, and is a much better shooting country. A bluff is a patch of small, light bush, composed of poplar and low scrub, and may be anything in size from a few yards to several acres in extent. The birds, when flushed on the open prairies, or the stubble, fly straight to a bluff; then one gun, with dog going inside, and the other two (if there be three guns, which is not too many), covering the circumference of the bluff, the birds are caught as they fly out of cover. The inside gun often bags his bird before it leaves the bluff. This habit of taking to cover gives a pleasant variety to the shooting, which no other grouse gives. The shooting wagon is an important adjunct to the outfit of the prairie sportsman. This should be a team and a roomy democrat wagon, with plenty of loose hay in the bottom for the comfort of the dogs and for warmth for your own feet in the early morning cool drives out and evenings home.

The pinnated grouse has been making his way up north into Western Canada, and in a day's shoot several may help to fill the bag. This bird does not take to the bluffs as does the sharp-tail, but remains in the open; you lose the variety which you get with the sharp-tail in the bluffs; but, like all the family, the pinnated is a fine bird. The birds in Manitoba and Saskatchewan and Alberta are being very well protected, and sale and exportation are prohibited. It is but a few years since Western Canada was settled, and wheat was grown there. The grouse knew nothing of cereals, and had to depend entirely upon the seeds and berries which were indigenous to the prairie. The change of surroundings soon brought about a change in the habits of these birds. They were not long in cultivating a taste for the grain, wheat in preference, which was being grown; and mornings and evenings the stubbles are the most likely places to find them. Among the waterfowl are the trumpeter and whistling swans, the Canada goose, Ross goose, lesser snow goose, and Hutchins' goose; the Canada goose and the snow goose being the most numerous. The mallard, black duck, canvas-back, redwing, pintail, gadwall, wood-duck, widgeon, green-winged, blue-winged and cinnamon teal; spoon-bill, shoveller, golden eye, buffle-head, blue-bill, snipe, golden plover, and fifteen varieties of the same family; great flocks of curlew, and many waders of lesser importance, are found. About every marshy pool the bittern and heron will be seen, and in addition to these

will be found cormorants, pelican, sand-hill cranes, coot, rail, etc.

A good locality is Whitewater Lake, in Southern Manitoba, reached from Winnipeg by a short trip over the Napinka section of the Canadian Pacific. Here "chickens," snipe and plover are found in fair numbers, and there are many geese, duck, crane and other waterfowl. The east end of the lake is reached from Boissevain, but at Whitewater station, on the north shore of the lake, canoes and skiffs may be hired, and the facilities there provided enable the sportsman to obtain capital flight-shooting when geese are going out to feed, and also to get to the favorite haunts of the canvas-back. Some great bags have been taken on the Whitewater. Killarney Lake, as well as Pelican Lake, a little northeast thereof, are excellent spots, while on Rock Lake, near Clearwater, and Swan Lake, adjacent to Pilot Mound, good bags are the rule and not the exception. North of Rock Lake are the Tiger Hills in the Pembina mountains, a good locality for grouse as well as for geese and ducks. Jackfish and mullet are plentiful in all the lakes, the former ranging from half a pound to 22 pounds. Camp outfits must be taken, but the sport will well repay all trouble, as ample employment can be found for both rifle and shotgun, chicken and ruffed grouse being especially plentiful throughout the whole southwest of the Province. Lake Winnipeg offers still stronger inducements. The route is from Winnipeg via Canadian Pacific Railway to Winnipeg Beach, a distance of fifty miles. The great marshes about the mouth of Red River extend for miles, and form one of the most extensive duck grounds in the Northwest, and they actually swarm with all kinds of waterfowl in the season.

At Oak Lake geese, duck and plover may be secured in numbers. The lake is within an easy drive of the station, and a party equipped with tent, etc., can pitch camp, and have time to dispose themselves for the evening flight shooting. At the east side of the lake there is a good camping ground in the very line of flight, and on the north side the geese leave the lake in large numbers to feed in the neighboring wheat-fields. In Saskatchewan and Alberta, on the "Soo" branch line from Pasqua—ground which has seldom been shot over—are quantities of ducks, geese and plover. In the Dirt Hills, about 20 miles south of Regina, wild fowl are plentiful, and in the district about Regina there are opportunities for bags of duck and chicken, and nearly all the species of plover. Good goose shooting is to be had on the south side of Buffalo Lake, about twenty miles north of Moose Jaw; wild geese in thousands come down from their feeding grounds in the Arctic circle in the months of September and October, and remain there until ice begins to form on the lake. The country to the south of the lake is well settled, and the wheat stubble fields afford excellent feeding grounds. Ambushed in pits dug in the stubble fields in the line of flight of the geese, with decoys set out, fine goose shooting can be obtained.

PIGEON RACING

"Irish"

"THOSE who know little of the sport of pigeon racing, are surprised when they learn that frequently over \$1,000 is distributed as prize money and pools in an important pigeon race."

The above is very true, more especially in Canada, or at least in Nova Scotia, which so far, is the only province which I have been privileged to live in.

Coming from Belfast, Ireland, a hot bed of pigeon racing, about two years ago, I naturally was on the lookout for followers of the same sport in Canada. Seeing that up to the present, I have not met with any, a short description of how it is carried on in Belfast might be of interest.—

One of the first points to be considered when one anticipates raising and flying pigeons for racing purposes, is the loft.

(a). To ensure easy "raising" the loft should, where possible face either the south or west and *never* east.

(b). To assure easy flying and homing the loft should be well aired, plain, and conspicuous, and a look out should be made, in which the young birds may view their surroundings preparatory to being released.

(c). To facilitate "Timing in," the loft should be placed within easy reach of a telegraph office.

I will pass over the breeding, raising, and feeding of the birds and will take the young birds as ready to fly.

Flying The Young Birds.

A few days after the birds have obtained access to the outer world, they will commence to circle round their home, gradually increasing the circumference of the circle until they stay away from their home for hours at a time.

After they are twelve or thirteen weeks old you may commence to train them, taking them a short distance from their loft, at first, and letting them off or "tossing" them as it is

known to the fancy. The distance may be gradually increased. During their first season the young birds should not be flown too far, as it is not good to put them to too severe a strain in their first season.

It is an understood thing that racing is best done through a club.

The morning or the night before the race as the case may be the birds to be raced are taken to the club, and placed in charge of the officials. Then numbered elastic rings are placed on the leg of each bird, the number noted down by the secretary together with the owner's name etc. The birds are next sent to their destination, and liberated (clear of telegraph wires etc.) by club officials. On reaching their homes (and it's here that training counts, as the birds if not properly trained, are liable to waste time before entering their lofts; the owner catches the bird, takes the elastic ring off its leg, gets the number and telegraphs the number to the club.

The distance each bird has to fly, the distance from the loft to the telegraph office and the time it takes a man to run the latter distance is estimated, and then the velocity of each bird "timed in" is calculated.

The bird which attains the highest velocity wins the race.

Velocity—Distance flown per unit of time, for example—1,763 yards per minute.

Another "Timing in" method used, though, not so widely, as the one just described is as follows:—

Take the elastic ring off the bird as in the former case and place the number in an automatic timing clock producing same at the club meeting. The latter method is not encouraged for obvious reasons.

It is not the purpose of this short article to go into details of pooling etc., so I will end it by pointing out that the "Carrier" is not used for homing or racing purposes but is primarily a show bird, bred for points.





THE CAMP OF 1915

Frank Yeigh

ONCE again we are living among the mountains. Once again we of the Alpine fraternity have foregathered around the camp fire and the camp dining tables; once more we have hit the trail from civilization to God's nature world where there is no more evidence of man's intrusion than a wisp of smoke from the cookery stove and a little cluster of canvas mansions for nightly shelter.

Time flies with clubs and organizations, as it does with men. We who were fortunate enough to be at the first camp can scarce realize that a decade has passed by, and that now we are at the tenth annual camp, and the experiences of this present opportunity serve to bring back the pleasant memories of the happy days up the Yoho, on the banks of Little Summit Lake and under the shadow of mount Wapta.

And this is the War Camp. It is a new term to apply. No such word was ever dreamed of in any previous gathering, but since the camp of 1914 we face a different world, and are living under a different sky, and because it is the war year and it is a war camp the enrôlment is naturally lessened. The two hundred of former years have dropped to less than a hundred this year, but the latter number is equally satisfactory in view of the fact that so many of the Club members have enlisted, some of whom have already given up their lives, and others are among the imprisoned and wounded. We all felt proud that so many brave boys of the Alpine Club were thus doing their bit in upholding the banner of Anglo-Saxon civilization, indeed of world civilization.

Few previous camps had a more attractive site than what will be known as the Ptarmigan Valley one of 1915. As in previous years, there was a subsidiary camp in the Red Deer Valley, near Little Pipestone Pass, where the valley of Baker Lake forms a junction. The

main camp lay about eight miles north of Lake Louise station, and thus both camps tapped Alpine regions of wondrous beauty and interest. We all turned with renewed interest



Photo by P. L. Tait

PART OF THE MAIN CAMP UNDER THE
WALLS OF REDOUBT



Photo by P. L. Tait

THE DOWN HILL SLIDE

to a description of the locality contained in the Canadian Alpine Journal of 1912, written by James Porter, with notes by Messrs. Earle and Delafield.

Arriving at Lake Louise Station, which has taken the place of the former "Laggan" name, the packing arrangements were in the safe hands of our old friend James Simpson, whose son and assistants kept up the traditions of the trail for cheerful helpfulness and companionship. No feature of the annual camp is more attractive to me than the renewal of

friendships with the outfitters and packers, unless it be getting in close with the Chinese chef.

The trail into and up to the Ptarmigan is as interesting as it is varied. One experiences all kinds of trails on the march, starting with the fording on pony back of the tumultuous little river that joins the Bow River just east of the station area. As the trail progresses and the altitude increases one is tempted to try the difficult feat of looking backward while riding forward in order to catch



Photo by James Porter, Chicago

BLACK AND WHITE DOUGLAS AND BAKER LAKE FROM TOP OF PTARMIGAN PEAK

glimpses of the southern panorama of peaks that unfolds or comes into clearer view with every ascending spiral. Far below rushes a singing little Corral Creek that makes sweet music to the mountain lover. Now the valley closes in, or the forest makes a high boundary by which all the outer world of summits is for the moment shut out, but only for the moment. A stiff bit of climbing and a higher level is reached, revealing Mount Temple more massively than ever before, showing most of the Ten Peaks, Hungabee and his Paradise Valley satellites, and, to the westward, Lefroy and Victoria. The eye even catches a passing glimpse of Lake Louise as a streak of blue amid the green and the white.

- But we are heading northward, and with another turn there comes a cheer with a sight

home under the trees, to spread blankets on a bed of balsam boughs, to rig up the details of what will be home for a few happy days. Refreshing it is to feel again the splash of the icy cold waters on the face, and, if there be a chill in the air, to experience the Zoroastrian pleasure of roasting oneself at the camp fire.

Ah! This is living. This is the real thing. This is worth the whole price of admission! This will all enter into the treasure trove of memory long after the fire is out, the tent folded up, and the last pack pony has brought back the last dunnage bag to the world of railway trains.

Some twenty-two graduated this year, representing the usual percentage of those in camp. The graduating climbs took place on the near-by peaks of Richardson, Ptarmigan and Pika, together with Mount Douglas at



Photo by James Porter, Chicago

PTARMIGAN PEAK ON WHICH MANY QUALIFIED

of the good old camp flag, a little bit of red bunting flowing in a full breeze against a background of alpine meadow and forest. If the flag looked good, so did the tents, and more than all, so did the canvas dining saloon, decorated with the flags of the Allies.

It was good to be greeted by Director Wheeler and Secretary Mitchell. What would a camp be without them? And what would a camp be without the committee of ladies who devote an hour or two in the afternoon to tea-brewing and tea-serving, and never does the dark-coloured ambrosia taste better than at the end of a trail or a climb.

The campers are assigned to their respective tents with as great a facility as a hotel handles its guests. Good it is to again enter a tented

the other camp. Ridout and Fossil and other less lofty summits were also climbed, each yielding its own reward in glorious views of the wonder-world of the Rockies. Redoubt is a wonderful text book in geology, while Brachiopod mountain is a Devonian coral reef with coral species visible. Foggil mountain yields trilobites to the scientist.

Toward the west, Hector showed up at a striking new angle, with Cathedral Peaks and the heights overlooking the Yoho valley filling the distant sky. Wherever the eye rested on the lower level there was a lake, each with its own bit of character. Their very names are pleasantly suggestive: One-Tree Lake, Merlin Lake and Castle and Lake Miyosotis, a little Lake Louise. All of them

were gems of colour and reflection, some occupying granite basins at different levels of the mountain base, and each pouring from its fountain depths bridal veil falls that help to make the little rivers here and the big rivers yonder and the great ocean at the jumping-off place of a continent. There is no more interesting sight among the myriad of sights in the mountains than the birth of a river as it trickles from under the nose of a glacier or flows from the overflow of a deep-hearted lake. Many of these Alpine lakes are dammed up in basins formed by the tilting of the strata.

The trail trip to the upper camp made a delightful loop as one climbed One Tree Pass, noting by the way the imprints in the snow of what must have been a huge bruin; resting under the wall of Jericho and then finding a way through the Skoky Valley. So one reached the Red Deer group of tents under the lee of the Black and White Douglasses, two great peaks that overtop the eleven thousand feet altitude. A splendid view of mount Molar also greeted the eye.

There was no end of delightful excursions from either camp and many a charming trip of exploration was made from the main centres. As in past years, there was present a group of members who found their greatest happiness in giving pleasure to others by acting as guides, and they must have had

their reward in the enjoyment that came to all in their charge.

As also in other valleys and at other camps, the glimpses of wild life were varied and interesting. Ptarmigan Valley, as its name implies, is alive with ptarmigan that perch on the wayside boulders and cluck stupidly and apparently ineffectively to their offspring. Footprints of moose and deer are often seen at the waterside. Of course there are marmots innumerable, whistling their surprise from their stony retreats, while gophers soon make themselves at home wherever there is any dessert to be picked up. Once we saw an eagle soaring high aloft, and by way of contrast the smallest of small spiders flitted across the trail, carrying on his back his little basket of eggs.

The camp fires were, as always occasions to be long remembered. Most delightful were the informal symposiums, the sing-songs, the story-telling, the reminiscences of other camps and other bonfire circles. The camaraderie generated in the firecircle is the finest product of the Alpine Club camp. There, new friendships are made and old ones strengthened; opinions are exchanged with the greatest freedom, and the affairs of state; indeed, the problems created by war are settled offhand by this mountain parliament, representing democracy in its finest essence.

But the Patriotic Camp Fire will long stand out as unique: as a press chronicler put it:

"Never before in the annals of the club has an evening around the camp fire been of such enthralling interest. Apart from the fact that the subjects were those uppermost in all minds, the intelligent and skilful manner in which they were handled held the audience spell-bound by a depth of feeling that showed how closely the hearts of all present were joined to the brave defenders of the empire now fighting in other lands and particularly to the brave boys of the Alpine club who are so well and so successfully doing their share in such defence and in upholding the endeavor of the British nation to stand for the rights of weaker nations against tyranny and oppression."

No wonder the cheers that echoed among the hills were hearty and loud, expressing a patriotism that is deep-seated, or that the national anthem was sung with unusually deep feeling.

Then came the last night, as last nights are bound to come. The helpful camp laddies last laid in a special supply of wood, and the flames that leaped free and high drove away the creeping chill of the night air. For the last time a programme of war and patriotic songs was sung, followed by a score of psalm and hymn favorites and ending with the Lord's Prayer. Thus with uncovered heads the little Alpine company bowed in the presence of the God of the mountains e'er the tents were sought for the last sleep under their protection.

Group by group we struck the out-bound trail on camp-breaking day; to scatter in many directions and become submerged in the great machine of life, but a score or more made their way to Banff and our club house. I doubt whether any kind of a Club anywhere



Photo by P. L. Tail

A BIT OF ROCK SCALING

has such a unique retreat as the Alpine Club of Canada. You'll see it in Banff perched high up the slopes of Sulphur Mountain, its roof and big chimney making a patch of red in a wide canvas of green. One of the winding roads of Banff will bring you to its portals and its hospitable doors, and within its walls of cedar reign comfort and companionship and good cheer. Wide and deep are the fire places, presented by appreciative friends, and "comfy" to the maximum point are the easy chairs and inviting couches. The library of Alpine literature, the photo albums that tell the story in pictures of the ten annual camps of the Club, the striking Alpine photographs on the walls—and the cheerful dining room: what more would mortal want here below? Sleeping tents line the winding paths higher up the steep hill-side, where from their entrances delectable views are had of all that Banff contains, and that is much: Cascade and Rundle, separated by little Tunnel; a fleecy streak of white that betokens the Bow River, the pretty little town itself, lying far below as if outlined on a map, the towers and

turrets of big mountain hotels housing their hundreds of guests, and everywhere the roads and trails that a beneficent government have made. Lucky is he who is a member of the Alpine Club of Canada and who is permitted to attend its annual camps and use its Alpine Club House and incidentally enjoy the attractions of Banff the beautiful.

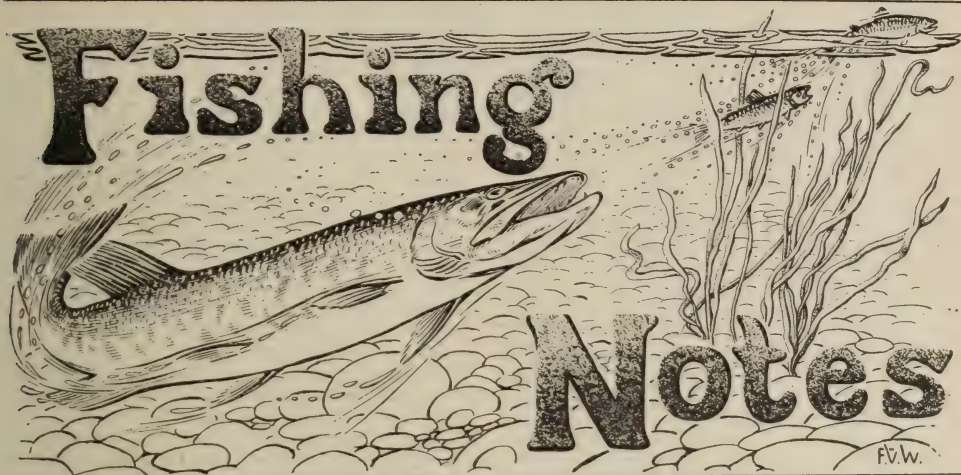
The following are the names of those who graduated at the A.C.C. Camp of 1915: W. E. L. Broad, Calgary; Miss Clara Christie, Calgary; J. L. Fawcett, MacLeod, Alta; Miss C. R. Filer, Winnipeg; H. S. Hall, Jr., Boston; Miss Mary Macoun, Ottawa; Miss H. Moyle, Winnipeg; Miss B. McKinley, Calgary; Miss M. L. MacLean, East Kildonan, Man.; Miss M. C. Rowell, Winnipeg; Miss P. I. Rupp, Calgary; C. E. W. Stringer, Athalmer, B.C.; D. O. Taylor, M.D., Lethbridge; Mrs. G. E. Vincent, Minneapolis, Minn.; J. H. Vincent, Minneapolis; G. H. Theiss, Pittsburg, Pa.; P. Van Eyk, Calgary.

SHALL WE INCREASE OUR BIG GAME ON A FOOD SUPPLY BASIS

H. L.

DR. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Gardens, is touring the United States, particularly west of the Mississippi, where the vast bulk of the wild game remains, to urge people to establish sanctuaries where the game can breed. His very simple talk in San Francisco where the writer heard him, was illustrated by slides showing game hogs, the birds and animals extinct through them, as well as the brighter side showing what is being done to protect the game. Dr. Hornaday is the originator of the idea to establish, in the heart of the National Forest Reserves, breeding sanctuaries where no shooting will be allowed, the sanctuaries to be enclosed by stout wire fencing breast high. These sanctuaries would not be placed in reserves suitable to sheep or cattle grazing and Dr. Hornaday is appealing to the business sense of the people in order that the coming generations should receive their heritage. "Let every boy learn to shoot and shoot well", said the speaker, "for while I now prefer to chase game with a camera, everybody is entitled to enjoy shooting, within the law, and the present generation has no right to destroy the game without consideration for the coming generations." A chain of small sanctuaries, rather than larger ones farther apart, is the ideal system and in the sanctuaries all animals derogatory to wild game would be destroyed, more especially wolves and cougars; grizzlies, said the Doctor, should not be killed by the wardens but, being the king of sports, be left to hunters. To show the dark side of the picture, many pictures were shown. There were autos laden

with all they could carry, ducks strung along the sides, shore birds, rabbits, deer, everything the "sportsmen" had seen; there were various kinds of game hogs from two Alberta Stoney Indians, who had a great bag, to two men with ducks hung around their necks, extending to their waists. The latter picture showed what Spring shooting in the United States means to Canada. While not relating to the subject of his talk, Dr. Hornaday drew attention to the fact that the Federal Migratory Bird Law was soon to be on trial for its life, and if Spring shooting is allowed below the line, we in Canada will find our wild birds disappearing with alarming rapidity, and they are even now passing more quickly than we care to think about. Dr. Hornaday showed pictures of five birds now extinct, including the Passenger Pigeon which our fathers, believing them impossible of extermination ruthlessly destroyed in their nesting places. In showing the brighter side pictures were shown of a British Columbia sanctuary which, the speaker said, was an ideal one and the concluding slide was of a beautiful Rocky Mountain goat which, I hope, still lives among his beloved mountains. Hunting with the camera is even more difficult than with a modern rifle which, it has been declared, is so constructed that the greenhorn may secure a bag almost as good as did the older hunters, who were experienced, so that I agree with the fisherman who says that his is the best sport, for with the lightest rod and the lightest tackle, the largest fish may sometimes be procured. With this only camera shooting can compare



THE PACIFIC SALMON

Robert Page Lincoln

*Shapely the form of the chinook;
King of the foam and the deep—
Wrought in the olive that decks him,
Shimmering silver his leap.
As, like a bolt of sharp lightning,
Up he speeds o'er the last steep:*

*Over the tumult and clamour,
Flung from the rapid and fall—
Onward and inland determined,
Held in that vision of thrall;
Chevalier brave is the chinook,
Truly the king of them all.*

*Ah, when the army came homeward;
Long live the king—he was dead;
Faded the beautiful glamour
And from him beauty had fled.
Nature had voiced: "Heed the ruling,
"Death—'t's the price when you wed!"
Chas. Henshaw Cameron.*

OF the Pacific salmon, William Hornaday has very aptly said: "The salmon were made for the millions. The Siwash Indian eats them fresh in the summer, dries them, and later on freezes them for himself and his dogs in winter. The epicure pays for having the fresh fish shipped in ice to his table, wherever that table may happen to be. In mid-ocean the great American canned salmon is often the best and only fish afloat. In the jungles of the far East, in the frontier bazaar of the enterprising Chinese trader it bobs up serenely to greet and cheer the lonesome white man who is far from home and meat-markets. Even in the wilds of Borneo its name is known and respected; and he who goes beyond the last empty salmon tin truly goes beyond the pale of civilization. The diffusion of knowledge among men is not much greater than the diffusion of canned salmon; and the farther

Americans travel from home, the more they rejoice that it follows the flag."

The industry of salmon packing is one of the most important upon this continent, and yearly adds to its importance as the demand for beef is lessened, or as beef grows more scarce. There were some past years when it seemed as though the destructiveness of the salmon fishers would eventually prove disastrous to this well known fish; but the fact that the fish hatcheries have been working overtime is proof of the perpetuation of the supply and there seems hardly anything to fear from that end though in the year 1911 almost forty-four million salmon were taken out of Pacific waters, and these were not wee sma' ones at that. But at the same time five hatcheries alone in the year of 1911 stripped something like two hundred and seventy-seven millions of eggs from three of the notable salmon of the living Pacific group which will in time add to the already great supply that is feeding the markets of the world. The enormity of this business is quite lost upon one. At first it seems hardly conceivable and yet the extent of it cannot be exaggerated. Salmon canning saw its inception on the Columbia River in the year 1866; which was later followed after ten years by canning plants in California, and later on, up to the year 1878, along the Puget Sound, upon the Frazer River, gradually making its initial start and its foundation in Alaska where today we witness the industry at its height. While mentioning Alaska and its connection with the salmon business it may be interesting to note that the year 1914 saw one of the greatest salmon packs in the history of the canning profession, the Bristol Bay District of Alaska marking a steady run of these fish, a run that has never before in the history of the trade been equalled. Every canning factory was worked to the

limit and a scarcity of cans made further packing out of the question. The Nushagak River canneries rounded out their season with 546,200 cases of one pound tins, or forty-eight to the case—a most phenomenal pack; and this in the face of the common assertion that the Pacific salmon will soon be a thing of the past. It is admitted that the salmon canning business has gradually seen the withdrawal of numerous millions of this commercial fish; but it is yet a long look into the future before we can say that annihilation is the result of wholesale slaughter. Hornaday early remarked as follows regarding conditions in Alaska, in the perpetuation of this industry. He says: "The destruction of salmon comes about through the competition between the various canneries. Their greed is so great that each strives to catch all the fish there are, and all at one time, in order that its rivals may secure as few as possible. Not only are salmon taken by the steamer load, but in addition, millions of other food fish are captured, killed and thrown away. At times, also, it happens that far greater numbers of salmon are caught than can be used before they spoil. A friend of mine told me of the throwing away of sixty thousand salmon at one time, near a cannery in Prince William Sound in 1900; and again the similar throwing away of ten thousand fish. So something like seven hundred thousand pounds of valuable fish were in that year alone, wasted. In the Kadiak and Chignik districts, the catch of salmon decreased from 360,000 cases in 1896 to 90,000 cases in 1898 and in 1899 it was almost a failure. In many of the small Alaskan streams the canning companies built dams or barricades to prevent the fish from ascending to their spawning beds, and to catch all of them! In some of the small lakes the fishermen actually haul their seines on the spawning grounds. In 1903 I recorded a warning of the impending destruction of the Alaska salmon industry, and demanded strict governmental regulation. It is a pleasure to state that notwithstanding the enormous annual drain upon them, and the reckless and wasteful methods of fishing that once prevailed, the salmon fisheries of Alaska are still holding up remarkably well. Ten years ago there were grounds for grave apprehension regarding the future salmon supply of Alaska, but Congress placed those fisheries under the control of the United States Commissioner of Fisheries, giving him arbitrary power to close against the fishermen any stream or streams, that seemed to be in danger of exhaustion." The year 1913 witnessed one of the greatest catches of salmon in the waters of Alaska. In the twelve months of 1912-13 close on four million cases were packed; and in 1912 upwards of eighteen thousand people were employed in the sixty-five salmon canneries that were operated in Alaskan territory, showing the immensity of this combined Canadian and American industry. That the future will see even a greater impetus in this remarkable trade there can be little doubt.

In the salmon of the Pacific we have some interesting fish to consider, and because of their importance I have decided to give the

subject careful attention. First in consideration therefore is the genus of the fish. It should be made known that the salmon of the Pacific are not in reality salmon, of the genus *Salmo* (as are the Atlantic species), but are of a separate genus, *Oncorhynchus*, to be exact. It should be remarked however that there is not a wide range of difference between these species. The bones, or the rays of the anal fin form the main means of distinguishing the genus *Oncorhynchus* from *Salmo*; in the former genus there are noted from fourteen to twenty bones in the anal fin, while in the latter genus there are but eight to twelve. There are also more branchiostegal rays (the bones that support the gill covers), in the Pacific salmon; also noticeably more of the gill rakers. However, the anal rays form the principal means of identification if so desired.

Five individuals make up the salmon species of the northern Pacific waters, and to this list might be added another, a salmon found along the Japanese coast, known as the *masu* salmon (*Oncorhynchus masou*), though this same salmon is found along the North American coast as well. It is however, in this category, left out; as we are concerned with the most noted of these fish. In the Chinook salmon (*Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*) we have the foremost and practically the leader of them all. As a commercial fish he leads in value and is the most sought after by the canneries. He is the great commercial fish of the west and the largest in size of the salmon, some specimens in Alaskan waters going to 100 pounds in weight. He is also known as the Quinnet salmon, King salmon, California salmon, Tyee salmon and Columbia River salmon; and it may be added that there are connected with each of the five fish of this species a string of terms, Indian and otherwise of jaw-breaking proclivities; in fact, travel where you will along the western coast, you will constantly come across some other name for them. Then, too, individual members of the family are confused, one with another,—no two persons seem to have the same opinion or name for one fish or for any of the five. The best means of identifying the different specimens is by the rays of the anal fin; by the branchiostegal rays; and the gill rakers. Coloration and shape are often most unreliable things to go by, in identifying the different members, for there is a liability to promiscuous changeability. The chinook salmon is listed by Jordan as having about 16 anal rays, 15 to 19 branchiostegals, 23 gill-rakers on the anterior gill-arch, and 140 to 185 pyloric coeca.

Second on the list of the salmon comes the Blueback salmon (*Oncorhynchus nerka*), also known as the Sockeye, Red Salmon, Sukkegh, Redfish and Nerka. The blueback is widely scattered and the abundance of them should be a fact noted among many others. It is Alaska's prime canning fish; a fine-flavored specimen, forming a table dainty that is only excelled by the valuable chinook. According to Jordan it has about 14 developed anal rays, 14 branchiostegals and 75 to 95 pyloric coeca. The gill rakers are most numerous in this individual, numbering something like 39. Of the blueback it has been stated that "in the

spring its form is plumply rounded, and the color is a clear bright blue above, silvery below, and everywhere immaculate. Young fishes often show a few round spots, which disappear when they enter the sea. Fall specimens in the lakes are bright crimson in color, the head clear olive-green, and they become in a high degree hook-nosed and slab-sided, and bear little resemblance to the spring run. Young spawning male grilse follow the changes which take place in the adult, although often not more than half a pound in weight. These little fishes often appear in mountain lakes, but whether they are landlocked or have come up from the sea is still uncertain. These dwarf forms are called *kokos* by the Indians and *benimasu* in Japan, for the sub-species *Oncorhynchus nerka kannerlyi*. The flesh in this species is firmer than that of any other and very red, of good flavour, though drier and less rich than the king-salmon." The present writer wishes to make note of the fact that these degraded individuals, inland in habitat, are found in Idaho, Washington and Oregon, and northward also in British Columbian lakes. Having spawned, the mature individuals die, following the levelling rule that Nature has laid.

Third on the list of these salmon comes the Silver salmon (*Oncorhynchus kisutch*), also known as the Hoopid, Coho Salmon, Skowitz, and Whitefish. As a commercial fish it has third place, though the flesh is not overly well flavored, lacking in rich red in color and the delicious oils. While the blueback salmon has a weight of five pounds in the average to its credit, the silver salmon is better, the weight being from six to eight pounds. According to Jordan it has 13 developed rays in the anal, 13 branchiostegals, 23 gill-rakers and 45 to 80 pyloric coeca. The scales on this salmon are thin and all except those of the lateral line readily fall off. The feature distinguishes the species readily from the red salmon." The silver salmon is silver and green; the green noted above, with a liability to a few black spottings. Despite its lack of the finer points in flavour, as a food fish, over two million pounds were brought in at Seattle alone in the year 1911. It should be noted that the silver salmon possesses whitish flesh as different from the other salmon.

Fourth on the list, and fourth in commercial value is the Humpback salmon (*Oncorhynchus gorbuscha*), also known as the Pink salmon, Holia, Haddah, and Hone. This salmon has to its credit a wide range of distribution, reaching from California to the coast of Kamschatka, to Japan, and northward. This salmon is by far the smallest of them, the average being in weight from three to a possible six pounds. The average weight however would be conservative. According to David Starr Jordan "it has usually 15 anal rays, 12 branchiostegals, 28 gill-rakers and about 180 pyloric coeca. Its scales are much smaller than in any other salmon, there being 180 to 240 in the lateral line." The humpback salmon is bluish in coloration as to back, and silvery below. When on the verge of the spawning season this salmon

acquires a hump at the shoulders from which is derived the name it bears. The food value of this salmon is questionable indeed and time was when it was absolutely disregarded by the canneries; but today there is a great impetus in this line. In the season of 1912 and 1913 over ten and one half millions pounds of this fish were packed in Seattle. This proves that despite the fact that it has little commercial value, yet it is being made excellent use of in the canning business.

Fifth and last in this category of the Pacific salmon is the Dog-salmon, scientifically known as (*Oncorhynchus keta*). This fish is also known as the Calico salmon, Lekai, Qualoh, Heyo and Sake, after the Japanese. This fish is well known in Japanese rivers. It has a wide range of distribution, reaching from Californian waters northward, then southward into Asian territory. Also note the fact that its bulk is more appreciable than the last two named fish, and from eight to twelve pounds would take in this fish's capacity in weight. The dog salmon, however is the most inferior of the five salmon as food and not until late years have the canneries sought, in the least, to concentrate on this specimen. In 1912, however, as high as seven and one half million pounds were tinned in Seattle, for distribution throughout the markets of the world. Of this salmon Jordan, the highest authority on fishes in the world has said: "It has about 14 anal rays, 14 branchiostegals, 24 gill rakers and 140 to 185 pyloric coeca. In the spring it is dirty silvery, immaculate, or sprinkled with small black specks, the fins dusky, the sides with faint traces of gridiron-like bars. In the fall the male is brick-red or blackish, and its jaws are greatly distorted. The pale flesh is well flavoured when fresh, but pale and mushy in texture and muddy in taste when canned. It is said to take salt well and great numbers of salt dog-salmon are consumed in Japan."

Information as to the habits and habitat of the various salmon individuals of the Pacific have not yet been decided upon, nor can there be any certainty as to the accuracy of many well-known investigations that have been laid down as facts. Jordan asserts that ("there is no positive evidence that any salmon of the Pacific survives the spawning season.") Governmental investigations tend to lay a doubt as to whether all of the salmon die after casting their spawn, and it has lately been held that many return to the ocean and live. Nor do they go to any certain limit in distance up the freshwater streams. Some have said they go at least a thousand miles upstream, despite obstacles. As a matter of fact they ascend till they reasonably cannot go any further and then they, in natural sequence, spawn. It is commonly believed that these fishes spawn entirely in fresh water, but there has as yet been no proof that they do not also spawn in the ocean, or in salt water, to be more exact. From the time they become large enough to leave their fresh water home, to enter the ocean, till the time they return, no one knows exactly where they keep themselves. Salmon may be found around St. Lawrence Island, Alaska, the year

round. It has also been found that a great number of the salmon do not go any further up the rivers than three or four miles, and it may be said that these fish return to the salt water quite unharmed. But there is reason for this, inasmuch as they have incurred no gashes on their bodies, upon the rocks, wherein the freshwater parasites could gain a foothold. Logically speaking it is the parasites that prove the undoing of the fish, not a set, immutable law on the part of Nature, making death the final outcome of reproduction and parenthood. This is what later-day investigations tend to prove. Revolutionizing processes of doing Nature one better are also under way. The government authorities have tried by a number of measures to help the fish in their spawning by stripping them of their eggs as they go upstream; and it is said that in the future a successful system will be formulated whereby the fish may be made to survive. Quinnet salmon are now successfully raised in many inland freshwater lakes, and in the eastern United States freshwater chinook salmon are an institution—large specimens are annually caught by the piscatorial element. The most notable of these successful attempts may be found in Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire, United States, where the Pacific chinook thrives well with absolutely no hint of degradation, or the decay that is peculiar to this fish at the close of the spawning season. It is also a noteworthy fact that the chinook salmon has been introduced into European streams and lakes with what may be said, eminent success. Time will prove whether or no the freshwater proposition, is fallacious and disastrous to the life of other fish, or if the salmon may not be weened away from its age-old habits of ascending streams to a more placid, conservative system of spawning in lakes. In Massachusetts, U. S. A. there has been a successful transplanting of Pacific salmon. Lake Quinsigamond furnished the first experimental try-out in that state. The lake is deep and exceptionally cold; food is plentifully supplied by the numerous and highly reproductive landlocked smelts. The outlet of the lake was carefully screened; and ten thousand six inch fish were planted there in 1912; twenty months later, in July 1914 anglers caught over six hundred salmon in that lake weighing from one to five pounds each. These successful results caused the Commissioners to stock five other lakes in

November 1914, and this year (1915), some 100,000 of the chinook salmon's eggs were hatched and planted. At first it was thought that the pickerel and perch of these lakes would wipe out the young salmon before they had attained a likely size, but strangely enough the best of results have been noted. George H. Graham, of the Mass. Fish Commission says regarding the work of transplanting these salmon:

"Since 1873 the Government has been experimenting with these fish, but not until they were introduced into Lake Sunapee was the work successful. Millions of them have been planted with very little success. It is possible that the many years of failure by the Government were due principally to two causes: *First*, the fish were planted in lakes and ponds that were not properly screened and, *second*, most of these fish were planted when very small. Year after year the results were the same and instead of going to the bottom of the trouble the same plan was carried out by the government. Small fish were planted in the lakes without screens and the fish allowed to run downstream, never to return. After these salmon were well established in Lake Sunapee the government made a faint attempt to study their habits when raised in fresh water but their efforts were never finished and they know very little to-day as to the habits of these beautiful fish when confined to fresh water. They do not know whether or not these fish will spawn, or whether they spawn in the fall or in the spring. It is known that in France (the salmon by the way have also been introduced to European waters) they have been kept in confinement for many generations and that they do reproduce. After going to the expense of getting them well established in Lake Sunapee it would seem that the government should endeavour to get all the information possible regarding them."

The proposition of stocking fresh water lakes with such salmon is surely a mighty big one, with a number of possibilities to its credit, the successful outcome of which promiscuous transplantings should give more sport to the fishermen yearly than has hitherto been realized.

In the next number I shall consider the quinnet salmon in its spawning run up the rivers explaining his rise and decline; and will also, in this article, take up the Pacific salmon as a fishing proposition.



FLY TYING FOR THE TYRO

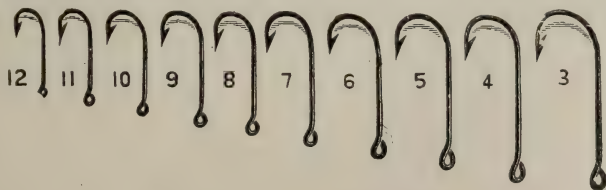
Robert Page Lincoln

FLY tying, as considered from the viewpoint of the trout fisherman is distinctly an art. To tie a fly so that it looks like a fly and not like the personification of a blunder, with scarecrow curleycues fluttering around in all sorts of amateurish designs, is something that entails labour and a great deal of study on the part of the persevering angler. It has often been remarked that the trout fisherman most successful on the stream is he who, finding that a trout is taking a certain fly falling to water, and not being able to imitate it with an artificial imitation, wades ashore and ties a fly upon a hook, suitable to his needs, and as like the live fly as possible—and uses it; the creel will tell the rest. This may be quite true, and yet men who do this are in the minority and deserve more than passing mention. Yet there is nothing impossible about it. There comes a time in the fishing days of every true and tried angler, and the trout specialist in particular, when it will be discovered that the timely addition of a bit of tinsel, or feather to a hook will work wonders, and by such little additions, many a living fly—food of the fish—may be imitated. Fly tying, it should be remembered, need not be absolutely and elaborately perfect. Finish is not brought about instantly, unless one be the proverbial genius, and alas! they are few and far between, but it is by degrees only that success in fly tying culminates in the more complete and natural-appearing production. With ordinarily patient care however, good flies can be tied, and they will prove of worth; it is not out of place to say that practically anyone with a love for it, and sufficiently endowed with perseverance can tie his own flies. Good trout flies cost considerable money; at one dollar and one dollar and a half a dozen you are getting specimens that are worth using on the hook. These flies are well tied and tied by men who know what they are going to be used for. Cheap flies are, as I have often said, an abomination. If the average trout fisher who yearly buys his flies will take stock of his numerous specimens and estimate the expenditure accruing he will discover that much money has been paid out. By tying his own flies he will be money ahead, and will have at the same time a deeper and more practical working knowledge of his favorite pastime.

It must be said in the beginning that in articles of this sort, you will not gain the same degree of complete information that

you will out of books written especially on this subject, and which treat it in all of its phases. The man who desires more complete information should procure various books and read up, on the subject. There are several that may be recommended, as for instance Frederick Halford's treatise in his book, "Dry Fly Entomology", and Leonard West's "Natural Trout Fly and Its Imitations". There is also Shipley's, "Artificial Flies and How to Tie Them." Another book on the same subject is McClellan's "How to Tie Flies for Trout and Grayling,"—and in William C. Harriss' volume "Salmon and Trout," you will find a good deal of finished material that will aid you in this rather difficult performance. The chapters on fly tying therein are handled with admirable skill by no less an authority than the late John Harrington Keene. By the procuring of any one of these volumes your progress will be much greater than if you went about it with lack of information. Fly tying demands some little knowledge of the pastime of trout-ing, and certainly to become a finished fly tyer one must have more or less of a broad knowledge of the entomology of the streams, and the streams he intends to fish in particular. Every thorough angler finds in time that by a comprehensive inventiveness, non-descript flies, or flies tied away from the standard regulation will often prove winners where the old-timers may fail. It is in these little journeys into the realm of the new that much interest is created. It adds, in fact, impetus to a fascination that may in time become a trifle monotonous. These nondescript flies may be tied out of anything that you have on hand when fishing the stream. If you are prepared for just this sort of an occurrence, *i. e.*, the utter inability to create an interest among the fishes with your all-around standard flies—then the addition of a bit of material, a white bit of feather for instance—will serve to interest the fish where otherwise they would fail in fascinating power. Theodore Gordon, an angling writer, lately deceased, tells how by persistent shaping of new flies, tied after nature success may be attained. Says Gordon:

"During an entire season and one month after another, I was trying to make flies that would be really of value for the region I had intentions of fishing. The only man who had faith, besides myself, in this, was a professional duck hunter, always on or near the

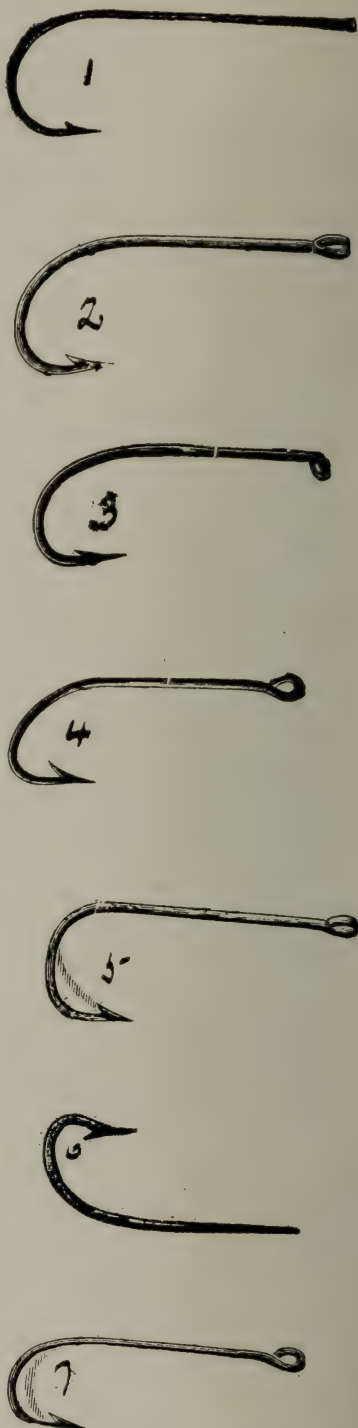


EXACT TROUT HOOK SIZES

water. I worked away at odd times and tried the flies with poor success, until at last one morning he entered my office in triumph. 'You have got it now,' he said; 'they will take this every time.' In his hand was the fly, dressed to a number six sproat hook. At once we arranged for a thorough trial upon the first holiday. Of course this refers to fishing for black bass and not salmon and trout. Meanwhile I tried quite a bunch of the flies, but knowing that red had always been considered a good color for bass, I made a number of the flies with red bodies, although identical in other respects. We made up a party of six and voyaged to waters said to be well supplied with bass. It was a rarely beautiful day, but for a time things were a bit slow, although I took a few fish. Then the bass began to feed and the sport became very exciting. We fished together and the fish rose at every cast. They took the new fly exclusively. The redbodied flies on the same casts were entirely neglected by the bass, but a few perch rose at them. We quit fishing after killing 118 fish, 85 of which were fine bass. On the way to the boat we followed the banks of a wide canal, through which the dark, clear water was flowing rapidly. At intervals a good one would be seen to strike at something, the heavy loads of fish would be put down and I would cast to the bass. I think I took every one we saw. But all refused the fly with red body and not one bass was taken upon it."

What Gordon was striving to point out here was that first and last of all, insects found on the stream should be diligently copied to obtain the best results. Fly tyers should take a lesson from this at the very outset. Subdued coloration should have the field rather than gaudy, unlikelike colors that are foreign to insect coloration, believing, as most of us do, that trout are not color-blind—that is to say, unable to tell colors; that in reality trout can tell the difference in colors and their lives are governed accordingly. The lesson taught from this is that subdued colors in artificial flies are best to follow, and that, even in making nondescript flies the value of subdued colored materials cannot be over-estimated. James A. Henshall holds that "fishes see and hear as well in and through the medium of the water, for all practical purposes, as the angler does through the medium of the atmosphere; the clearer and more rarified the medium, the clearer and greater the range of vision in both instances,"—and asserts further that "it is often the case that those anglers who are most strenuous in their theory that fish are near-sighted, stultify themselves by carrying a large and most varied assortment of artificial flies, of all shapes and colors in order to meet the fastidious tastes of the fish, that often refuse one pattern or color and rise eagerly to another, which could not be the fact were they near-sighted, as they believe. We can surmise that fish are not color-blind, otherwise there would be no reason for the beautiful colors that many male fishes assume during the breeding season. Fishes are possessed of keen vision and possibly have the faculty of distinguishing colors in a fly, even

when on a fretted surface, where to our eyes they are very indistinct, and where even the form cannot be well defined."



1. Aberdeen: 2. Sproat: 3. Pennell: 4. Limerick: 5, Sneck: 6. O'Shaugnessy: 7. Kirby.

That flies can be very simply and adequately made goes without the saying; and often the most common of material can be utilized. For instance in the hair fly we have a specimen that is readily made by the amateur and which is held by some to be better than the feathered fly. In the hair fly the material is taken from the squirrel, gray fox, or racoon. By far the easiest procurable material is from the squirrel, and the use of this hair brings success and a tasty looking fly. Bass flies are easily tied with squirrel hair; and can be made in many and varied designs that are all pleasing and prove killers both in fishing for the large mouth and the small mouth. The flies of this order may be tied to either eyed hooks or to the bare hooks (meaning the bare shanks), and when the body is tied in the gut for the snell is added readily enough just as in other fly manufacture. The shank of the hook is heated and is then pressed upon cobbler's wax, which gives something to wind the body on without its slipping. The first or foundation body of the fly may be ordinary silk, and should not be built too high—and should lie well. Over this is wrapped the selected floss silk to make the body becoming, and more or less perfect. The ends of the floss are well tied down and the work made smooth. The outer hairs, the long guard hairs of the tail of the grey squirrel are now applied to the hook shank and are tied in, usually one section at a time so that the whole hook shank is surrounded, the silken body showing partly through. Silk thread is then tied well, and stoutly around the ends of the hair at the ends, so as to leave clean work. These threads are then painted with shellac, or varnish, so as to give compactness. This, briefly speaking, is in main the construction of the common artificial hair fly,

which, at times has been found far and away better than the feathered fly. I can name numerous instances where I have had success with this where all other large flies of brilliant design, and of standard pattern, have proven worthless, and having paid a good price for them, have yet found them coming apart, the long feathers breaking, after which deterioration in the rest of the fly sets in. Because of the fact that it is attractive and of subdued coloring in its natural form, and because the hairs of it wriggle, giving it apparent animation and lifelikeness, and because it is strongly made, this fly will often outlast the best of the feather purchased flies of standard make. It is money in your pocket; and it may be so skillfully elaborated upon that it can to an even greater extent be made a killer. Also the hairs may be dyed to suit the taste; and the fly may be tagged off with two or three thin, taillike sweepers, or a bit of feather which will make it still more attractive.

For the benefit of those who desire to follow these articles and tie flies, if such information can be gained from them, perhaps it would be a very good idea to mention something about hooks for trout. The majority of articles on the subject are incomplete; and I have not read an article yet showing pictures of the various styles of hooks. A glance at the illustrations accompanying this will make plain the different styles of trout hooks, in a larger size, which will serve to show the shape more clearly. Of these the Sneek hook is by far the better known, and many manufacturers tie flies to them almost entirely, especially of the smaller flies. The Sneek with its distinct bend serves to give more of a hold on the fish when hooked. The Sproat hook is also well known, its neck

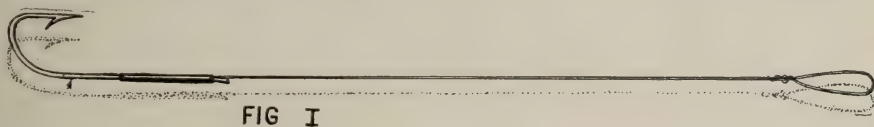


FIG I

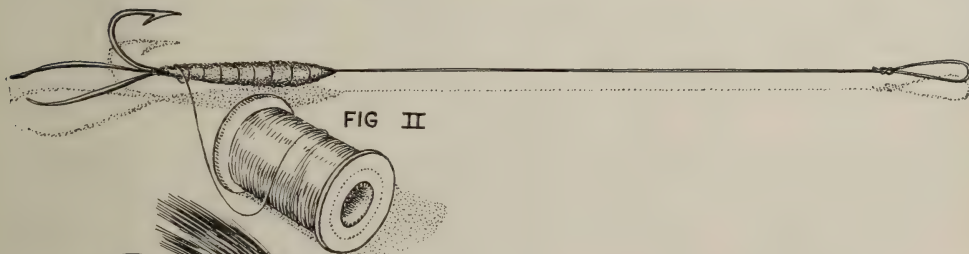


FIG II

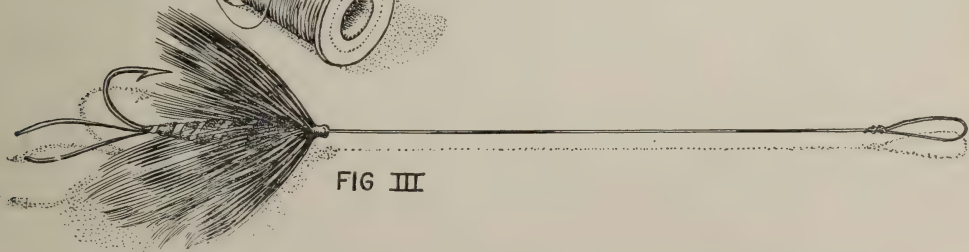
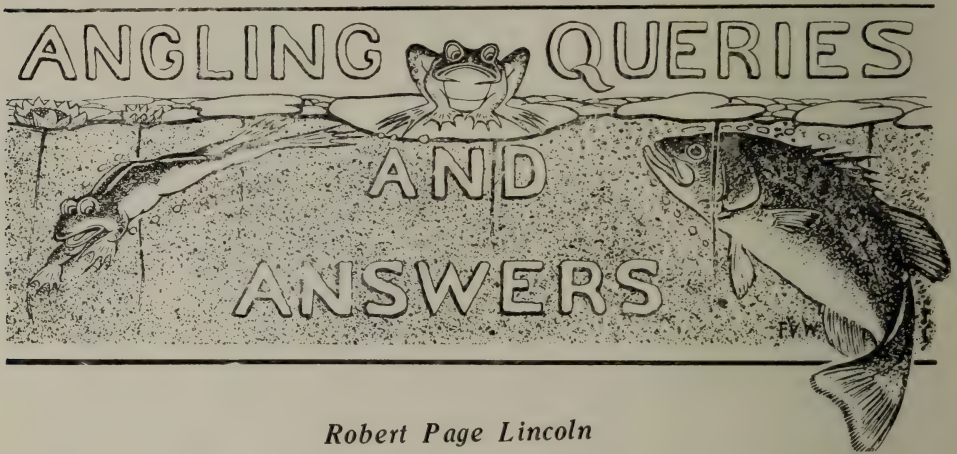


FIG III

1. GUT SNELL LAID ON HOOK SHANK AND WRAPPED WELL WITH WAXED THREAD
2. BODY BUILT UP: THREAD FOUNDATION, FLOSS COVERED, WITH TWO STRANDS OF IBIS FOR TAIL WORKED IN
3. FINISHED FLY: BODY RIBBED WITH GOLD TINSEL AND HAIR ADDED, WELL AND SECURELY BOUND AT THE HEAD

bend being singularly pronounced. Another highly recommended hook is the O' Shaughnessy, its neck bend also being pronounced. The pronounced bend in a hook has its virtues as you will find out, or have found out, therefore make your selections accordingly. These hooks should not cost too much. The best hollow point Sneek, ringed or tapered per hundred will cost not over forty-five cents. I refer of course to hooks in trout sizes; the larger the hook naturally the better the price; your bass size hooks, on which to tie your flies will cost anywhere from fifty to eighty cents. I refer here to size number 1, 1-0, or 2-0, this price standing for one hundred hooks as mentioned. In an illustration accompanying this script will be found one showing the exact size of the trout hooks, from number 3 to 12. By far the most common sizes in use, universally are the eights, tens and twelves. For all around use these are recommended. Rarely should you go below number six. In the still smaller sizes we have the midge flies tied to number fourteen

and sixteen hooks, and that these have proven effective is well known. There are times when the smaller insects on a brook seem most conclusively risen for, and which, imitated by the artificials, have proven more than average killers. Now in the matter of the gut snell, if this is desired. This snell which is tied in, should be of a grade of gut that is not too heavy. I would suggest that light gut be used, and it is always a rule to have the snells and the leader of the same coloration. The mist-colored type of leader is the one most in use, and that is here suggested. Were my opinion asked as to whether the flies should be eyed or snelled, I would say snelled of course, therefore you will purchase your trout hooks bare, or tapered, and without the rings, or eyes. In the winding on of your body upon the shank of the hook the use of the wax, the cobbler's wax upon same makes a hard surface and the body will not slip. Naturally the tapered or eye-less hooks, with the snells are the ones to use.



Robert Page Lincoln

No. 42.—I have tried in a number of places to gain information on how to make luminous paint to put on minnows to make them glow in the dark, or to use in night fishing for bass and other fish, but have been unable to gain any light on the subject. Perhaps you can help me out. I would be very thankful to you for such information.

Sincerely yours,
George Silliman, Manitoba.

Ans.—It is entirely by chance that I am able to help you out in this. I happened to read in Hunter-Trader-Trapper, an answer to such a question coincident with the receipt of your request. Accordingly I am able to give you directions for the making of these paints in four colors:

Orange—46 parts of varnish, mix with 17.5 parts of prepared barium sulphate; one part prepared Indian yellow, one and five tenths parts prepared madder lake, and thirty eight parts of luminous calcium sulphide.

Green—48 parts of varnish, ten and two tenths parts of prepared barium sulphate; 8 parts of green chromic oxide, and thirty four parts of luminous calcium sulphide.

Blue—42 parts of varnish; ten and two tenths parts of prepared barium sulphate; six and four tenths ultramarine blue; five and four tenths parts of cobalt blue; and four parts of luminous calcium sulphide.

White—Take silica and whiting; mix with enough varnish and a generous amount of luminous calcium sulphide.

The above mixtures should prove beneficial in painting baits and should be tried out by many for the reason that night fishing with phosphorescent baits is so productive of results. A notable thing also, now that it is winter time, is the fact that while fishing through the ice at night the presence of a luminous bait in the water calls the fish from great distances as they are attracted by its ghostly glow. I would suggest that the baits be given liberal coatings of the above

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Nobby Tread Chain Tread Plain Tread



solutions, and that they be held to the light a time before used in the dark, so that they will glow well.

No. 43.—If you could help me out in this little problem I would be greatly indebted to you. It concerns the construction of a trout pond upon my property. Part of my ground is always wet; undoubtedly it has springs in it. I would have to do some digging, but if it could be done I would not mind the trouble nor the expense as I am an ardent lover of the speckled trout; the lakes and brooks, I may add are too far away from here; and thus the creating of a trout pond would be a mighty interesting, and perhaps profitable proposition.

Yours truly,
Paul R. Krasel, Melbourne, P. Q.

Ans.—The creation of a trout pond upon your land, if it has springs in it, should certainly be a practical thing. A good spring is a necessity, or if a spring is not to be had then a good cold and fast flowing stream, that is not given to frequent and spasmodic flooding must be utilized to create a thoroughly practical and successful trout pond. One of the requirements in the construction of the trout pond is that it must be situated where the ground slopes, or so that the water can readily be carried off. A place where a natural flowage is hindered by too level ground, which causes the water to stand and not flow readily away makes trout rearing a useless waste of time. If your land has not the proper slope you would have great difficulty in carrying through this proposition. If you cannot turn a brook or stream into service to supply you with water, then the spring must be of sufficient volume to take the place of the brook. A good smooth-flowing unexcitable brook, running through a pond makes ideal conditions though it must be remembered that trout desire cold water; it is a well known fact that trout are easier hatched in spring water than in any other. However, the stream water is decidedly better taken all in all, for at the time when the trout are growing, in the fingerling stage, the greater warmth in the water is vastly beneficial; also it is well known that such water is better aerated than the cold spring water even though it has a good volume of water to its credit; another thing, stream water contains more life for the trout to feed upon. It may here be said that if your land has not the required slope, the pond may be built on the top of the ground and a slopeage made to order. But the natural slopeage is most desirable. In the case of swamps, I may say that I have noted thousands of them where trout ponds might, with a little labour (that will be well paid for) be created, and yet because the owner of the ground has not the ambition, the inclination or the time to spare, nothing has been done. The swamp must of course be cleaned out and if the bottom is sandy or gravelly, so much the better. The water must be clean and deep, as I have said, for trout. If the pond is shallow, sunfish, perch and the two varieties of bass may be raised with comparative ease. A

dam, if this pond is to be made rough, should be created out of earth, to raise the water. It is unnecessary for a trout pond to be acres in extent. Often the trout pools are very small, yet successful. Of course it is taken for granted that you are going to put the trout or the fish in when they have reached the stage of fingerlings, such as can be procured from the Federal hatcheries. In a case where you let your trout do their own spawning, and incubating, a different system must be followed, and special troughs must be made. I shall in an article in one of the spring numbers go into this thoroughly, so that for the next spring and summer a number of the readers may follow it up and construct their own ponds, which will give pleasure untold. That the raising of fish is a profitable enterprise, is well known. I am reproducing two photos of trout ponds, which will show how small they can be, also you will note the slopeage here, and also how these pools are shaded. These photos are taken from Me-chans book on trout culture, which I mentioned in the queries and answers for August, and which is a book that many should procure. It costs but a dollar. The sides of the ponds should be boarded up, rather than left natural, with banks. These cave in in the spring; and will harbour many animals and water creatures that prey upon the trout especially in their early stages of development. For the sides, boards of one inch thickness will suffice; they should be mailed to uprights composed of two by fours. It is a good idea to tar the boards before they are put down; the tar, however should be dried well on the boards. The suggestion is here made that a side of boards, nailed to the uprights, may be constructed



TWO SMALL TROUT PONDS



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on top of the ground and then sunken along the side and driven down to suit your fancy. Shade is another thing that is necessary, and a glimpse at the two photos will show how simply, yet adequately this can be provided for.

Before closing this general answer to our correspondent's query, some remarks may be made upon the size and depth of the ponds. Meehan remarks as follows:

"The size and depth of the ponds, considered as factors of note, must depend mainly on the water supply and upon the purposes for which each pond is intended. I prefer ponds of moderate size, and believe for mature fish, the deeper they are the better, so long as they are not too deep for handling. Those for advanced fry and fingerlings should be shallower; an ideal pond for advanced fry might be, say, twenty-five feet long, about six feet wide and of a depth to allow from eighteen inches to two feet of water. A pond for yearlings and two-year-olds may be about forty to fifty feet long, fourteen wide and about three feet in depth. One for older fish might be from fifty to one hundred feet long, from fifteen to twenty feet wide, and about four feet deep, excepting in some cases. Where it is not desired to raise trout beyond the age of two years, the largest pond mentioned would be used for the oldest fish, and the second size for fish from six to eight months to one year old. Where the trout breeding establishment is for commercial purposes exclusively it is well to have one or more ponds, half an acre or so in extent, sloping to a depth of eight to ten feet at the lower end. Such a pond will hold an almost incredible number of fish and requires less attention than a smaller pond."

The editor will later on go more deeply and thoroughly into the proposition of rearing trout and other fish, hoping thus to produce a work that will be of great usefulness to the readers. As yet fish culture is a thing so little understood that very few have taken it up. Hundreds, nay, thousands of farmers and country gentlemen of money and leisure could profit and gain pleasure by the addition of a trout pond to their lands, thus making use of worthless swamps that are now nothing but a detriment.

R. P. L.

No. 44.—I have recently noted in an American sporting magazine information which tends to prove that the steelhead trout and the rainbow trout are identical—that they are one and the same fish. The state game warden of Oregon, U. S. A. is quoted as saying: "I would call the rainbow trout and the steelhead trout practically the same fish. Scientifically they are considered identical. The steelhead is called such because it goes to salt water for a while, while the typical

rainbow is accustomed to stay in fresh water. However, in many cases no one can tell by an examination of the two, side by side, which is the steelhead and which is the rainbow. Of course it is easy enough to distinguish what we call steelheads when they come in the mouth of the Columbia during the winter time. On the other hand, when the fish are caught in the Rogue River during the summertime I think the steelhead and the rainbow trout identical." The above is puzzling to me, and is no doubt to many others, for I have always thought that they were widely different. Even the scientists hold the same opinion if I do not mistake. I should like to know what you have to say on this matter, which should furnish substance for a little discussion to warm things up.

W. C. Hazelton, Nelson, B. C.

Ans.—Steelhead trout and rainbow trout have always been considered as different, and when W. C. Finley, State Game Warden of Oregon makes this assertion he takes a great deal for granted. He says for instance, "Scientifically they are considered identical." And yet is this true. When we say "scientifically," as connected with fishes, we have to go to the foremost authorities on that especial subject. The leading lights in America are certainly David Starr Jordan and Barton Warren Everman. Yet do these accurate men "consider" these two fish "identical". Let us see. Says Jordan: "Although it is not usually an anadromous species, the rainbow trout frequently moves about in the rivers, and it often enters the sea, large sea-run specimens being often mistaken for steelheads." That certainly is plain enough. Then in speaking of the steelhead these authors, in collaboration say: "It is thought by some anglers that the young fish hatched in the brooks from eggs of the steelhead remain in mountain streams from six to thirty-six months, going down to the sea with the high waters of spring, after which they return to spawn as typical steelhead trout. This view is unfounded. In my experience the rainbow and the steelhead are *always distinguishable*: the steelhead abounds where the rainbow trout is unknown; the scales in the steelhead are always smaller, (about 150), than in typical rainbow trout; finally, the small size of the head in the steelhead is *always distinctive*."

As far as I am concerned I cannot but think that they are different; and it does not need very close inspection to tell the difference. The larger head of the rainbow, as against the considerably smaller head of the steelhead trout will serve to distinguish one from the other.

We should like to know what our readers have to say on this interesting problem.

R. P. L.





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An article wherein the author gives some interesting accounts with arms of an earlier day, and pronounces his verdict on some “deer rifle” theories

Natty Clark

THE writer belongs to that crowd of sportsmen now becoming very scarce—who have known the Kentucky rifle in its palmiest days and have used the Burnside and Ballard when these rifles of frontier fame were in their zenith of popularity. I have hunted in the Dakotas when the red man was still a prominent factor with which to contend and with my powder and ball.44 revolver I have, on more than one occasion emerged from a free fight with a Rocky Mountain grizzly with my life; but as a result of these several encounters bearing scars which will attend me to the grave. For the West in those days was the sifting ground of humanity and he who came off on top was accounted a man and the plainsmen of my youth were generally silent taciturn men who gave not unsolicited advice nor in turn sought counsel. The true plainsman was grave and serious. He took life seriously and if at times he threw off the mask of taciturnity and let wild exuberant spirits get the upper hand when celebrating “in town” who will blame him? He was a fitting type of the age in which he lived. To-day he is but a memory.

The writer started out however not to dis-curse upon a generation now forever obliterated but to give, as the title of this article would indicate, an account of what appeals to him after a half century of practical experience with rifles of all types from the cap and ball squirrel rifle of Kentucky fame to the muzzle-loading carbine of Christian

Sharp's as a deer rifle. As has been stated many times in this good magazine, the decrease in our wild game is a fact worthy of attention on the part of all true sportsmen but on the other hand I cannot agree with those writers who hold the belief that all things taken into consideration the diminishing of our big game necessitates a corresponding improvement in our big game rifles. On the other hand I am of the firm opinion that for such game as deer any of the high power rifles on the market to-day will account for our red-furred brethren of the silent places and in making this statement I am considering only rifles of the so-called ‘30-30 class.’ Rifles of the 3,000 ft. secs. velocity type have in reality a greatly undesirable excess of power and the meat-spoiling properties of these rifles is another matter greatly to be deplored. A deer this hunting season presents the same appearance, will be found practically under the same surroundings, will usually be located at the same ranges and possesses the same amount of vitality and the same amount of susceptibility to succumb to a leaden messenger of death as the deer of the '65 season. Under these circumstances and after realizing that the hunters of fifty years ago killed more than their share of game with rifles, the average of which possessed greatly less power than most of our modern Winchester, Marlin, Savage and Remington repeaters, why should we of 1915 raise our voices to the heavens and cry for “more

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power," "the ideal deer rifle," "the anchoring bullet," etc., etc., etc.?

One contributor and one only out of all this magazine's splendid line of writers, drew attention to the fact that once a deer having been located in our modern hunting season the relation between the game and the hunter *bears exactly the same relation as it did fifty or more years ago*. I personally killed my first deer with a rifle possessing but slightly greater power and of identically the same caliber as a modern .25-20 single shot Winchester or Stevens and the deer did not run two hundred paces at that rate but staggered four or five yards and dropped.

At the time the Colt's Lightning .44 repeating rifle had just made its debut upon the market I hid myself out one morning in the fresh Dakota dawn and after covering about twenty miles on "Surry," my wiry little bronch, I ran plump into a band of about five hundred buffalo feeding in a deep, sloping gully about fifty yards distant. I being in the fettle of youth and more desirous of experimenting with the killing power of my new Colt's than in actual want of meat for my camp, opened fire the best I knew, not promiscuously into the mass but on the animals apart from the main herd. I fired a quick volley of six shots without a halt and as the herd rolled away, went down on my pony to examine the havoc wrought with my new rifle. I had pulled on six different animals and I found to my surprise this number of "anchored" bison, three bulls and the same number of cows. The cows were stone dead and the two bulls were out of pain but the third of the latter though wounded, made for me at vicious gait, undoubtedly meaning to do for me once and for all. My gun was empty and I had no time to reload so pulling out my .44 revolver I held my terrified pony at a standstill as best I could and waited the onslaught of the wounded buffalo. When he was thirty feet away from me I fired twice at him and he turned slightly thus giving me the opening I had desired. I fired at his right foreshoulder and he dropped at the roar of the pistol and died on the spot. I could not then look into the future and know in advance as to the improvements to be made in rifles and ammunition but certain it is that if I had been capable of pulling apart the curtain and looking into the years which were yet to come I would have laughed at the claims of certain hunters who claim that rifles possessing five times the power of my powder and ball Colt were not adequate to deal with a deer—an animal requiring much less killing power than an American "Buffalo". But in those days the .30-30 was yet undreamed of and we killed our big game with rifles which smoked acridly at the report and which fired bullets that were sometimes half an ounce in weight and kicked violently. The .44-40 cartridge enjoyed a popularity perhaps second to none and fired in the various rifles of my days such as the Winchester of early model and the Colt's repeating rifle they killed unlimited quantities of the biggest game. Moreover when the Colt Company placed their well-known .44 single action revolver upon the market the advantage of using a

pistol and rifle adapted to the same ammunition became apparent and so by a kind of invisible co-operation the Colt and Winchester Companies boomed the sales of their respective products.

The .44-40 cartridge even when fired from the Colt revolver was a deadly weapon, (this may as well read in the present tense as the .44 Colt Single Action Army is still on the market) and has to my knowledge killed some of the largest species of American game. An old plainsman of my acquaintance, but doubtless now dead, these thirty years, had a reputation of "roping" and shooting grizzlies through the head. This was a very dangerous form of "sport" as may be well imagined and it speaks volumes for the coolness and "sand" of my old friend.

On the lonely plains while watching the herds of horses or cattle, time often hung dismally on my hands and I would resort to shooting the little gophers as they sat at the door of their dug-outs with their fat alderman-like bodies glistening in the sun. I have shot these little pests through the head at ranges which I hesitate to set down here for fear of being entitled to a membership in the Annanias Club of Vivid Imaginationists—at the hands of the readers—personally I know the possibilities of a .44 six-shooter.

The marksmanship of the plainsmen of my acquaintance forty years or more ago was a revelation. They could perform freaks of marksmanship with a Ballard at two hundred yards which would keep many of our foremost modern critics stepping right lively to come within fifty per cent. of the score. Strangely enough all these men were never heard in print denouncing a certain make of rifle but put the possibilities of any gun strictly up to the capabilities and holding powers of the owner.

Deer is now about the only class of big game which is anywhere holding its own and showing any signs of marked increase. For this game there is not the slightest doubt but that nothing of more power than the .30-30 is indicated and there is also no use denying the fact that the number of rifles of this caliber hanging on the walls of hunters all through America is proof positive as to their adequacy for the purpose. Though the efforts of the high velocity cranks have been turned in the direction of still greater speed of bullet possibilities and there are indications that before long rifles will be regularly placed on the market developing velocities of around the 3,200 ft. sec., still I am in a position to know positively from data supplied by proprietors of the largest gun stores both in this country and the United States that at no date since the advent of the .30-30 has there been such an unflinching demand for repeating rifles of this caliber and this includes the .303 Savage, .32 Special, .25-35 and .33 W.C.F.

Of all the rifles the writer has used on deer I am inclined to strongly favor the .30-30 Marlin as being one of the most desirable for many reasons. Certain it is that in my hands this make of repeater has had a most enviable record and no wounded deer have ever got away from this combination. The fact that this rifle can be cleaned only from the muzzle



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is one of the greatest drawbacks to the arm but by dint of a muzzle protector be it of the home-made type or of the kind readily purchased from the large sporting goods stores, the wear on the muzzle is reduced to an absolute minimum and the accuracy life of the weapon drawn out to as long a stage as lies within power of the owner. To jam a steel cleaning rod down the muzzle of a fine Marlin without one of these little muzzle protectors shows a deplorable lack of horse sense on the part of the shooter and it is generally from men of this class that we hear reports as to the inaccuracy, general inefficiency and short-lived accuracy of many of our repeating rifles.

The choice of a rifle handling a cartridge of this class of course is purely a matter of personal taste. The rifle should have a round, not octagon barrel, the barrel should not have a regular buckhorn rear sight but preferably a Lyman or Marble peep and lastly should be of solid frame, not take-down type. Octagon barrels on high power rifles are always undesirable not only because of the fact that the sharp edges of the eight sharp corners are very easily burned and dented but the polish acquired by these corners is oftentimes a source of great annoyance to the shooter when he is firing in certain lights as the light glancing down the barrel is apt to radiate in a very uneven manner across the line of sight. This trouble is never encountered by users of high power guns fitted with round barrels. The ordinary rear sight of the buck-horn type is worthless for fine shooting and surely the deer rifle will be used on other game, for example woodchucks, and such small game during the closed season to keep the hand of the owner in trim? For such small marks as these the open sight is not to be recommended. For once-a-year use the hunter will find the buckhorn capable of as fine sighting as he himself is of holding for the simple reason that the firing nine or ten shots once a deer season never made a marksman and never will. While you are about it it is just as well to have a rifle without the rear sight slot since you are not going to use it for any purpose. Most American gun manufacturers can supply their guns on order with this feature, some cannot or at least will not. A slot in the middle of the barrel is not by any means a support to that bar of metal and at all times is but an

unnecessary evil. A Lyman or Marble peep on the tang is a great improvement and brings out all the accuracy of which any .30-30 is capable—about a four-inch group at 100 yards possibly better, possibly worse.

A take-down rifle is *not*, generally speaking as accurate as a solid frame gun notwithstanding the claims of certain of the American factories, who can supply rifles of the former type. Target shooters who know never use take-down rifles but use invariably solid frame arms. A deer rifle's accuracy while less exacting than that of a Schuetzen or military competition rifle should not vary its groups one to one and one-half inches from day to day and from week to week and this is just what certain take-down rifles will do. Therefore if at all possible obtain a rifle, the barrel of which is rigidly attached to the frame. In all justice, however, it may be said that one manufacturer of two models of sporting rifles offers the rifle in take-down model only. I have proved by tests that the "flip" or departure from the correct position at straight angles to the frame (lengthwise of course) of the barrel is so slight even if present at all that I can detect no variation in accuracy at any time owing no doubt to the fact that the ammunition adapted to these two models is not of a sufficiently strenuous nature to produce the vibration necessary to produce the cause of take-down inaccuracy—"flip" at the junction of the barrel and receiver.

Let us consider when next we fail to secure that antlered monarch with a .30-30 that Kit Carson killed hundreds of buffalo with a rifle barely three-quarters as powerful and when we stop to think that an American bison is an animal possessed of a far greater amount of vitality than any deer it gives us still greater food for reflection. A recent contributor to these pages made the statement with reference to increasing the effectiveness of our high power rifles—"The world moves and unless the unprogressive ones, etc., etc., etc." Yes, I say 'the world does move' but a deer of this hunting season possesses no more supernatural vitality than did deer of 1865. In other words the improvements in firearms may go on apace but the resistive powers of our wild game to bullets remain what they have been since Daniel Boone came on the scene with his Kentucky flint-lock.

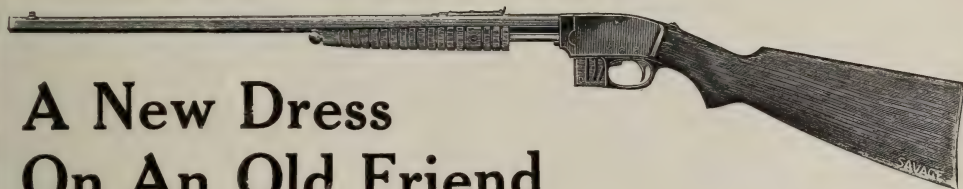
What is the Ideal Deer Rifle

Ashley B. Haines

BELIEVING that an article embodying a reply to the above oft-repeated question would be of interest to the readers of *Rod & Gun*, I shall try and give my opinion concerning this very interesting heading. I very much doubt, however that all the readers will agree with me on all the statements likely to be made and especially concerning the light-weight I am going to suggest for the ideal in deer rifles.

We have long rifles, and short rifles; big bore rifles and small bore rifles; high-velocity rifles and low-velocity rifles; heavyweight rifles and lightweight rifles, as well as featherweight (so-called) rifles, but as a matter of fact none that come strictly under the real featherweight class. And, as I see this matter, the ideal deer rifle will have to come under the featherweight type—and the real featherweight, be it understood, is yet to appear.

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Right here some one will ask "why?," the matter not being quite clear to them in view of the fact that several rifles are advertised as featherweights. But are they real featherweights? In my opinion, hardly. But first let us see if a featherweight rifle can be said to properly represent the ideal in deer rifles. Back in granddad's day, you know, they killed deer, and plenty of them, with the long, heavy, muzzle-loading rifles. But in those days, let us remember, deer were far more plentiful than in most sections at present, and it was not such a tiresome task to carry around a heavy rifle then when following the moowitch trail as at present, where, in many localities, the hunter may hunt with greatest care for days, or even weeks, without sighting a deer. Now to carry a heavy rifle for a day or so, or, often as was the case in the days when deer were more plentiful, for little more than a few hours, and carrying one for days at a stretch without sighting the game sought, are two widely different propositions. If game were as plentiful and as easily found, and as readily approached as in the old days, weight, range power, and a dozen other important matters inseparable from the ideal deer rifle, would have little bearing in the matter.

With the passing of the old heavy muzzle-loader, which many, no doubt, found the ideal deer rifle (just as many, perhaps, can select one from the many rifles of to-day that they will find ideal for deer hunting) came the single shot breech loader with the repeating rifle following closely behind. But from among all these, many of them excellent rifles as we will all readily admit, were there any of them that the majority would consider as the ideal deer rifle for present-day conditions? Hardly. There isn't a man living who admires the "old reliables," such as the single shot Sharps, Ballards, Remingtons (rolling block or Heppburn models) and the later Winchester single shot, which has outlived them all, more than I do. And I can say the same concerning many features to be found about the best of the black powder repeating rifles such as the '73 model Winchester (still being made), the Old Centennial Winchester, the '86 model, the '81 model Marlins, and several others. However well they may have served their owners in their day, comparatively few would be able to find one among them that he would call the ideal deer rifle for to-day. Why? (Before answering this question, the reader is requested to bear in mind that of the old rifles mentioned, I am not considering any of those that have been adapted to handle modern high-power smokeless ammunition). I think that if the matter were put to a vote, the majority would say that all of these, and other rifles of their day, were too heavy—or at least would be for deer hunting to-day.

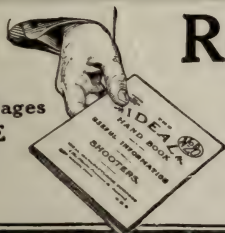
But, it may be argued, there are many rifles to be had using modern ammunition far lighter than any mentioned above, and from among these rifles surely one, at least, can be found that will be light enough to come within the specifications of the ideal deer rifle.

With the appearance of every new rifle,

nearly, we have noticed a reduction in weight, but not in a single instance has this reduction been as great as it could and I believe should have been. Take the old '73 model Winchester as an example using the .44-40 cartridge. The Colt people in producing their Lightning model rifle for this cartridge cut over two pounds off the '73 model and this Colt used a barrel two inches longer than that of the famous '73 model. Then the Marlin came along with their '88, '89 and later, '94 models for the same cartridge, and, I think, these lightweight Marlin and Colt rifles paved the way for a lighter Winchester in this caliber, notably the '92 model. While this reduction in weight, to be found in all the rifles mentioned over the heavier '73 model Winchester, was a move in the right direction, it was not accompanied by any undesirable results—the lighter guns shot just as accurately as the heavier one, while ninety-nine men out of a hundred without doubt preferred the lighter weight arms to the heavier. Among these men could be found many that considered some of these lightweight .44's the ideal deer rifle simply due to the light weight, symmetrical form and ease of manipulation. But, in my opinion, not one of the rifles mentioned represented the lightest weight possible in the .44 caliber, for the weight, and bulk as well, could have been materially reduced without in any way detracting from the good shooting qualities of the rifles under discussion.

But let's come down to rifles of the .30-30 class and see if we can find something among them that properly represents the ideal deer rifle. Probably seventy-five per cent. of deer hunters would agree that among rifles of the .30-30 class more of these rifles would be found in the hands of deer hunters than any others. Also that among these deer hunters, many would be also found who would care for nothing lighter than some of the lightweight Winchesters or Marlins, or the Savage (so-called) featherweights. Regardless of this, however, I firmly believe that the majority among these shooters would choose rifles of lighter weight shooting cartridges of the .30-30 class *provided* such arms were offered them. Remember that I am considering hunters who have hunted for years in various localities under varying conditions—men who know, from actual experience, exactly what it is to hunt day after day in deep snow, up and down, and along steep mountain sides—men who know what it means to cross deep, rocky canyons, work their way through thick brush, over wind-falls, along mountain sides slippery with ice—men who know from long experience, that under these conditions the lightest weight rifle, provided its good shooting qualities are not sacrificed thereby, will be none too light. And while I am not putting up rifles of the .30-30 class as representing the best that can be produced for deer shooting, at the same time I desire to impress this point firmly on the reader's mind; that such rifles are undoubtedly used more for such hunting; that more deer hunters find their ideal deer rifle among rifles of this class than among any other sizes, but also that rifles of the .30-30 class are not made in the

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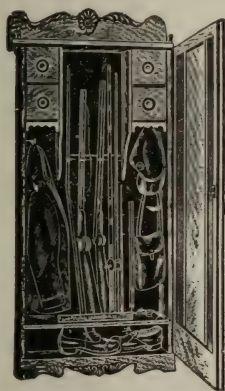
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real featherweight form and, if I am to write of the ideal deer rifle—the subject striking me as being very appropriate at this season for this department—as I see it, it will be to write of that which is not within reach but which well might be, and I sincerely trust may be, at no far distant date.

In this article I trust that I may express myself plainly without doing any manufacturer any injustice. There is not a rifle I have mentioned I have not at some time defended in many ways, or that I am not ready to champion in future, if attacked at all points and ridden over rough shod by the heartless critic; and yet to write of the ideal rifle as I see it plainly outlined in the not far distant future I am compelled to reiterate that from the many desirable rifles offered us, not one can be found to adequately represent the real featherweight which is simply due to the fact that none of them have been built on a featherweight foundation.

I wonder if the reader will agree with me when I say that when the real featherweight rifle appears, it will be made to handle a rimless cartridge? And yet I firmly believe that if we are ever to have the real featherweight rifle it will have to be made for such a cartridge, for to produce a real featherweight we will have to come down to splitting hairs. First a rimless cartridge of suitable dimensions; then we will be able to lay a foundation on which to make the real featherweight rifle to handle it.

As the ideal in deer rifles, when it is found, will, in my opinion, be found in the real featherweight, it will at once be apparent that for me to write of the ideal deer rifle as I see it will be to write of rifles of the lightest weight possible to handle a cartridge powerful enough for such game. And this rifle, though the lightest weight permissible, must not be so light as to give anything but the most accurate results. Now here is about what I think some enterprising manufacturer might well consider—in fact I think there is reason to believe that at least one manufacturer is now considering this matter—and that is the manufacture of a repeating rifle to handle a .25 caliber rimless cartridge, this cartridge to use a bullet of 100 grains in weight and to have a velocity of not less than 2500 f.s.—preferably 3000 f.s.—the bullet to be of the spitzer type, of course, but to be so constructed that it will hold together better than some after entering an animal which would insure better penetration without excessive mutilation though mushrooming sufficiently to give plenty of shocking power. The gun should be of the box-magazine type holding four or five cartridges. This type of magazine would permit of a thin receiver which would be preferred by the writer to a thicker one that necessarily exists when a cylindrical or double column magazine is used. And this magazine could, and I think should be of the detachable type like the Winchester self-loading rifles, while the gun should have pivoted at the proper place a finger lever to permit of rapid manipulation when desired. If we cannot have a real featherweight, however, in the lever action type, then let it be a bolt action though this

type should slow it down 50 per cent. But a featherweight first, last and all the time; and by featherweight I mean a rifle to weigh exactly five pounds and no more. This will seem like going to extremes to many, I am well aware, but before being too positive about this matter let us consider the subject a little further.

About the first thing some will say will be that such a lightweight rifle would have far too much recoil to be accurate. Now I am going to make a few statements that will be nothing more than close guessing but I am pretty sure that should the real featherweight ever appear, this guessing can be demonstrated a fact. Do you know of any rifles made more accurate than rifles using the .280 Ross or .30 Springfield cartridges? And all guns using either of these cartridges develop a pretty healthy recoil simply due to the fact that for cartridges of such power the rifles are comparatively light. But wait: Are these guns lighter in proportion to the power of cartridges used than would be in the case of the featherweight deer rifle we are considering when using the cartridge that has been suggested for it? In my opinion the featherweight would not develop as disagreeable recoil, considering weight, as would the rifles using the Ross or Springfield cartridges.

In producing a rimless cartridge of the smallest possible dimensions for our featherweight we will be enabled to use smaller parts for the mechanism as well as a smaller receiver. And this smaller receiver will enable us to use a less bulky butt-stock and forearm, the net result being a gun considerably lighter and less bulky than the lightest now within reach handling cartridges that could properly be used in our ideal deer rifle.

In any of the extra lightweights, or so-called featherweights, none of the guns properly represent the lightest weight possible, or desirable, simply due to the fact that the guns originally were designed for longer and heavier barrels; also for rimmed cartridges. By fitting with shorter and lighter barrels a lighter rifle was produced, but did all this result in a properly proportioned arm? Hardly. One could go into details concerning this matter, but it is really unnecessary as anyone can settle the matter for himself by merely reflecting a bit, after which he will agree that the real featherweight can never be produced by building on any existing foundation.

That a rifle of the .30 class weighing as little as 5½ pounds can be produced and give satisfactory results, I know for a certainty. Mr. Frank M. Woods, a writer on fire-arms topics, whose name has often appeared in the sportsmen's magazines, has reduced the weight of a .30-30 Winchester carbine to 5½ pounds. The gun has been in my possession for some time now, and while the gun is only in fair second-hand condition, and my experience with it has been limited to a few trials at the target and the killing of one deer, I am as positive as can be that one of these guns with barrel in first-class condition, worked down to this weight, could be made to show as good groups as the regular weight carbine. And to produce a real featherweight for the cartridge I have suggested, which would be but

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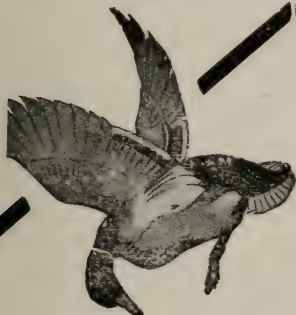
Winner Double Championship—Woolfolk Henderson, 86 x 50 pairs
Second in Double Championship—Guy V. Deering, 85 x 50 pairs
Third in Double Championship — — Allen Heil, 84 x 50 pairs

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one-half pound less, would place within our reach a dainty little rifle which many would adopt at once as the ideal deer rifle. By loading with reduced loads, it could easily be made the all-round rifle we hear so much about.

While neither Mr. Woods nor myself are satisfied to call this little .30-30 carbine a real featherweight, at the same time it is a strong hint of what might well be, and what we both think, should be. Let the manufacturer produce a five-pound featherweight to handle a cartridge such as has been suggested; let this gun prove as accurate as I firmly believe it would be and I think the question you have asked, "What is the Ideal Deer Rifle?" will have been answered. Once accustomed to shooting such a lightweight arm, the hunter would find deer hunting under the most difficult conditions a pleasure compared to former experiences where, at best, it was but heart-breaking work to worry along for many weary hours with a much heavier but in no way more effective rifle in pursuit of the elusive mowitch, the landing of which constitutes the best of all sports when same can be accomplished without undue exertion, which is inseparable from an unnecessarily heavy rifle.

Since writing the foregoing I notice that I have overlooked several important points, one of them being whether the suggested featherweight rifle shall, or shall not have a hammer. If it should be a lever action I should strongly urge that it be a hammer gun, but if it *must* be a bolt action then let it have a cocking piece same as the high-power Remington-Lee arranged to be carried with sear in a safety notch. This will be all the safety arrangement the majority of us would care for, I think. From the above the reader will understand that I do not fancy a hammerless gun. Perhaps this is due to long use of guns of the hammer type causing all others to seem lacking when devoid of the outside and always convenient hammer.

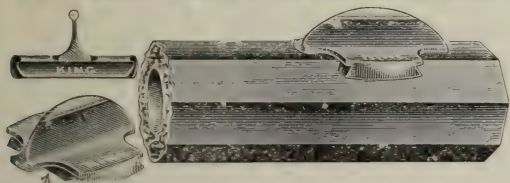
Thus far I have only considered a rifle that many of us would like to have, provided such an arm was procurable. Perhaps to answer the question embodied in the heading of this article the best deer rifle *that can now be had* should be considered. Possibly if one had never used but one or two different rifles for deer hunting, it would be an easier matter to dispose of this subject, but when one has used so many different makes, models and calibers,

and has found so many of these that were so satisfactory for deer shooting except the, to the writer, objectionable weight, the question becomes then one more difficult to handle. If we should ask of a dozen different hunters with experience, "What is the *best* Deer Rifle?" I fancy that we would have at least two dozen conflicting answers. My summing up of the matter will be something like this: (if answering the question to-morrow, however, the opinion then handed out might, and probably would, differ somewhat from the one here given—a crank will change his mind slightly on short notice, sometimes), the best deer rifle is the one the shooter has found from experience to have proven the most satisfactory under the most conditions under which he has hunted deer. I have always taken the position that in the hands of the average hunter, the .30-30, or some other caliber of approximately its power, will come nearer giving universal satisfaction as a deer rifle than any others. In many localities, where long shots will be the exception, I could get along for deer shooting, very well with a .38-40 or .44-40 '92 model Winchester, while if exiled in the wilderness, an '86 model Winchester carbine, either .45-70 or a .45-90 with the indispensable Ideal reloading tools, unlimited primers, a keg of Du Pont No. 1, a gunny sack full of lead, a hunk of tin, and an absolute certainty of all sportsmen's magazines being kept out of my reach, I would feel that I was fixed for any kind of game and in a fair way to follow the hunters' trail, contentment to the end.

Now for a few concluding remarks: If tying to *one* gun—no more and no less—for the ideal deer rifle for my personal use, and there was absolutely no prospect of the real featherweight some of us would have, if we could have our way in the matter, then I should have made to order an extra light 1894 model Winchester, .30-30 caliber, 22-inch round barrel, full magazine, carbine butt, open sights. With this gun in my hands I would have *the* gun for deer hunting, and with the reduced loads I should turn out with the indispensable Ideal tools, a gun that would also answer for the smaller game when in the mowitch districts. This gun is light, handy and powerful enough, as reliable as a repeater can be, and, as intimated above, would be the one gun now obtainable I could tie to and be satisfied with better than any other one gun now within reach.



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The .405 Winchester as a Big Game Arm, and some facts concerning others

"Reader"

PERHAPS no other sporting rifle of American manufacture has been used to so large an extent upon the big game of this continent as the Winchester repeating rifle of 1895 model and of .405 caliber. The .30 1906 government cartridge when adapted to either this model of sporting rifle or to the model 1903 New Springfield, rechambered for the more modern form of ammunition, has been used on big quadrupeds of this country in their wild state; but this latter caliber is in use more by those sportsmen who by reason of their blind craze for the tiny pointed missile jerked from a rifle at intensely high velocity and depending upon this high speed for the killing qualities of the bullet.

The 150-grain spitzer bullet used in the model '95 Winchester in the '06 cartridge has proven an absolute fraud so far as game-getting is concerned and though this ammunition has been praised times without number by hunters of supposedly world-wide experience as a sure killer for "anything that wears hair," etc., until many hunters, who had formerly found arms of more staid performance, perfectly satisfactory on game, were persuaded into parting with their big game rifles of proven merit and investing in one of these high-speed wonders, whose deeds in the hunting field have existed, to the best of the writer's knowledge at least, in print only. I venture to say that not one of ten hunters, using the modern full-jacketed spitzer bullets to-day can state honestly that they can rely upon this form of ammunition to surely, and without fail, bring home the bacon. When it comes to going after the harmless deer the ordinary user of the Crossman-endorsed pointed bullet, speeded up by huge charges of pyro, will venture into the woods in the open season and blaze away at his game, sometimes landing his venison—oftentimes not. In the case of the big game of America, however, the case has usually proved itself somewhat different to the writer's knowledge at least, and I have yet to see the experienced and seasoned hunter go after the huge grizzly of the Rockies with a gun chambered for the model 1906 ammunition using the light 150-gr. full jacketed bullet. It may be that the reason for this backwardness on the part of the above-mentioned "seasoned" hunter is on account of his insensibility to "progress" in ammunition or rather on account of his distrust of the diving-in-and-out military ammunition. We wonder.

Man, as he exists to-day, is perhaps the easiest killed in proportion to his growth of any living form of life and when we consider the fact that in modern warfare in which the only type of ammunition used is the sharp point jacketed bullet the number of

deaths resulting in proportion to the number of rifle shots fired is absurdly low, we can see just about where the modern "spitzer" bullet stands when used on heavier and more resistive-to-death forms of animal life. It is an absolute fact that a small deer is more tenacious of life than is a khaki-clad soldier, and when we have proof positive that in the recent fiasco in Mexico many of the Latins shot through the lungs actually smoked cigarettes five minutes after receiving the wound, while waiting for surgical attention and finally recovered in good shape, it should put claims as to the sure-killing qualities of modern *full jacketed* light pointed bullets (I am not touching the question of soft-nose bullets of the pointed type), even when driven at the highest possible velocities, forever on the shelf.

From my own somewhat lengthy experiences with ammunition of the high velocity type, using bullets of light weight pointed persuasion, I am convinced once and for all that the only claim to attention on the part of this style of ammunition is the inexplicable diving propensities of the bullet. As a clean sure explosive killer the light bullet is a fraud but at times the 150-gr. service .30 caliber spitzer by reason of its strange action—its turning and going-off-in-all-directions performance through the body of the game—has actually landed the bacon under circumstances similar to those in which soft-nose bullets failed. But the general performance of the spitzer full jacketed bullet with the writer has been disastrous, and I will never again trust my chances into the keeping of such treacherous ammunition and would much rather depend upon the killing effects of a .45-70-500 loaded with black powder even though the trajectory of this cartridge is fearfully high and the powder is of the "charcoal" type. My slogan from henceforth will run something after this fashion—"Better a one ounce slug at slow speed than a full jacketed lightweight with its high velocity and erratic performance." All of those who read these lines will not agree with me. Many will be the condemnations of this article and many times will my theories (?) be trampled in the dust and my experiences scorned as being unworthy of consideration.

I am firmly convinced that as things stand to-day the good old .30-40 with its 220-gr. bullet driven at an approximate velocity of 2,000 ft. secs. is much superior to the .30 '06 U.S. Govt. using the 150-gr. full jacketed spitzer provided, of course, the Krag bullet is of the soft-nosed type. I have killed game with the .30-40 at ranges which would be an eye-opener to many, though this cartridge is rapidly becoming a very obsolete proposition, owing to the fanaticism produced by the many crusades carried on by those high



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velocity artists who have an axe or maybe two or three axes to grind.

The high velocity rifle when loaded with soft-nose jacketed bullets has not proved satisfactory to the writer in the big game field for the simple reason that none of these bullets are of sufficient weight to give the desired shocking effect on some of the tougher species of American game, the heavier bullet the slower velocity and as yet no bullet weighing anywhere in the neighborhood of 300 grains has been loaded to give a velocity of 2,900 to 3,000 ft. secs. and if so loaded would produce a recoil which would make the arm almost unusable. I must needs stick to the nearest approach to what I consider the best big game *cartridge*, not necessarily *rifle*, now on the American market—the .405 Winchester.

This arm has drawbacks, it has quite a recoil, the rifle handling this cartridge is not laid down on beautiful lines, the box magazine makes the rifle very awkward to carry at "trail" and the method of breech-locking is undeniably at fault and I have had trouble times without number when using ammunition the shells of which had been fired in this gun, owing to the fact that the breech bolt has an undesirable amount of rearward play at the instant of explosion and as a result the shells are stretched sufficiently lengthwise to make the using of these same shells again in this arm a mighty hard proposition at times. Altogether, however, taking into consideration the big gun's sure killing power, it inflicts wounds on the biggest game which surely anchors them if they be struck anywhere fairly, the splendid sights with which this model can be equipped—my rifle has a Lyman receiver sight with wind gauge and a Sheard bead front—and the speed of fire of which the gun is capable I am willing right off the reel to take this rifle for hunting trips after the biggest and most dangerous of game.

This rifle is seen to its best advantage at ranges under 300 yards and it will anchor such game as moose with a certainty at this range usually found lacking in other arms of my acquaintance with the possible exception of the .280 Ross which is not however adapted to ammunition using soft-nose bullets and this article deals only with the action of bullets either full jacketed or soft point. The accuracy of the .405 is practically in the class of the .280—about five-inch groups at 100 yards—and using carefully hand-loaded ammunition the accuracy of the Winchester can be appreciably bettered. The heavy recoil of the .405 places this arm out of the strictly target rifle class and we must not lose sight of the fact that Roosevelt's lion gun is meant for something more strenuous than punching holes in paper targets or boring through the easiest killed of "animals"—man.

In the recent revolution down Mexico way I had the comparative killing effects of the .30-1906 and the .405 Winchester brought in a particular manner to my attention. Madero's troops had suffered a severe musketry fire all day from their dusky enemies and one poor young Mexican was brought in on a stretcher shot through the lungs with a .405. The whole chest cavity had been torn to shreds

and though the mangled flesh still held the spark of that we call life, still it was plain that his case was a hopeless one and indeed he died inside of a few minutes after being brought into his lines.

It appeared that the unfortunate young man had engaged in a rifle duel with an enemy soldier who was armed as we afterwards ascertained, with a .405 Winchester—much battered in outward form but still a .405 and possessing all the deadly power peculiar to this arm—and hidden behind a boulder 100 yards distant had opened fire upon Madero's youthful soldier who was armed with an American Springfield obtained from the Lord knows where. He of the .405 missed at the first shot and at the responsive "crack" of the American military rifle the owner of the .405 received a 150-gr. service spitzer square through the lungs. Replying, however, without delay he succeeded in catching his enemy through the chest with the result as told above. The man toting the .405 was captured, and after being brought into the enemies' lines and treated with all the rough surgery obtainable, ultimately recovered in fair shape though will doubtless carry a scarred lung all the remaining days of his natural life, that is if he is not finished off before by a Mauser.

Much has been said on the respective merits of big game rifles as regards their game getting merits but a rifle, which can send a bullet cleanly through the lungs of a man at a range of slightly over 100 yards without killing or doing other than for the present incapacitating the recipient of the light high velocity bullet can hardly be depended upon to regularly kill—not maim—the tough-grained big game of this continent all of which possess greater vitality and greater resistive powers than mere man, the latter type of animal life being a comparatively easily killed animal and is actually excelled in resistive powers and tenacity to life by the humblest of the small game—the woodchuck. Before a howl of disagreement arises from those of the readers who may not have made a point of looking into these things and therefore are not qualified to judge allow me to ask. Did you ever see a groundhog beat it across the field bearing in his chest cavity a 170-gr. .30-30 bullet, as has the writer, the said woodchuck running for thirty yards or more with this wound which would have laid a man down and out at the crack of the gun?

A moose, shot through the paunch, stumbled, ran for about three yards and dropped dead—this with the .405. A fellow sportsman hunting in the same neighborhood with that invention or misinvention of the Evil One—the .22 Hi-Power Savage—sighting a big antlered moose at a range of about 200 yards caught his game through the chest with the 70-gr. pointed soft-nose bullet. The moose, though carrying at least a severe surface wound, made off and though two more shots were sent from the "Imp" at his retreating form he was not secured on that trip. Next day, armed with a gun of more power—in this case a .30-30 Savage—we tracked the moose for about a mile and finally sighted him about 150 yards distant. My friend fired

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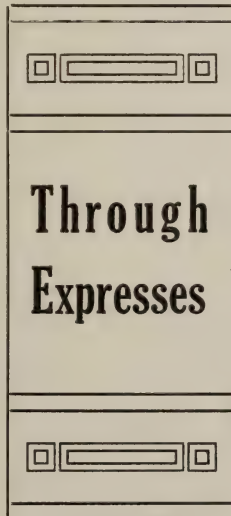
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and at the report the big fellow staggered a few steps, lifted his head and fell over. Investigation proved that the three-shot bombardment from the .22 Hi-Power in the hands of my friend the day before had produced a nastily messed-up surface wound in the moose's chest, but the lack of penetrative powers had prevented the immediate anchoring or killing of this tough-grained big game. I may add that my chum now hunts moose with a .303 Savage and depends upon the heavy bullet of this caliber to secure good penetration on the shoulders, chest or paunch of any such animals. He was duly urged by the author to pin his faith to a .405, but after a few trials my friend's shoulder uttered a convincing protest against the recoil and the .303 model 1899 is his future moose rifle. Certain it is that this latter rifle will be much superior to the .22 Hi-Power for such big game, notwithstanding the fact that the .405 would have been a better choice still.

I have used the .405 upon mountain sheep with excellent results and have killed all of those animals whose heads now mounted adorn my "den" walls at ranges well over two hundred yards and sometimes over gullies and canyons so that the distance could not be accurately gauged in order to adjust the

sights properly. Under all these circumstances the heavy-kicking rifle behaved with perfect uniformity and only in two instances out of the eleven sheep I have killed did one need more than one shot to do the business and I have seen these animals take five and six shots from a .30-30 and still not get knocked off their feet, this at a comparatively short range of about one hundred and fifty yards at which range the .30-30 is most deadly.

At ranges over three hundred yards the .405 Winchester loses its velocity rapidly and the powerful punch at the three-hundred yard mark is absent at the 500-yard range, owing to blunt form of bullet which retains its even speed of flight but indifferently.

All things taken into consideration, however, I will pin my faith to the powerful three-hundred yard striking energy of my .405 with its heavy soft nose-bullet rather than to any of the so-called "modern" cartridges loaded with light full jacketed bullets of the "spitzer" type. Experience is truly a teacher and I have learned from this source of information not to jump at all things found in print until such claims for certain guns and ammunition have been justified by events. How many of our 1915 class of guns are going to stand up under the test? We wonder.

Some Random Hints

H. G. Rigley

The Proper Length of Barrel for a Sporting Rifle

IT is sometimes well to remember that the days of Samuel Boone, Simon Kenton and Hawkins are over and to grasp the wholesome fact that while men of those days used and found perfectly satisfactory rifles with a length of barrel somewhere around 40 inches in length, we as having benefitted by the improvement in modern rifles and ammunition can gain all the accuracy, range and killing power from our rifles with barrels forty per cent. shorter than those of the ancient squirrel rifles.

It is strongly indicated that the barrel of a modern sporting rifle should be under no circumstances longer than twenty-six inches. Any additional length is only so much superfluous hardware which deadens the balance of the whole arm, increases the weight and in nowise makes the rifle capable of any greater accuracy for all practical purposes than an arm fitted with a barrel of same proportions. True the modern repeaters are somewhat muzzle light as they are placed on the market to-day but better this feature than a hunting rifle with a 30-inch heavy barrel weighing in the morning when starting out for the day's hunt something like seven and one-half pounds but weighing more like seventeen and one-half pounds when hungry and footsore we homeward ("campward" in this case) drag our weary way as the dusk deepens.

The 20-inch barrel of the .22 Hi-Power Savage brings out practically all the accuracy of which this cartridge is capable and it is doubtful whether the accuracy of this gun would be in any way benefitted by an increase in barrel length though of course the velocity would be raised approximately 25 ft. secs. for every additional inch of barrel up to the point where the limit of the cartridge's velocity is reached.

Sweaty Hands As A Means of Rusting Firearms

Did you ever notice after you have entered the shop of any of our large gun stores and have mauled over the racks of rifles, bringing down a .32 Special here and a .35 Winchester there and maybe lingering long over a .30 Remington-UMC autoloader that the obsequious sales clerk while always polite and obliging to the point of servility will usually receive the gun from your hands and before placing the same back on the racks will wipe over the entire outer surface of the arm with either a greasy rag or what is likely to be a piece of chamois saturated in good oil of the "Three-In-One" variety.

It can be taken as a solid fact that there is no surer means of rusting the outside surface of a fine rifle shotgun or revolver than by putting away said arms after they have been mauled by various hands without first giving the outer surface a thorough wiping with an



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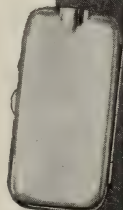
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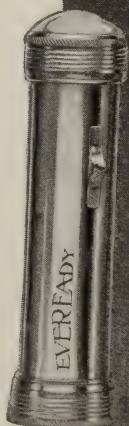
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oil-soaked piece of chaamois. This is the wrinkle of the dealer and it is worth adopting by all shooters who love not that reddish tinge peculiar to the frames and barrels of guns handled long and closely by owners who sport sweaty paws and dream not of wiping off the salty, minute and invisible coating of moisture invariably remaining on the gun wherever the hands have come in contact with the metal.

The above wheeze will preserve indefinitely the shiny blue factory polish of the finest rifles, revolvers or shotguns on barrel, frames cylinder or butt-plate.

The Rifle Butt Plate

Let us all joyfully assemble at a double funeral—the interment of the 40-inch barrel and of that relic of barbarism—the rifle butt-plate. Sharp cornered and with that horrible swallow curved shape it has caught us jabs in the shoulder and prodded us in divers places until we are sick to death of the contraption.

The proper butt-plate for a modern sporting rifle should be of the steel shotgun type and checked with a good deep checking which prevents the stock slipping from the shoulder and should preferably be equipped with a trap for the containing of a small phial of ammonia, a tiny bottle of sperm oil and a pull-through, also spare patches.

But no matter what ideas we may have as to checking trap-door etc. let us all unite and consign the sharp pointed rifle butt-plate to the scrap heap where it belongs with the Kentucky and Hawkins rifle upon which this form of adornment was first used.

The Important Subject of Sights

The fact that the stock American rifle as turned out for Mr. Common Shooter is equipped with a forked pronged rear sight and a hunk of metal of a golden hue for a front sight does not speak volumes for the good taste of the above-mentioned gentleman. The rear sight of this type has usually no adjustments

for windage and no micrometer adjustments at all for elevation, the ordinary step ladder freak method of raising the sight having been pronounced good enough by our American sporting rifle manufacturers for the use of the American and Canadian shooting public. This fact proves nothing except that the purchaser of a modern rifle has either to take sights of the standard variety and grub along as best he may or go to the trouble of convincing the wooden-headed hardware clerk that he requires something of a different nature. Such persuasion is usually productive of grave suspicion on the part of the said hardware staff from the boss who deals regularly in coal oil stoves and only sells perhaps five rifles in a twelve-month, down to the ten-year wielder of a broom in the shape of the errand boy who grins from ear to ear at the sight of such hard-to-pleaseness on the part of a would-be purchaser and plainly considers the hard to please one a fit subject for a mad-house. Plainly if we wish to get what we want in the line of sights it is best to apply either at the house of their manufacture or at some of the large houses in the cities who really sell guns and are sometimes open to conviction as to one's requirements.

The best combination possibly to be obtained in the line of sights for any of our modern sporting rifles is a small sized gold, ivory or silver front sight used in connection with either a Lyman or Marble tang or receiver peep sight, the Lyman people making only sights adapted for use on the receiver of rifles and with a wind gauge arrangement.

Let us also dance at the funeral rites of the ordinary set of sights equipped on our stock rifles—Rocky Mountain front and sporting rear—and let us turn our faces towards something a little better.

Let us also dance at the funeral rites of the ordinary set of sights with which our stock rifles are equipped—Rocky Mountain front and sporting rear—and let us turn our faces towards something a little better in this age of progress.

The author of "Another Back Number" again breaks into print

A. D. F.

IN a recent issue of this magazine the writer was criticised by a contributor for being in error as to some ballistic figures relative to the .44-40 and .30-30—I have been cleared by the editor of the department of mentioning a ".40-40" rifle, so that part of the program can be laid away. With reference to the ballistic figures, however, my gentle critic is correct. In the rush and hurry of writing the short contribution I must have played pranks with figures in the Winchester people's table of ballistics and I herewith

stand corrected, acknowledge the fault and will take more care possibly in future.

As to the popularity of the .44-40 which came to us about 1873 and has long since outlived its usefulness I have no bone to pick with those hunters who prefer the .44 W.C.F. for modern hunting requirements in preference to many of the high power rifles on the market to-day. If they can bring home the deer with these ancient arms all the more to their credit but at the same time I cannot help admiring the conservative principles

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rather than the good common sense of these sportsmen who are insensible to progress and who at a time when improvements have been made both in guns and in ammunition shut their eyes to all reason and prefer to be guided by sentiment and the rule that "what answered the purposes of grandpap ought to be good enough for me." That the users of such rifles as the .44-40 are in this class stands without question.

As to the .30-30. As a strictly deer rifle up to 100 yards it will be found fairly satisfactory and at any rate is undeserving of the calumny which has been heaped upon it in these columns as well as in other publications of a similar nature. It is not a suitable big game rifle, we all know this but those who own arms only of this caliber won't accept the truth and will continue to use the rifle on the biggest game with usually disappointment, whereas if they had limited the game upon which the .30-30 was to be turned loose to at most, deer, the results would not be so terribly disappointing at any rate not so much failure will follow in the train of hunters using this combination of rifle and common sense as our critics would have us believe.

With the .44 the case is vastly different. This rifle is not a suitable deer rifle at even the shortest range and should never be used on such game. A lucky shot and a kill has given many a sportsman an utterly wrong idea of the arm's killing power and even in the old days of '73 when the first Winchester repeating rifle adapted to this cartridge made its appearance many were the hunters both here in the East and on Western plains who swore by arms possessing greater power and carrying greater charges of powder and lead. In that interesting book written by Alfred Henry Lewis entitled "The Sunset Trail" the statement appears referring to a party carrying a Ballard rifle . . . "the Ballard attracted note in a land where every fool carried a Winchester and every wise man a Sharp's. The "fool's" gun in this case would have to be either the model 1873 Winchester .44-40 or perhaps some of the earlier rim fire repeaters, for example the '66 model. Mr. Masterson—the hero, "swore by" a Sharp's.

I have seen examples of the lack of killing power of the ancient .44 on so many occasions that it might be of interest to Mr. Lewis—my critic, not the author of the book mentioned above, to have a few instances brought to his attention.

My note book tells me that in the fall of 1880 I made a shot at a Rocky Mountain goat which struck the animal between the shoulders and did not keep it from running off as fast as it could make the high places. I had but two cartridges left and after a heart-breaking piece of climbing I again came within shooting distance of the goat (the distance might be one hundred and twenty-five yards) I fired and he jumped but did not fall. I aimed as carefully as I could at his forehead and pulled the trigger. Away went Billy and away went the writer—home to get more ammunition to again take up the chase as it went against my instincts to allow a wounded animal to get away, and besides I was in dire need of meat. Allow me at this

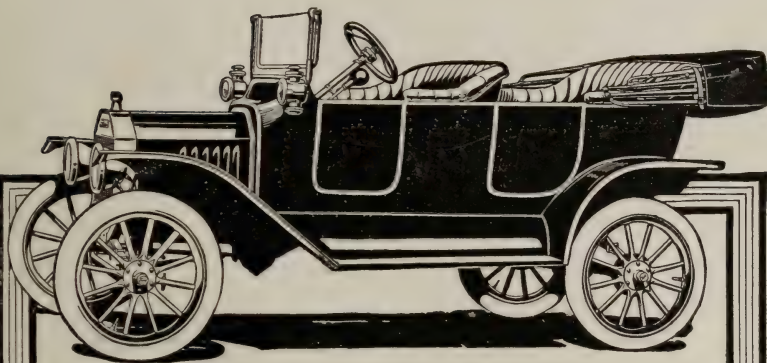
juncture to state that the Rocky Mountain goat is not the sweetest-tasting morsel obtainable, but in this case it was needed and I was very much vexed at allowing it to escape. To cut things short I made camp in good shape, obtained my needed cartridges and again took up the trail of the goat, or rather took up a blind chase in the most likely direction. I came up with Mr. Billy after two hours of the most agonizing piece of climbing I have ever endured. After a fusillade of nine shots, all of which struck in a supposedly vital spot, I secured my goat. Truly the .44-40 is a "popular" rifle with the writer at least.

As a deer rifle it has had a sorry record as far as I am concerned and I am of the opinion that more deer have escaped at the crack of this arm than from all the .30-30's put together. Three years ago I had an opportunity to observe the wondrous shocking power of this rifle on a Northern Ontario deer, when a brother of the writer's poured no less than seven shots at a buck inside of half an hour and if another hunter had not come on the scene with a .38-72 that deer though wounded might have been living to this day. Still more "popularity" coming to the .44-40. The shots that struck the above deer would have laid the animal out stiff had they been delivered to the crack of an ordinary .30-30 and any one of the wounds would incline one to believe that it was sufficient to stop such a small animal.

The writer owns a model '73 Winchester .44 but the rifle is not his deer gun. That place of honor is reserved to the .303 Savage, and the .30 1903 Winchester box magazine, the latter preferred. The old .44 is retained principally for sentiment's sake but the deer of Northern Ontario will not have to pay the penalty by having such a game-wounder turned loose upon them.

The rifle itself is rather a handsome arm, weighty and with a balance that seems good to a fellow. In truth I can say that I prefer the balance of this gun to that of the .22 Hi-Power Savage—the most modern of sporting rifles with the exception of its mate, the .250-3,000 made in a similar model with but slightly longer barrel and weighing approximately the same. The thick heavy barrel is rather a desirable feature according to my views, and on a repeater is a source of good balance not obtainable in certain of the later models of the same manufacture, for example the model '94.

The accurate range of the .44-40 is from one hundred and fifty to possibly two hundred yards and the capabilities of the arm on the target at the various ranges will average about a four to four and one-half or even five-inch group at one hundred yards. It is plainly evident, therefore, that the accuracy of this rifle is not in the gilt-edge class and it is not adapted for fine target work any more than is the .30-30. The latter arm gives groups anywhere from four to five inches at the above distance of one hundred yards. The accuracy life of the model 1873 .44-40 with the above limitations is endless, notwithstanding the fact that the arm must be cleaned from the muzzle, as a wooden clean-



"MADE IN CANADA"

Ford Touring Car Price \$530

If you stayed indoors all winter—you might not need your Ford 'till "new grass" time. But in the wide "out-of-doors" the Ford serves as well in January as in June. It's the all-year-round car with a reputation for service and economy that isn't affected by the seasons.

The Runabout is now \$480; the Town Car \$780; f.o.b. Ford, Ontario. All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.



ing rod can be used with resulting absolute absence of wear on the delicate muzzle.

I wonder how many of the readers of this magazine have ever stopped to consider the improvement in firearms since the day when "every fool carried a Winchester and every wise man a Sharp's." In those days the manufacture of metallic ammunition was in its infancy and we had to take what the manufacturers had to give us. At date of writing the manufacture of ammunition as well as the firearms for the same has been brought up to a high state of perfection and one can have his requirements in guns and ammunition met with at any time and place.

I have had a wide experience with firearms of all makes and calibers and I can say that there is no rifle on the market to-day which will not answer the purpose for which it was intended. A deer rifle may not cut much of a showing on the target range and a Schuetzen muzzle loader will be found but slow work in the hunting field, put each in its place and we have satisfaction.

Perhaps the most pronounced example of stretching the capabilities of any rifle was in the case of the .22 Hi-Power Savage, an arm designed for woodchucks and after having been proven suitable under certain circumstances for the purpose of slaying deer was straight way tried upon moose with disastrous results—to the owner, and very likely cruel wounds for the moose. As a deer rifle I have found the little gun extremely good, and under certain conditions it has the .30-30 badly beaten as to efficiency. The action of the model '99 Savage is quick, sure and smooth but it would be a good stunt if the manufacturers were to put out this rifle with 26-inch standard weight barrel and give us the gun in solid frame though the latter feature would necessitate cleaning from the muzzle. A brass cleaning rod would not wear the muzzle to any extent and by the time any pronounced wear was in evidence the barrel would have gone to the bad through erosion anyhow, so what's the odds?

As a target rifle I have had varied results with the Imp, sometimes getting fine accuracy and another time securing groups as large as seven inches at one hundred yards. Where the trouble is I know not, the short barrel

may not give the best results possible with the sturdy little cartridge, but this may not be the cause of the trouble.

The new .250-3,000 I have tried out and it has proven in my hands by far the most accurate arm I have ever used with the exception of arms adapted to the .30-caliber Springfield ammunition. Groups at 100 yards which could be covered with a half-dollar were common, using a Winchester 'scope and the long range accuracy of the gun was also surprising, taking into thought the nature of the ammunition, that is the short light bullet driven at high velocity. It is by far the most accurate stock sporting rifle on the market adapted to sporting ammunition and the action of the Savage is equal to or excels any other sporting rifle's action with the exception of the Ross, which is of military origin anyway. The .303 Ross is a good gun and is extremely accurate, much more so than the .280 using the copper tube ammunition. I have had excellent results on deer, using the .303 loaded with Du Ponts Military No. 20 and believe the barrel life of this arm should be fully fifteen thousand rounds using care. My rifle has at date of writing this communication been fired fully five thousand rounds and the interior of the bore shows no signs of the washed-out-at-the-breech appearance common to certain arms using nitroglycerine powders. I have never even troubled to lubricate my bullets and have fired them just as they are though I am fully aware that by using some form of lubricant on them I could reduce the wear on the bore considerably. The only objection to using lubricated bullets when hunting is that a certain amount of grease is almost certain to get smeared over the cartridge case and the firing of ammunition in this state results in great pressures being exerted on the bolt. The Ross can well take care of itself in this respect, however, and has a breech-locking system that looks as though it would take dynamite to blow out.

In closing I would like to assure Mr. Lewis that I have no intention of further knocking his pet .30-30 and .44-40, but wish him all the success possible, especially with the ancient gun of the seventies.





Greetings For Your Sportsmen Friends

The above is a reproduction of a Christmas Card that the publishers of Rod and Gun will be glad to send to any number of YOUR friends. The suggestion on the other side of this is well worth your attention.

A Perplexing Problem Satisfactorily Solved

“How Shall I Remember My Friends This Christmas?”

This is the question that thousands of our readers will ask themselves between now and Christmas. You cannot answer it better than by sending your friends a year’s subscription to Rod and Gun. By doing this your friends will not only receive your greetings during the Christmas season but will have a monthly reminder of your friendship during the coming year.

SPECIAL PRESENTATION OFFER

On receipt of One Dollar, (along with your own renewal if your subscription is in arrears) we will send Rod and Gun for a whole year to any friend whose address you give us; \$1.50 will secure it for two friends or \$2.00 for three.

In addition to sending the magazine we will send you a suitable Christmas Card, (partially reproduced on the other side of this page) bearing an announcement that Rod and Gun is being sent with your compliments. All you have to do is sign your name in place provided on card, address envelope to your friend and post.

W. J. TAYLOR, Ltd., Publisher.

YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION ACCOUNT

is enclosed in this copy of Rod and Gun. Be sure you find it.

Tear off here.

Remittance Form

.....1915

W. J. Taylor, Publisher, Ltd., Woodstock, Ontario.

Enclosed herewith find \$. covering my subscription to ROD AND GUN
from to
and \$. extra for which forward the magazine for twelve months from
. to inclusive, to the following.

Name Address
Name Address
Name Address
Name of Remitter Address

Prize Fish

1. Caught with "BRISTOL" Rod and copper wire. Two fish in right hand Speckled Trout, 2 and 2½ lbs. Three fish in left hand, Lake Trout, 8, 8½ and 4 lbs.
2. 14 lb. Chinook Salmon caught with "BRISTOL" Rod in Lake Jumper by John Scott.
3. "Er w'e That?" said Wallace Wright of Brockville, Ontario—"Most as big as the boy."
4. 7 lb. Bass caught with "BRISTOL" Rod by Harry Walker and father at Medina, Minn.
5. 5 lb. Oswego Bass, caught with "BRISTOL" Rod at Clearwater Lake by J. E. Hamilton, Waconia, Minn.
6. A bunch of beauties caught with "BRISTOL" Rod No. 25 by A. E. Rehburg, Grand Lake, Mich.
7. 19½ and 16 lb. Muscallonge caught by W. G. Armstrong, Columbian Conservatory of Music Toronto, Ontario.

"Bristol"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Prize Winning Rods

All over the United States and Canada, wherever men and boys are Fishing, "BRISTOL" Rods are catching more Prize Fish than all other rods combined. In the Great National Field & Stream Fishing Contest of 1914, "BRISTOL" Rods won 32 prizes.

"BRISTOL" Rods have the quickness, the action, the strength and the reliability, not only to catch the fish—big and little—but to give the fisherman the greatest joy in the sport of fishing.

"BRISTOL" Rods are made in thirty-eight different styles, ranging from \$3.50 to \$25.00. They are sold by 19,000 dealers. If you cannot get the exact type of Bristol you want from your dealer, let us know and we will see that you are supplied. Catalog FREE—pictures and describes all the different rods.

NEW ART CALENDAR READY

Sent prepaid on receipt of 15c.

The new 1916 "BRISTOL" art calendar is a full color reproduction of an Oil Painting by Philip R. Goodwin, the noted out-door-sports artist. A very handsome decoration for home den or camp.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.

32 Horton Street

Bristol, Conn.



GRAND INTERNATIONAL HANDICAP

November 29, 30, December 1, 2, 3, 1915, St. Thomas, Ont.

The Management of the great International Shoot to be held at St. Thomas from November 29th to Dec. 3rd, both days inclusive, announce that an unlimited supply of live birds has been contracted for and everything has been done to make this the best International Shoot ever held in Canada.

The Shoot will commence at 1.00 p.m. on Monday, November 29th when there will be five twenty-target events with an entrance fee of \$1.40 each event. Divided Rose System. 5, 4, 3, 2. Targets 2c included in each event. Competitors may enter for targets only and be eligible to shoot for High Average money.

\$100 High Average Money

High Average money for the day, divided High Guns, \$20, \$15, \$10, \$10, \$10, \$10, \$8, \$7, \$5, \$5.

The second day's events commencing at 9.00 a.m. Nov. 30th, include ten twenty-target events with an entrance fee of \$1.40 each event.

\$200 High Average Money

High Average money for the day, divided High Guns, \$30, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$15, \$13, \$12, \$10, \$10, \$10, \$10, \$8, \$7, \$5, \$5.

On Wednesday morning there will be five twenty-target events with an entrance fee of \$1.40 each event.

\$100 High Average Money

High Average money for the day, divided High Guns, \$20, \$15, \$10, \$10, \$10, \$10, \$8, \$7, \$5, \$5.

\$50 High Average Money

High Average for the 3 days' regular events, divided High Guns, \$10, \$10, \$10, \$10, \$10.

Any ladies shooting through the entire program Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, will receive suitable prizes.

On the afternoon of the third day, Wednesday, will be held the Grand International Handicap at 100 targets, five twenty-target events, entrance fee \$1.40 each event, handicap from 16 to 23 yards.

\$300 High Average Money

High Average Money \$100 and a gold watch valued at \$50, to High Gun and balance \$200 to next High Guns, divided \$35, \$25, \$20, \$15, \$15, \$13, \$12, \$10, \$10, \$10, \$10, \$8, \$7, \$5, \$5.

The program for the fourth day is as follows:

1st Event, ten live birds, \$100 cash guaranteed, handicap 26 to 32 yards. Entrance \$7.00. Birds included. High Guns. Two monies in five entries.

2nd Event, ten live birds, entrance fee \$7.00, birds included, High Guns. Two monies in five entries.

3rd Event, twenty live birds.

Grand International Handicap, \$300 cash guaranteed. Entrance \$15.00. High Gun \$75.00. Balance Rose System 5, 4, 3, 2. Surplus added. \$50.00 gold watch is donated as a special prize to the winner of the Grand International Handicap.

Events 4th, 5th and 6th are scheduled for Friday, December 3rd, the concluding day of the shoot. The 4th event is ten live birds when \$100 cash is guaranteed, handicap 26 to 32 yards, entrance \$7.00, birds included, High Guns, two monies in five entries. 5th Event, twenty live birds, Grand International Handicap \$300 cash guaranteed, being continuation of event No. 3 of the fourth day. A \$50 gold watch is donated as a special prize to commemorate this event. The 6th event is at ten live birds.

A Miss and Out Event extending over Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, gives an opportunity to secure valuable merchandise prizes of which over 60 are to be given. First High Gun—1,000 Eley shells, value \$40.00. Second High Gun—\$15 in cash or first choice of any of the other prizes. Third High Gun—\$10 in cash or second choice of any of the other prizes.

A list of special trophies has also been donated, Hon. F. G. MacDiarmid, Minister of Public Works having donated a beautiful piece of cut glass to the professional winning High Gun in the professional

class in the Grand International Handicap; Mayor M. B. Johnson of St. Thomas a handsome piece of cut glass to the lady who makes the highest aggregate score in the regular events; Mr. Robert Coffey a beautiful piece of cut glass to second High Gun in the professional class in the Grand International Handicap; Dr. R. M. Lipsey handsome cut glass to the amateur shooting through the regular events who has the lowest average Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday; and Mr. W. G. Whiteside two handsome pieces of cut glass to the ladies winning second and third High Guns in the regular events of the program.

The Management announce that it is possible for a shooter to win at this Big Shoot, at targets, from \$450.00 up, besides trophies.

The St. Thomas Gun Club claim to have the finest shooting grounds and equipment in Canada and with the preparations they have made for this shoot deserve to have a shoot that will prove an unqualified success.

At St. Hubert's Gun Club.

George Easdale had a big day at the St. Hubert traps Saturday, Oct. 9, when he headed the list in the weekly shoot and, coupled with V. V. Rogers, won the McCallum trophy. The crack gunner was in great form. The results were as follows:

WEEKLY EVENT.

Geo. Easdale	23	25—48
Dr. I. G. Smith	23	20—43
V. V. Rogers	20	19—39
F. A. Heney	19	19—38
A. Sheppard	19	17—36
J. S. Black	19	17—36
C. Sharp	18	17—35
J. Collins	18	17—35
C. J. Booth	19	15—34
Dr. Mohr	19	12—31
M. Fraser	9	17—26
Dr. Watterson	11	11—22

EXTRA EVENTS.

Easdale, 22; Rogers, 14 and 20—34; Sharp, 16; Heney 22; Collins, 15; Sheppard, 12; Booth, 12; Mohr, 17; Watterson, 9; Gilbert, 7.

McCALLUM TROPHY.

Easdale	25	21—46
Rogers	19	17—36
Total		82
Smith	20	23—43
Black	17	20—37
Total		80

Mr. Jackson Booth was the winner of the silver spoon at the week-end shoot at St. Hubert's Gun Club on Oct. 16. The winner had an excellent score of 44 out of 50 birds shot at. George Easdale and V. V. Rogers, with 43 were tied for second place. The other scores were as follows:

WEEKLY SPOON SHOOT

C. J. Booth	20	22—44
Geo. Easdale	20	23—43
V. V. Rogers	21	22—43
J. B. Bunn	21	18—39
O. T. Ring	18	19—37
F. A. Heney	17	15—32
R. Brown	14	17—31
N. Grant	15	15—30
W. Forbes	13	15—28
R. G. Hamilton	11	10—21

EXTRAS.

V. V. Rogers	21	24—45
F. A. Heney	14	19—33
Geo. Easdale, 23; J. B. Bunn, 22; C. J. Booth, 21; R. G. Hamilton, 16.		

Balmy Beach Gun Club.

At the regular Saturday shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club on Nov. 15th, there was a good turnout of members and friends. J. G. Shaw, T. D. McGaw and C. N. Nicholls were high men for the day, not for-

A Sportsman's Gift List

Remember your brother sportsman and guide this Christmas.

They would appreciate a gift from the following assortment.

SPORTSMEN—You always buy a Christmas present for your hunting pal and nothing could be found more appropriate than the following, which are quoted at special Christmas prices. Do not forget the guide you have had during hunting and fishing seasons. Send him one or more of the following.

These goods will be shipped so as to arrive on Christmas day. The package will be bound with Christmas ribbons, tags and a greeting card giving the name of the sender. Would advise you to order at once so they will arrive in plenty of time.

HUNTING BOOTS

These hunting boots will be found one of the best presents you can give another sportsman. Made of cream elk tanned leather, Goodyear welt, leather lined. Best boots made for hunting purposes. Uppers (15 inches high) are soft and pliable as kid. State sizes. Postpaid \$12.00 a pair.

FISHING RODS

1-10 inch fly rod, ash butt, hickory centre, green heart top, single bronzed snake rings and reel fittings. Price postpaid \$2.25 each.

2-11 inch fly rods as above. Postpaid \$5.35 each.

FISHING REELS

3-2½ inch reels, rotary check, aluminum side plates bronzed, fitted with pillar backs. Postpaid \$2.75 each. 1-2¼ inch reels as above. Postpaid \$2.75 each.

FREEPORT HOOKS

11 minnow hooks for bass and musk, 75c each. 29 frog hooks for bass and musk, 75c each.

SULLIVAN HOOK AND REEL GUARDS

A small device made of brass and highly nickel plated, which springs on rod either above or below reel and holds same so it cannot fall off, as well as carries your hook or hooks and is of special advantage when in bushes. Postpaid 35c each.

SPORTSMAN'S HATCHETS

Every sportsman requires a hatchet no matter what time of year. All the following are postpaid. Complete with sole leather case and best hickory handles. Steel of highest grade possible.

No.	Wgt.	Price
40	¾ lb.	\$.97
41	1 lb.	1.05
42	1¼ lbs.	1.15
43	1½ lbs.	1.20
44	1¾ lbs.	1.35
45	2 lbs.	1.45
46	2¼ lbs.	1.55

These axes are extraordinary bargains.

LINE DRYING REELS

It is very important to dry your lines properly and the only way for this is with our line drying reels. They are the best on the market. Postpaid \$1.80. All the above fishing tackle will please any sportsman and although the fishing season is far distant it will please any fisherman to receive any of the goods.

STUDY THESE BARGAINS CAREFULLY.

HUNTING SUITS

4 women's hats, waterproof. Postpaid \$1.00 each. 2 women's skirts, waterproof. Postpaid \$5.25 each. 1 hunting coat, extra large. Postpaid \$8.00. 1 hunting coat, medium. Postpaid \$6.75.

COLLAN OIL

This oil is used as a rust preventative and a cleansing oil for guns, etc. and specially adapted for keeping out snow water. Price postpaid ¼ pint 30c; ½ pint 60c.

SPORTSMEN'S HEADQUARTERS

Firearms, Ammunition and Sporting Goods

ROBT. HODGSON, Sporting Goods Dealer **Raglan, Ont.**

SAME ADDRESS SINCE 1904.



REMINGTON
UMC

**NEW
LOW PRICES**

Remington
UMC

Made in Canada .22's

Dealers *everywhere* now
sell at **LOWEST PRICES**
the World-Standard
REMINGTON-UMC
Made-In-Canada .22's

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.

(Contractors to the British Imperial and
Colonial Governments)

WINDSOR, ONT.

London, Eng. New York, U.S.A.



Remington UMC .22's

The same EXTRA QUALITY---
backed by 100 years' experience
---for which you heretofore
gladly paid *more!*

Made in Canada's *most modern* munition-
plant--of the same choice materials--on
the same automatic machines--by the
same skilled workers--as our celebrated
higher-power shells.

The BEST cost NOTHING EXTRA---if you
insist on REMINGTON-UMC 22's,

*Winners of the GRAND PRIX
at the Panama-Pacific Exposit-
ion for MODERN Fire-arms and
Ammunition.*

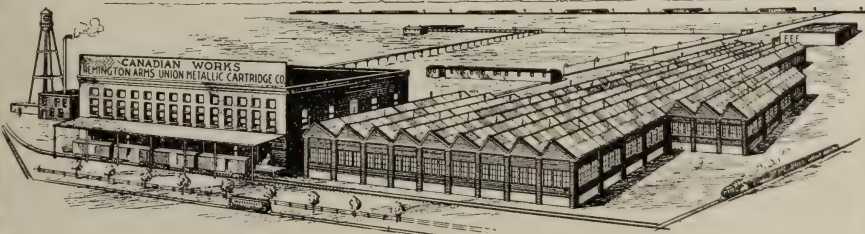
The Remington-UMC Metallic Cartridge Company

(Contractors to the British Imperial and Colonial Governments)

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New York, U.S.A.



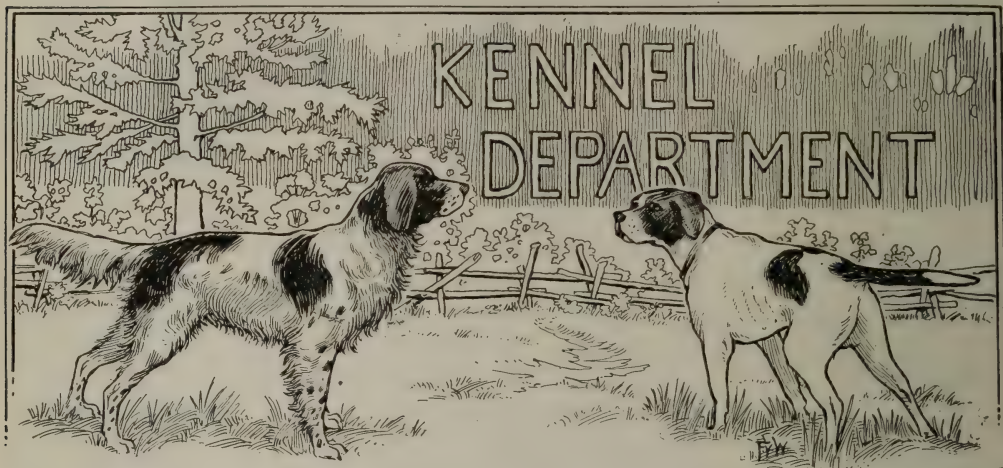
getting the 14-year-old boy, G. Burrows, who broke 18 out of 30.

	Shot at Broke.	
T. D. McGaw	90	84
C. N. Candee	40	26
G. Burrows	30	18
C. M. Bernard	80	68
W. H. Lansing	70	44
R. C. Harris	30	24
G. H. Greene	50	32
J. A. Millichamp	30	14
A. V. Antle	50	38
R. Rothwell	45	32
H. Dale	45	34
J. H. Trimble	45	39
C. S. Nicholls	70	54
W. F. Hodgson	45	4
W. H. Cutler	70	56
J. G. Shaw	45	42
T. F. Hodgson	35	24

G. H. Catton	55	43
W. Combs	25	14
C. Davis	30	21
G. Strickland	40	31
W. Summerhays	70	58
G. Pike	30	24
G. Gooch	75	66
Alf. Hewitt	50	44
F. Foster	30	18

Election of Gun Club Officers at Gananoque

At the annual meeting of the Thousand Islands Gun Club held at Gananoque, the following officers were elected: E. P. Wright, president; A. W. Taylor, vice-president; F. A. Willis, secretary-treasurer; The club presented the retiring secretary-treasurer, Charles A. Lewis, who is leaving shortly for Galt, with a high-grade anti-back lash reel. The presentation was made by the president, E. P. Wright.



CONDUCTED BY ARTHUR ELLISON.

The Breeding of Dogs.

(Continued)

WE will take it that our novice has bought a bitch puppy at say eight weeks old, which, by the way, is a good age to purchase, if a young puppy has been decided upon. The first problem is what and how to feed in order to keep our puppy growing as she should. Always keep in mind the fact that money spent in food is, up to a certain limit, adding to the value of the puppy. Many people think that anything which a dog will eat is food. This is entirely wrong as a hungry dog will eat merely to satisfy the demands of his appetite, without caring whether the "food" is suitable or not. The most suitable food for a puppy up to six months is a diet of bread and milk, bread and soup or gravy with vegetables, porridge and milk, with a little scraped raw lean beef daily. The milk should not be skimmed or separated. Little and often is a better rule than one big gorge a day as the puppy should never have a swollen or distended abdomen. Watery foods are most unsuitable. All bread used should be "rusked" or "crisped" in the oven as this renders digestion easier. Starchy foods are hard for the dog's stomach to digest,

his organs of digestion being adapted for the assimilation of meat foods. Many would say "Then why not feed him meat." Meat, of course, the dog must have, but in order to digest it, he must have a large amount of exercise, which few dogs, especially those living in the city, ever get. Hunting dogs can, of course, stand large quantities of meat when working; in fact, they need meat, and as any old hand will agree, there is no substitute. A young puppy cannot digest large quantities of meat and when he is fed too much meat he almost invariably has eczema or some such skin trouble.

At about the age of from four to six months our puppy changes her "milk" teeth for her permanent set and providing the state of health is right, little trouble is experienced. This period of teething, as a rule, affects the carriage of the ears of some breeds, especially terriers but they usually assume the correct carriage later.

At the age of eight months we must keep watch on our bitch puppy for signs of her coming in season although in some instances it may appear even earlier. One case of which we are aware was of a Bull bitch coming in at five months, which, of course, was phenomenal. Some bitches are as late as one



Ross Rifle

"I will say to anyone who is looking for the best thing in rifles, get a Ross and you will never be disappointed."

—JAS. L. McLAUGHLIN, Hunter and Guide,
Valley, Wyoming, U.S.A.

This extract is a fair sample of the many enthusiastic letters we receive daily praising the marvellous accuracy and killing power of the Ross .280 High Velocity Sporting Rifle. Ross .303 Sporting Models also are very popular—their accuracy, power and good workmanship having earned them many friends. But if you want to

LEARN HOW TO SHOOT STRAIGHT

and every Canadian, whether man, woman or child, should be able to do so, we cannot too strongly recommend the Ross .22 Cadet Rifle.

This rifle has been adopted by the Government for Cadet Corps. It is free from all complicated parts, is easily handled, and is light, reliable and exceedingly accurate. It shoots the most inexpensive ammunition made—the .22 short, long, or long-rifle.

Retails at \$12.00. Sporting Models from \$25.00. Sold by best dealers everywhere.

FULL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON REQUEST.

ROSS RIFLE CO.

-

-

QUEBEC

year old before coming in and have been known to reach nearly two years.

Many breeders argue that a bitch being in season is a sign of maturity. In this we beg to differ, as in these days of artificial surroundings and methods of feeding, most people will admit that conditions are conducive to unnatural results. Broadly speaking, no bitch should be bred from until she is at least one year old.

The period of season usually lasts, from the first symptoms to the last, from eighteen to twenty-one days, though the period varies considerably in different cases. At this time the utmost care should be taken not to allow the bitch her liberty, she should be kept in the most rigid confinement. Her nature changes completely for the time, and a hitherto impassable fence or wall forms no longer a barrier to freedom. The same might apply to her admirers at this time many of them showing the most intrepid daring. To those who are fortunate enough to possess a loft in the barn, we would say, chain her there and lock the door. The food at this time should be light and of laxative nature rather than otherwise, whilst access to water other than for drinking purposes should be denied. To leave a bitch out in the rain or to give her a bath at this time is very risky. Should she be destined for a journey to her chosen mate, she should be securely crated with instructions for keeping her confined whilst in transit. On her return, she should be kept quiet for a few days, only allowing exercise under close vigilance then gradually resuming her former mode of life, the same wholesome food, plenty of fresh water and plenty of exercise. As she begins to show signs of being in whelp she should never be allowed to partake of violent exercise such as following a rig at a good speed, jumping fences or romping with other dogs. As her time draws nearer she should be allowed to choose her own method of exercise which is generally a steady walk of a short duration. She should be confined at night in the quarters assigned to her, as at this time most bitches have peculiar notions as to a suitable nest and it generally happens that, if left to herself, her family is born in about the most inaccessible place possible. When at last the family arrives, she should be coaxed out and advantage taken of her absence to clean the kennel or renew the bed. Whilst on the subject, the box or kennel should not be too roomy or too small nor should she have to climb or jump to reach her puppies as she would be liable to hurt them. Clean straw makes about as good a bed as possible, sawdust should be absolutely banned whilst a sack or cloth invites the death of some unfortunate puppy which happening to crawl under or into a fold is lain on and suffocated.

As soon as the naval string falls off the puppy the place should be touched with a piece of bluestone. This cauterises the aperture, killing any germs and closes it up. Many a puppy dies through infection or dirt entering at this place which could have been saved had precautions been taken.

The bitch should now be fed liberally as she is under a heavy strain which daily grows greater and at the age of three weeks the

puppies should be taught to lap a little cow's milk, sweetened and a little butter melted into it. It may be an exasperating job at first as they seem to be willing to do anything with the milk other than drink it, but they soon become proficient and will put away a sufficient quantity to fill them up like balloons if allowed. In another week or so a little "rusked" bread may be crushed into the milk with a little porridge for variety and so on until we come to beginning of the routine over again. Puppies at about six weeks should all be treated for worms for which purpose we know of no better remedy than the following:—

4 oz. castor oil.

1 dr. wormseed oil.

1 dr. oil of turpentine.

1 dr. oil of aniseed.

This should be given early in the morning before breakfast after missing supper the night previous taking care that no food is within reach. The bitch should be separated from them as her milk will completely spoil the effect of the medicine, as would any other kind of food, causing the puppies to vomit up the oil. In short, the stomach should be empty and no food given for at least three hours after the medicine, when a little warm soup will be relished and assist the action of the medicine. This amount of mixture usually costs 25 cents and the dose varies with the breed of puppy somewhat, but for a puppy the size of a beagle, Fox terrier or Cocker spaniel, half a teaspoonful will be sufficient; for a Setter or puppy of similar size three-quarters of a teaspoonful.

Should anything in this article require further explanation, the writer will be pleased to answer any enquiries to the best of his ability.

Notes of Interest.

It may seem rather late in the day to announce the death of Mr. James Mortimer whose illness we spoke of in last issue. His death took place at his home at Hempstead, L. I. early in October. Mr. Mortimer was one of the very few all-round judges who really was an all round judge and not an all-round "guesser." He was a man of commanding presence in the ring, cool and painstaking, deliberate yet decisive, showing neither fear nor favor whilst anything in the way of grandstand play was entirely lacking in his ringcraft. Under his rather surly exterior lurked a kindly disposition and a face once seen in the ring was immediately recognized in other surroundings. He was of English birth and a type of English gentleman that is an acquisition to the country in which he makes his home. God rest him for a man of sterling worth, he leaves a vacancy which will remain unfilled.

Mr. Harry North reports the sale of his Airedale terrier dog, Acme Terror, to a gentleman in Toronto, while a bitch, litter sister to Terror, goes to a fancier in the same city. By the way, Mr. North is to judge all varieties of hares and rabbits at Hamilton Poultry Show to be held this month.



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Mr Bert Swan has purchased the sensational English bulldog, Lanfine Chief from Mr. Jos. Perkins. This is the dog which scored so heavily at Toronto Exhibition winning all that was asked of him, from novice to winners.

Mr. H. C. Davis of Dundas is having a busy time lately with his Cocker Spaniels, having had no less than three litters of puppies arrive. They are all by Mr. W. J. Jackson's great dog Champion Dunbar.

Mr. John Gartshore has bred his Scottish terrier bitch to Avondale Kennels' Avondale Ambush. Five Scotties left these kennels

for Boston, Mass. last week, all to one client. Another one was sold to Mr. Howes of Hamilton.

We have an enquiry for a brace of Great Dane puppies about six months old, not for show purposes but must be sound and healthy. Anyone having same for disposal kindly let us have particulars.

Next month's issue will contain an article on English Setters. If you have a cut of a good dog of this breed, Rod and Gun will be pleased to receive same from you and use in that issue.

CANADIAN NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS

W. P. Smith

This is the second year of the Canadian National Club and it is quite evident a substantial purse must be hung up to get the handlers to break away from the circuit and come over to these trials, and next year the purses will be up and larger entries will certainly be realized. Several new members were secured and more assured by those visitors present. Taking everything into consideration indications point to better success for the future. President F. A. Johnston, Frank Walker, James Hendricks, Calix Le Boeuf, Paul Langlois, Teddy Gray, W. F. Gilbert, Emile Seguin, John Pentland and several other gentlemen deserve credit for the interest and work devoted toward the promotion of the club, and they assure us that they are only beginning and that the club will be up among the best in the near future.

The drawing for the stakes took place at the King George Hotel, Windsor. The judges officiating were J. Spracklin and Thomas Morris. Mr. Spracklin has judged on several occasions, both at field trials and bench shows. Mr. Morris was out for the first time judging at Hamilton last week, but he is some hard and conscientious worker and deserves credit for the way the dogs were thoroughly tried out. He also demonstrated to this club that he is well qualified as a judge of field trial dogs.

Honorable mention is due to W. T. Gilbert for the way he handled the lunch, and as the weather was quite favorable to the body the spectators as well as the handlers enjoyed themselves immensely.

The Derby was not as classy as that stake of last year and did not draw out the entry expected, nevertheless there was work accomplished on birds by Destiny's Prince. Prince found a bevy and pointed a single stanchly, and was steady to flush. He works consistently and is looking for game from the time he is put down until taken up. Second went to Tipperary, which, by the way, has an Irish name, but is an English setter. This puppy goes out well and with more work should be a great dog in All-Age form. Third went to Peggy B. She is a steady working

little thing and hunts her ground intelligently, but does not show the range and class expected of a Derby, and, by the way, won her place by the bad bird work of a better ranging bitch, Nell of Detroit, an Irish setter. Nell found a bevy which she flushed, and then to make matters worse nosed out two singles, and in this same heat she fell down miserably in range and pace, but for an Irishman she showed wonderfully good flashes of speed and likes the game.

The Shooting Dog Stake brought out the largest entry and several of the All-Age dogs were entered in this event. Ojibway Kate, the pointer bitch which won the Derby last year while only fourteen months old, won this stake at twenty-four months of age. Her work on birds won for her, she nailing two singles, being stanch and steady to flush and sharing a bevy find with Daisy Dru, the runner-up. Daisy Dru, the runner-up, is a nice going setter bitch and, while being a little unsteady on birds, found and pointed one single and had a bevy find to her credit. Jingo's Dot Speckle was awarded the first place of merit, as she found a bevy just before being taken up in her final heat. Destiny's Roy, second place of merit, certainly deserves his position, as he put up two wide and classy heats, but was unfortunate in not getting on birds.

The All-Age Stake developed a reverse to the decisions in the Shooting Dog Stake, as Daisy Dru won this stake, though she was pushed hard by Ojibway Kate and Roy's Ransom. Morris, who judged at Hamilton, where Roy ran last week, says that had this same little dog put up the heats he ran here he would have been in the money.

In connection with the trials a bench show was held. First in setters was awarded to Destiny's Prince, second to Pat Kinmore and third to Destiny's Roy. Pointers brought out the first winner in Fishel's Frank's Girl, second to Ojibway Kate and third to Jingo's Dot Speckle. In addition to the prize moneys a beautiful cup was awarded to the winner of each stake.



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Tuesday THE DERBY

Nell of Detroit—Destiny's Prince.—The weather was dry and a heavy wind blew from the northwest. The puppies were put down where there were two beves of quail known to be in and about a small patch of timber. They worked out a meadow, swung to cornfield, worked out bush, and were then sent into cornfield. Both went out and worked hard, Nell going the wider, but Prince was hunting more intelligently. Down 9:30, up 10.

Fishel's Frank's Girl—Tipperary.—Both started away at a great clip, but Girl seemed distressed owing to a bad case of poisoning by ivy and the heat was all Tip's. He worked meadow, swung out to standing corn, through this to old cabin which was surrounded by heavy cover. The course was then changed and he was sent into buckwheat stubble, which was worked out without a find, from there to cornfield and then to bush. Down 10:20, up 10:55.

Peggy B, a bye—Nell of Detroit.—These bitches were cast off in large stubble fields which they worked out thoroughly without a find. The dryness and heavy wind were serious handicaps in finding birds. They were sent in bush which they worked out, and then were sent into stubble, and from that to cornfield. Down 11:10, up 11:50.

Second Series

Tipperary—Destiny's Prince.—They were cast away into stubble, both busy from the start, but Prince had the edge, being more systematic in his work. They worked up to a cornfield, which was worked out for birds without a find. The course was then changed and they were sent through meadow to bush. Jeffries swung Prince down wind, but Prince's good nose won him admiration, as he nailed a bevy through an out-lying feeding bird. He then nailed a single in an old stump, which he held until his handler kicked it out. This brace was then sent to where the scattered birds were marked down, but no further bird work was accomplished. Down 11:55, up 12:25.

Peggy B—Nell of Detroit.—They were sent away in meadow and worked through cornfield, both going nicely, but Nell seemed to have tired out somewhat. Peggy hunts consistently, ranging fairly well, but not getting out as a Derby should. They were worked down a ravine and through another cornfield, but did not get on birds. Down 1:30, up 1:45.

Nell of Detroit.—When down alone Nell, who had run two heats previous to this one, let up in pace considerably and while working out a cornfield and only a few feet ahead of spectators and judges flushed a bevy, and then nosed out two singles. Had she been going the pace, or showed exceptional range, during any of her heats, she certainly would have been placed. As it was, Peggy had very little on her for the place. Down 2, up 2:15

Summary

OJIBWAY, ONT., November 2.—Canadian National Field Trials Club's annual Derby open to setters and pointers whelped on

and after January 1, 1914. Five starters, three English setters, one Irish setter and one pointer. Judges, James J. Spracklin and Thomas Morris.

Nell of Detroit, red setter bitch, by Morty Oge—Glengariff Patsey. F. A. Johnston, owner; W. T. Gilbert, handler.

With

Destiny's Prince, lemon and white setter dog, by Destiny's Roy—Victoria B. O. L. Walper, owner; F. Jeffries, handler.

Fishel's Frank's Girl, liver and white pointer bitch, by Fishel's Frank—Lady Carlin Frank Mason, owner; F. Walker, handler.

With

Tipperary, blue belton setter dog, by New-castle Laddie—Princess Patricia. Brown Bros., owners; F. Drouillard, handler.

Peggy B, blue belton setter bitch, by New-castle Laddie—Princess Patricia, a bye. Brown Bros., owners; J. F. Carr, handler.

With

Nell of Detroit.

II

Tipperary with Destiny's Prince.

Peggy B with Nell of Detroit.

III

Nell of Detroit, a bye.

Result

1st—Destiny's Prince.

2d—Tipperary.

3d—Peggy B.

SHOOTING DOG STAKE

Destiny's Roy—Jingo's Dot Speckle.—Turned loose in pasture land, they went right to business. Roy cast straight ahead, then swung to left along swale, ranging out and working all likely places. Dot ranged well and covered her ground intelligently. They were worked to thicket, where birds were expected to be found, and from there they were sent to clover-field, Roy ranging and staying out, cutting the pace for Dot. They were then worked through standing corn to stubble and on to another thicket, but no birds were found. They were then sent to another stubble, from there to cornfield, down a meadow to gully, which was worked out without a find. This was a high-class pair of dogs, which worked intelligently, covering lots of territory, but were unfortunate in not getting on birds. Down 2:40, up 3:15.

Daisy Dru—Ojibway Kate.—Sent away in stubble, Daisy was swung through to standing corn. Kate worked another field of standing corn. Birds were seen to flush by the judges from her vicinity. Smith was sending Kate toward where the birds were scattered when ordered to change his course. Both bitches were brought together and worked down cornfield toward where birds were seen to go. Along ditch Kate nailed single, and was stanch. Daisy got a single, but left her point, circled and came back and pointed, and her handler flushed a bird. A little farther on Kate pointed again and a single was kicked up by her handler. They both worked down swale, and Langlois, getting Daisy out on other side, sent her through corn-

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field. Smith was right behind him and got Kate away. Both dogs swung down wind, and in casting back up wind Daisy pointed, and Kate, not ten feet to one side, also swung into point, both bitches having another bevy before them, Kate the more stanch, as Daisy's handler had to keep talking to Daisy to hold her. This bevy was flushed, and the dogs were sent on to the stubble. Down 3:30, up 4.

Pat Kenmore—Destiny's Prince.—Cast down in stubble, they were worked to bush, and from there to clover-field. These big fellows certainly are good to look at, both of grand conformation and wide ranging and diligent hunting dogs. While working cornfield Prince's handler claimed point, but unfortunately Prince was a little over anxious and took a step too far, flushing a large bevy of birds, which went to the bush. They were worked along ditch to clover patch; from that to stubble. Prince had a little the better of this heat. Down 4:20, up 4:50.

Nellie's Girl—Loyal Girl.—Turned loose in meadow, these little bitches got to work right away, Loyal working down meadow to cornfield, while Nellie's Girl worked down through a swale. The course was changed, bringing these bitches up wind, and while working fence row a large bevy flushed in front of Loyal, her handler claiming point, but it seemed evident that she was to blame. Part of this bunch of birds lit along a ditch, and the judges ordered both handlers to get on them. Gray got Nellie's Girl over first, but though Loyal soon joined her, and dogs as well as handlers got right after these singles, only four were raised, and no points secured. It was very dry and windy and the birds seemed to lie close. Down 3:55, up 4:20.

Wednesday, November 3

Second Series

Destiny's Roy—Pat Kenmore.—They were put down in stubbles, and Roy went away the faster, cutting out his ground nicely. Pat ranged well and shows that he has been hunted a good deal. These dogs worked out lots of ground without a find, but both dogs put up a good heat. Down 9:40, up 10:15.

Ojibway Kate—Daisy Dru.—Cast away at edge of bush, both ranging well and going at their best, there was not much to choose between them in range and style. Down 10:20, up 10:40.

Third Series

Destiny's Roy—Jingo's Dot Speckle.—Roy was slowed up considerably by his previous heat. Dot went at her steady clip. These dogs worked out a couple of stubble-fields, and when going into cornfield Dot nailed a bevy. When worked on singles Roy seemed off in nose and no singles were picked up. It was dry and hot and the work was excusable, as the birds were in heavy cover and held close. Down 11, up 11:15.

Summary

OJIBWAY, ONT., November 2.—Canadian National Field Trials Club's Shooting Dog Stake. Eight entries, five setters and three pointers.

Jingo's Dot Speckle, black, white and ticked pointer bitch, by Lad of Jingo—Perkiomen Jewell. W. T. Gilbert, owner and handler.

With

Destiny's Roy, black, white and tan setter dog, by Petrel's Pride—Destiny's Babette. Emile Seguin, owner and handler.

Daisy Dru, black, white and tan setter bitch, by Blake's Boy—Ruby Dru. Paul Langlois, owner and handler.

With

Ojibway Kate, black, white and ticked pointer bitch, by Port's Hawk—Jingo's Dot Speckle. W. P. Smith, owner and handler.

Pat Kenmore, red setter dog, by St. Cloud's Kenmore—Lady Cloud. F. A. Johnston, owner; W. F. Gilbert, handler.

With

Destiny's Prince, orange and white setter dog, by Destiny's Roy—Victoria B. O. L. Walper, owner; F. Jeffries, handler.

Nellie's Girl, black, white and tan setter bitch, by Little Joe—Nellie Bly. Ted Gray, owner and handler.

With

Loyal Girl, black, white and tan setter bitch, by Pepp Wind'em D—Blue Dot. F. Drouillard, owner and handler.

II

Destiny's Roy with Pat Kenmore.
Ojibway Kate with Daisy Dru.

III

•Destiny's Roy with Jingo's Dot Speckle.

Result

Winner—Ojibway Kate.

Runner-up—Daisy Dru.

1st award of merit—Jingo's Dot Speckle.

2d award of merit—Destiny's Roy.

ALL-AGE

Pepps' Honey Boy—Roy's Ransom.—Cast off in clover-field, they both went right to work, Roy to right and Honey Boy to left. Honey was away to a good cast along fence row, when Dr. Bromley whistled him in, to swing him across field. This was a very bad piece of handling, as it broke up this good dog's heat. Roy's Ransom was making some beautiful casts and seemed to be hunting the likely places. The dogs were worked through cornfield into bush, and from this to stubble, which they worked out thoroughly. They were picked up and let go again in cornfield. Roy was going out fast and wide all the time, while Honey Boy did not show up well alongside his brace-mate's clip. They were worked to swale, where a bevy had been put up and scattered in a previous heat, but after quite a bit of close work no birds were found by dogs. Down 11:20, up 11:50.

Daisy Dru—Miss Indiana May.—The course for this brace was changed. We drove down the road to a crossroad, and after traveling about one mile of this road the brace was put down. Daisy started away at a great clip, May not so wide, but a consistent hunter. Daisy went out of stubble to cornfield, on through and out of sight, the longest cast of the trials. She was sighted again on top of hill, her handler sending her through into another stubble. She was working hard and

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covering lots of ground. This cast evidently made a lasting impression on the judges. Indiana May ranged well, but her handler explained that she was in whelp, and she was beginning to show it. She seemed afraid of the fences and got through rather slowly. After Daisy's long cast they worked along ditch, through cornfield to edge of ditch, where, just as both dogs made game and seemed to have birds located Daisy's handler walked in front of dogs and flushed a bevy. Down 11:55, up 12:30.

Pat Kenmore—Ojibway Kate.—Cast down in cornfield, they were worked from edge of bush to stubble, Kate going the wider and faster. Pat seemed to have slowed up some, as his two heats in the Shooting Dog Stake and this one were telling on him. These dogs were worked back across the same course the preceding brace traversed, only Smith forced Kate to cover about twice as much ground as the preceding brace in his endeavor to find birds, and she responded willingly. This was by far Kate's best heat. Down 1:30, up 2.

Second Series

Daisy Dru—Roy's Ransom.—Sent away in stubble, both started away fast and made a long cast to bush, from where they were sent into stubble. Roy's Ransom broke right away on a long cast, but Daisy began to slow up, and until end of heat was out-classed in range by Roy. They were worked through cornfield to swale, but no bird work was accomplished. Down 2:10, up 2:40.

Ojibway Kate—Miss Indiana May.—This was the longest heat of the trials, and Ojibway Kate was going, and going strong, at the finish. May put up a remarkable heat. This heat was birdless. Down 2:50, up 3:50.

Third Series

Roy's Ransom—Ojibway Kate.—They were put down where birds had been found earlier

in the day, and both dogs went away at a remarkable pace considering the number of times they had been down. After working out several cornfields and small bush they were ordered up, this ending the All-Age and the trials.

SUMMARY

OJIBWAY, ONT., November 3.—The Canadian National Field Trials Club's All-Age Stake. Six entries, four setters and two pointers.

Pepp's Honey Boy, black, white and tan setter dog, by Destiny's Roy—Ruby Dru. Dr. Bromley, owner and handler.

With

Roy's Ransom, orange and white setter dog, by Destiny's Roy—Blue Dot. C. Le Boeuf, owner and handler.

Daisy Dru, black, white and tan setter bitch, by Blake's Boy—Ruby Dru. Paul Langlois, owner and handler.

With

Miss Indiana May, lemon and white pointer bitch, by Indiana Alford's Johnnie—Miss Indiana Lady. Wesson Seyburn, owner; W. T. Gilbert, handler.

Pat Kenmore, red setter dog, by St. Cloud's Kenmore—Lady Cloud. F. A. Johnston, owner; W. T. Gilbert, handler.

With

Ojibway Kate, black, white and ticked pointer bitch, by Port's Hawk—Jingo's Dot Speckle. W. P. Smith, owner and handler.

II

Daisy Dru with Roy's Ransom.

Ojibway Kate with Miss Indiana May.

III

Ojibway Kate with Roy's Ransom

Result

1st—Daisy Dru.

2d—Ojibway Kate.

3d—Roy's Ransom.



➔ A NEW PREMIUM OFFER ➔

An Opportunity to secure FREE a Beautiful Oil Painting

We have the originals of the oil paintings executed by our cover design artist, F. V. Williams, during the past year and have decided to give our subscribers the opportunity of securing one of these FREE. Mr. Williams excels in reproductions of Big Game Hunting, Canoeing, Fishing, Camping, etc. and his cover designs reproduce with skill and fidelity Canadian outdoor life in its varied phases.

Your Den's Attractiveness May Be Greatly Enhanced by One of These

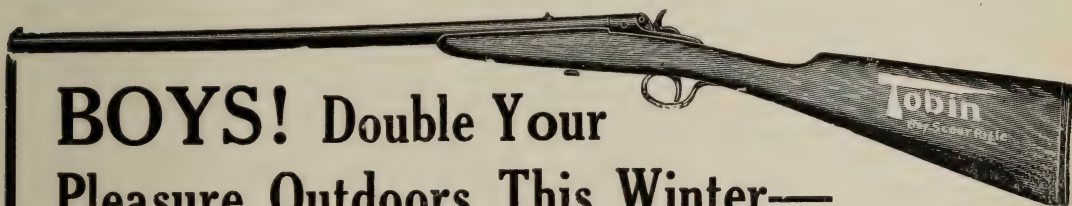
The paintings are of generous proportions being 19 in. deep by 14 in. in width. The reproductions give a hint as to the coloring and quality of the work but no reproduction can of course compare with the original painting. The original of any one of the paintings which Mr. Williams has done for us as well as the original of the December and subsequent covers may be procured by you

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Look through your files for the past year and choose the design that appeals to you most. Then write us without delay of your selection and at the same time ask for sample copies and subscription blanks which will be sent you promptly. Interest your friends in Rod and Gun as a Christmas gift. You should be able to secure a nice number of subscriptions from sportsmen who would like to remember their friends by sending them a year's subscription to ROD AND GUN, Canada's leading magazine of outdoor life.

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W. J. Taylor, Limited, Publishers, Woodstock, Ont.



ALONG THE TRAP LINE

EDITED BY GEORGE J. THIESSEN



The fur season is on in full swing!

High prices—the clamor for more and more furs by the dealers, who are striving to fill the orders of the manufacturers—have sent thousands and thousands after pelts. And reports from all over America indicate that the animals are numerous.

This leads the editor of this department to refer to his predictions of the season of 1915-16, made in August, the accuracy of which prophecy is now known.

The other day the editor talked for a short time with Mr. John Hallam of John Hallam Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, and also discussed the business for the coming year with Mr. Emanuel Bach, president of the Bach Fur Company, of Chicago and New York, and also with Mr. Fred Nocherman, another member of this concern.

These dealers were quite enthusiastic about the coming season and it was intimated that dealers all over America had—and would—make great preparations to handle the enormous catch this year.

But the early price lists—the letters sent out to trappers by some firms early in the season in an effort to get furs—had one damaging effect. Trappers—in the vernacular of the street—went “fur crazy” and started out to catch all the blue pelts they could get. While this condition was not so noticeable in the north, skins from some of the States in the South, were practically worthless. I have noticed thousands and thousands of early-caught furs in the Bach

Fur Company which represented such an enormous loss to trappers that I hesitate to name the amount. And remember, this is but one of several large firms.

Mr. S. A. Sloman, of M. Sloman & Company, Detroit, has taken special pains to educate pelt hunters not to trap too early. He has some interesting and practical plans which if they were enforced would do much to eliminate the extermination of the various animals. Of the commoner ones, mink seem to have suffered most. The fact that this fur is not popular with manufacturers at present, will give them some chance to multiply.

I wonder how many prepare their furs properly?

(1) Skin animals so pelts do not have a ragged edge.

(2) Skin as soon after fur bearer is caught as possible. Animals left in water for days, even though prime when caught, are liable to taint.

(3) Remove all grease and flesh.

(4) Stretch well and leave to dry in a cool, shady place until ready for market.

But what about the letters you were to write of your experiences? We want to hear from you—your experiences. Photos, too, are acceptable—and we are going to give prizes for what you write.

May we hear from you at once?

Write a long letter telling your experiences on the trap line.

More than 1400 reckless forest conflagrations occur in Canada every month between April and December. The loss during the summer of 1915 was over \$10,000,000 says Robson Black, secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association. More than 12,000 forest fires, large and small occur in Canada every twelve months. A few thoughtless people say: “I am not a woodsman. I do not own a farm. I have no interest in the flow of streams. I have little occasion to use lumber. Whether the forest stands or falls makes no difference to me.” Two-thirds of every dollar taken out of Canadian forests, it is pointed out, goes in wages to lumbermen. These wages buy food, clothing, footwear and a thousand other things which in turn contribute to the revenues of railroads and steamboats and are finally distributed through the population for material and services. The

forest dollar helps you even if you live in the middle of a treeless plain. Take away the \$200,000,000 that the Canadian forests pour into the pockets of the country in cash every year and practically every community would cry “hard times.” Settlers, campers, prospectors, surveyors, river-drivers and others who use the woods are chiefly responsible for preventable forest conflagrations. The fact that the destruction of the forests means the destruction of fish and game should make its appeal to all Rod and Gun readers. By dropping matches or pipe ashes or cigarettes in the dry duff or leaving camp fires half extinguished many disastrous fires are started. In dry weather the floor of a forest is like the fuse to a powder barrel. A moment's thoughtlessness may cause a loss that can never be made up.

PREMIUMS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

We are desirous of adding 1000 new subscriptions to our lists between now and January 1st, and in order to accomplish this in the time limit we make the following generous offers.

For One New Subscription

A single action, raised pillar, rivetted brass reel with click, 80 yds.; A Standard waterproof Bass Line, 10 yds.; A Mackerel waterproof line, 25 feet; A Kelso Pearl Spoon Bait; A Sullivan Hook and Reel Guard; A Crow Call made from red cedar, with German Silver reed and band, handsomely polished, guaranteed to give satisfaction; A Williams' Battery Switch; A Finger Grip for fishing rods; A Fish Hook for Frog Bait; Two Rubber Grips for fishing rods; A Matchless Cigar Lighter; A Hunter's Axe.

For Two New Subscriptions

A Betzler & Wilson Fountain Pen; A copy of "Radford's Garages and How to Build Them"; A Vest Pocket Flashlight; A Stag Brand Landing Ring; A copy of Deadfalls and Snares, a book of instruction for trappers about these and other home made traps; A Copy of Canadian Wilds, tells about the Hudson's Bay Co., Northern Indians and their modes of hunting, trapping, etc.; A Copy of Steel Traps, describes the various makes, and tells how to use them, also chapters on care of pelts; A copy of Camp and Trail Methods; A copy of Science of Fishing; A copy of Fox Trapping—Tells how to trap, snare, poison and shoot; A copy of Mink Trapping—Gives many methods of trapping; A copy of Wolf and Coyote Trapping; A copy of Science of Trapping—Describes the Fur bearing animals, their nature, habits and distribution with practical methods of their capture; A copy of Fur Farming—A book of information on raising Furbearing animals, telling all about enclosures, breeding feeding, habits, care, etc.; A Grease Gun manufactured by Miller & Starr; An Oil Gun manufactured by Brown Co.; A Gem Razor Safety; A reliable nickel watch; An Ideal Hunter's Axe; An American Pedometer—Regulates to step and registers exact distances; A copy of The Camper's Own Book (cloth); A copy of "Motor Craft Encyclopedia"; A copy of "The Culture of Black and Silver Foxes"—Contains chapters on Heredity, Origin, Breeding, Mating and Gestation, Pens and Dens, Food and Feeding, Food and Care, Value.

For Three New Subscriptions

A Landing Net manufactured by Allcock, Laight & Westwood; A Line Drying Reel; A Pair of Elliott's Ear Protectors for Trap-Shooters and Sportsmen; Three Crow Decoys; A New Wonder Flashlight, manufactured by Canadian Electric Novelty Co., Toronto. Case made of metal covered with leatherette; One half dozen Stag Brand Rubber Frogs or Froggies; One of Walter's hand-made axes, handled. Length of handle, 14 inches; A copy of Camp Kits and Camp Life.

For Four New Subscriptions

A pipe—HBB brand; An Automatic Razor Strop; A copy of Modern Sporting Gunner.

For Five New Subscriptions

A Tobin Boy Scout Rifle—22 calibre, short, long or rifle cartridges. Barrel 22 in. long, weight 3¼ pounds.

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A Frost Improved Kelso Automatic Reel, capacity 100 yards.

For Twelve New Subscriptions

A Stevens Favorite No. 17 Rifle; One dozen Cleveland Battery Connectors.

For Thirteen New Subscriptions

A Bait Casting Rod.

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A Marvel Petit Camera.

For Seventeen New Subscriptions

A Pair of "Witch Elk" Hunting Boots.

For Twenty-five New Subscriptions

A Handy Tent Cot, manufactured by Cutten & Fraser, Toronto; A Korona Petit Camera, size 3¼ x 5½, manufactured by the Gundlach-Manhattan Co.

If you are interested write for subscription blanks, sample copies, etc.

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Our artist who is also a thorough sportsman, having hunted and fished from the Atlantic to the Pacific in Canadian waters, has offered to execute orders which he may receive for paintings of the out-of-doors from sportsmen readers of Rod and Gun, and at moderate prices. What sportsman but would like to enhance and prolong the pleasure of a successful outing in the woods by having hung on the walls of his den a painting depicting the life and light and action of his encounter with the deer, bear or big moose that provided him with such splendid sport while on his hunting expedition. More and more the camera is being brought into requisition to record the sportsman's experiences on hunting and fishing trips. But the camera after all is inadequate in its portrayal because it lacks the color that is such a vital part of the great out-of-doors. Mr. Williams will reproduce your hunting or fishing trip for you true to life and you have only to provide him with descriptive material and any snap-shots you may have of your outing. Such a painting will furnish you with a permanent reminder of your outing and prove a delight to yourself, your family and your friends as well as adding to the artistic attractiveness of your den.

At the annual meeting of the Canadian Society for the Protection of Birds held in Toronto on Oct. 25th, the reports of the various departments showed the organization to be in a flourishing condition and that much good work had been done during the year in protecting the birds of the province. It was reported that during the year 5,000 posters appealing to the public to protect bird-life had been placed throughout Ontario, while 1,000 notices warning the public of the penalties incurred by the destruction of certain game were also posted in the environs of Toronto and throughout the province.

The following officers were elected by acclamation:—President, Miss Helen M. Merrill; First Vice-President, Dr. C. K. Clarke; Second Vice-President, F. T. Wood; Secretary, Miss Laura B. Durand. A board of directors and auditors was also appointed.

The most destructive enemy of the oyster, particularly in North Atlantic estuaries and river mouths, is the star-fish. Often these five-fingered creatures move in veritable armies from oyster bed to oyster bed, and literally wipe out the molluscan population over wide areas.

The oyster, though unable to get away, would be safe against the attack of starfish, were it not for a clever expedient which the latter adopts. It literally wraps itself about the shell of the bivalve, in such a manner as to suffocate it—the result being that sooner or later the oyster is obliged to open its shell.

When this happens the starfish has its prey at its mercy, and pushes its stomach in between the valves of the mollusk, the substance of which it absorbs at gluttonous leisure. Then, having finished its repast, it seeks another oyster to devour.

Years ago the oystermen in Long Island Sound, where starfish are very numerous and destructive were accustomed to cut in halves and throw overboard those which they fetched up in their dredges. This method of procedure was discontinued, however, when it was ascertained that each half starfish thus disposed of became a whole one by growing new parts upon the mutilated body.

Disgruntled duck hunters from Chatham who were unsuccessful during the first month of the open season complained that the fine fall weather was responsible for their bad luck. Parties of shooters at Mitchell's Bay were able to land only a very few birds although thousands were seen out of range of the guns.

Two huntsmen living near Lang, Ont. while out coon hunting in October last treed a lynx instead of a coon and on seeing what they had dropped their guns and ran for home without waiting to round out their adventure by attempting its capture.

Many a middle aged man of Canadian birth going back to the scenes of his boyhood looks and listens in vain for evidence of the presence of black squirrels, of which the woods seemed to be full when he was one of their persecutors. Their human enemies and their racial enemies, the red squirrels proved too much for them, and now the red squirrel is also becoming scarce. It is true the black squirrel is reappearing timidly in some of his old purlieus. This is because in those regions the game law is not disregarded. With a little encouragement black squirrels would gradually prople the woods from which they have departed. The example of the county of Waterloo ought to be generally adopted. They have prohibited the killing of black squirrels for three years. Instead of being treated as vermin the black squirrels

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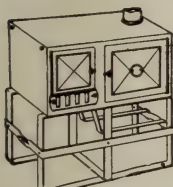
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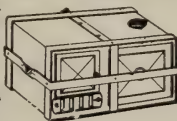


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ought to be fostered for their very edible flesh and for their skin.

Among the five moose shipped from Kenetcook Corner, Hants County, N. S. during the early part of the open season was one shot by a boy of fourteen whose elder brother, Daniel White of Noel Road, had shot a fine moose the week before. The fourteen year old however got the bigger moose of the two. Game was reported as plentiful but the market price for moose steak high notwithstanding the reporter of a Windsor paper who was commenting on this fact remarking that it was strange what an anatomical change took place in these animals after death, as soon as the meat was prepared every bone, muscle and bit of adipose tissue becoming steak at a rare price per pound.

Mr. John N. Murray a guide and trapper of Dumfries, N. B. while on a visit to Fredericton told a story that was calculated to make old-timers sit up and take notice. Mr. Murray had spent two and a half days hunting on the Little Pokiok stream the preceding week and brought home with him as trophies of the chase the pelts of no less than eight bears. He shot every one of them and not only achieved great fame as a bear hunter but established a record for New Brunswick Province. While crossing a hardwood ridge on a tote road the first day out Mr. Murray first came into close contact with bruin. He sighted four of the species ambling ahead of him on the road. He opened fire and knocked over the largest of the quartette. One of the others took the hint and skulked away but the other two remaining in the vicinity were both shot by Mr. Murray.

The next day on approaching a beechnut grove Mr. Murray heard a noise which convinced him that bears were in the vicinity. Upon investigation he discovered one scratching at the bottom of a beech tree while another was perched on the very top of it. He fired at the one on the ground and then at the other. The latter let go its hold and came down with a heavy thud and never moved. The other, although wounded, made off. Mr. Murray followed the blood trail for a mile and then abandoned the chase. On the third day on approaching a hardwood ridge his attention was attracted by two bears climbing a tree and a third descending the same tree. He opened fire and bagged all three without moving out of his tracks, one shot being sufficient for each. In the afternoon he came on to two more and shot one of them, making a total bag of eight in less than three days.

During his journey through the woods Mr. Murray collected evidence which convinced him that there are still a few live bears left in that region and remarked that he thought it quite likely he might gather in some more before the season closed. As matters now stand Mr. Murray can very well claim to be the champion bear hunter of New Brunswick.

William Morton, a butcher of 612 Queen

Street west, Toronto, died in Orangeville, in October last from the effects of a gun-shot wound. The tragedy was the sad termination to a shooting party. Early the morning preceding his death, Mr. Morton, with two friends, C. L. Brooker and George J. Caslor, left Toronto. A more friendly and happy trio never left the city in search of a day's sport with guns and dogs. In an auto they travelled to Charleston, and at West Caledon two miles from the village, they housed their auto and went into the bush in search of rabbits. Some little success followed their efforts before the dogs chased two rabbits within range of the waiting guns. It was then the accident happened. It is thought that Mr. Brooker was changing his hammerless gun from "safety" into shooting position, when both barrels went off simultaneously.

Morton, who was only four feet distant from the muzzle, received both charges in his left leg. The almost solid nature of the shots shattered the bone and tore away the flesh and it was immediately apparent that his condition was critical. One friend sought to staunch the blood flow while the other went to summon Dr. Thomas of Charleston. In spite of the first aid efforts administered by his friend, Morton, as a result of shock and continuous bleeding, was dying when Doctor Thomas arrived without loss of time. Meantime the automobile had been brought to the scene of the accident and after such medical attention as the doctor could give under the circumstances had been rendered Morton was removed to the hospital at Orangeville, where every means possible to save his life were adopted, but without satisfactory result. Mrs. Morton was informed of the tragedy without loss of time, but before she could get a train for Orangeville her husband died.

At a general executive meeting of the Rossland Rod and Gun club it was resolved that L. A. Campbell, M.P.P., be requested to get in touch with the proper authorities and arrange with them to have the stripping of spawn from fish in Sheep creek by fishery officials stopped till satisfactory arrangements shall have been made with the Washington authorities.

Sheep creek has been stocked only by the state of Washington and as the Canadian government has never stocked this creek alone the club feels that the Canadian government has no moral right to remove spawn without first consulting the Washington authorities. It is the intention of the fishery department to return sufficient fry to make up for the spawn removed and there is no intention in any way to deplete the stock but at the same time authorities will arrange with Washington before continuing to take spawn. In accord with the request of the Rod and Gun club, Mr. Campbell immediately communicated with the authorities, asking that the matter be taken up with a view to making arrangements satisfactory to the Rossland organization.

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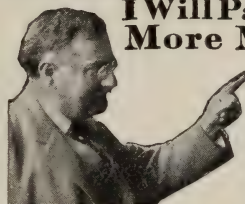
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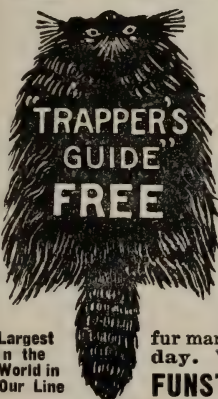
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ALONG THE TRAP LINE

(Continued from page 742)

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION

Furs should not be trapped before they are prime. One prime pelt is worth many which grade as "trash." Skunk, civet, etc., become prime before mink and muskrat. Animals which become prime early in the season sned first. Skunks are trapped during February and March, because this is the running season of the animal. If you set the common steel traps during these months you will have to visit them very often for if skunk finds another in a trap the chances are they will fight. In this way the pelt is not pleasant to handle and guard hair of both animals is usually cut off.

MINK

This valuable little fur-bearing animal is shy, crafty and an inveterate hunter. Being endowed with a keen scent, he is not easily taken in traps. His favorite haunts are small streams, where he dens in thick willows, long marshy grass, or driftwood, usually having two dens not far apart. He will, however, take up temporary quarters (when away from home on long voyages) with his hospitable friend, the Muskrat, who is ever ready to vacate a good warm nest for him, and occasionally yields up his own body to provide a meal for his hungry guest. Crawfish, frogs, clams, fish, birds, field mice and rabbits form his principal diet, in pursuit of which he leaves no hole unexplored.

Here is one of his weak points—he prefers to capture and kill his own food, therefore, it is strategy to lure him into holes, with live bait where he is accustomed to find it, the presence of which at once allays his suspicion and arouses his furious hunting spirit. Swifter than a cat he darts into the hole to seize his prey, and then and there cashes in his Mink check, *between the powerful jaws of the trap that has been set for him*, and lies motionless and hidden from view until the owner takes him out.

Upon close examination of creek banks, shallow holes will be found from which Mink have dug out crawfish and frogs. For the purpose of concealing trap select holes in the most obscure places, enlarge them to 4 inches in diameter and 12 inches in depth, dash water over the hole to make it look old, open clam and drop in hole, tie live bait to small stick and stake in bottom of hole, out of reach of pedal, set trap and cover well with trash. Stake through loop of spring with live willows to look natural; make holes for this same set under shelving banks, brush piles, drift wood, tree roots and in thick willows, always near water's edge. Make no litter, leave ground natural. Make set at the mouth of all tile, at ends of hollow logs.

Secure a large tile and force one end of it into the mud along some creek bank, etc., where there are indications of mink. Dig out the earth within the tile and set your trap before it. Smear both trap and tile with mud. Place a few drops of Mink Bait on a chip, etc., place in the tile, carefully removing all

marks made in the mud while making set, dash water over it when work is completed.

Find a hollow log—put your trap at each entrance and conceal carefully with leaves. Stake bloody meat within the log and make a trail to and from the set with Trail Scent. A few drops of the compound rubbed on the soles when making the set will do this nicely.

Dig some pockets—small holes—about eighteen inches deep and three or four inches in diameter in a bank of earth, placing a bird or rabbit head in the excavation, concealing the trap at the entrance, and put some Animal Bait within. If this set is made within seventy-five yards of a Mink den the decoy will attract them to the trap. Often good places may be found for traps near roots, rocks, etc., near dens. Animals can be lured at will by Animal Bait to such places. Remember it is always well to drench such sets as these with water thoroughly and to conceal the trap well.

Build a small pen in the water out of rocks, leaving but one entrance to it. Set your trap to guard it. On a stone within the structure place some Animal Bait, care being taken so that the compound cannot be washed away by the water.

RUNNING SEASON

From February to March the Mink goes courting. This is the easiest time to take him. Set as above, using nothing for bait but the effluvium from Mink. It is a lure for both sexes. For this purpose save every Mink musk sack, squeeze out the contents, bottle up tight. To bait, dip a stick in bottle and place in hole. Every Mink that comes near picks up the scent and you are sure to pick him up dead in the morning. The writer has tracked them two hundred feet out of their course to these sets. Where one is caught is the place to catch another. Conceal traps well and it will not be necessary to visit them so frequently, as the Mink will be dead and hidden from view of passers by.

GROUNDHOG

Groundhog and Skunk often den together, especially in the fall, therefore, be careful in setting for these animals that you do not catch Skunk out of season, when their fur is unprime. The best way to avoid this is to be sure that a Groundhog is using the den. In setting for Groundhog set trap over hole with pedal on outer side and cover with a few leaves, and tie trap to small brush.

BADGER

The Badger is not considered a very important furbearer, generally speaking. It is not found east of the Mississippi. The little animals are extremely hard to catch. A Sure Death Trap carefully concealed over a den will often bring results.

Sometimes places may be found where a trap can be concealed quite naturally. To lead the animal to such a place, make a trail with Trail Scent, and sprinkle some Animal

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Bait near the trap. Great care should be taken to leave the set natural in appearance.

RABBITS

Make set same as first set for Muskrat, using same bait, but make holes further from water, and in thickets.

Rabbits caught by the leg in a steel trap are not fit to eat. They are feverish and sick when killed. A trap which kills the animal at once is the only kind to use

SET TO PROTECT POULTRY HOUSES

Cut a 4½-inch hole through the back part of your Poultry House. Set your trap on the inside, drive a nail through spring to hold in position. Now take a small box about 15 inches square, knock out one end and place on inside of hen house, with the open end towards the trap. Fasten it securely so that an animal could not get into poultry house, if the trap was not there. Every animal that comes prowling around will crawl through this hole thinking it is entering the hen house, and will be killed instantly. Keep this trap set continuously.

OTTER

Dig some pockets along a stream and conceal your trap at entrance. Dip a stick in Otter Oil and stick it in the back part of the pocket. Drench set with water after it is made and conceal the trap with thin coat of mud.

Note—In sets of this kind it is well to stake the trap so that it and the animal may be readily found.

Note—In trapping the Otter a boat should be used whenever possible. Great care should be taken to leave no signs of having frequented the places in which the sets were made.

RACCOON

Find a place where the Raccoon enters a cornfield. Conceal your trap here, covering it carefully. Arrange weeds, etc., about so that the animal will be forced to spring the trap. Place some "Coon" bait on small twig or leaf, etc., directly between the rings of the trap.

When the amateur starts out for Raccoon he usually loses the first few pelts he catches, because the animals escape. They are very strong, and with an ordinary steel trap a clog must be used.

Good sets may be made for the Raccoon similar to those which are mentioned for such animals as Skunk, Civet, etc.

Go where signs of coons are found along sand bars. Build a small structure in the water either of stone or wood. Set the trap at entrance, and put a few drops of Raccoon Bait on a rock within the enclosure, so that the water will not wash the odor away. Smear trap with mud and conceal carefully with brush.

Pocket sets may also be made for trapping the Raccoon. These should be made as previously described. I would advise, however, that all sets for Raccoon be made in water. For the beginner at least, trapping the Raccoon on land will not bring the best of success.

BEAR

A Bear has a very keen sense of smell. It can detect the faintest odors for a long distance, and will follow a trail made by Trail Scent. At a steep bank arrange some logs or stones so as to form a partial enclosure—this must be quite strong—and sprinkle Bear Bait back of the trap. Conceal the trap well. Make a number of trails to and from the set. Any Bear approaching one of these will follow it and be caught.

Where there are indications of Bear, find a low crotched-tree or high stump and set a trap at the base. Place several drops of Bear Bait in crotch—it should not be too high—or upon the top of the stump. A few logs can be conveniently arranged so as to form a kind of a guide.

If beech nuts are to be found, look carefully in that locality for signs of Bear. If they are to be seen sprinkle a few drops of Animal Bait near the set, which has been arranged at some convenient place, and make several trails with the Trail Scent. Cover the trap carefully.

If a "biting tree" can be found—this tree is one upon which Bears bite or claw—arrange several sets near it. Make trails leading from this tree to each set. Use a few drops of Bear Bait for each set. The number of sets to be made can be approximately determined by the abundance or scarcity of "Bear signs" in the vicinity.

Pens can be constructed—they should be V-shaped—similar to those already described. (See article on Skunk.) Animal Bait should be placed in the back part of it, and several trails made to the set with Trail Scent.

Bears are not very cunning, and when once you attract their attention, they are easily caught. They seem to have very little fear of traps. A clog should be used for every set.

MUSKRAT

This plentiful little fur-bearing animal is not at all shy and is easily taken in traps. To set, make holes 4 inches in diameter and 10 inches deep, near water's edge where they land on bank to feed, and at riffles in small streams. Bait holes with open clam, thorn-apple, parsnip, carrot, turnip, apple, calamus root, or sweet joint of corn cut up fine. Set and cover lightly, staking through spring with willow top. The clam in this hole makes a double set for Rats or Mink.

Dig holes in bank of stream such as the semi-water set and set your trap at entrance. On some object within place a few drops of Animal Bait, but be very sure to have trap carefully concealed.

Anchor a hollow log in shallow water and conceal a trap at each entrance. Above the water and in the log a stick dipped in Muskrat Bait should be placed. This set is a good one and two rats are often caught in a single night. They do not escape either, leaving the trapper but a claw or two for his trouble.

SKUNK AND CIVET

In their habits the Skunk and Civet are much alike and both are easily trapped, especially in the early spring, which is their running season. Animal Bait arouses their



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THE MUFF is made in the large classy pillow style, trimmed with head, tail and paws and mounted on good down bed giving great warmth and comfort—lined with good satin—with wrist cord.

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passions, and will lead them directly to the traps.

Take two logs, boards or rocks and place them parallel to each other a few inches apart, one end of the enclosure may be stopped up or left open, just as the trapper prefers. If two entrances are desired, two traps must be used. The trap should be concealed even for Skunk and Civet, although some trappers do not do so. Animal Bait should be placed in the enclosure. It is sometimes well to make a trail to the set with a piece of bloody meat over which some Trail Scent and Skunk Bait has been sprinkled.

A pocket set is also very successful. It is made by digging a pocket two feet deep and 5 inches in diameter. The trap should be set at the entrance and the Animal Bait put on a stick and placed in the pocket. Sometimes in frozen ground this set is very hard to make owing to the fact that digging is almost impossible.

The effect of the tremendous war now going on in Europe is being felt in many obscure and unexpected ways throughout the world. One curious fact as regards the effect of the war on the buyer and seller of furs is that the usual relations between buyer and seller are reversed. Instead of having to seek purchases for their raw furs the men who catch them are much sought after by the manufacturers who carry on extensive and expensive campaigns of advertising to get trappers and hunters and raw fur dealers to send in their merchandise. As a result of this competitive condition in the securing of raw material, those who are engaged in producing it enjoy an advantage in prices rarely found. According to the statement of a large fur producing concern in Detroit this bids fair to be one of the most successful

seasons the raw fur shippers and catchers have enjoyed in many a year, as those who know how to take advantage of the foreign situation are sure to make a great deal of money.

"Every woman is a lover of furs," says A. B. Shubert, of A. B. Shubert, Inc., Chicago, who deal exclusively in American Raw Furs. The garment makers said, "This Fall we will trim all ready to wear garments with embroidery," but the wearers of the garments said, "Nix on embroidery, we want fur trimming and they got it. As a result everything the lady wears from shoes to hat, with the exception of her nightgown, is trimmed with fur. That is what cleaned out the cold storage raw furs and depleted the stocks in the hands of the raw furs dealers, the dressed fur dealers, the manufacturers and retail merchants. It was a case of "See America First" if you want to sell your goods and brought to light the fact that we could get along without Europe if we had to, and still market the collection of American raw furs, a thing every mother's son of us, a year ago, thought an impossibility. Mr. Shubert says, "You can't keep a squirrel on the ground nor can you keep the price of American raw furs down so long as women want them."

According to a letter received from Funsten Bros. & Co. of St. Louis, at a recent auction sale of over a quarter of a million dollars worth of furs—the government's Alaskan blue foxes being included—bids averaged something like 171% higher for these skins than for skins of like quality two years ago. "Last year's prices are out of date. Do not be guided by these," is this firm's advice. Those who do any trapping should keep posted in regard to prices or else they are liable to be greatly under-paid.

Ideal for a sportsman's den are the reproductions in color of Rod and Gun's cover cuts. These reproductions consist of the picture part of the cover only—the firm's name and other typed matter appearing on the monthly covers being eliminated. The pictures are printed on best artist's proof stock which brings out to perfection the rich coloring of the original painting, and of a size suitable for framing. Subscribers and readers who admire any special cover may secure a copy of same on remitting ten cents (postage stamps, Canadian or American accepted) to Rod and Gun In Canada, Woodstock, Ont.

We direct our readers' attention also to the advertisement contained on another page of this issue in which we offer the original of any cover design painted by Mr. Williams during the preceding year, or any subsequent cover which he may paint for us, in return for twenty-five new subscriptions to Rod and Gun. These paintings, from which the cover cuts for Rod and Gun have been re-

produced, are artistic and exactly the thing for hanging in a sportsman's den or library.

"This year I had a bee yard located on the bank of a nice trout stream so when I got tired working with my bees I could pick up the rod for a change." Thus writes Mr. Frank Kelly, a subscriber from Aylmer West, Ont. Who says this isn't a fine combination of business and pleasure? Mr. Kelly has a liking both for the rod and the gun.

Errata. In the names of birds given in the list furnished by Mr. Gordon Dana to the November issue of Rod and Gun as having been seen by him on Lake Simcoe during the past summer several errors in printing were unfortunately passed over. No. 10 should have read Greater Flycatcher, No. 42 Long-billed Marsh Wren, No. 44 Black Tern. No. 55 Towhee or Chewink, and No. 56 Blue Winged Teal.

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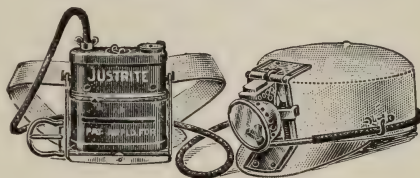
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FOR SALE—One pair of Silver Black Foxes and two pairs of Crosses. C. G. Howard, Milton, Prince Edward Island. 12-1T.

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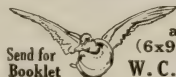
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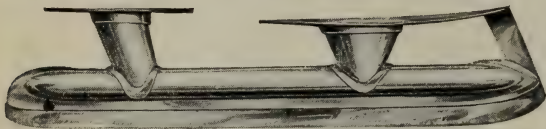
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